



10 years ago my Mother's Mother passed away.



She didn't know where she was.



She didn't know when she was.



She didn't know who her family was.



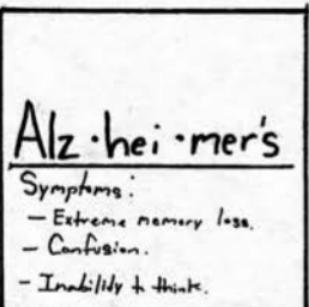
She didn't know who she was.



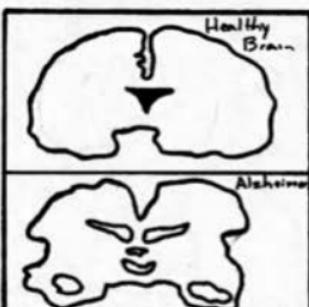
This is how I remember her.



Most of what I remember about her has to do with her health.



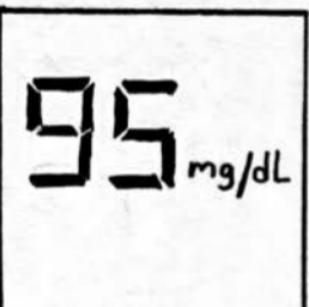
Grandma had Alzheimer's.



A neurodegenerative disease that destroys the brain.



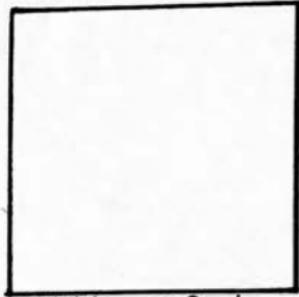
She was also diabetic. An incredibly inconvenient combination.



She didn't know to maintain her blood sugar.



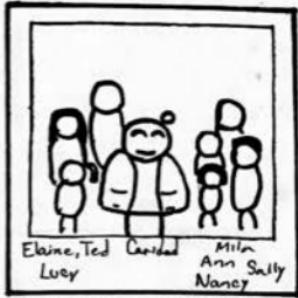
Or why she needed dialysis multiple times a week.



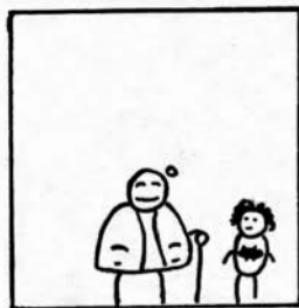
I didn't know my Grandma.
I was told about her.



She worked in Philippine
rice fields.



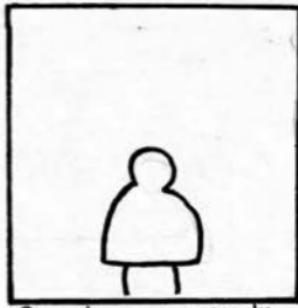
Her marriage was arranged,
and she had eight children.



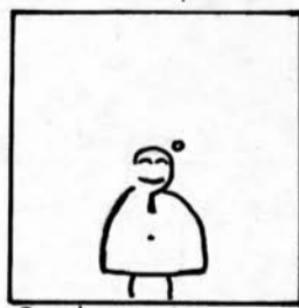
The Grandma I knew
was not this person.



This person no longer existed.



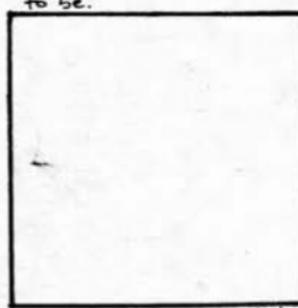
Grandma was merely
the shell of who she used
to be.



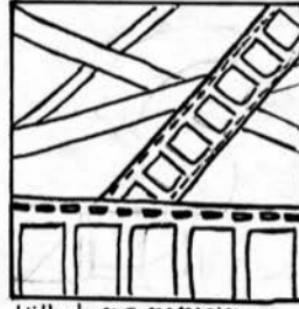
Grandma was two people.



She was my Grandma.



And then she was nobody.



Without our memories,
we are nobody.



Memories bind us and shape
who we are.



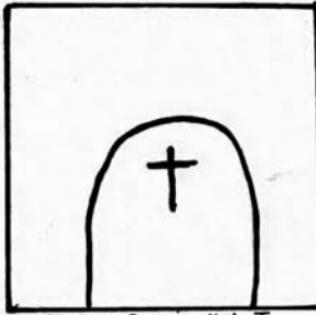
And her memories were gone.



In David B's "Epileptic," he admits that he wanted his brother to die.



I wondered if I felt the same.



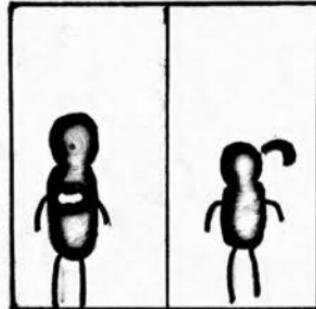
All I can say is that I was relieved when it was over.



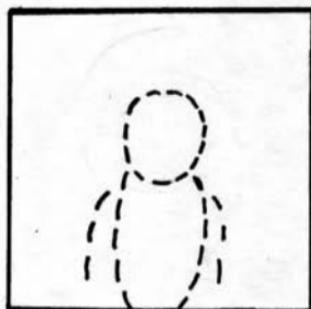
Alzheimer's can be inherited.



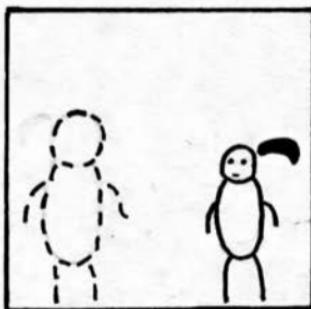
It's unlikely, but the possibility still lingers.



Which is worse? Your Mom having Alzheimer's? Or having yourself?



Forgetting yourself sounds bad.



Being forgotten sounds worse.



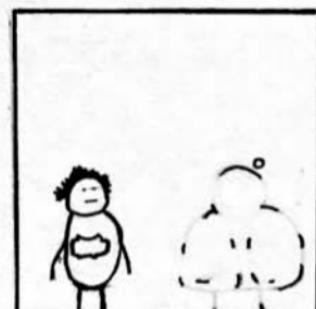
From the outside, you know what was lost.



Alzheimer's is a terrible disease that no one should have to deal with.



It erases a person, and harms everyone around them.



And all we can do is watch.