

Leaving *the* Library



MEMORIES DON'T FADE.
THEY FLY.



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REFLECTION



Everyone carries a library within their mind. For years it stands strong, enduring sunshine, rain, and wind. It is where memories—both joyful and painful—are carefully stored. Laughter, sorrow, ordinary moments, cherished experiences, and forgotten facts all find their place on its shelves. Hidden deep inside are private memories, locked away in rooms that only the owner can enter.

When Alzheimer's disease arrives, however, those memories begin to leave the library, one by one. Like a hot air balloon drifting into the sky, they float away beyond reach. No one can predict where they will go or whether they can ever be brought back. Those left behind can only watch as the balloon grows smaller and smaller until it disappears into the distance. The library remains, but its shelves become quieter, emptier, and harder to recognize.

