

REMEMBER ME

Alzheimer's: A Soul's Prospectus



I AM the Unfailing memory of God.
Have you forgotten about me?

Please don't be fooled by my costume,
Which sometimes shuffles and scribbles,
And often drools and dribbles now.
Can't you see it's just a phase I'm going through?

If you look behind my vacant stare
you'll find my Spark still shining there.

I AM the Illimitable Light that
no diagnosis or disease can extinguish.

I AM the Open Door that no man
Or doctor or you can shut,
until I have personally agreed with my Director
that it is time for me to make my final curtain call.

Until then, please don't
Pull the curtains up around me.
I need to see the Light on your face-
and even feel light, soft touches
every now and then.

Most think they can avoid touching me,
unless they have to or think they should.
But I have a great secret I want you to remember.
I touch you every time you come into the room-
whether mine or your own.

I AM reaching out my arms to you in
Great Loving Expanse-
just hoping for the miracle that
you might recognize me again,
and initiate a hug
where my limbs won't allow me any more,
or pray a whisper upon your lips
in the long Silent Night
when I see your heart breaking
and I come in and mend it at Midnight.

I AM fully here.
Please don't act like I'm half-there.
I'm just wearing one side
of the comedy mask for a little while.

Please remember me-
so that you don't forget about You.

Susan Saccaro, PhD