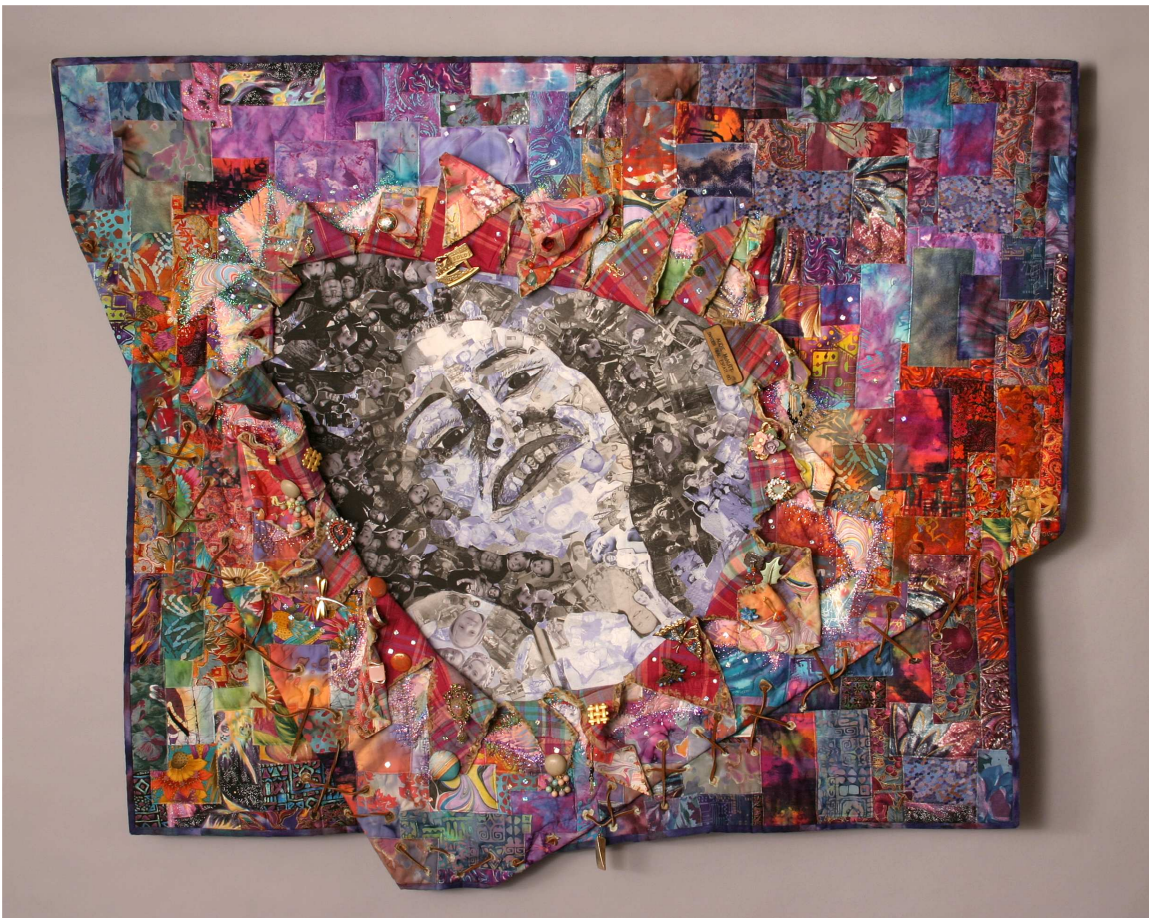


# “I’m Not At This Address!”

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A few months before my mom died, I received a dream that helped facilitate some of my grief work surrounding her impending death. In my dream, I was instructed to cut a hole in one of my existing quilts and insert a fabric photo-collage of my mom’s face. Then I was to manipulate the quilt in such a way as to give it the shape of a heart.

When I woke and savored my nocturnal message, I realized the focus of memories of my mom would be healthier if I concentrated on the gifts of her life, instead of on the sufferings surrounding her Lewy Body Dementia. The old family photos I used visually symbolize the multiple blessings of mom’s time here on earth.

This quilt is the gift I was given that night.

Mom's fabric of life, slashed by the diagnosis of Lewy Body Dementia gapes unrepaired. The loose threads of her unrealized hopes dangle haphazardly. Needle holes loom where threaded memories once resided.... Whiffs of smoke linger among the ashes of the fried neurons in her brain.... Leather cords of Aricept frantically attempt to balance the neurotransmitters.... Uneven stitched cries of "Mom" echo off the wrinkles of quilt....

And yet mom's sweet spirit beamed through the ruins, her essence still beautifully intact.