

Dementia Podcasts: A Blog

LESSON ONE

Luckily, I managed to fall into a disabled parking space right in front of the gate at the main entrance and after adding the blue card with my dubious photo facing downwards onto the dashboard, I approached the spring-loaded doors of the community centre to the sounds of muffled chatter and smell of coffee. This was to be home for the next two hours. I was both cautious and excited at the same moment.

Trish, the project coordinator, who I previously met virtually, was in just behind me accompanied by two or three other friends that I hadn't met. I followed them through the throng of occupied people into the much brighter hall where we were to birth our very first meeting.

My instinctive and initial fall-back approach was to find the closest empty portion of wall and stood against it whilst both awaiting instruction and viewing the collective random method of organisation underway at one end of the hall.

The first question I actually heard clearly lifted me somewhat as it concerned where the sandwiches and flasks of hot tea and coffee were placed... This has always been one of my highest criteria when assessing a meeting's success or failure!

Chairs were being spaced first in a curve then in rows and once again in a big 'almost' circle.

The tables didn't escape being moved several times either. They were abandoned on one side as we were introduced to our new gang members, sorry, group colleagues, and this in turn triggered a memory bomb of one of my first days at a new school... a bit scary but very interesting.

I realised slowly that I am still able to feel and experience a new and 'instant' connection with people who I have never met but have a shared purpose with.

Yes, this was feeling more okay by the minute.

Some of the jargon being used in the introductions were familiar to us due, to our transformation from 'face to face' contact to 'screen' contact during two years of COVID and are now fully versed with our lives being shared online through cameras and lenses smaller than a gnat's eye.

Describing myself as a Children's Story Author gave me added self-kudos points and raised the expectation that this project will promote the fact that all those in team 'Dementia' shouldn't be left on the subs bench week after week.

We are still capable of playing with the grown-ups and occasionally scoring the most amazing goals!

Searching the internet for any other podcasts regarding dementia was our first task. This ended in failure to actually find anything coherent or interesting at all, sadly nothing locally to the South West at all.

Before I left with my shopping trolley of 'learnings, information and thoughts,' I had one burning question; should those living with dementia be involved in raising the awareness of it?

Answer; HELL YES!

