

A painting by Zeynep Aslan, June 2026



Reflection:

I am very grateful for having the opportunity to be a part of this journey. I was deeply moved by the love that held our family together against chronic disease. It takes such resilience and courage to be able to wake up every morning, knowing it will only get worse with time, and still carry on. Our family has been so kind and welcoming to us every single visit. It made me realise that even though words, names, places are forgotten, kindness stays.

A poem by Shireesha Nankini

How Old Are You Now?

*How old are you now, my Nans says.
Eyes full of life blurred in her vision,
Words that linger,
with long suffered wisdom.*

*I am 21 Nan, I smile.
21? Yuh nah look 21, she laughs for a while.
Wow time really does fly, she says with a sigh,
Yes, it does Nan, I gently reply.*

*I am a lonely woman, my nan says to me.
Eyes of confusion, cheeks of sweet sugar dumplings.
Nanny what do you mean, you have such a big family.
I know I know, she shakes her head.
But I just can't remember, she sadly said.*

*Sentences lost with the same memories,
that slip like sand,
in the hand,
of a child,
latching onto their mother,
their whole world revolves,
around her finger.*

*I just can't remember, she repeats
I watch her heart drop with defeat.
Memories scattered like old receipts,
saved just in case and by mistake.*

*But while her mind might fade,
her lips still remember how many kisses she gave,*

her hands still know how many lives she saved,
her wrists still remember the flowers she planted,
her legs still remember her favourite dances.
Her arms still remember how many people they held.

Nanny it's okay, I say, you don't need to remember.
All you need to know is that we love you!
I love you too, my nan whispers.
Her eyes flicker, just for a second,
Because love requires no recollection.

Her bright eyes remind me too,
Look how much she loves you, I think.
We smile together,
I do not want to blink,
and

How old are you?" my nan asks,
don't worry Nanny, time goes fast.

Reflection:

This poem was directly inspired from a conversation I had with my nan who has Alzheimer's Dementia. The poem tells the narrative a loved one but also offers a unique insight into the persons own thoughts and feelings with dementia. There are many parallels to my nan and our TFD journey, with both starting with minimal support to now both needing carers and losing the memories of their families. While this journey has taught me the varied experiences of dementia, it also has shown me the universal loss, love and grief. I had the privilege of being able to read this poem to my time for dementia couple at our penultimate session. It was a very profound experience, reading this poem and being able to share words that resonated with

them both. For the first time I found the person with dementia pause and hear what I was saying, as a previous drama teacher she loved poetry and it was a lovely moment that we could share together. We found her agreeing with the lines of my nan such as “I just can’t remember”. I did not realise my words could voice something I would never be able to truly understand- the loneliness of a condition like dementia. I was grateful that we had the opportunity to share this moment and I hope that all those who get to read it can share this moment too.

A painting by Millie Wimhurst, June 2026



Reflection:

There is always more going on than what the eye can see - a reflection we can apply to all our patients. However, I feel this imagery is particularly fitting with the diagnosis of dementia. So often, people

**find their identities distorted and overshadowed by this new label.
My painting reminds me to look beyond appearances and diagnoses,
to recognise individuality, preserve dignity, and approach each
encounter with curiosity and compassion.**

A piece of music by Joe Jackoby, JUNE 2026

Please visit this link to watch a short video of this entry - [TFD creative piece](#) (1.14 minutes long)

Reflection:

For the Time for Dementia creative reflection, I wrote an original song based on my experience of the programme. It starts off slower and quieter, reflecting how little I knew about dementia at the beginning. As the song develops, it becomes more upbeat and positive, shaped by the conversations and experiences I had throughout the programme. The quieter ending reflects the hopeful outlook I'm leaving the programme with.

A poem by Furaha Wasunna, June 2026

Coastline

The sea is full and surging,
bringing in what was lost yesterday.
It looks the same as all those years ago,
The sun of old, the waters of deep blue indigo.

When it was him and me and me and him
And all that was between:
The children, the packed lunches,
the squeals, and the gummy smiles,
Before the tide was in.

Now him is replaced with you,
you, free from the memory of him,
There's so much left to say,
To the you that exists in the moment,
Or to the him, that goes astray.

The sun still sets, as it always does.
Still, we laugh and joke,
But he is you, and you are not him,
And gosh, I miss him so.
And yet, in all the words you say,
in all the looks we share,
You are him, and he is you, and he is always there.

Do the pebbles still hurt the same, as they did then?
Awkward stepping and hands flailing,
And up, whoosh, there you go again!

You, as him and him as you,
Him, my love, my friend.

Perhaps this is your last metamorphosis?
One at the very core,
That you only need love and love to know,
And love again, once more.

The frame of the beach hangs in our home,
Frozen in its time,
And it was there, when we were told,
When time had crossed a line.

When it was just the keys, the wallets, the pens,
Before all the whats, the hows, the whens,
Before you and him, and him and you,
Before we told them, before they knew.

The sea is full and surging,
bringing in what was lost yesterday.
I am yours and you are mine,
Forever and always,
Meet me coastline.

Reflection:

My TFD family had a deep affinity for the sea, they were brought up by the sea and moved to the Sussex coast as they brought up their children. In their living room they have a picture of the Brighton coastline, as many do. But to me, it was so significant as the sea remained unchanged, but everything was different. Their story is not one of doom, but one of love against uncontrollable opposition.

A poem by Diva Kothari, June 2026



Reflection:

I intentionally haven't used 'dementia' in my poem, because what they taught me is too valuable to be accounted for behind one word. He is still able to remember his cars, recognise number plates and has a collection of vintage model cars. And his wife paints flowers to help her relax, and they both love walks in nature. The painting perfectly captures the essence of their personality, and the learning that I will cherish forever!