

Mom: Please call God

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Mom, I enter your room, and find you lying down in a fetal position,
Blanket rapped up to your neck in the month of July.
I greet you and begin a song and dance “Pari louys, pari louys, inchbeses aysor?”
Meaning, Good morning, good morning, how are you today?

You respond by saying “Where is the baby? No one is taking care of the baby, she needs help.
Please call your grandmother, tell her that her baby is waiting for her.”
I begin reorienting you, “Mom today is July 28, 2019, you are my Mom; I am your daughter.
Your Mom, grandma, has passed away long ago.”

Your rush to say, “I know you are my daughter, but the baby, needs your grandmother.”
I then get you out of bed, fix your hair, dress you up, and we go for a short walk.
You tell me about the light you saw in your dream, the angels gathered all around you.
Then you ask me perplexed, “What happened? Why am I still here??”

How could I make sense out of the non-sense? Although I have dedicated my life,
To find meaning, creating a new silver lining, as well as helping others create meaning;
How could I help you, my Mom transition peacefully?
How could I make sense out of the senseless physical existence??

“I don’t know Mom. Sometimes our bodies linger
Between earthly and ethereal world until we resolve our earthly matters.
Earthly issues may impact our final transition. Let’s think together,
Mom is there anything that you need to resolve??

You look at me perplexed and say: “Amaan Aghchiges (Oh, my daughter) I don’t know.”
I then wanted to move on to our lighter routine, connecting with relatives, siblings, etc.
I asked you Mom “who should we call today Mom?” Mom said “God.”
I was surprised as you usually say, “Call your sister, brother, or call my sister.”
I ask you again: “Mom, seriously, who should we call? Zarmine, Kevork, Vasken, or aunt Jacklyn?”
You repeat firmly gazing up to the ceiling: “Call God.”

I then held your hands, they were so cold and bluish (as her heart struggling),
I rub your hands, and we pray together,
While I turn my face away from you,
Trying to hold my tears back in vain!

Until tomorrow, when we visit again,
We start again, searching, asking questions to God,
With no response Mom! We start over, again and again,
As nothing we speak, or share is sustainable when one has dementia. I am sorry Mom!