

Fading Memories, Blooming Lilies

Everyone always talks about how beautiful it is to experience and make lasting memories, yet almost no one talks about how painful it is to experience forgetting those memories.

Pictures of my family decorate the walls in my home, going from my wedding, to my daughter's graduation. These photos hold countless emotions. We have documented every single milestone achieved by our family. Unfortunately, no matter how hard we try to never forget, fate itself will ultimately decide if that will happen.

My wife has Alzheimer's. She hates it when our daughter calls her 'mom', and she doesn't remember how we fell in love. It was back in school, and I was sitting across the room from her. The way her laugh would fill the room with joy, I adored it. She was my Mona Lisa, and I was but a doodle in her notebook.

She is the most gorgeous woman in the world. I would bring her lilies that reminded me of her, their pink colour resembling her cheeks when I proposed to her.

Even as she lay in the hospital bed, I wanted her to at least remember that she was loved.

After I came back from the store, the house was empty. The woman in the graduation picture had called me crying saying "Mom had to be rushed to the hospital", so there I was. The doctor said her organs were shutting down.

"Every night when I close my eyes, I always see your face. I don't know why, but it brings me comfort. Death isn't a scary thought to me anymore, for I know when I close my eyes, I will be able to see your face forever."

She flatlined, leaving me without her until I could finally join her again.

Being in an empty home felt weird. The photos with all the blurry faces in them brought me great discomfort. The only faces that I seemed to recognise were the ones with the face of the man in the mirror. The woman who kept insisting I was her father was visiting. I knew she loved me, but it frustrated me that I could never remember why she loved me.

She wanted me to remember that I was loved, as it was my turn to lay in a hospital bed. There were family members surrounding me, some crying. I was too focused on the flowers beside my bed. They were lilies. It reminded me of her.

My memory has all faded completely, but I will always remember how much she too loved these flowers.

Sighing, I closed my eyes once more, the intense sounds of sobbing getting louder. I just wanted to see my love once more, and knowing I'd finally be able to, it brought me immense happiness one last time.

Don't worry my love, I'll find you and fall in love once more, and you won't feel lonely anymore. Just wait for me, I'll be by your side shortly.