

# “Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?”

It's been a rocky road. Did I expect differently? Everything about this disease is horrible. It not only has affected Bob, it's also been life changing for me, Bob's family, my family, and our friends. There's no normal anymore and everyday can be a challenge. My mantra has become “Dementia Sucks!”.

I had written before about putting Bob on a waiting list at my preferred Memory Care Facility. I was hopeful that something would open up soon and he would be getting placed. That's not happening and Bob's need for professional care 24/7 is increasing. And my insanity is increasing.

So, I shifted gears and made lots of phone calls and did some tours of other facilities. I chose a small warm welcoming Senior Living Facility in La Mesa. Not as close to Alpine as I would like but everything else about it was great. They were willing to do a respite/trial period so that I can keep him on the wait list at the Alpine facility. This move doesn't have to be permanent if it does not work out. That was reassuring to me.

The ton of paperwork, assessments, doctor's appointments, and general preparation that ensued was enough to make me go nuts. But I got through it and Bob is moving into his new home today. **Yes, today.** Hard to believe that the car is packed and ready to go and that I'm calm enough to be writing this blog. He's still in his PJ's, sound asleep in front of the TV in his recliner. He knows nothing of the move later today.

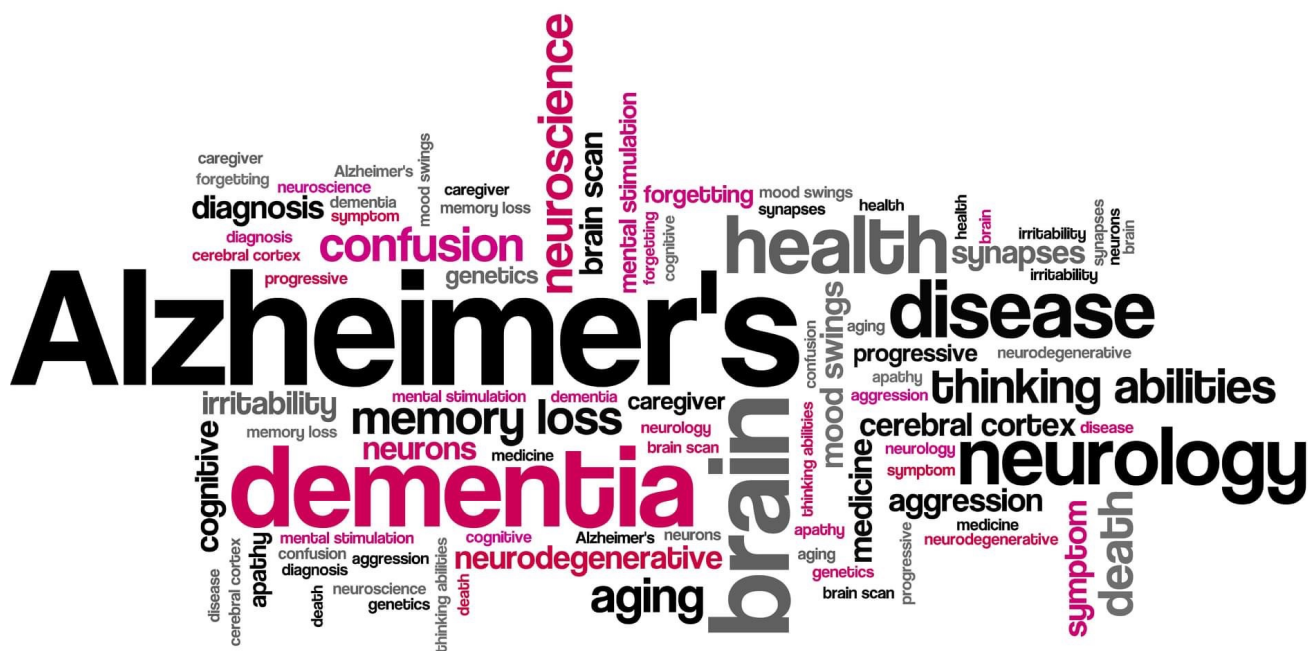
The day that I made the decision and placed the deposit was the worst. Even with prayer, family support, and the head knowledge that I was doing the right thing, I still had a heavy heavy heart. What is so strange, is that Bob told me

that he loves me about 20 times that day. So out of the norm for him to repeat "I love you" over and over throughout the day. It made me think that he was trying to give me a message that he didn't want to move (even though he doesn't know about the move) or that he really needed to be with me. His verbal outpouring of love really touched me that day and I started to question my decision even more. If that's even possible.

I told Bob's sisters about this and they both had such great insight. Pam said that it was Bob's way of reassuring me that he loved me no matter what and that he would always love me. Even if we lived apart. Colleen said it was God speaking through Bob to give me His love and support. Of course, I cried as I soaked in their thoughts. Their take on Bob's uncommon outpouring of love, was very reassuring.

So today is move in day.

The question is "Will Bob still love me tomorrow?"





# 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!