

An Unwilling Alzheimer's Victim

Larry L. Hamilton, Ph.D. & Alzheimer's Unwilling Victim

(Age at this writing - 73 - and still running, mostly daily)

(Update: Age 74, still running - on a mountain - slowly, carefully...)

It's about an ugly crime that slyly slips through sub-atomic cracks and crannies spreading poisons that dismember the links that hold together our memories....perhaps the most precious gift remaining among some of us older folks.

Alzheimer's is an ugly vicious, deadly disease with no known cure, yet. It is so sleazy and vicious it even puts to shame a Donald Trump self-promoting advert. People are afraid to talk about it. They tend to "tippy-toe" - uncertain about how to treat the patient. I've thought about it a lot since it was confirmed. I shed some tears.....

OK, a lot of tears! But, mostly, I got mad. I'm going to go public and attack it.

If nothing else it will be a constant public brawl. I have a plan to beat it. My cousin Helen did it. It took years. Al beat her down to a condition where she tended to repeat herself, but she stubbornly continued to communicate as best she could. And she still smiled her beautiful smile and squeezed my hand. Then, eventually, she kicked his ass! She died of natural causes! That's my plan. Al is going to become a public joke - highly visible, widely despised. I am not going out quietly, perhaps with not much dignity. I plan to be swearing, belittling, and insulting him with my "In Your Face" attitude up to the moment of my passing due to natural causes.

As best I can, I will make Al into the butt of jokes. Crude, rude, and some just silly, unless you've got Al under your skin. Al has earned universal, perhaps eternal condemnation - and I hope some other victims will hear, understand and rally to my cause. Perhaps, we may help stimulate some breakthrough in research....who knows? Well, we know the answer to that...."Only the Shadow knows".

Here are early samples of Dr. Larry's Alzheimer's insults. (This is my near life-time nickname from about 4th grade, wherever I've lived. I eventually earned a Ph.D. in my 30s hoping to gain some dignity. If you've read this far, you can see it didn't work out.)

1. Hey, did you hear the one about the 2 guys with Alz?
Yeah, they forgot the punchlines.

2. "Why Me Lord?"

I dunno. Did you fill out all the forms? Correctly?

3. You think there's something funny about Alz!?

“Well, it’s hard to spell and everyone seems afraid to get in its face.” (434 words)