



*We Rage, We Weep*  
Alzheimer Foundation

From: **We Rage, We Weep; A Rural Caregiver's Experiences Coping with Alzheimer's Disease**

By June Fuller Moulton

Chapter 7: 'Decreased Judgement'

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... After the onset of this disease, he began displaying signs of impaired judgment on a regular basis. ...For example, he was known to choose clothing totally inappropriate for the season or occasion. If the choice had been left to him, he probably would have worn the same articles of clothing every day, regardless of whether they were dirty and with no consideration given to the weather or the task before him. ...Once he went outside in his slippers, slid in the snow, and nearly went down. He didn't just make poor choices of footwear, though; he would sometimes forget his toque or gloves, giving cause to worry about frostbite.

As might be expected, the erosion of Rusty's ability to make sound decisions affected all facets of his life. Even meals became a problem. The amount of food he heaped on his plate was frequently enough for several men. To prevent wastage and over-indulgence on his part it became necessary for me to make up his plate for him. ...I also learned not to put condiments on the table after we experienced some minor disasters with ketchup and Soya sauce.

When it comes to Alzheimer's impact on Rusty's ability to drive, two incidents come to mind. The first...our son Mark told me he had received a phone call from someone who claimed Rusty had been driving on the wrong side of the road. ...The caller seemed perplexed. Apparently, he'd met Rusty on a long straight stretch, and had been surprised when the latter ...made no effort to avoid collision until the last possible moment.

...The weather was good and the pavement bare, but as Rusty turned onto the main road, he inexplicably started shifting gears in our sedan. This wouldn't have been a problem if not for the fact that the car in question ...was equipped with an automatic transmission. Rusty's shift into low gear

wasn't so bad, but when he jammed the car into reverse I hollered and reached for the shifter. There was a car coming up behind us at the time, and it looked like we were headed for a collision.

As a caregiver, it's not easy to admit that your partner ...can no longer be depended on.

Copies of the book can be purchased at  
<http://www.werageweweeep.com/book.htm>

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