

Anthony's story:

My grandmother, who we called Nanny, or "Nonna" in Italian, passed due to Alzheimer's disease about 5 years ago. By the end she couldn't remember my name or the names of my siblings, but her genes were so strong, and we all looked so much like her, that she'd still say oh it's my grandson or granddaughter when she saw us. She was always funny, and through everything she never lost her sense of humor. I'll never forget, that close to the end, I told her how I'd seen an article in the news that they were figuring out how to cure dementia in mice. She said, "Rats? Great, so they can remember where their cheese is but I can't remember what I had for breakfast this morning." I miss her, and I hope by the time I'm that age Alzheimer's is something I don't have to worry about.