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## Mr. Churchill

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# Mr. Churchill

## Casey Waits

Then it hit him.

Yup it was plain as day.

Like one of those light bulbs above a cartoon character's head.

This wasn't his house.

A strange epiphany I know.

But for a man with Alzheimer's there is no such thing.

Yes it was all starting to make sense now.

That must be why his key didn't work in the lock.

That also must be why all the pictures on the walls

had people in them that he'd never seen before.

No. No. None of this looked right or familiar now that he thought of it.

The furniture. The smell. The wall paper. The brown old couches and antique lamps.

The checkered kitchen floor and the fan on the ceiling.

Even the goldfish on the counter.

It all was foreign.

How long had he been here?

Wandering aimlessly. Investigating with awe and hesitation.

Lost and confused, these were familiar feelings.

Feelings that came with age.

Regardless in these situations it's best to stay put,

In order to prevent further distress.

Just then he heard some commotion in the next room.

He investigated.

There they sat, probably about eight or nine of them.

Old folks.

Some playing cards.

Others reading the paper.

As he looked on in amazement he felt a hand grip his arm.

He looked to see where the squeeze came from.

“ Mr. Churchill did you wander off again?”

It hit him like a ton of bricks.

He was home.

Home unfortunately meant old people and doctors.

“ It’s time for your medication.”

Just then he turned around and went back into the other room.

Where there was less noise.

Then it hit him.

Yup it was plain as day.

Like one of those light bulbs above a cartoon character’s head.

This wasn’t his house.

A strange epiphany I know.

But for a man with Alzheimer’s there is no such thing.