

“The Wisdom of Brooke”

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My mom, who had Lewy Body Dementia, had forgotten that her parents had died decades before and when she asked me about them I reminded her of their deaths. Her memory lapses made the news fresh and raw again for her and she wailed, “Why wasn’t I told my family died?” She wept openly, painfully and unashamedly.

That night at dinner, mom repeated the soulful longing for her dead family. She reported, “I’m still not even sure if my mom and dad are alive - did they die – is that why you don’t talk about them?”

“Yes, mom,” I said. “Your mom and dad died decades ago.”

“Why wasn’t I told that my family died?” she whimpered.

She looked questioningly at my face to try and detect meaning to the seemingly new ideas. It was the most expression I had seen from her depressed face these many months she had lived with us.

Brooke, one of my 6 year old twins, gently looked at mom and confidently said, “Mam-maw, *we’re* your family now....”

Mom’s entire demeanor changed as her muscles relaxed and she stared at her grandchild. Mom paused, then led us in a tearful appreciative smile as she accepted the life boat offered us, climbed in, and began to paddle.

And a child shall lead us.

This is a picture of Brooke at age 6.