

a soccer team in the city. Fame and wealth had followed them. Despite this life, time stood still. Memories stuck in her mind like superglue, and she was unable to detach free from them. Memories Brenda wanted to bury: the times she was non-existent. Her dreams were sidelined, and her opinions were brushed off. She had become the silent partner of Jack whose business efforts had brought a dream team to the city and made him a local hero.

Brenda noticed that Jack started having balance issues. Constantly staggering and stumbling, he began to fall frequently. Dealing with Jack's frequent falls and his fluctuating emotions took a toll on Brenda's body and spirit. Jack's notable absence from the stadium had created rumors of health issues from heavy drinking. But, he had already given up drinking due to his trouble swallowing. Slowly Jack's attitude had changed to bitterness and his affect to emotionless. He was

reluctant to use a cane or a walker, and Brenda knew stubbornness was the only explanation. Her suggestions to see a Neurologist were met with a dismissive attitude. She clearly remembered the day where a blunt Dr. Tucker, a soccer buddy of Jack's, walked into their home and had proceeded to bombard the couple with questions. All Brenda remembered were the words "a type of Parkinson's" echoing in her ears a thousand times. Jack was seen by a movement disorder specialist and a definitive diagnosis was given: PSP or Progressive SupraNuclear Palsy. The relief of diagnosis was short-lived and overshadowed by the sorrow of knowing there is no treatment.

The struggle of managing the business and caring for somebody larger than life was a brutal challenge. Jack and his needs, the three rotating caregivers and their schedule, all drove her mind into a total eclipse of clarity and left her with only

But, Brenda had been forced to rise up from her dark moments of life to care for Jack. She kept missing all the impromptu lunch gatherings with her friends. They were not welcomed at home due to Jack's insecurities, and she lost touch with many of them

fogginess and sorrow. Frequent trips to the hospital were exhausting. Each hospital visit spun a familiar tale scripted in the repetition of

