

Still Our Daddy by Monica Yager

Frontotemporal Dementia, we'd never heard of it before
And out of nowhere, it just walked through our door
Uninvited, unwanted, please just go away
Or at least could you come back on another day?

Maybe the scans were wrong, he really seems okay
Let's switch doctors and see what the new one will say
A change in doctors, but the news stayed the same
As we sat there with no one or anything to blame

For a while we could ignore it, just pretend it is not here
Because otherwise, we knew our daddy would live in fear
At first the changes were mild, and actually quite small
But then we would notice little things, and give each other a call...

But he was still our daddy, and he's one of a kind
So the new personality and behaviors, we did not mind
Adjusted a few things, lowered our expectations so...
And accepted there were places now he did not want to go

Although he acted different, he was still our daddy to us...
And life went on without a complaint or a single fuss
Thought if this was as bad as it gets, we can handle it
Because he's still our daddy, and we don't mind one bit

But as time moved on, we began to see a drastic change
And experienced many things that were far too strange
Went back to the doctors feeling helpless and blue
This illness was getting ugly, we didn't know what to do

He was still our daddy, but it was painful to see
How this disease robbed him of the man he should still be
Now that he was unable to be alone anymore
We kept him safe at home, and locked all the doors

He walked and he paced for hours a day...
The toll on his body was the price he would pay
But he was still our daddy, although now losing the fight
Hurting and confused, and up all night

Saying, "Help me Claire, will you take me home please"
His beautiful wife, his angel, handled this with ease
Always packed up the car, and drove him around
Eventually pulling back into the same house
he thought he had found

We listened to his funny stories from present and the past
And we started to pray, "Dear God, please let this phase last"
But our prayers were not answered,
as our daddy moved towards the end
One by one we each accepted, no longer able to pretend

Now lying in his hospital bed, filled with comfort and peace
Free from the torture of the disease we call a Beast
Although feeling sad, we remind ourselves –
God gave us an amazing gift
This gift – His name is Randy Schafer, and we hope our spirits lift

Overcome with emotions, we beg, "Daddy please don't leave"
Because a life without our daddy, we just cannot conceive
But we know with life you have death...they are a package deal
You can't have one without the other, so we pray our hearts will heal

Please remember our daddy with dust on his boots
and a John Deere hat on
And the legacy of Randy Schafer, the farmer, will always carry on
Goodbye to our Daddy, as you will always be
Everything you are and were, will forever live inside of me.

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