

"Don't spill. Mum, just hold it straight." A middle aged brunette held her hand over her mother's, supporting the woman's grasp around the mug which she held. "Look the handle, there we go."

"I'm fine Liz stop making a fuss, please. I'm almost finished!"

"I'll need to check the parking ticket on the car mum."

"Hold there Liz I've finished. We can leave now."

"We need to get you ready. Mum - where's your gloves?"

"Who you calling mum? I don't have a daughter."

"Sorry, Doreen" Liz uttered as she wiped her tears, knowing that it was better to mislead her mum than argue and upset her; that was something she had learnt from her dementia support group. Emotions stay with people while memories disappear, so by misleading her mum she avoided confused sadness. All she wanted was for her mum to be happy.

"Oh your gloves are there under the seat. Let's put them on." Liz assisted Doreen putting on her gloves and supported her up and into a walk as the two women left the café and their half-drunk coffees.

Two minutes later they were both sat in Liz's blue ford, listening to the radio.

"Oh, David Jacobs should be presenting Political Forum. Put it on for me would you?"

"Ah sorry, I can't work my radio." The white lie brewed yet more tears which she was reluctant to let stream down her face. "We can stay listening to this or turn it off all together. It's up to you."

"Ah there's no harm in leaving it on."

The two sat quietly and listened as they tried to comprehend the closing moments to the programme which started almost an hour ago. It struck Liz; the woman was talking about her experience of caring for her Mother who like her own mum, had Alzheimer's. And so she began to connect with the words spoken by this lady, "This disease changed my mother, the independent, bubbly and confident woman I had grown up with became scared, paranoid and frail. I hated it, nobody understood it apart from understanding that it was tearing our lives apart. My mum had been the heart and soul of our community and I didn't want Alzheimer's to snatch this away so together we searched for a solution. The modern world was a web of disruption as my mother's brain was transported on a nostalgic journey. Once identified, I embraced the idea of nostalgia and opened a retirement home specialised towards those with Alzheimer's and created an environment that dismissed the disruptions of the modern world. I created the perfect nostalgic environment which quickly became oversubscribed. This delighted me but what delighted me more was that my mum had once again found herself. The project was the light of the community and my mother the light of my project. It was the perfect solution which I would love to share."

"Could we get involved." croaked Doreen.

"Of course". Liz embraced her mum and the tears fell.