

Losing My Mind Is Driving Me Nuts!

By Marilyn Reeves

In the long, slow process of losing my faculties, the first thing that seems to be going is my 'Auto Pilot' – you know, that long-trusted, ever reliable part of the brain we call the 'Subconscious.'

It's my Auto Pilot that enables me to perform repetitive, mundane tasks like fixing my hair, making my bed, or tying my shoes – leaving my Conscious Mind free to ponder what I'm going to do today, how to word my next piece for the Writers Group, or the myriad other things I may have to think about.

But the older I get, it seems my Auto Pilot requires increasingly more supervision. If I'm trying to cook bacon and eggs for breakfast but happen to be thinking about the nice salad I plan to fix for lunch, my hands will start reaching for the lettuce, rather than for the carton of eggs!

If I'm in the bathroom brushing my teeth and happen to notice that I'm getting low on toothpaste, I make a mental note to write toothpaste down on my grocery list, which I keep on my kitchen counter. But as soon as I leave the bathroom and walk down the hall to the kitchen, I will have completely forgotten the toothpaste until I'm back in the bathroom again. Sometimes I have to actually carry the darn tube with me into the kitchen in order to remember to write it down, and then I stand there staring at it for a moment, wondering what it's doing in my hand!

But along with my Auto Pilot malfunctioning, my Conscious Mind seems to be having problems, too. Especially when it comes to Memory.

I only have three pills to take on a daily basis, but do you think I can remember whether or not I took one of them? Was it this morning or was it yesterday? I have to keep a chart and mark down the time under the day of the week I take each one, in order to remember for sure. Which helps a lot, unless I forget to write it down ...

On the other hand, my 'Muscle Memory' seems to still be working okay. Muscle Memory is what enables me to sit at my computer and type without having to think about where all the keys are. In fact, if I try to *think* about where the keys are, my mind gets boggled. Which is to say, my fingers are smarter than my brain.

A mind is a terrible thing to lose. Mine seems to be sort of dissolving in bits and pieces. First my Auto Pilot, now my Memory. What's next? Losing my mind is driving me nuts!