Network of Caregivers

June 11, 2013 By Nicole Lemelle

My mom is the eldest girl of 10 siblings. Most of my feisty aunts regard her in a respectful maternal manner. After all, the younger siblings she practically raised herself, as my grandmother was just plain old tired.

This past weekend when she called upon one of my aunts to take the lead in assisting me with my activities of daily living, my aunt Gail was eager to rise to the occasion. And that she certainly did. Keep in mind we spent the weekend at my mother's home. She is in the process of making her home handicap accessible for me. So some things were a little more complicated. This particular weekend I needed more help than I do normally. My aunt Gail helped me to take a shower. She in fact, in the process got as wet as I did.

She found herself huffing and puffing as she attempted to help me dress afterwards. She had trouble working with my legs that refused to bend. She was constantly worried about hurting me, but I told her that in actuality I just might hurt her. As she pushed my legs with all her might, she kept asking me, "How many muscle relaxants have you taken?" She's learning the lingo.

After we finished and I was dressed she sat, took a deep breath and declared," Remember, I am 59 years old!" Then she politely fixed her jewelry, and hair and got back to work on me.

By the end of the weekend she knew exactly what I needed, what I could do for myself and what I couldn't do. My mom's plan worked out beautifully. I simply enjoyed the company and felt like once again my mom saved the day through the help of my aunt Gail. I love them both!

It helps to have a network of caregivers if you can.

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