

I recently spent a week in Minnesota for family vacation. While in the Midwest (where I grew up), my two children and I went to see my grandma. Now I know full well that my grandma's mind is slowly slipping away, but I still wasn't prepared for what I encountered that day. As I walked into the dining room where grandma was having coffee, she just looked at us as she would any other stranger. I approached her and said, "*Hi grandma*" and gave her a hug, but she just smiled and looked at me; wondering who I was. I told her who I was and introduced her, again, to my children. It was hard. She still had no idea. Throughout the visit we had to remind grandma, a couple times, who we were and who the children belonged to. I've had friends who have dealt with this with their grandparents and I've tried to empathize with them, but it's difficult until you actually deal with it yourself. My grandma doesn't know me anymore but I know she's there somewhere. I know this isn't her fault, but what a horrible feeling to be "forgotten" by someone you love and who you know loves you (somewhere deep down inside of them at least). Dementia is such an evil thing. I wish I could go back to the last time she knew me and spend more time with her. Instead, I need to cling to my memories of her in order to pass them on to my two children.

I don't blame God or anyone else for this, I am just saddened as I want my grandma back. I know that this is part of life but I also know, and take great joy in the fact, that this won't be part of our New Life. I know the day will come when grandma will be released from her "prison" and will know and remember all things. The best part of this is that even though grandma doesn't remember us, she is remembered, not just by us (her family) but by God. You see, while on the cross, Jesus uttered the horrible words, "*My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?*". God didn't forget about Jesus, He just turned his back on him because of the sin placed on Jesus' shoulders for us. Jesus experienced this in order that we would never ever be forgotten. What a horrible thing that would be; to be forgotten by the Author and Creator of all we see and don't see.

In the meantime, we can rest assured that we are remembered by God our Father. We are remembered when the going gets tough. We are remembered when we are joyful. We are remembered when we go to Him in confession. We are remembered when we are suffering. And, most importantly, through faith in Jesus Christ, we will be remembered on the Last Day. Grandma doesn't and can't remember, but she is remembered by God, and so are you. What a wonderful thing THAT is. Praise be to God and Amen.

