

Poem

I attended a presentation at the Massachusetts Alzheimer's conference in May 2003. This stellar presentation by three dedicated scientists pursuing treatments and understanding of this disease with the end goal of eradicating the pain and suffering it causes. These scientists were focused on solving a problem, but also seeing and communicating how their science could help others and their hopes for the future. I was intrigued by the science, interested in the different directions that were being taken, but most of all, I was hoping that the journey to effective treatment would be mercifully short, and yet knowing it is not. For you see, my own mother has been diagnosed not with this disease of the mind, but another that leaves her mind intact while her body disintegrates; ALS, or Lou Gehrig's disease. I hope and pray for all families living with Alzheimer's or ALS and the scientists who are working for treatment and cures.

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On We Fight

On we fight
In guerilla fashion
Small battles
Small victories
More failures
That push us in new directions
To try, to strive yet again

Our target not
Global preservation
But a reduction of percentages
Watching close to achieve
A change in the mitochondria. . .
A shift at the genetic level

Yet
We stumble as humans
The most scientific of us all
See the immaturity of
Our species
The weakness of our tools
Of understanding

But then, a marker found
Not expected
Taking us on new paths
Of enlightenment