



Wednesday. 4/24/2019. 8:30 a.m.

I remember when I was a child how my mom would find delight when meeting someone for the first time as she would say, "I'm Dorothy, you know, like the Dorothy from Kansas in the Wizard of Oz."

And now, years later while at her bedside this morning, I'm thinking she really was like the Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" in how she provided guidance and care for her companions (especially family) as we journeyed that road together—all of it, the happiness, the sadness, while navigating us through the smooth and rough spots along the way. One of those rough spots she encountered towards the end of her journey had a name. Its name is Dementia. Dementia: it leaves the

mind longing for clarity like a Scarecrow, the heart becomes slowly emptied of emotion like a Tin Man, and it tries to rob the bravest lioness of that last ounce of courage.

As Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" made her pilgrimage, she not only was in search for her own way back home, she encouraged others she encountered to join her on her journey. My mom, "you know, Dorothy from Kansas" (as she would say) did the same. Her final home, not an Emerald City with a yellow brick road, rather a home described as "...the great street of the city was of pure gold, like transparent glass." (Rev. 21:21). In one of my mother's scrapbooks she stated one of her ambitions was to have her family learn to trust in a Savior that we might all meet someday together again [in that city with gold].

Wednesday. 10:00 a.m. - I abandoned the idea of composing and posting these thoughts several times. It became, however, abundantly clear when the Hospice Social Worker and Hospice Volunteer Coordinator came to my mom's room later this morning to give her a quilt made by a member of The End of the Trail Quilt Guild, that I needed to proceed with my writing. The Hospice Volunteer Coordinator said how someone in their guild made a beautiful quilt featuring Dorothy and the characters from the movie, "The Wizard of Oz." She further stated how she waited for more than a year to find someone to give this quilt to and upon hearing her next visit was to someone named Dorothy, she selected this one and hoped a quilt of this theme would be found appropriate. I assured her she had no idea of just how appropriate this gift was, how mom would often refer to herself as Dorothy (you know, from Kansas like in "The Wizard of Oz"), and how I was contemplating these very thoughts this morning. The ladies left. No ruby slippers for this Dorothy, instead, a patchwork quilt now placed at our mom's feet, Our Dorothy.



Thursday, 2:00 a.m. - I received the phone call.

At this end, I'm reminded of the line, "Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore." Yes mom, you're not in Kansas anymore, but you did finally make it home.