



—SISTER 2 SISTER—

# DENIAL IS NOT A RIVER

By Author Robin R. Rinke

— S I S T E R 2 S I S T E R —

# D E N I A L I S N O T A R I V E R

Two sisters, Kerry and Katie, dealing with an aging mother and father. While the sisters currently live in different states, they both have witnessed a decline in their parents' health. They are facing a big decision in the future. The river of life they have been floating on is taking a sudden turn. Dad's denial is not helping.

At Northstar Senior Living, we invite you to join these sisters as they navigate the next chapter of their parents' lives and theirs. By reading about their fears, you just may find answers to your own questions about senior living for your loved one—in an engaging story form.

*“We can't be afraid of change. You may feel very secure in the pond that you are in, but if you never venture out of it, you will never know that there is such a thing as an ocean, a sea. Holding onto something that is good for you now, may be the very reason why you don't have something better.”*

– C. JoyBell C.

Author: Robin Rinke

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner.

# Denial is Not a River

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CHAPTER | 1

# We are Family... I Got My Sister and Me

*“Sisters help you find important things when you have lost them. Things like your smiles, your hopes, and your most of all, your courage.”*

– Anonymous

I’m Kerry, the younger and smarter of the two of us. At least that is what I would say to her 9th grade friends when Katie introduced me to them. I was a snotty, 7th grade, little sister. Katie would get so mad. I would always laugh so hard. Her friends loved me...ha! But even then, we were best friends. We just didn’t know it yet.

Now we both laugh about those times because we learned to understand one another through growing up together. Our siblings help mold us into what we are today. She’s my best friend.

With that being said, we just hit a huge iceberg on our Good Ship Lolly Pop of life. Mom and Dad need more help. They are in their mid-80’s and it’s beginning to show. I live here, in So. Cal and she lives in Dallas. Yeah, so, can you guess who is in charge?

Over the last two years this little set up has worked pretty well. I did not mind stopping at mom and dad’s to visit, make dinner or run errands. They needed the help, it’s what we do. Kerry would do the same thing, but she was too far away. She would make it a point to fly home at least every 6 weeks. They loved it as did I. She gave me a nice break and filled mom and dad’s love buckets up to the brim.

About 3 weeks ago, I had brought up the idea of them moving into my home and selling theirs. I have more than enough room and work from home as a coder. Nobody agreed with my idea, so I dropped it. Then, last week, dad gave us a scare that involved a ladder and some “old” leaves in the rain gutter. Yeah, he won’t listen to me or he pretends to listen and when I leave, he probably laughs.

Well, I thought it might be a great idea to bring up the “Hey, move into my house” or “Hey, let’s get some more help around here for your two” conversation. But Dad stopped that conversation really quick. “We are fine here; I will get some help for the yard and I promise not to go on ladders.” So, I dropped it, again. Who wants to leave their home, right? Katie agreed.

Nobody tells you what to do when your parents become like your children. It’s a life ritual and we all go through it, but geeez. Where is the manual?

It’s been two months since we decided to get extra help around the house. At first dad complained, but I think deep down he is liking to follow the helper around and tell him how things are done and shoot the breeze. So, that’s a win. We also asked the bi-weekly cleaning service to now come once a week specifically to do their linens for fresh beds. Mom sometimes has accidents now at night. I’ve noticed the frequency has increased over the last two months.

What’s next you ask? In-house medicine management and help with weekly showers. Why? Because last week I could not find moms green pill box it to fill it up and when I searched around, I found it in the spare bedroom on the nightstand. I asked her about it, and she said, “For heaven’s sake Kerry, I’ve been looking for that darn pill box days.” That was not a good sign. She has med’s that need to be taken daily at certain times.

This is where our story begins...

CHAPTER | 2

## Tea Party Time

*“Of two sisters, one is always the watcher, one the dancer.”*

– Louise Gluck

I called Katie before I talked with dad or mom about the medication mishap. I needed support on how to handle it.

“Hey Kerry, I’m having tea party with mom.” That was our code word in front of them if there was something up.

Katie sighed on the other end of the receiver, “Well, do tell me about the tea party. What happened this time?”

Kerry moved to her parents front porch to talk.

“Found her med’s in the spare bedroom sitting on the nightstand. When I asked her about them, she said she had been looking for that darn pill box for days.

“Oh no. Seriously?” Katie waited for my reply.

“No, I’m just making up a story to pass time on the phone with you because I have nothing better to do, Katie.” I admit, I was a bit heated and freaked out. I don’t like watching them age. I don’t like seeing this stuff.

Why do I suddenly feel like I am always the bearer of bad news? Katie sweeps in like a princess and sees them at their best every six weeks. They always feel better when she’s around, their endorphins explode and create joy from seeing her. And, to be fair, she does light

up a room. Always has. I adore her.

“Kerry, you don’t have to be rude. I understand your frustration. I’m sorry you have to deal with this. What should we do? How can I help?” Katie was polite and trying to be sensitive.

“Well, my biggest hurdle is talking to them about it. Dad will deny it and mother will just smile her beautiful smile and say, “Oh, sweetie, pay no attention to that. It was just a little blip.” I’ve heard it many times.”

“True.” Katie took a long pause.

“She can’t be off those heart med’s more than 24 hours, and the blood thinner is not to be played with either. So, let’s get a game plan for what to say to them when you sit down.” I’m so glad I called her.

She continued. “Ok, being dad is in denial about moms cognitive impairments, we need his buy in to sell it to mom. It needs to be his idea. Not to manipulate the conversation, but open his eyes to the danger. He will make a logical decision.”

“OK, that’s a great Plan A. Do we have a Plan B?” I thought I better put that out there and save a phone call back to her. Always have a Plan B.

Katie replied, “Well, if Plan A blows up you can get the doctor involved. That will be a sure thing. They think Dr. Ward walks on water.”

“Perfect, thanks, love you. I’ll let you know.” I tapped “end” and headed to talk with mom and dad.

I’m not sure when the child becomes the parent, but I sure feel it now. Their safety is of great concern. Both Katie and I feel protective. Dad is still pretty active and is slowing down as he should. He gave us a cancer scare 10 years back, but nothing since. He has always been a devoted husband and loves his wife and our mother, Kathryn.

Two years ago, Mom got lost coming home from the grocery store;

one that she had shopped at since Jesus walked the earth. It even scared dad. That's when Katie and I decided to make more frequent stops at their place and get a little more involved. Dad was on the same page of getting a bi-weekly cleaner and laundry service. It's odd how 2 years seem short for how much they have aged in that time.

"It is what it is." I had a young girl tell me that one time. She told me a sad story about her life and said that she lives by that because it helps her accept the challenge. It's stuck ever since. You can't change the past, but you can change the future.

Dad basically squashed Plan A like a bug on his tomato plants; I knew he would. He said he can keep track of her pills and will take care of it. So, I did not install Plan B, yet. I will give it another week and see how it's going. He may beg me for Plan A by then.

I think it's mostly fear. He doesn't like seeing mom declining cognitively. At first, he would get mad at her if he had to explain something twice. Now he graciously repeats whatever she needs him to repeat. I brought him some information on the first stages of Dementia about a year ago, and he studied them. He tries really hard to enter her daily reality and being patient with her when she just can't remember. I told him that if he ever got tired or felt he could no longer handle it that it would be just fine. I'm assuming that most spouses feel guilty when one is declining.

My mission this week was to be the watcher.

**Ignoring  
the signs is  
a good way  
to end up  
at the wrong  
destination.**

**DENIAL IS THE SHOCK ABSORBER  
FOR THE SOUL. IT PROTECTS US  
UNTIL WE ARE EQUIPPED TO  
COPE WITH REALITY.  
- C.S. LEWIS**



## CHAPTER | 3

# Plan B

*“Sister’s help make the hard times easier and the easy times more fun.”*

– Anonymous

My cell phone was buzzing, it was 2:30 in the morning.

When I saw it was dad, I sat up quickly to answer.

“Hi dad, is everything ok?”

“Well, if your mother deciding to walk to Aunt Betty’s in her bathrobe about 15 minutes ago is ok...then yes, everything is ok.”

I was confused. “Dad, Aunt Betty died a decade ago.”

“I’m well aware of that Kerry. I think you should swing by tomorrow so we can talk. My greatest concern is her safety, and this may be too much for me to handle.”

I took another ½ day off from work, ran to the bakery to pick up a lemon cake and then swung by their place all before 8 a.m. Lately I have been taking more and more time off from work to help them. I could feel my stress level climbing. Thankfully I had an understanding boss.

I called Katie before I left, and we decided on implementing Plan B; getting moms neurologist involved.

I drove into their driveway, parked and sat in my car for a few minutes just looking at their home. They still lived in the colonial

brick house with black shutters that Katie and I grew up in. So many memories there. I remembered going into dad's garage and getting a wrench to pull off the training wheels on Katie's bike. Then I taught her how to ride it in this very driveway. I thought about the many birthday parties Mom put together for us girls in the beautiful backyard. She really had a knack for parties. She was always the Belle of the Ball. She made sure her daughters both knew about being a lady, but she also allowed us to have fun and to get dirty in our little adventures around the neighborhood and on the riverbank that flowed through our property line. Our friends always commented on how beautiful she was. Her beauty was not just skin deep. Her soul was beautiful and kind.

I saw dad peeking through the front door. It was time to face the music. Dad opened the door as I approached. He gave me that look. The one that says, "I need help."

"Good morning!" I put on my brightest smile and gave him a huge hug and pat on the back.

Mother was in her baby blue, chenille robe next to the sink. From my earliest memories of mom, she always had a beautiful blue robe. It always worked out well as her coat when Katie and I would miss the school bus. She just wore her robe and would throw on some lipstick and get us to school.

She turned and looked at me when she heard me greet dad.

"Hello dear, so nice of you to stop by. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

She was always her best and most clear minded in the morning. I gave her a hug.

"Hi mom, no thank you, I'm already three cups to the wind. Anymore and I'll float." I grabbed a seat at the breakfast table next to the large kitchen window that faced the backyard. The leaves were turning color, the sun was shining through the tree branches and the river that ran on the edge of our property was flowing wildly. It was

like a scene in a Lifetime movie.

I caught dad's eyes and tilted my head for him to take a seat at the table.

I thought I'd just tear off the bandage. "How are you feeling today, Mom?"

"Me? Why fine. How are you dear?" She pulled a chair out and had a seat.

"Oh, I'm fine, mom. Dad had mentioned to me that you thought a trip to see Aunt Betty early this morning was a good idea." I gently touched her soft now frail looking hand.

"Well, Aunt Betty was wanting me to come for a visit. I just don't know why your father won't let me go see her. She always makes the best lemon cake with icing."

Dad finally jumped in the conversation. "That she does, Dear. Best in the county."

"Well, I'm glad dad foiled your plan with Aunt Betty. Now I get to visit you."

We engaged in small talk about the fall weather and pork chops for dinner. She stayed in the conversation here and there, but mostly had a blank stare that she came in and out of. It was hard on me seeing her fade, but even harder watching my dad's heart break over losing the love of his life to this horrible disease.

Over the past year Dad and I learned to agree with her and then redirect her.

"Dear, it's time to get dressed now. I laid your clothes out on the bed." Dad spoke very gently to her.

"Yes, why don't I do that. What a great idea." She slipped away to the bedroom, which gave Dad and I a minute to talk.

“Dad, how did this happen? We have the new locks on the door.” We had them installed a year ago when Mother began talking daily about visiting Aunt Betty. We figured at some point she would act on it...and here we were...she acted.

“She somehow figured out a way around the system. When I heard the alarm, I knew she got out. So, technically they actually worked for the most part. I found her near the garage, and she was chilled to the bone. She’s lost so much weight and this fall weather went right through her. It scared me, Kerry. What if it was colder and she tripped and fell? I just can’t imagine. I just want her safe. I know I have been holding out thinking I could handle her, but the truth is I’m tired and admit, I have been in denial.” Dad got up and poured himself another cup of coffee. He looked exhausted.

“Well, then it’s time we find a memory care that will take that burden off of you and keep her safe. I will get Katie to fly up so we can visit a few communities and get this ball rolling.” Dad returned to the table with his hot cup of coffee. He had tears in his eyes.

“Thank you. I would like to find a place that is close by so it will be easy for me to visit. I don’t know when she will forget who I am, and I want as much time with her as possible before that happens. Also, another request is that you find one that has an assisted living attached so when I need more help with daily life we can be in the same community. OK?” Dad looked so sad. It was hard to see him like this.

I moved closer to him so I could put my arm around his shoulder.

“Katie and I will handle this, Dad. Please, don’t worry or feel guilty. This is hard on all of us. You’re doing the right thing. You, know, we also worry about you and your health. This is a big home, you’re a terrible cook and with Mom gone you will be lonely. We will make sure we find just the right place.”

Now he was the one staring out the window with no emotion, just tears.

Mom came around the corner.

“What time will be visiting Aunt Betty today?” Her sweater was inside out and backwards, a large black floppy hat was on her head and in her hand was an umbrella. She was ready.

I pointed to the lemon cake I had secretly taken out of the bakery box and placed on a cake plate she has had since her wedding.

“Aunt Betty sent over her lemon cake. She will not be able to visit today so she sent it over. Maybe tomorrow you can visit.”

We figured out the “Aunt Betty’s Lemon Cake” deal about 6 months back. Worked like a charm for redirecting her thoughts.



“Knowing the day is coming when your loved one won't know you is the most horrific feeling of them all for an Alzheimer's caregiver”.

Bob DeMarco, [AlzheimersReadingRoom.com](http://AlzheimersReadingRoom.com)

CHAPTER | 4

# Wheels Down and Boots on the Ground

*“When traveling life’s journey, it’s good to have  
a sister’s hand to hold on to.”*

– Anonymous

Katie flew in for the weekend. I picked her up outside of baggage claim at 9 a.m. I mapped out our first day with three communities to visit. We were on a mission and a tight schedule.

Katie dug in her purse and threw a small package my way.

“Here, I grabbed you a Biscoff from my flight. You’re welcome.”

“How lovely of you to stole away this small, free token to prove your undying love to me.” I threw it back her way to open it up. I love those cookies.

The first community seemed nice, but smell of urine in many areas of the memory care (MC) was a real turn off for us. It was a fast “no” for us both. We checked it off our list.

The second community was cozy and smaller. The sales lady, Candice, told us about their memory care training and how they handle redirection and sundowning. We liked what we heard. The only thing we did not like was the lack of activity. Several residents were sitting in front of a large TV screen watching Gunsmoke reruns and several were walking around aimlessly as if looking for something to do. Mother would need more than that. She would need

crafts and social interaction to thrive. We were hoping the last community we visited had the same cozy feel, but more to offer.

We drove to our next location and soon found ourselves in the Discovery Office with Ann, the sales director. She did a great job asking us what we needed and wanted for Mom. I felt good about her and this community. I wanted to know more about their programming and activities being it seemed to be lacking in the other two we visited.

“I’m so glad you asked about our Memory Care Programming. This is what we believe to be our secret sauce in helping our MC residents thrive.” Ann began playing a video that showed us in real time how the programming works.

“Wow, impressive. This is how we have been working with Mom at home. We have learned to enter her world, but redirect when needed. I’m really glad you have developed a program like this.” I was excited to tour the MC area after watching that video.

Katie raised an excellent question, “How do you handle the residents that have a middle of the night walking vendetta? Mom frequently wakes at night and wants to walk around the house.”

Ann took a sip from her water bottle and said, “Great question, same as during the day. The nighttime care team has been trained to redirect and keep our residents anxiety low. They will even bring out the paint sets, puzzles and relaxing music to help settle the resident down and eventually get them back to bed.”

Ann took us to the MC area for a tour. After going through the secured doors, a whiff of lemon was a pleasant surprise. That was a relief from the urine we were hit with in the first community.

“I smell lemons!” Katie was thrilled. She loved lemons as much as Mom.

Ann brought us over to a locked, glass cabinet and pointed to several bottles on the shelf, “Those are essential oils. We use lemon

in the morning to help with energy and we switch to lavender before dinner to help with relaxation. Not only do we have them in the automizer, but we also use them with shea butter for hand massage.”

The common area had several residents sitting in a circle hitting a large red balloon around. Dean Martin music was playing in the background. The dining room area had several residents sitting around a round table with bright green aprons, plastic gloves and smiles. Each were stirring cookie dough with the help of a care attendant. A bread maker was baking a loaf of sour dough for the residents to eat with jam for a snack. The smell was heavenly.

“I can see Mom here. This is cozy and seems alive.” Katie was pretty excited as she looked around.

The community itself was not brand new, nor the most up to date in their décor, but that didn’t matter to us. We wanted security, great care, a rounding doctor and a loving environment for Mom. The staff was friendly, and Ann knew them all by name. I took note of that on my notepad. Staff is friendly, good team culture.

“Can you tell us a little bit about the food service. We actually forgot about asking back in the office.” I wanted to make sure Mom was not forced to eat things she did not care for, like liver and onions.

“Absolutely, what would you like to know?” Ann was not assuming she knew what I wanted to know about the meal service. I took note of that as well. They don’t assume and ask questions to get to the root.

“I wanted to know if Mother did not care for the meal being served, how does the staff handle that situation.” I had my pen in hand and notebook ready to write.

“Certainly, so, you want to know if we are flexible with food choices? Well, I’m happy to tell you that she will have two choices to pick from at each meal. The menu changes daily and seasonally. We also have an “Anytime Menu” with basic food items to pick from if either of the chef’s meals of the day do not sound appealing to her.



You can be assured she will eat what she wants. How does that sound?”

“Perfect. I wasn’t sure if you allowed food choices in MC like you do in the assisted living part of your community.” I placed a star by Check on Food in my notebook.

Ann took us to the model apartment in MC. It was a studio apartment with a private bath and a small counter and dorm size refrigerator in the entrance. I think it was supposed to feel like a kitchen. The room had a twin bed, nightstand, wardrobe dresser, overstuffed armchair and large photography artwork from the 1950’s of the town we live in. I recognized the drug store in the photo immediately. Mom would take us there when we were in elementary school for hamburgers and malts on our shopping day in summer.

It made me think of Mom. Would she feel safe here? Scared? It was everything on our list, but how will she feel here? She was such a sweet woman and always so full of life. This disease took her away from us and back to her past. She no longer lived with us in the present, but we wanted to make sure her future was as pleasant and wonderful as she was.

When she was first diagnosed, two years ago, it was hard on all of us. Letting go is one of the hardest lessons in life.

Mom knew what her diagnosis meant, she studied it before the testing. The doctor caught it early on. She took it hard. We allowed her time to grieve and all grieved with her. Her decline was faster than expected.

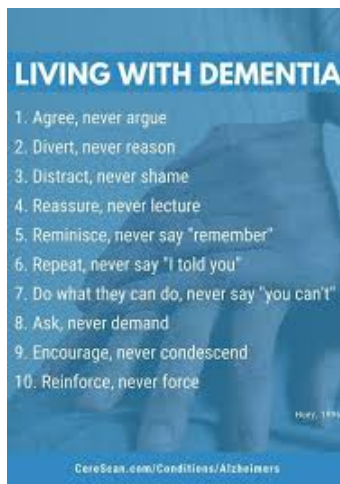
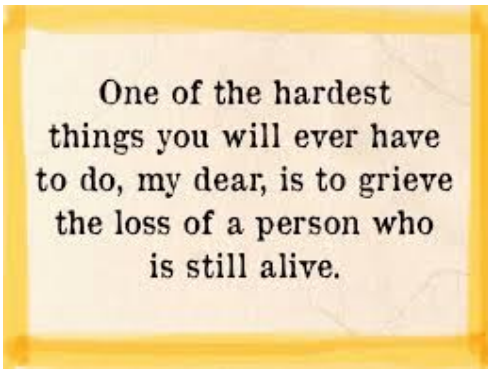
She began with paranoia. Every week she would misplace something and blamed the cleaning lady of being a thief. Then, about a year after diagnosis she slipped into the “looking off into the distance” phase. That was a hard one. She was always so vibrant and fun to talk with. Watching her leave us was horrible.

Now, she thinks Aunt Betty is alive and its 1969. Poor Dad. He is so sweet to her. We are thankful she still remembers us all...at

least right now she does. We probably should have looked into a community sooner than this, but Dad was still in denial and neither of us wanted to hurt him anymore than he was already hurting.

Sometimes I wonder if that was the right choice, waiting. When mom began forgetting to eat, let alone make breakfast, we had meals delivered that dad would just warm up. It helped buy time, but it did wear on my Dad.

Again, nobody has really written a manuscript for this stuff.



CHAPTER | 5

## Let Them Eat Cake

*“Sisters are for sharing laughter and wiping tears.”*

– Anonymous

Katie and I decided to go for lunch after community #3 and talk about our choices. We decided soup and salad sounded perfect and headed over to Oliver’s Place. His soups were farm to table and was one of Moms favorite restaurants. She would say, “Oliver’s soup is like eating at my grandmothers when I was a little girl.”

“So, I’m glad we both agree on the third community, River Town Manor, as our favorite. It felt like the right place.” I set down my spoon and took a sip of my Chia Tea.

Katie was digging in her purse, “Yes, it’s the best fit for Mom and our family. Dad will like that it is close, and he will be happy about the assisted living portion that he could move into, should he need it. I also felt they offered the best care and programming. The pricing was a bit more, but worth it.”

She was still digging in her purse. “You lookin’ for another Biscotti to throw at me?” I laughed.

Katie looked up, “Very funny, No... I’m looking for something...I threw in a picture I had of Mom when she was a little girl. I found it the other day in my pictures and don’t know how it ended up at my place. Oh, here it is.” Katie handed me a photo of Mother.

The photo was a black and white. Mom was sitting on Aunt

Betty's lap and eating a piece of cake. Aunt Betty was smiling, and Mom looked adorable.

"You've got to be kidding? This is the lemon cake picture. We have to get this in a frame for Mom's new room. Wow."

"I know, right? How crazy that I found it." Katie took a bite of her beet and goat cheese salad.

Then, without warning, I began to cry. Not just cry, sob. It was not on my list of things to do today. Maybe it was the picture, the stress, the emotions of placing Mom...I don't know, but once the tears started falling there was no shutting it down. Katie soon joined me. We ate the rest of our lunch in silence and tears. It was fine. We had no more words, just emotion. It's good to cry.

"Ok, we had lunch and a good cry. Time to go visit Mom and Dad. You ready?" I signed the bill and put my credit card away.

"Ready as I will ever be. Thanks for lunch." Katie smiled.

Dad opened the door for us when we arrived. He had been watching Law and Order reruns. Mom was resting. She took several naps during the day now.

"Well, how did your touring go?" He shut off his show and was ready to hear the news.

"We think we found the right fit, Dad. It's close by and they had everything on our list that we wanted, and Mom would need." I handed him the brochure.

Katie sat on the sofa next to dad's chair. "I really liked it. I think you and Mom will as well."

Dad was quiet. He looked over the brochure. Katie and I made eye contact several times wondering what he was thinking.

"If you girls feel this is the place, then it's the place. To be honest I don't think any place is good, I want her here with me." He handed

the brochure to Katie.

“They have an opening. She could move in as soon as next week. Just a few things need to be done and some paperwork. Are you up to doing that? Of course, we will help.” I handed him the folder of paperwork.

Dad took the folder. “I will do whatever we need to do to keep her safe.”

Mom came out of the bedroom a bit disheveled. But when she saw Katie her eyes lit up.

“Katie, Dear. How nice of you to visit. How is school?” Katie had graduated from college in 1984. That was one marriage and three older sons ago. We just roll with it nowadays.

“It’s great Mom. So good to see you. Had a little nap?” Katie gave her a big hug.

“Oh, you know. I’m just always so busy these days. A nap now and then is required.” She sat down on the sofa.

We decided as a family to not share the move with Mother at this time. We would explain to her of the change when we moved her in. She would not understand, and we thought it best.

Katie and I took the weekend to get things in order. We packed items that meant something to Mom. She always loved her make-up vanity and we decided that was a must for her new place. We also packed the framed wedding photo, photos of us girls, husbands and the grandchildren, several fall and winter outfits, two pieces of artwork she loved, and her photo albums of when we were little girls. We shopped for linens, bedding and towels. We chose baby blue for the color with a touch of yellow for happiness. The community gave us a list of things to bring and we went down the list.

Ann, the sales director told us to only bring seasonal clothing and switch it out. They only place seven outfits in the wardrobe closet so the resident does not get overwhelmed in selecting their clothes for

the day; if they are still able to handle that. She also told us that too much “stuff” in her room would be a mistake. They have found that less clutter is better and that her room is really only used for naps and sleeping at night. Most of the day they are out and about in the common areas, art room or on the bus to an outing.

Move in day went without a glitch. Katie and I spent all day Sunday getting her room ready. It will be a big change for them both.

Nobody can prepare you for the feelings you will have when you bring your loved one to a memory care community and leave them there. That’s why we needed to be sure about the one we selected and the why. We know there is no turning back, but accepting the future and its unknowns are not for the faint hearted. We needed to be brave for Dad and Mom.

It’s going to be different, but she will be safe, well cared for and to be honest, she won’t even know she is there. We worked out visiting times for Dad and we made sure he got to know the staff by name the day we moved her in. He said he did feel better after talking to a few of them.

I drove Katie to the airport on Tuesday morning. She was a bit emotional not knowing how fast the disease will progress and living so far away. I assured her that it will be fine and promised to Facetime with her when I visited Mother.

As children we do the best we can in these situations. I have dumped the words “I feel guilty” from my vocabulary. Instead, I say, “I feel relieved and happy that Mom is secure and well taken care of.”

*“I want to tell you how much I miss my mother.  
Bits of her are still there. I miss her most when  
I’m sitting across from her.”*



The End



# Your Notes

We hope reading Kerry and Katie's journey inspires you to follow in their footsteps and begin exploring memory care senior living options for the future. Here are a few questions to help you get started.

Feel free to contact us anytime to schedule a visit. We can help you picture what your next chapter might look like at one of our Northstar Senior Living Communities.

*“Suffering is always hard to quantify especially when the pain is caused by as cruel a disease as Alzheimer’s. Most illnesses attack the body; Alzheimer’s destroys the mind, and in the process, annihilates the very self.”*

List what is important to you in a memory care senior living community:

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What does the “right feel” look like to you?

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What kind of activities do you want to see for your loved one?

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List and your families biggest challenge about moving your loved one to a memory care community:

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List all of the great reasons to move your loved one into a memory care community:

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