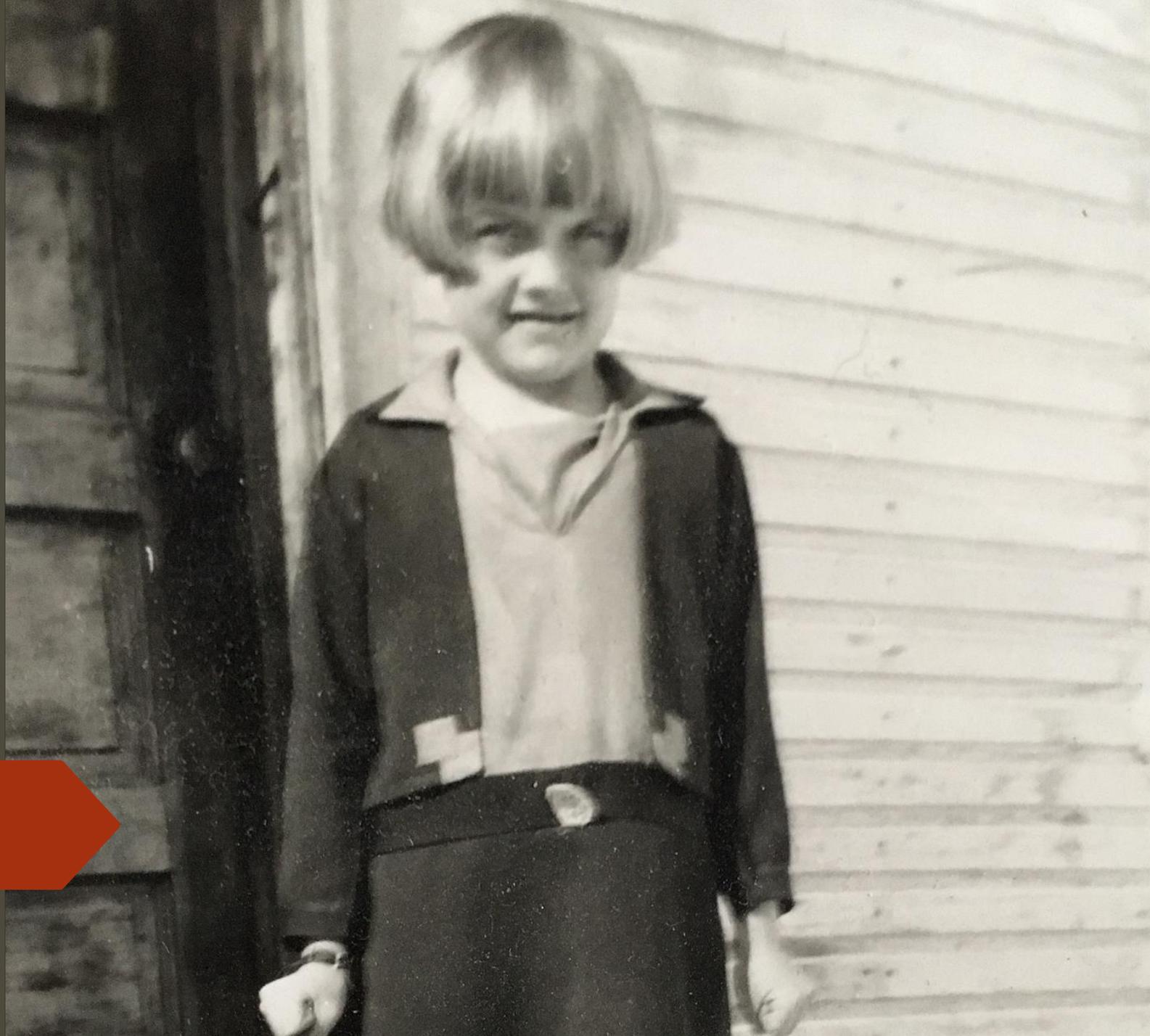
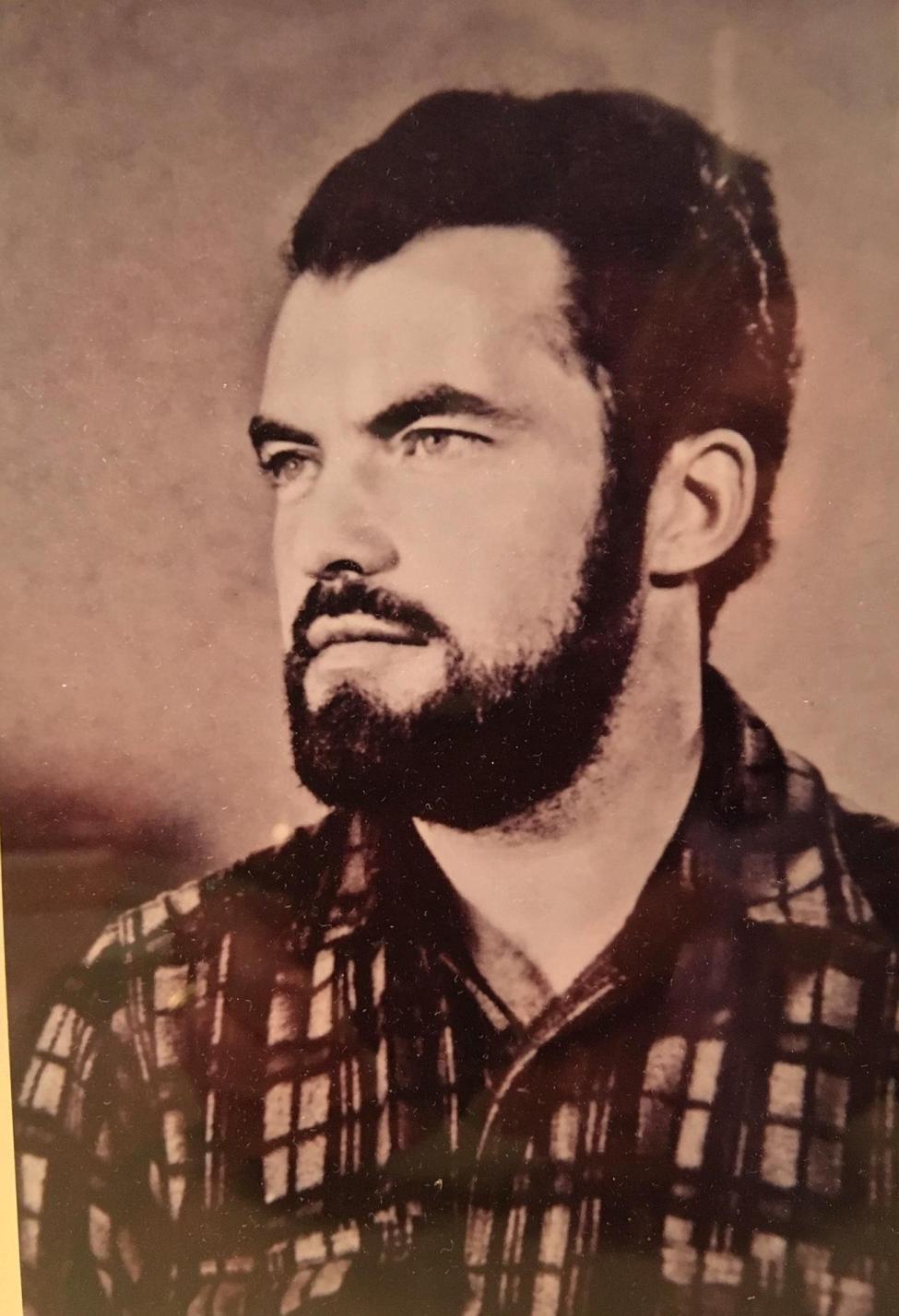


Vivian, my
mother, as a
little girl

1929





Henry, my dad...the year
he won the beard
growing contest



The Friesen family – 12
brothers and sisters



Mom on horseback at the Calgary Stampede



The Wedding
Day
Mom and
Dad, 1957



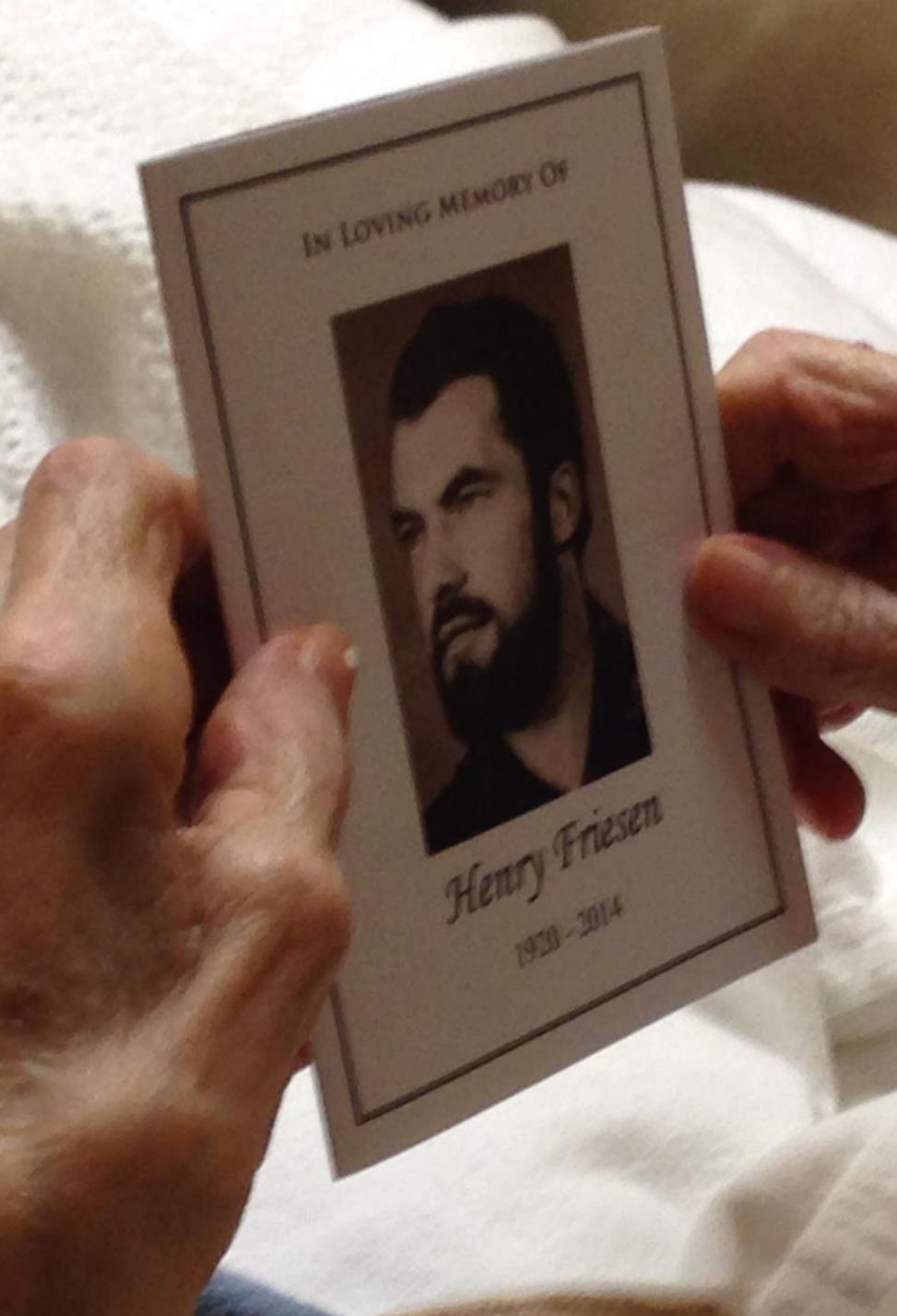


June 29, 1957





Looking at the man she
married, 57 years ago



After 57 years of marriage, Dad is a stranger to her

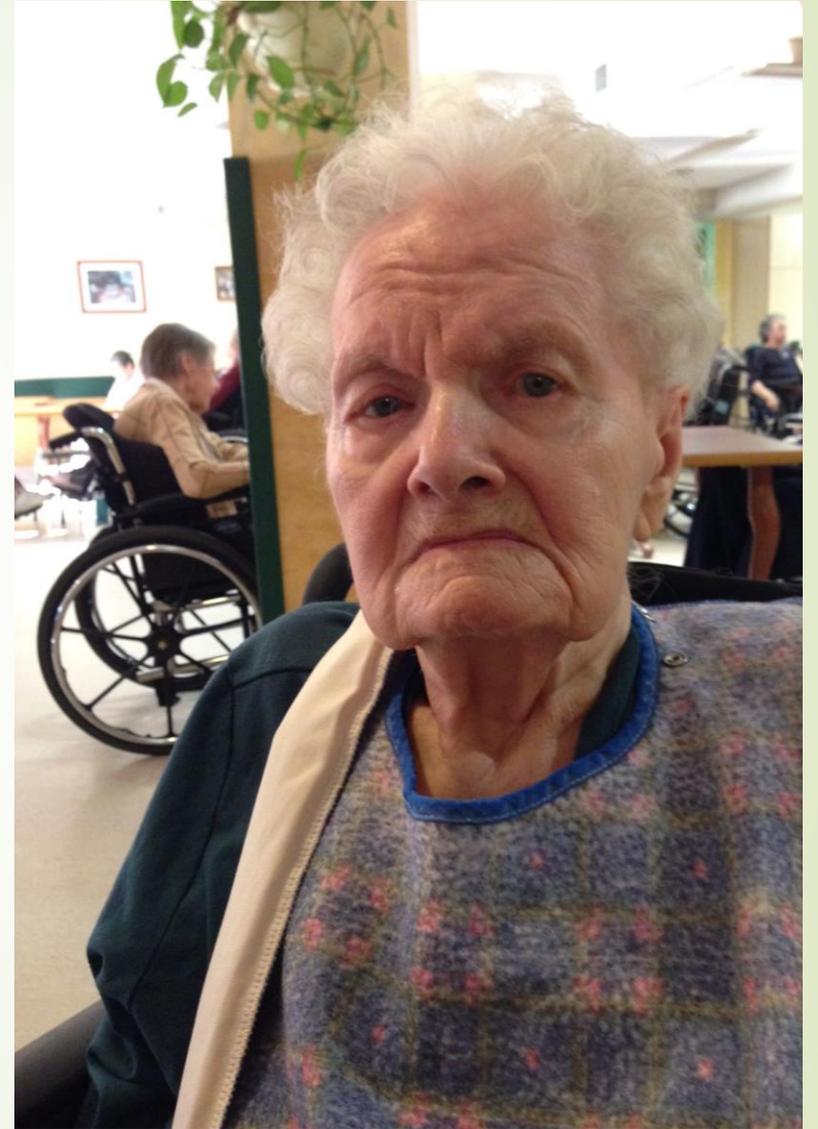




Mom and me



Mom, age 91

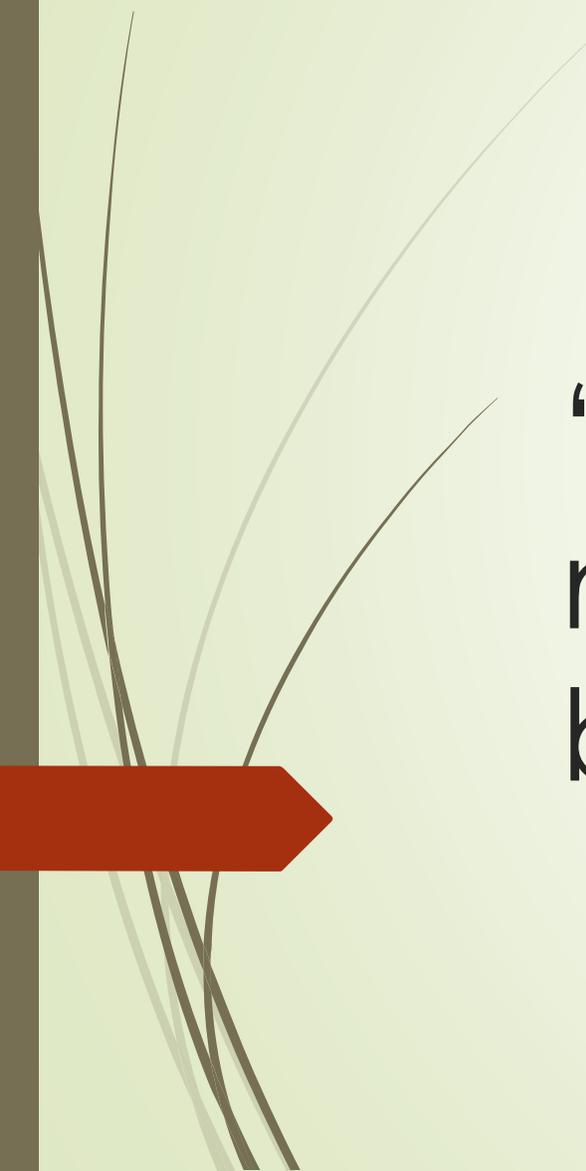


What we need?



Treatment – and a cure.

“A diagnosis of dementia shouldn’t mean inevitable exile to a distant, unreachable place.”



“A diagnosis of dementia is not the end, it is a beginning.”



“BE THERE FOR THOSE WHO
ARE STILL HERE”

Because part of that little girl is still here, and
deserves dignity and kindness

Even if she can't
remember your name

