

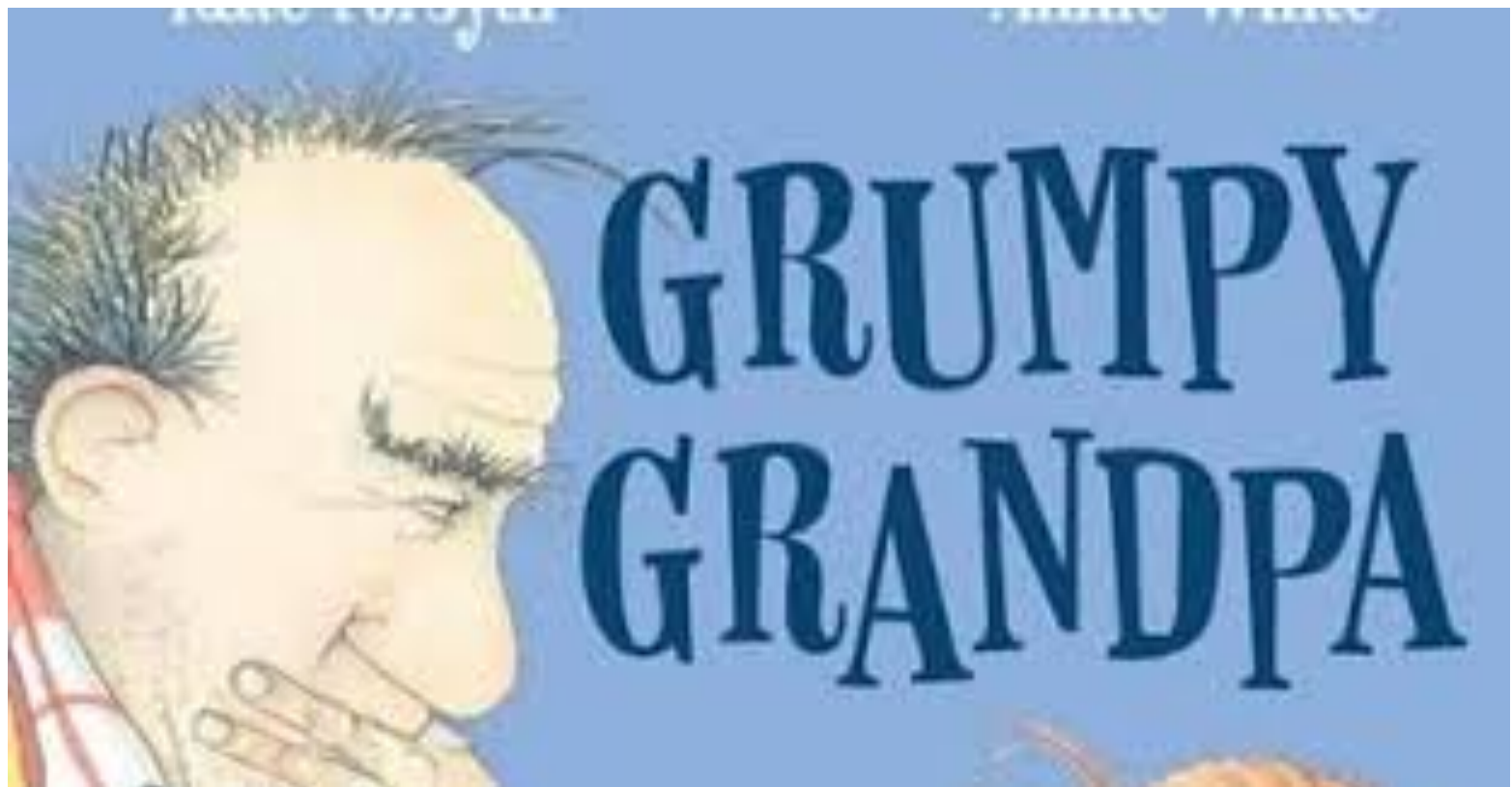
Sometimes

My

Papa



***Sometimes my
Papa seems grumpy, or not happy or too
busy thinking about something to see me.***



***Sometimes, I get grumpy especially at
bedtime or when my
sister takes my favourite truck.***





Sometimes I become unhappy when I don't get to do what I want. Sometimes when I am playing my video game, I don't hear when Mom calls me for dinner.

***I asked Nana why Papa doesn't want to play
with me anymore.***



Nana says Papa would play with me every day if he could but sometimes he is too tired and just needs to sit quietly.

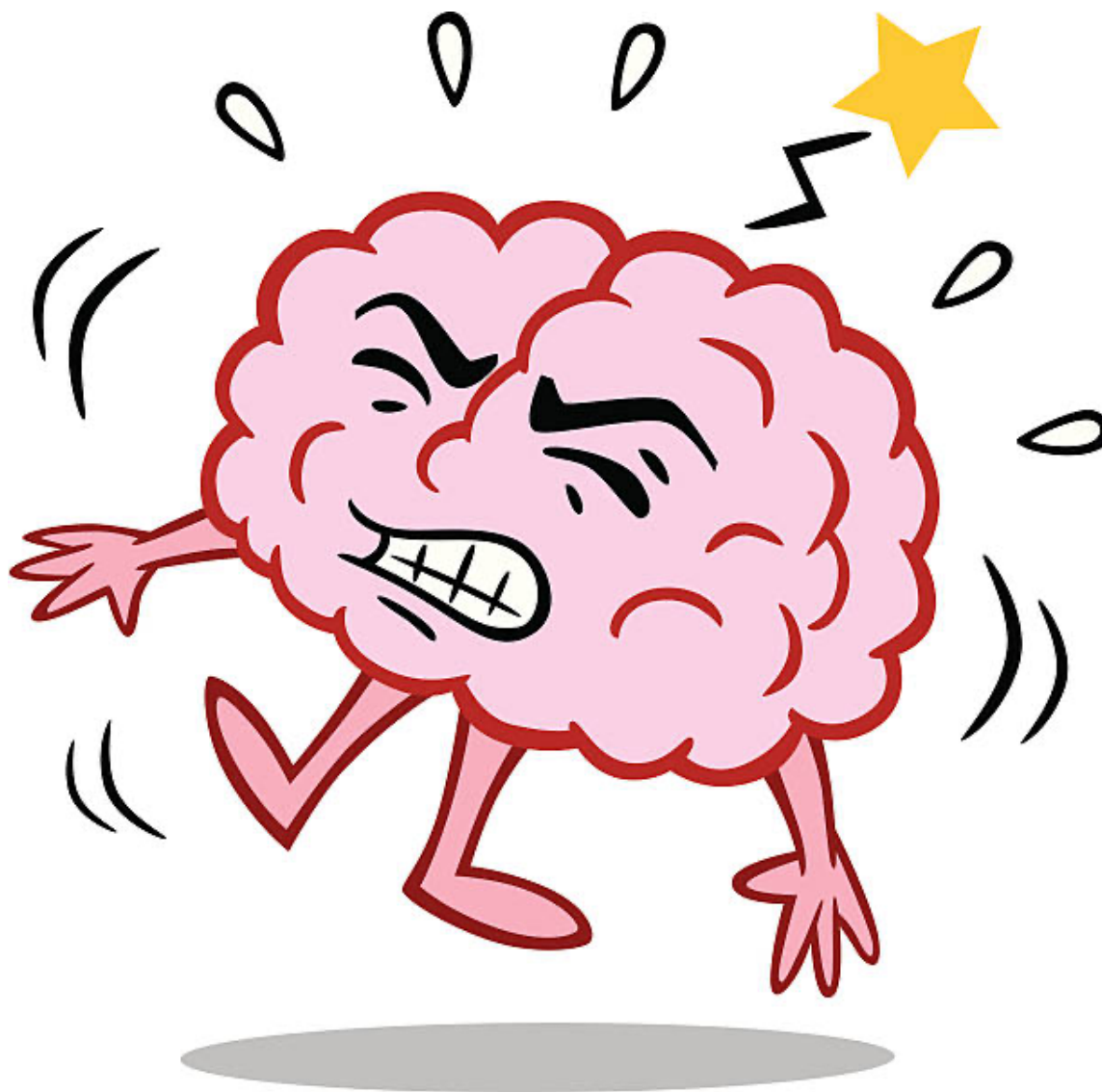


I ask my Nana how I could help Papa. She said to be patient and to play quietly.



***Sometimes I just sit and read to Papa from
my new reader.***

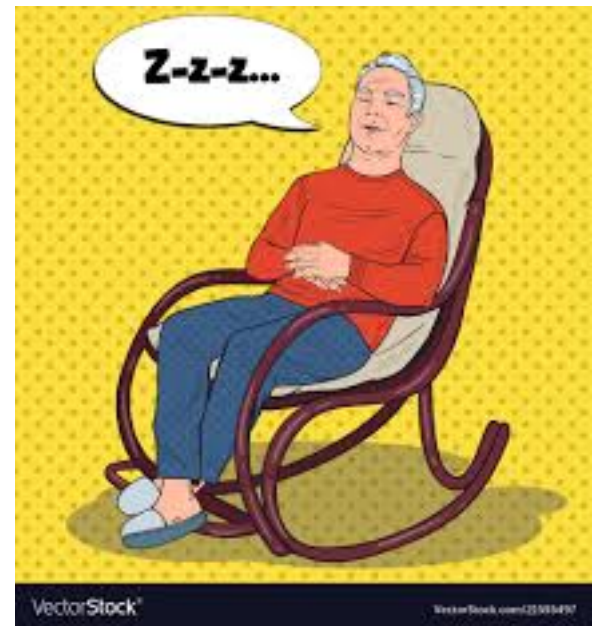
***Sometimes I think Papa is angry with me but
Nana says he gets angry because of the
disease in his brain.***



My Nana says that the part of Papa's brain that helps him to play with me sometimes gets the wrong signals. The neurons, in his brain, are supposed to send messages but sometimes they make mistakes and that is very confusing to my Papa.



***Sometimes Papa has more
naps to help his brain.
Getting sleep rests Papa's
brain.***



***My Nana said that my Papa loves me no
matter what. He sometimes has good days
and bad days. He can play with me on his
good days. I am happy.***



My Daddy said that Papa is his Daddy. My name is Joey. My Daddy's name is Joe and guess what? My Papa's name is Joseph. We all have the same name. I love my Papa and my Daddy and I know they love me too.



Joey

Joe

Joseph

It's My Choice

Myrna Norman

Reimagining dementia taught me lessons
Embracing joy and happiness without question
Being creative in ways that stimulates
My brain calls out for nutrients that
Spark neurons and share jubilation.

It is my responsibility to be happy,
My job to find joy and to find reasons to smile
I cannot accept the myth that happiness,
Joy, contentment and connections
Are not deserved with a diagnosis of dementia.

The committee of jerks with a home in my brain
Keeps trying to make the case that it's over.
To curl up, to live in darkness
Choose inactivity, dullness, and wait to die
Get out of my head you messenger of doom.

I have the right and responsibility to use
My choice of ambivalence or of certainty
My choice of living well and being productive,
Finding the spark of life enabling acceptance
And choosing to live with full throated delight.