Of all the things I've lost, I miss my mind the most

April 15, 2015 By Grace Campbell

Wait ... where are we going and why am I in this handbasket?

I have no short term memory. I forget what I'm meant to be doing all the time if I move away from the task. To be honest, I've always been a little "distractable" but I'm even worse now I'm having treatment for my Hepatitis C.

Take this morning for example.

I put on a load of washing. I go to hang it out. I decide to feed the hens on the way, so I grab the scrap bucket. I feed the hens but notice that the grass in the side paddock is getting quite long, so I decide to move the horse into that paddock. I fill the water trough and while looking around, notice two large tree limbs have fallen over the fence. I move the limbs and fix the fence. Remember the water is still running. Turn it off.

I move the horse and notice that the manure hasn't been collected for a few days. I grab the wheelbarrow and start picking it up. One load in, I remember I came out without my hat, so I go back inside to get it. While inside I decide I am hungry and need second breakfast, so make some guacamole on toast.

I sit down to eat it, look out the window and notice I haven't hung the washing on the line.

This happens to me all the time. I take a shopping list, I forget to take it out of the car. I make notes, I forget to read them.

I live in a state of perpetual bewilderment.

In some ways, it's not too bad. I can blame almost *anything* on the drugs and people cut me slack: "I'm sooooo sorry! I meant to be at the planning meeting, really I did, just ... you know ... these darned drugs I'm on. No short term memory. I forget things all the time."

"Did I say I was going to cook dinner? Oh wow, I totally forgot. The drugs. You know. Sorry." <sad shrug>

In other ways it mean you have to bring a new level of systemic oganisation to your life.

It's not enough to write something on the calendar. I now set multiple alarms on my phone. Reminders to take my pills. Reminders to be at a certain place at a set time. Reminders to buy food, call people, make

appointments.

My fridge is littered with post-it notes. In fact it’s more post-it note than fridge. Often they are daft things like “DON’T FORGET! Put dr appointment in phone. SET ALARM!”

I have even written notes to myself on my car windscreen with a whiteboard marker.

So far I haven’t messed up too badly, but I will. Just wait. I’m just glad my children are old enough to look after themselves. Otherwise I’d probably get a phone call from the police.

“Hello? Is that Grace Campbell? We have something that belongs to you … ”

Please tell me I’m not alone. If you can remember to do it.

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