



Rumblings & Ruminations

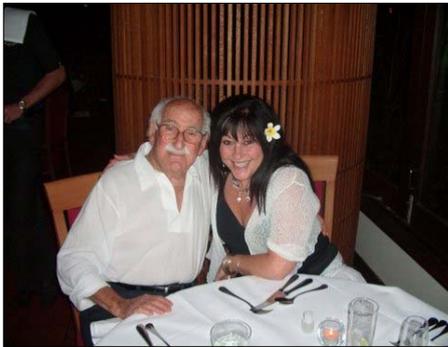


Newsletter from Sharon Snir for January 2007
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My Dad

My father turned 89 this month. We were on our annual holidays in Byron Bay with all the boys, their friends, my sister and our parents.

He is without a doubt, a truly remarkable human being having devoted almost 70 years to healing and helping others.



As children, unfortunately, we rarely saw him. Up before dawn he would grab his daily apple and be in the car on his way to do his hospital rounds by 6.30 am every day. The nursing staff nick-named him 'the whistling doctor' for he could be heard whistling some old familiar tune as he walked from room to room visiting his patients. Those long hospital corridors have never been the same since my dad stopped operating and consequently stopped doing his rounds.

It is easy to know how my father is feeling. Its by his whistle. In fact I am more prone nowadays to notice when he isn't whistling than when he is, and it is those times when he isn't whistling that I know he may be feeling out of sorts.

Since dementia has become constant presence in my mothers life, my father devotes most of his time to her—taking regular walks, watching TV, going to the movies, cooking the odd creative meal and caring for her needs as best he can. She's a hand full my

To which most people smile and nod and mumble, 'Oh yes, of course.'

At that point my mum takes hold of their hand or gives them a big loving hug and reminds them to give her a call soon.

My dad, all this time, stands a little to the side and patiently waits until the meeting has concluded where-by he lovingly takes her hand and they continue down the street until another unsuspecting person happens to glance her way and the whole thing is repeated once again.

I have never seen my dad try to hurry my mother or anyone else for that matter. He takes hold of her arm and together they walk down the street as they have for fifty four years.

In my mothers confusion she often loses the context of what she wants to say, she loses her place, forgets who we are, feels sad for no apparent reason and gets angry out of the blue. My dad speaks to her as he always has. With the utmost respect. He will turn my mum's frustrated attempt to say something into an intelligent interesting part of the conversation and she will float along never knowing he has, in not so many words told her, "I love you". He does it over and over and over again.

Next year, he assures me, he is giving himself a big 90th birthday party. He wants everyone to be there and is already planning our Byron holiday so that it does not conflict with this great celebration.

In the mean time he will continue to study whatever he can about wines, the

needs as best he can. She's a hand full my mum. Full of unstoppable energy. She thrives on company and greets anyone and everyone as an old friend. She has a few well rehearsed sentences that she has not forgotten.

" Hello! How are you. Your looking wonderful. Whatever you're doing, don't stop."

People look at her in polite confusion, racking their brains to remember where they know her from.

" Do I know you?"

Not missing a beat my mother says,

" I'm Leslie Jacobs. Of course we know each other. "

in the mean time he will continue to study whatever he can about wines, the stock market and the latest research in his field of medicine. He will continue to listen to every one who speaks to him with a completely non-judgmental ear, and will contribute his extraordinary wisdom with the utmost humility in every conversation. He will continue to water his garden with the water collected in his shower every morning and he will continue to participate in our families life with passion, pleasure and playfulness.

What better way to begin a new year than with a tribute to a most inspirational person I know. Who inspires you? Have you told them recently?

Love and Blessings

Sharon

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