Spring 2021

A Publication of Del Oro Caregiver Resource Center

Pathways

SERVING FAMILIES AND CAREGIVERS OF BRAIN IMPAIRED ADULTS AND THE FRAIL ELDERLY

Managing Anticipatory Grief in a Pandemic

Each of us feels what we feel. Here are some tips for coping.

A profound sadness has settled over our planet. Whether it's the loss of visits with loved ones, the loss of steady work and income, the loss of our usual routines or the full-stop loss of a person in our life whose own life has been extinguished by COVID-19, grief is now a part of our daily landscape.

So, let's not deny it. And, please, let's try to avoid constructing mental lists of who-has-it-worst, then arguing with ourselves about whether it's appropriate for us to be upset about whatever is rocking our own universe . . .

Instead, let's acknowledge that, at a minimum, coronavirus is infecting all of our lives with anticipatory grief.

For some, it's a sense of impending loss as we gird for the very real prospect that someone we know and care about may be felled by COVID-19: a family member, a colleague, a friend, a neighbor, a caregiver.

For others, it's anticipation, or the bald reality, of financial turmoil: loss of a job; loss of income; loss of a stock portfolio intended to see our grandchildren through college or ourselves through retirement.

No less real, anticipatory grief now darkens even what were once the simplest transactions in our lives. When we go out to shop for food, what might we bring home that wasn't on our list (COVID-19) or what might we fail to procure (toilet paper)?

When we phone a child for a weekly chat, what unanticipated news bulletin might explode in our ears? When we extract an envelope from the mailbox, what might it be carrying along with a greeting or a bill?

Grief Is Personal

As the list of items stoking our fears and grief grow by the day, it helps to remember that while loss is universal, grief is personal.

This means that we should honor whatever best enables us to process and handle the myriad disruptions and blows upending our lives, but should neither expect nor assume that our own coping strategies are appropriate for our partners, our children or any of the other people in our orbit.

At a stressful time like this, we need to steer wide of judgment (of ourselves and of others) and widen the space for compassion (for ourselves and for others).

We need to agree that there is no hierarchy to the sadness each and every one of us feels. We need to recognize that there is no one-size-fits-all rule or remedy for handling all these feelings.

Inside this issue:

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Pathways

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"Managing Grief" continued from page 1 . . .

Then, we need to get practical and find ways to deal with our own grief.

Coping Strategies in the Face of Grief

Toward that end, here are some coping strategies that draw on my work as a grief coach; my personal experience with pre-COVID-19 family losses and my three-year meditation practice. Take what works for you. Toss the rest.

Just, please, don't deny, dismiss or denigrate the grief you're feeling. It's real. You're entitled to it.

Try techniques to quiet dark thoughts. When you find your thoughts spiraling into a black hole of what-ifs, try replacing them with a one-word mantra or phrase. Shifting your focus from a sprawling mental narrative to a simple word or phrase can help pull you back into the present moment.

One particularly timely phrase: "Don't go there 'til you get there." Quiet repetition of these words reminds both that you are in the here and now and that there's no gain in trying to predict events hours, days or months from now.

Another approach favored by meditators is to focus on the in and out of the breath. Alternately, you can experiment with your five senses to see which best helps you achieve focus. Maybe it's the warmth of clasped hands. (Touch) Aromas emanating from your kitchen. (Smell) The sound of birds or windchimes. (Hearing) A single flower petal. (Sight) The sensation of an ice cube dissolving in your mouth. (Taste)

Feel your emotions. When we are rocked by a wave of grief, we typically respond with thoughts that strain to parse, argue with or deny what we're feeling. An alternate approach is to let go of those thoughts and instead focus on the physical sensations.

To do this, sit or lie comfortably. Next, train your attention on where the emotion is showing up in your body. Are you feeling a stiffening in your shoulders? A quickening of your heartbeat? An unease in your gut? A pounding in your temples?

Whatever the sensation, explore it with interest, not judgment. Say to yourself, "So, this is what grief feels like." By focusing on physical sensations, rather than thoughts, a strong wave of emotion often quiets and passes within minutes.

Practice self-compassion. Rather than argue with or dismiss your grief with harsh judgment and criticism, meet your pain with gentle understanding. Offer yourself words of comfort. Give yourself a hug. Treat yourself, as Kristin Neff suggests in Self-Compassion: The Proven Power of Being Kind to Yourself, "with the same kindness, caring, and compassion [you] would show to a good friend, or even a stranger."

Another important aspect of self-compassion, Neff notes, is to acknowledge that we are not alone in our pain. By remembering that grief is a part of the human experience, one that we all share, we allow our pain to connect us to our common humanity rather than isolate us.

Allow yourself to cry. For months after my husband died in 2009, I found that each day around dusk, I'd feel a gut-punch of sorrow and a tidal wave of tears pressing against my eyelids. Rather than try to ignore or blink them away, I'd grab a box of Kleenex, close myself alone in a room and let 'em rip. I'd sob. Keen. Pound the floor with my fists. After 15, 20 minutes, the tears would dry up and I'd feel my grief subsiding.

During the first week of the current lockdown in New Jersey, I went for a walk. As I took in the shining sun, the blue sky, the picture-perfect clouds, the budding trees, I suddenly felt a familiar gut-punch of sorrow. "Our planet is so sick," I thought.

With that acknowledgment, I began to weep. I didn't care if the people across the street or the people 10 feet in front of me noticed. I just let my grief have its say. And you know what? After five, 10 minutes, I felt better.

Give it a try. Maybe you will, too.

Tap into gratitude. Within 14 months of losing my husband, I lost my sister and mother, too. During this protracted period of bereavement, I discovered that my feelings of extreme pain were attended by feelings of extreme gratitude. Appreciation for other people's kindness. Appreciation for what remained good in my life.

These days, people are trying so hard to lift one another. Sharing a wave and a smile while out walking, or accessing the myriad online efforts to comfort and reassure can help to soften your grief . . . ■

By Jill Smolowe, Next Avenue Contributor & author of Four Funerals and a Wedding: Resilience in a Time of Grief, April 15, 2020. Reprinted with permission, Next Avenue, https://www.nextavenue.org

CAREGIVER'S COLUMN

In this photo-essay, elementary-school principal and grandmother Pam Jimison reflects on the range of emotions she experienced after her husband of 33 years, Lee, was diagnosed with stage 4 Glioblastoma, and she became his primary caregiver at the height of the COVID-19 pandemic.

This is their story.

It has been a year of caregiving marked by very different seasons; while they don't correspond neatly to the four seasons in terms of time, they describe my unique caregiving journey. When I think of the seasons of caregiving, this is the way I view it:

Summer:
Great! I am handling this and caregiving is giving me joy.

In July 2019, Lee and I spent the best vacation of our lives in Italy. We traveled to Venice, Florence, Rome, and Sorrento. It was dreamy!

However, in September 2019, Lee was diagnosed with Stage 4 Glioblastoma, a terminal brain cancer for which there is currently no known cure. We decided to throw everything at the disease, and I fervently sought out the best doctors and hospital for his care. Luckily, he did well through the first surgery, and I was able to continue work. This was my **summer.**

FALL:
Things are happening. I am getting tired.

In March 2020, when COVID first hit hard, my school had to shut down and move to distance learning. I would say that **fall** set in at this time. On the one hand, I was sad for my staff and families to have to move into distance learning—something none of us was prepared for. But, I was happy for myself that I could work from home! I knew that I would not be bringing any germs home to Lee who was in the middle of chemo treatments.

However, in October, my elementary school was granted a waiver to reopen. Families and staff were elated. I had a mix of emotions. While happy for the school, I knew I could not return in person. Not only could I not be exposed to potential germs, but my husband needed more and more assistance. I knew that Glioblastoma would eventually take his life, and I knew I would regret spending the time at work rather than with him. My school allowed me to continue to work remotely while they went back in person.

continued next page . . .

WINTER:
The storms. Caregiving seems too hard.

In November, **winter** arrived. After a craniotomy in October, Lee seemed to be recovering well. However, he suffered a brain bleed and had to have another craniotomy to drain the blood. Because of COVID restrictions, I could only visit him in the hospital after he was done with surgery and in a limited capacity. After a few weeks, we went in for Lee's usual MRI, and they discovered continued tumor growth. By this time, we had exhausted all efforts. He was continuing to decline and our last decision was to enroll him in clinical trials for an immunotherapy drug. The trials also required more surgery. Doctors were hesitant to open him back up again, but with the tumor growing, this was our only hope. We were told that his recovery would be slower than the others, but we decided to do it. After another surgery in San Francisco, Lee was sent to an acute care facility forty minutes from our home, but they would not allow any visitors due to COVID restrictions, which made me sad, furious, upset, and anxious. Lee wasn't eating, and I knew he didn't like their food, so I brought him food. But again, the facility didn't like to deliver my goods. We endured this for eight days when they decided they could release him home.

The storms continued. I drove Lee to San Francisco every three weeks for the immunotherapy infusion, and each time was harder and harder. He was losing mobility rapidly and by his last session in early 2021, I could not bring him on my own. I was unable to move him from a chair to the wheelchair, so I asked neighbors and friends to help. I knew that Lee needed all my attention and care, so I took an official leave from work. Since I am employed at a small private school, I took an unpaid leave. In mid-February 2021, doctors decided that the immunotherapy was not working for him, and the tumor was still growing. We made the very difficult decision to stop the treatment and keep him at home. Caregiving without assistance became impossible for me. We started looking into hiring a caregiver to help me. Because of COVID, professional caregivers were in short supply. I spent weeks and weeks looking and trying agencies.

In early March, Lee began home hospice. Although I was still on unpaid leave, I paid caregivers to help me in the morning and the evening simply because I could not move Lee on my own anymore. I felt so exhausted. Lee could only stay awake a few minutes at a time and ate very little. I'd get little smiles from him every now and then, but they were few and far between. His legs became thinner and thinner.

This has been a long **winter.** Lee eventually lost his ability to swallow, eat, move, talk, or drink. On March 18, 2021, after a long, brave battle, he took his final breath and passed away in his sleep.

The **winter** has been full of storms. I thought **spring** would arrive, but it didn't. Yet, I will still cherish each snowstorm, rainstorm, and gale wind thrown at me. Because he has been worth it. I know **spring** is coming. I can see it in my grandchild and the new grandchild on the way. My strong faith is what is pulling me through right now, and I am still watching for the **spring.** ■

Broken Wing Dance

By Simone Nazzal, MA

SEVERAL WEEKS after my mother died, I traveled with my friend Awequeche to Folsom Lake. She convinced me that I needed to go somewhere beautiful as an antidote to, or perhaps more realistically, a break from my grief. I had been hiding indoors so long that my usually caramel skin had lost its color. Being outside again, Awequeche decided, would do me some good.

An historic drought had transformed California into a recreational wasteland overnight. Sacramento's unseasonable heat coupled with the prolonged dearth of rain had reduced Folsom Lake to a shadow of its former glory. Awequeche and I could have walked to the middle and back without getting wet. Tiny islands of water appeared within a sea of mud cracks and once hidden objects materialized on the dry surface covered in thin coats of silt. These diverse articles, which ranged in shapes and sizes—a shoe, a metal flask, disembodied roots systems, mummified fish—heightened the desolation of the place. The few people who made the journey out to this unearthed archeological site came for the spectacle of its ruins.

We searched for a spot to recline in the sandy dunes of the lake's newly expanded shoreline. In the distance, a few people moved through deep depressions, kicking up dust and making poor imitations of the storms so many prayed would return. I tried to be present, but my mind kept drifting back to the room where I had sat with my mother's body before the hospice staff spirited it away to the crematorium. I held the corpse for a while, rested my head on the breathless chest, feeling its lightness—a broken frame from which the soul had irrevocably departed. All that remained, were suffocating cancer cells who would go down with their sinking ship.

While Awequeche wandered around the new peninsula, frustrated that Nature had thwarted her plans to restore my spirits, I drifted through a patch of desiccated foxtails. Sticks and pebbles crunched underfoot. For a moment, I considered the sign in the distance that read "No Lifeguard on Duty." It cast a long shadow on the arid grass, and I tried to recall the fear of drowning.

I had been a natural swimmer as a child, and cutting through water with my body had been as effortless as reading lines in a chapbook for the first time. My mother, who had taught me how to read, never learned how to swim. She paid for my lessons with what little money there was to set aside each month. A familiar lump surfaced in my throat as I remembered hanging onto the rough edge of a pool in our apartment complex, kicking my legs wildly while she imitated. Once I had felt inspired to teach my mother to swim, to stretch a little farther that money she reserved to help me learn something she would never know. She humored me.

When my eyes came into focus again, I met an unblinking stare. White stripes gave way to black bands on a buxom abdomen that appeared disproportionate to the tall and slender legs that upheld it. Tan feathers resolved themselves into a sharply pointed tail, mirroring the black razor beak, parted to enunciate alarmed, staccato trills. A round, vermillion eye continued to assess me, freezing me in place.

"Oh, a bird," Awequeche said, gathering next to me.

"Yeah, I don't know what kind it is."

"Why is it chirping like that?"

Without answering, I moved away, walking about six feet to the left. Its sputtering intensified, and I glanced several paces beyond where I stood.

continued next page . . .

The rude arrangement of rocks and reeds rendered the speckled orbs almost invisible. They looked like they had come from deep within the earth, a subtle outcropping of metamorphosed membranes, delicate and discreet. These semi-precious stones, hidden in plain sight, contained something even more precious, incubating inside.

"It's a nest! Why would she lay her eggs on the ground?"

The bird hopped with urgent distress. To my surprise, she began to shuffle away from the eggs and from me.

"I'd stay away, girl. She might bite you."

Before I could decide to retreat, orange feathers erupted from the chattering creature's flanks as her right wing shuddered and bent at an impossible angle.

"She's hurt." Ignoring my friend's warning, I moved toward the new mother trying to ascertain her injuries. With a jolt she bounced back on her feet and bounded ahead of me. I followed.

> *I felt the grief swell and recede like the gentle tide that had graced this beach before the drought. I settled into it, swimming with the current as I'd learned to do in water many years ago.*

She stopped again, drawing me closer to the lake's dried edges, fanning the orange flames of her tail feathers just long enough for me to register the limp wing once again. Her vivid plumage unnerved yet called to me like blood gushing from an open wound. I wanted to say, I won't hurt you, but I couldn't form the words. The quivering feathers seduced me, lulled me into a sense that I could do something. I could fix what was broken. I could save her.

When I was at least 20 feet away from the nest, the bird gave up the ploy, tucking suddenly uninjured wings into her chest and skittering away.

I knelt, feeling useless. Bereft and abandoned. I still assumed she was hurt.

"Come on," Awequeche said, pulling me to my feet. We ambled in silence toward what would have to suffice as beach in this denuded lake. Arranging my legs on the dusty, uncomfortable ground we'd tried to soften with a blanket, I looked out at the receding water marks, unconscious of anything except my sense of defeat.

"It's a killdeer," Awequeche announced, a new Google Search pulled up on her phone.

"What an unattractive name," I said peevishly.

"I guess it's for the sound they make, like when she was squawking at you."

"Hmmm...."

"Anyway," she continued, reading from her phone, "they're ground-nesting birds and they'll sacrifice themselves for their offspring by doing what's called a 'broken wing act.'"

"So, she wasn't hurt, then?"

"No." Awequeche looked at me, a teasing smile on her face. "She thought you were going to eat her babies and was drawing you away from the nest."

"I didn't even know they were there."

"Doesn't matter. She was protecting them."

We observed some seagulls staking territory on an exposed boulder. Absently, I watched the males posture and flutter their white wings in pathetic shows of dominance. My mind wandered back to the killdeer. She risked everything to reproduce. Her body became the only shield against threats to her unborn, its ocherous demonstration designed to distract and drive off predators. Like me.

It was a miracle I hadn't crushed that nest.

My mother had tried to protect me from predators, too, from people and things that would crush me. In the end, she was unsuccessful.

I had held my tears back until they came for the hospice equipment. The removal of the hospital bed, oxygen tank, wheelchair, and walker—the accoutrement of dying—ripped me open. And then the flood came. Weeping until I failed to produce sound, I curled up with the photo album my mother had made before I even entered the world. I found the picture of her standing outside an office building, grinning and clad in a pink dress with me inside, pushing and prodding against the cocoon of her belly. She was on her way to the hospital, then, preparing for delivery. She was beautiful and oblivious to the fact that 25 years later she would be eaten up inside by something more powerful than my desire to be born and her desire to protect me.

But that body would display its fierceness through my childhood and adolescence, act with the singular intent of bearing me into adulthood.

Looking out on the barren bed of Folsom Lake, my friend sitting beside me, I felt the grief swell and recede like the gentle tide that had graced this beach before the drought. I settled into it, swimming with the current as I'd learned to do in water many years ago.

"Act" felt like the wrong word for the killdeer's instinctive display. My mother, too, may have projected an uncharacteristic boldness while protecting me, but it was never pretend or disingenuous. The way the killdeer moved, it was like she was leading me—like we were dancing.

It may seem strange, at first, to lay eggs in the open. Yet perhaps that is the way most of us come into the world. Exposed and needing protection. Our lives are ephemeral, but our essence is eternal, captured in the world in indiscernible ways. The killdeer has evolved to ensure her offspring's survival. Her instincts will be inherited, and long after she is gone the broken wing dance will remain.

Awequeche leaned her head on my shoulder, and I thought for a moment maybe I have not been crushed. I've just left my shell behind.

INVITATION TO CONTRIBUTE TO CAREGIVER'S COLUMN

Please submit your contributions via email to crc@deloro.org. Please be sure to include your source(s), unless it is your own work. Additionally, please share how this information was beneficial to your caregiving journey.

Staff Spotlight

Gain Saetern, LCSW
Director of Programs & Clinical Services

After Anne Spaller retired in September 2020, Del Oro was lucky to have one of its amazing Family Consultants, Gain Saetern, fill the position. Gain graduated from UC Davis with a bachelor's degree in Sociology and Asian American Studies. She then earned a master's degree in Social Work with distinguished honors from Chico State before receiving certification as a Licensed Clinical Social Worker. Gain's path to helping others started at a very young age, as she grew up in an environment that taught the importance of caring for the community, specifically elders. With over 11 years dedicated to the field of social services, Gain has served in a variety of settings, providing direct services to children with autism and those from low-income households, supporting seniors in adult day care, and working as a medical social worker at in hospice care. All of these experiences helped her realize the joy of working with seniors and their families, which led her to become a Family Consultant at Del Oro CRC. Because of her long-standing commitment to supporting others, it is no surprise that she fell in love with Del Oro and its mission, which is to support those who care for others. In her spare time, Gain enjoys traveling the world, discovering different cultures, and understanding people's lifestyles and cuisines. She also likes to play board games, cook, go hiking and sing karaoke with friends.

Congratulations on this new position, Gain!

Liana Foxx, MA
Family Consultant

Liana Foxx was born in Maryland but raised in Southern California for most of her life. In 2018, Liana received her B.S in Family and Consumer Sciences from California State University, Sacramento. After graduating with her bachelor's degree, she acted as the member services director for an adult day program for older adults living with cognitive impairment before moving to an assisted living and memory care facility. In both capacities, she developed a passion for working with older adults and improving their daily lives. When she learned about an opening at Del Oro, she knew her experiences could help benefit unpaid family caregivers in our region. In 2020, she earned an M.A. in Psychology from Pepperdine Graduate School of Psychology and Education, which she is putting to good use in supporting clients and their loved ones. Liana remains a lifelong learner and may one day pursue a doctorate. In her free time, she enjoys hiking, visiting art museums or festivals, and attending concerts. Her interest in music certainly extends to the animals in her household. She has a 10-month old pug named Hamilton (after the acclaimed musical created by Lin-Manuel Miranda) and a baby red-eared slider turtle named Jude (after the subject of the Beatles' 1968 hit.) Welcome, Liana!

Rachael Miller, BS, CELOS
Family Consultant

Rachael Miller graduated *magna cum laude* from California State University, Sacramento with a BS in Gerontology in 2017. Her passion for advocacy, education and working with older adults led her to seek opportunities that match her mission to challenge the societal perception of what it means to grow old and encourage individuals to see older adults and caregivers as persons worthy of respect, dignity, and compassion. Rachael began her career as a gerontologist in 2019, working for a community-based, non-profit hospice. She has experience providing education on a variety of topics related to end-of-life, has collaborated on multiple coalitions focused on advocacy and advanced care planning, and worked with patients, volunteers, and families as they journeyed through multiple life transitions. Rachel was first drawn to Del Oro in 2014 when Executive Director Michelle Nevins gave a presentation in her Gerontological Care Management class at Sacramento State. Having witnessed her aunt struggle as a caregiver, Rachael recognized the value of supports and services at Del Oro. "Empowering and supporting caregivers changes the lives of everyone around them, and I knew I wanted to be part of that someday." In her downtime, Rachael loves to curl up on the couch with a cup of coffee, a good book and one of her three cats—Shishi, Mirri, and Bluebird—by her side. She also enjoys hiking, hitting the farmer's market on Sundays and going on exploratory drives to discover new places throughout the Sacramento Valley. What she won't tell you, but the Del Oro staff have recently discovered, is that she is also an amazing baker.

Welcome, Rachael!

Matthew Dayrit
Program Assistant I

One of the newest members of the administrative team, Matthew Dayrit graduated from California State University, Sacramento in 2020 with a bachelor's degree in Gerontology. As a child, he developed a close relationship with his grandparents, who watched him while his parents worked. Matt feels most connected with older adults and states, "the knowledge and history they can share is absolutely amazing." Matt learned about Del Oro while still a student at Sacramento State and was attracted to the organization because of the resources and services it offered to family caregivers; he brings his passion for older adults and several years of customer service experience to his role as our new Program Assistant. He is currently taking classes and working toward a nursing degree with the ultimate goal of becoming a Geriatric Family Nurse Practitioner. Outside of his work life, he loves to go on adventures with his two adorable dogs—Corgis named Koda and Rorschach—spend time with friends, and watch movies. He looks forward to the world opening up again and being able to see friends and family in person.

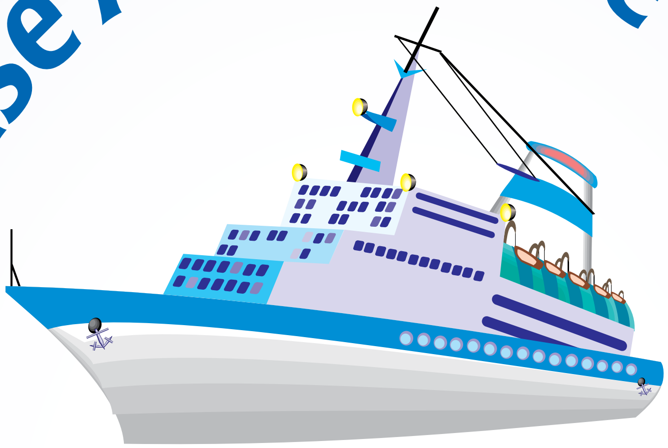
Welcome, Matthew!

Join the Sacramento region on Thursday, May 6th for a celebration of philanthropy! Our community will come together for one Big Day of Giving, a 24-hour giving challenge that brings together the region's nonprofit community to help raise much needed unrestricted funds and shine a spotlight on the work nonprofits do to make the region the place we call home. We hope you heart is with Del Oro Caregiver Resource Center, serving family caregivers of brain-impaired adults and the frail elderly in our region.

Visit us at:
https://www.bigdayofgiving.org/delorocares
to donate!

16TH ANNUAL COOK-OFF AND FUNDRAISER

Cruise Around the World



BENEFITTING FAMILY CAREGIVERS IN OUR COMMUNITY

Wednesday, June 23, 2021
6:30 pm via Facebook LIVE

Please join us VIRTUALLY for a free, festive event featuring a cook-off by local chefs, live entertainment, silent auction and raffle prizes! This annual fundraiser is an opportunity to support the efforts of Del Oro Caregiver Resource Center, while expanding much needed programs and services.

If you are interested in becoming a **Culinary Partner or Cruise Sponsor** or donating auction items, please visit **www.deloro.org/support** for more information.

Check out the different sponsorship levels!

2021 VIRTUAL Cruise Around the World Sponsorship Opportunities

Sponsorship Benefits	Event $5,000	Platinum $2,500	Gold $1,000	Silver $500	Bronze $250
Record a specialized video with your WHY: Why do you support Del Oro and this event? We will share on social media platforms including Facebook, Instagram, and Linkedin.	✔	✔	N/A	N/A	N/A
Day of Event, Pre an Post-Show Slides with Logo	✔	✔	✔	N/A	N/A
MC Mentions During LIVE Event	✔ 3 mentions	✔ 1 mention	N/A	N/A	N/A
Social Media Posts including Facebook, Instagram and Linkedin from April-June 2021 with Company Logo by Sponsorship Level	15 Posts (5 posts, all 3 platforms)	12 Posts (4posts, all 3 platforms	9 Posts (3posts, all 3 platforms)	6 Posts (2posts, all 3 platforms)	3 Posts (1post, all 3 platforms)
Digital Cookbook Access	✔	✔	✔	✔	✔
Our Event sponsors who are also cook-off partners will have access to our vedeotaping guru for their cooking demonstration! Schedule your cooking demonstration in advance and our crew will show up, tape and edit your video for you!	✔	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A

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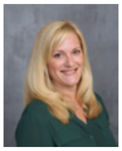

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Friendly Volunteers NEEDED!

Do you love people?

Do you love Del Oro Caregiver Resource Center?

We are looking to fill several volunteer positions at Del Oro and we need YOU! Whether you can spare a few hours a week, or make a more significant time commitment, please consider becoming a Del Oro volunteer.

We can use your help in the following areas:

Office Help
Fundraising
Speaking Engagements
Advocacy

If you are interested, please contact Amber Henning, Director of Finance and Administrative Services, at **ahenning@deloro.org** or **(916) 728-9333.**

Online Caregiver Resource Series

FREE Online Training & Education for Family Caregivers

SPRING QUARTER
April-June 2021

Wednesday
May 12, 2021
1:00-2:30 pm

REGISTER:
https://tinyurl.com/ocrs0512

alzheimer's association

Positive Approaches to Caregiving

Stephani Gunther, Family Consultant,
Del Oro Caregiver Resource Center

If you or someone you know is affected by Alzheimer's disease or dementia, the time for legal and financial planning is NOW. Join us to learn about important legal and financial issues you may face and how to put plans in place from local elder law attorney, Ben Eagleton.

Special evening presentation
Wednesday
June 2, 2021
6:00-7:30 pm

REGISTER:
https://tinyurl.com/ocrs0602

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Legal & Financial Planning for Alzheimer's

Benjamin H. Eagleton, Esq., BPE Law Group, P.C.

Caring for a loved one can be physically, mentally, and emotionally exhausting. In this presentation, learn how positivity can help you navigate the challenges of caregiving more effectively. As we examine different tools for developing a more positive mindset, discover how to change your perspective about your current situation and improve your overall well-being.

Wednesday
June 9, 2021
1:00-2:30 pm

REGISTER:
https://tinyurl.com/ocrs0609

SENIOR CARE Solutions

Preparing for End-of-Life (EOL) Forum

Julie Interrante, MA, Author, Speaker & Counselor
Sarah Byrd, RN, Bristol Hospice

Death and dying are difficult issues to entertain let alone discuss as a family caregiver, but maintaining a healthy and sustainable care partnership requires preparing for the end. Join us for this honest conversation with local experts who will cover what to expect at end of life (EOL), including signs and symptoms of the declining and dying patient, the unique circumstances around hospice/EOL care during COVID, necessary documents and support systems at EOL (hospice, palliative care, etc.).

Thank You

to our Generous Donors

TRIBUTES

In Honor of George Cox
Diana Cox

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Beatrice Foster

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