A Helping Hand

My sisters’ called Wendy, she has HD,
That’s Huntington’s disease to you and me.
Like many such illnesses, the problems are many,
And help these days’ costs a pretty penny.

But don’t lose hope, help is at hand,
Things like this are not planned.
They just happen at random, or so it may seem,
No one’s exempt, not even the Queen.

The consultants and doctors, they do their work,
They hand out the drugs, from this they don’t shirk.
But should you need help, with washing and feeding,
Then “Elderly Care” is who you’ll be needing.

To get this there’ll be, endless forms to fill out,
By the time this is done, you’ll be wanting to shout,
For God’s sake someone, tell me please,
What did I do to deserve this disease?

But there is help out there, with easy access,
If you ask them for help, it’s usually yes.
Arrangements are easy and quickly done,
And before you know it, your help has begun.

It’s “YoungDementia;” I’m talking of here,
Once “The Clive Project” until last year.
Run as a charity to help folks like you,
And here are some of the things that they do.

Two lovely young ladies, called Sarah and Kay
Come Tuesdays and Fridays and whisk Wendy away.
They take wherever she likes to go,
Then three hours later, she’s returned all aglow.

Garden centres are one of those places,
She loves to go and meet new faces.
Or down by the river, when the weather is fair,
For fish and chips, and lots of fresh air.

Some times it’s just a stroll round the shops,
To pick up a bargain, perhaps some new tops.
She don’t seem to mind where ever they go,
She’s out of the house, a few of hours or so.

A change they say is as good as a rest,
An adage you’ll know, that’s stood the test.
She needs that break, that short get away,
From the four walls that surround her, every day.
Her resident carers are angels in dresses,  
But caring for others has its own stresses,  
And they need some time for themselves, it is true,  
So they can stay happy, and do what they do.

The family helps out; we each do our share,  
To ensure that Wendy, gets very good care.  
But Sarah and Kay’s weekly visits are essential,  
To help save us, from becoming demential.

One evening a month, there’s what’s called The Café,  
She’s collected and returned the very same day.  
Here she dances, has a bite, and a drink,  
And when she gets home, she’s in the pink.

They also run what’s called Family Support,  
To help us carers when we get fraught.  
A good long chat, one - to - one is best,  
Which means you can get things off your chest.

There are no magic answers to most of our needs,  
But loneliness and sorrow, on each other feed.  
And more often than not, someone not so “involved”,  
Can help get your problems, more speedily solved.

There is help out there; you just have to ask,  
And I know for some, it’s a difficult task,  
But sooner or later you must swallow your pride,  
Let “YoungDementia” be your guide.

At times we can’t see, the wood for the trees,  
When fear, and doubts, have us down on our knees.  
And that’s when someone, looking in, from without,  
Can see more clearly, and put worries to rout.

“Team YoungDementia” has many skills,  
With experienced people to help with your ills.  
They visit your home, the problems to view,  
Then give expert advice on what’s possible to do.

So don’t try to fight your problems alone,  
“YoungDementia’s” there at the end of the phone.  
A problem shared, is halved; so they say,  
So whatever you do, make contact today.

Colin Taylor, 2011