

Helena Tanskanen

My diary about my father

Year 2020:

14.03.2020 The corona pandemic has now also reached Finland!

30.03.2020 Corona is always the number one topic.

My father is no longer allowed to go dancing! It was his favourite hobby. Older people should protect themselves from infection. That means it's better not to leave the house to avoid contact. My brother and I provide him with food and medication. However, the day before yesterday he went shopping himself, without authorisation. He thinks he needs to get out for a change.

08.04.2020 A short walk with dad, then coffee outside in the sun. I sit a little way away from him - just in case...

I've sewn a face mask for him. If he really wants to go shopping, he should go early in the morning when there's not much going on.

And so it goes on. Dad is suffering! He wants to go out to see people. Unfortunately, he hardly has any friends left. Many are no longer alive or the few he still has stay at home for fear of catching coronavirus. He goes out for walks less and less. That's annoying!

Year 2021:

The year is over. Actually, a bleak year for dad. He lounges more and more within his four walls. He goes for a walk when he's lured out. It's amazing that his strides are still long and his posture is good.

March 2021 Dad complains that his legs are no longer as strong. He has little desire to go out. After reminders, he finally does it. He now uses walking sticks for safety.

14.12.2021 Dad fell and was taken to hospital by ambulance.

Year 2022:

01.02.2022 The corona isolation is over!

06.02.2022 Discharged from hospital. He can move around the house with a walking frame.

March 2022 Dad's legs have become weak. He will never be able to dance again. He also suffers from loneliness.

Lonely. Lonely. Lonely....

Year 2023:

25.03.2023 Dad has strong signs of dementia. He forgets things.

25.12.2023 Dad forgets to take his medication or takes it at the wrong times. He feels that life is joyless. He already wants to die.

Year 2024:

Summer 2024 His legs are like 'macaroni', so weak, he says. I still manage to get him to go for a short walk. The dementia is advanced. His short-term memory is gone.

He used to be very fit before corona. He used to go dancing twice a week. He was a good dancer. Now he walks a few hundred metres once a day. Before corona, he enjoyed socialising with people. After corona isolation, he no longer had contact with people. Only one friend visited him once a week. In the meantime, even that has become less frequent. There are only us children that he gets to see more often, the grandchildren too rarely. The isolation continues for him. He often says that life is over for him now...

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