

Thanksgiving

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Mom still remembers me. They say she's not eating. We laughed when I try to take our picture. Her tongue was out or eyes closed and I had issues with my smile. A couple were tight, eyes were glassy.

No need to cry; she's still alive. But, it's a matter of time, because she stopped eating.

Mom was fun until Dad got sick. She changed, becoming withdrawn, sarcastic, sharp, and anything could put her in a dark place. She canceled Thanksgiving that year.

Dad died in March, and Mom was struggling. We arrived with turkey and stuffing; she was potatoes. Two rotten potatoes in a bag. She was greasy-haired and unkempt. She and dementia came to live with us. She couldn't remember to eat or bathe. Her days and nights were flipped. She cried, was confused and depressed.

We worked through it to a miracle. Her personality completely changed. She became outgoing, funny, and carefree. She liked children, dogs, and us unlike she ever did before. Nothing got her down, and she found humor in everything. Her sarcasm turned to wit, and she adored Jake. She laughed hysterically at the dog's antics, danced to Elvis, and smelled the flowers. We hosted a turkey day feast and played games. Mom got Yahtzee six games in a row, gleefully beating us all. There was eating, drinking, and merriment!

This last Thanksgiving, she didn't know anyone. One day, she came down the steps 23 times to ask the same thing. It wasn't safe for her here.

Today, we laughed at the new pictures. And looked at old pictures. Pictures tracking her various stages of decline. She notices the leaves hitting the window. I mention the cooler weather and upcoming holidays. "So, soon enough it will be Thanksgiving again," she sighs.