

Welcome September!

I made a lot of decisions in August.

I started with a private caregiver coming to our home a couple of mornings a week so that I could go to a Jazzercise class. BOTH are working out GREAT. I'm a klutz on the jazzercise floor but it's great to get a good workout and clear my head. But most importantly, Bob and caregiver Nicole do well together. She just sits with him while he dozes off and on in his recliner. She fixes him his breakfast. Occasionally she can get Bob outside to walk with his walker but not often. He'd rather sleep. It's sweet to see how he's taken a liking to her, and he is always pleased to see her and has no concern about me leaving. What a blessing. Thanks Nicole!

Then I met with the administrator of a local residential memory care facility. Big step. I had a long list of questions for her, and all were answered. I'm a planner and I like to be able to know what lies ahead if Bob needs to live in a care facility. It was such a helpful meeting for an organizer like me. My sister Christie went along with Bob and me so that I had someone else to listen to the answers and ask about things I forgot. And give me support. Thanks Christie!

My biggest takeaway was something that was said at that meeting—***I will question and have guilt over every decision I make from here on out.*** There're no more easy decisions ahead. To have doubt that I'm doing the right thing for Bob and me is the new norm. I just must learn to quiet that voice that constantly chirps in my ear questioning my every thought and move.

At the administrator's suggestion, Bob has spent some time there throughout August without me. A little respite care for me and a little time for them to evaluate his behavior and assess his needs. Bob's disease has progressed to the point

where he doesn't seem to miss me or be concerned about me being gone. As sad as that is, I'm glad that he wasn't there worrying about where I was or wondering when I would be back. The staff tells says he's cooperative there and he's welcome for daycare anytime. What a huge relief to know there's a haven for Bob when I have appointments or a place to be where I can't take him. My blood pressure and stress are already better!

Then I put Bob on their waiting list for a room. What?! **Yes, I put Bob on their waiting list for a room.** Am I really ready for that? Is Bob at the stage that he's ready for that? I always had a benchmark in mind as to when I might consider placing him in a memory care home and he's not at that benchmark yet. But where Bob is right now is crazy hard. I just am not sure that I'm able to care for Bob at home and I'm vacillating on just what to do. I never realized how hard caregiving for a person with dementia would be. I know that sounds ridiculous, but I seriously thought I would be able to deal with anything and everything that would be part of caring for my hubby. NOT!!! This is quite the wild ride and I'm not sure I can stay on it!

I have always said that I won't make any big decisions while I'm tired, anxious, stressed, angry—but guess what? I'm tired, anxious, stressed, and angry every day.

There is no available room for Bob at this time and I have no idea when a room might open. That's probably good as I'm not sure if we're ready to take this step. I do know that God has a plan for Bob and for me. A room will open at just the perfect time. I'm trusting in God's perfect timing.

So, let's see what September brings!!

Proverbs 6:19

In his heart a man plans his course, but the Lord determines his steps.



Summer Picnic 2021 Bob with 1 o!