

FISH SANDWICHES

My mother began having problems with her memory several years ago. We've been through many stages and transitions on this journey. Through the "I can't find my keys" stage, to having the talk about giving up the car. We didn't always get along, but we always loved each other.

Mom is living on Elm Street at Rolling Fields with her roommate Jeannie and the cats. I try to visit as often as I can. I arrived one morning to find my Mother worried and upset. She had been watching the news; easy to see how she could be upset! She went on to explain that there isn't enough food for everyone and people were going hungry. She was even able to blame the government for not caring enough to do something about it.

Our conversation continued like this for 15-20 minutes. I delved deep to try and find a way to change the subject but could only come up with, "Maybe we should gather the loaves and fishes and share with everyone!" Mom remembered the bible story and so we kept talking about how there would be enough for everyone. Mom then asked, "Do you know what they had?" I replied that I did not. A small smirk spread across her face as she told me, "Fish sandwiches!"