

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 29  
Number 9 *In Medias Res*

Article 62

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10-1-2008

## Transitions

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### Recommended Citation

Sharp, Linda (2009) "Transitions," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 9, Article 62.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss9/62>

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# Transitions

Linda Sharp

Old Wrinkled faces stare off into space. Some fortunate ones with minds intact recall the beauty of their youth. Others try to hold thoughts, that quicksilver and the memories stay mute.

They have stood the test of time but cannot stand erect. They are set aside by loved ones who are as confused by their roles as they are, relegated now to a time and place that does not feel their presence. Their importance diminishes in their own eyes as they witness the indifference to them by others.

How does one not get caught in this insidious web of old age and dementia? To go ever so gently into the night, to the land of the able, with dignity and spirit, filled with heavenly thoughts. Not grasping a wheelchair, too weak to propel it forward, glassy eyes from meds that blur their already confused minds.

Sadness envelops me as I approach an older, withered version of myself. She is starting off in the distance, quietly tearing a small napkin into pieces, something she does quite often now. She does not know her name or my name, but that doesn't stop me from bending down and querying,

"Who am I? Mom, who am I?"

Her watery eyes scan my face and she weakly smiles and says,

"Someone who loves me."

My eyes well up and I sigh, deeply. Reaching out to touch her small, pale hand, I feel her trying to connect. The hand that is unable to hold a spoon, encircles mine. Her spirit lives!

I now know I must make this painful journey often to see her, until she is safely on the other side. It is for her comfort, not mine.