



# Caregiving Anxiety Is There an Antidote?

Twelve Readings for Caregivers

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# Caregiver Anxiety

## Is There an Antidote?

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Scripture is taken from the New International Version unless otherwise indicated.

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**What is an antidote?**

**A therapy, cure or a substance that counteracts poisoning.**

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# Introduction: What is Your Experience as a Caregiver?

Is it difficult for you?

Do you have stress, anxiety, even grief?

Do you find it an honor to be able to give back to a loved one?

Can you celebrate the “wins” while you grieve the losses?

The answers to these questions may vary from day to day, and even from moment to moment. Emotions go up and down, hopeful to hopeless, in a matter of moments.

However you handle caregiving, we all have times of anxiety.

We think we have conquered anxiety, then it rears its ugly head again.

In this booklet we will explore how to address anxiety while caregiving. This was important in the past, but it is even more important now when COVID-19 is with us.

We will look for antidotes.

Explore with me ways we can manage anxiety through self-care, through faith in God and by seeking help from others.

**This booklet is not meant to be medical advice, nor should it discourage you from seeking health care or psychological assistance.**



## Reading 1 - When Crisis Looms

You are living your normal everyday life. Then suddenly, without warning, a crisis happens, and you become an instant caregiver. Perhaps your loved one is unexpectedly hospitalized, or they receive a dreaded diagnosis. Maybe, like my husband John and I experienced this year, not only COVID-19 came in March, but so did an unexpected illness for John. Unplanned difficulties threw us into a tailspin.

March 2020—the U.S. was just starting to realize the threat of the COVID-19 virus. On John's birthday, March 10, he started having unusual symptoms, vomiting and fever. These were not typical COVID symptoms (that we knew at the time), so we waited, not wanting to go to the clinic and be exposed. He was a little better the next day.

But then he went downhill again, and on March 13th we went to the local urgent care on the advice of a tele-nurse. They sent us right to the hospital emergency room. John was diagnosed with cellulitis, a bacterial leg infection.

What a time to be in the hospital! Not only did I have the anxiety of his illness but also had the added concern of the new virus.

What happens when we go into crisis mode? Disbelief, denial, guilt, and forgetfulness, to name just a few reactions. All of these hit me like a brick.

Denial: John was not that sick. His fever came and went, it must just be a virus that would go away in a few days.

Guilt: I “should” have called the nurse line sooner. I “should not” have covered him up when he was shivering, it only made his fever go higher. I “should” have looked at his feet, then I would have realized something was wrong. “Should” and “should not” can become your worst enemy.

Forgetfulness: As I left the hospital, I glanced in back of the car for the walker, grateful we had one “just in case”. It was not there. Had it been stolen? I replayed the day as I drove home in the dark.

Then I remembered; I had left the walker sitting at the clinic when we loaded John into the car and headed to the emergency room.



Hoping Urgent Care was still open at the clinic and thinking perhaps they had tucked the walker away in a safe place, I drove to the side door. There were a few cars in the parking lot, but the door was locked. Inside the door I could see our walker.

The guard peered out at me in the dark. I was startled for a moment.

I had never seen a guard at the clinic door!

I pointed, “That’s our walker, we forgot it here this morning.” He slipped it out the door to me, and I hurried away.

More forgetfulness: When I got home, I found I had left the inside garage door going into our communal hallway wide open. We always locked it when we left.

And this was day one!

I could feel the anxiety – my stomach hurt; my chest was tight.

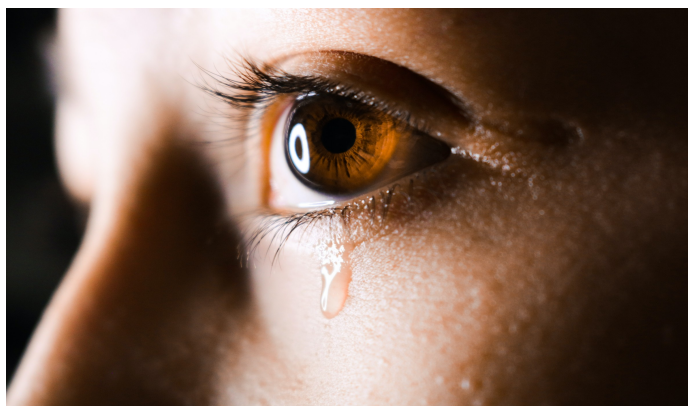
Finally exhausted and frightened, I lay in bed trying to calm my frenzied mind enough to sleep.

I prayed, “Lord, I can give advice to other caregivers, but I am alone, scared and do not know what to do next. Show me the way.” I poured out my fears to my Father in Heaven and fell asleep.

But not before I remembered the verse:

*Cast on the Lord whatever he sends your way, and he will sustain you. He will never allow the righteous to be shaken.*

Psalm 55:22



## Reading 2 - When Fear Overtakes

COVID-19 consumed every news cycle. The day before my husband went to the hospital in March, my workplace instructed us to not come back into the building. Everyone was to work from home until they figured out how to clean the building and keep people safe. While working from home was a relief, it also added to my anxiety—this virus is real!

When illness strikes, we fear the unknown. When will my loved one get better? Will they get better?

We worry about their health, finances, logistics, caring for others in the family; a whole host of problems can surround us. Now we have to worry about COVID.

The last thing we do is think about ourselves. That would be totally selfish!

No, it is not selfish. A sick, rundown caretaker will not be able to help anyone else. There are steps you can take to address your fears. First of all, take a deep breath, and remember the worst thing might not happen. Focus on the here and now; what can you do today to address the situation?

Most important, cast your fears on the one who loves you the most, God. Again, the Bible reminds us:

*Cast all your worries upon him [God] because he cares for you.*

1 Peter 5:7, New American Bible, revised edition

I pictured myself standing on the rocks, casting a fishing line into the water, tossing my problems to God.



Try doing the physical act of casting a fishing pole, throwing a ball, or tossing a frisbee. Imagine God is on the other side catching your worries. If you have to, do this 10 times a day, or every hour of the day.

I had to cast my worries away over and over. I knew I was not alone, because God was there to handle my fears.

## Reading 3 – I Am Still Anxious!

Yesterday we talked about fear, looking for help, and casting our cares on God.

The next day I prayed: “Okay God, I tried hard to cast my cares on you. I threw the fishing line out at least 20 times yesterday. I felt better last night. Now I am full of anxiety today.”

This is how I felt when my husband was in the hospital at the beginning of the COVID plague. I was awash with anxious and repetitive thoughts.

How does your body handle anxiety?

Does your stomach hurt? Do you get a headache? Have trouble catching your breath?

My anxiety goes right to my gut. It feels like a big giant knot. Often my chest feels tight.

We all handle anxiety differently. Is it wrong to experience anxiety?

Guess what? God created us, he even created our minds and bodies to experience anxiety. And he gave us a way through anxiety.

*When I said, “My foot is slipping”, your unfailing love, Lord, supported me. When anxiety was great within me, your consolation brought me joy.*

Psalm 94:18-19 (New International Version)

Perhaps we cannot change our circumstances, or at least the final outcome. We cannot change our loved ones. But here are things we CAN do:

- **Quote scripture**
- **Confirm God’s promise of unfailing love and support**
- **Believe God is in control**

Our feet will slip. We will have great anxiety; we cannot just wish it away. But anxiety can be replaced with joy when we allow God’s consolation to wash through our souls.

## Reading 4 – Our Physical Selves

Each day I went to the hospital to see my husband things became more and more strange. The first full day there were people walking the halls, and two visitors a day were allowed in to see patients. The café had a salad bar, a grill, an open refrigerated area where you could grab yogurt or dessert, and a microwave.

By day four there were a few security guards in the halls, and a couple staff going down for lunch. An odd hushed atmosphere filled the near-empty halls. The grill in the café was open, but the microwave had disappeared (no more cooking frozen meals from home for dinner), no open food, and a worker handed out plastic silverware and beverages. Everyone working in the hospital was wearing masks, although at that time we were just finding out there was a shortage of N-95 masks and proper personal protective equipment (PPE).

By day five I was not allowed to go up and see my husband.

I trusted God but I had to find physical ways to manage my stress.

Breathe. Just breathe. Not short, anxious breaths. Deep breaths.

Try it right now. Close your eyes and slowly count to ten. This will quiet your mind.

Next take a deep breath for four seconds, hold it for four seconds, then let it out for four seconds.

Four. Four. Four. Count to ten again and repeat.

Do you feel even a little better? Deep breathing can slow down your heart rate, reduce your anxiety level, and even lower your blood pressure.

Exercise is another way to control your stress, taking time minutes to walk, stretch, dance in your kitchen. If you have mobility issues, wave your arms, stretch your neck—whatever works for you.

When John was in the hospital, I got my exercise by cleaning the house. (If you know us, John is retired and does a good share of the house cleaning. I try to avoid cleaning like the plague.) But he was in the hospital, the plague was here, and I was cleaning like a maniac. Determined to purge remnants of his infection, COVID germs, and whatever else was lurking, I scrubbed, washed, and wiped.

The point is, sometimes it helps anxiety to keep moving. Lift weights or cans of soup. Pull weeds out of your garden or make a snow angel. Any type of physical movement will take your mind off your problems, at least temporarily. It will also build your resilience.

Or...just breathe.

*For in Him [God] we live and move and have our being.*

Acts 17:28



John and Nancy at the Grand Canyon, October 2019

## Reading 5 - The Merry-Go-Round

I have always loved merry-go-rounds, otherwise known as carousels, especially the big ones at amusement parks. Even as an adult I have been known to climb on top of a horse or giraffe, feeling triumphant.

Up and down we go, round and round.



But after a while, the circle gets repetitive. There is nothing new to look forward to other than the hind end of the animal in front of me. My animal goes up, but it always goes back down. Then it just stops, at its lowest point.

Caretaking can be like a merry-go-round. Our loved one gets better, the fever is down, the chemo seems to be working -- we are on the upswing.

Then, next thing we know, back down we go on our ride. The fever returns, the medication is not working, neither one of you sleep. We get tired of going in the endless circle and landing at the bottom.

After a while we can become anxious even while we are “up”, thinking “down” is right around the bend.

It is enough to drive the calmest person to desperation!

How do we handle the merry-go-round of caretaking?

I would like to simply say to you, “Get off the merry-go-round!” But life is not so straightforward; usually we cannot just bail out of our caregiving responsibilities.

However, we may be able to quit looking at the circle and look up instead.

Our circles are all-consuming, and our thoughts go ‘round and ‘round in our heads. But God is bigger, He is on the throne, and He sees all. If only we could look at life with an eternal perspective, our problems would seem smaller and God would be bigger.

*Do you not know?*

*Have you not heard?*

*Has it not been told to you from the beginning?*

*Have you not understood since the earth was founded?*

*He [GOD] sits enthroned above the circle of the earth,  
and its people are like grasshoppers.*

*He stretches out the heavens like a canopy,  
and spreads them out like a tent to live in.*

Isaiah 40:21-22



## Reading 6 – When the Bad Gets Worse

Most of John's family lives in Wichita, Kansas (we live in Minnesota), an 11-hour drive away. My husband's younger sister had been ill for several months. At Thanksgiving 2019 she had been in the hospital and was then sent to rehab, so we headed down I-35 to visit. I was able to help her complete a will, Durable Power of Attorney, and Medical Health Care Directive. (There was no time to find an attorney, so I printed the paperwork off from a legal website. Normally I recommend seeking legal assistance for these documents.)

We hugged her, hoping this would not be the final goodbye.

She was able to go home before Christmas, but her health continued to deteriorate. About the same time John went into the hospital in Minnesota, she was back in the hospital in Kansas.

Our niece called, "As soon as Uncle John gets out of the hospital, you have to come down here. Mom is going into hospice."

I thought, "Wow, that is not going to happen." John was quite ill, and COVID was looming large. I gently told our niece we would have to wait and see what happened, but I doubted we would be down there anytime soon.

My sister-in-law died three days later.

Here is what I wrote on Facebook that day:

"Grief – where do I go with grief when I'm 700 miles away and can't say goodbye? Where do I go when my heart is broken, and the world has turned upside down? I cling to the promise,

*The Lord is close to the broken-hearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.*

Psalm 34:18"

COVID-19 has turned upside down our ability to grieve our loved ones. We cannot travel, we have not been able to hold funerals in our regular manner, many of us cannot even see our loved ones to say good-bye. I do not know what the long-term outcome of this delayed grief will be on us. I just know that God has promised to be close to us, even when our loved ones are far away. Pour out your pain and your loss to Him.

Someday we will travel down to Wichita, Kansas and say goodbye to our beloved sister Susan.

## Reading 7 – Be Grateful for Your Tribe

My husband did improve, the immediate threat to his life had subsided. However, he could not bear weight on his right leg, so they sent him to “rehab”.

“Rehab” is actually at a nursing home. Great, simply great.

March 20, 2020. Horror stories about the elderly in nursing homes dying from COVID-19 were just starting to hit the news. Cases were climbing. This is the last place you want to send a loved one.

But to the nursing home he went (even though he would not let me tell people he was in a nursing home, he was in “rehab”.) I was able to pick him up at the hospital and bring him there, but I had to leave him.

We were greeted by such kind people, and they assured us they had the protocols in place to handle COVID.

This was the same day my sister-in-law died. We had a solemn drive and said a quick goodbye.

Again, my anxiety skyrocketed. I had to start all over, casting my cares on the Lord, reading scripture, praying for God to grant us both peace and safety.

I prayed for safety for both of us.

Family and church members prayed. My precious sisters dropped off goodies for me, and one brought John a treat bag at the nursing home. Our minister called John on a regular basis to encourage him, and other friends reached out and cared for us both, even in the depths of COVID misery.

Friends, when you are going through a crisis you need a tribe. Establish yourself in a church, make friends with your neighbors, find community groups. Let people know what is going on. Allow family or friends to minister to you.



John visiting his friend John in the nursing home (pre-COVID-19.)

In The Sermon on the Mount Jesus said,

*Blessed are the merciful, for they will be shown mercy.*

Matthew 5:7

You see, if Jesus has commanded us to love and care for our neighbors, who are we to deny a friend the opportunity to support us?

The Disciple Peter wrote:

*Above all, love each other deeply because love covers over a multitude of sins. Offer hospitality to one another without grumbling. Each of you should use whatever gift you have received to serve others, as faithful stewards of God's grace in its various forms. If anyone speaks, they should do so as one who speaks the very words of God. If anyone serves, they should do so with the strength God provides, so that in all things God may be praised through Jesus Christ. To Him be the glory and the power for ever and ever. Amen.*

1 Peter 4:8-11

God gave us each other as a balm for pain and suffering, it is each other. Let us love one another and allow others to minister to us.

## Reading 8 - Food and Nutrition



When a loved one is in the hospital, it is so easy to grab fast food at 8:00 p.m. when you are on the way home. (Guilty)

Or maybe grab a hamburger and fries at the hospital grill. (Guilty)

Or maybe you think, "I deserve to stop for a double-scoop ice cream cone, because I am SO stressed out!" (Guilty)

When I eat sweets instead of wholesome food, I have blood-sugar plunges. I have to remember to have a protein or fruit snack handy.

It is not so difficult to pack a sandwich, yogurt, or an apple to eat at the hospital when your loved one is having dinner. (I did that also!)

How do you manage to have quick, healthy meals and snacks on hand when you are in a crisis? Healthy eating needs to be a priority for us, even when it is hard.

One sad part of this COVID-infested world is the "food insecurity" many are experiencing. If this is you, my heart breaks for you, and I hope you will find resources to sustain you. If you have plenty, please, please donate to those in need.



It is also important to drink plenty of beverages; dehydration can cause headaches and other physical issues. There is nothing like a cold glass of water to remind us we need to nurture our bodies.

We not only need physical food and water. Jesus has promised to sustain our spiritual hunger and thirst.

*Then Jesus declared, "I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never go hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty."*

John 6:35

A healthy you will mean a healthy caregiver, which benefits everyone. We need to feed our stomachs, keep hydrated, and even more important, to feed our ourselves with spiritual food.

## Reading 9 – Rest

After two weeks in “rehab” John came home. I had not been allowed to see him in the nursing home, but we kept in touch via phone and video. He could only leave his room to get coffee down the hall; otherwise all residents had to stay in place. Being apart was difficult for us for two weeks. I shake my head in grief when I think about the many residents of nursing homes, and how they and their families have been separated for months. This cursed virus is absolutely heartbreaking.

Memorial Day. The hope of summer.

But hope turned to anger, fear and more sorrow. The world turned upside down again. In Minneapolis George Floyd was killed. Minneapolis, the city where I was born, loved, and worked. A city full of trees and surrounded by lakes. We watched the riots in horror and saw block after block of Minneapolis, and St. Paul, burn. Pain and suffering. Racism and hate. It was as if Satan and all his evil had been let loose.

COVID-19 ran rampant, and politics heated up. We all suffer from stress, not just care-giving stress, but overall anxiety.

I was still working from home, and one summer day melted into the next.

August 2020 arrived. The world was trying to deal with COVID-19, racism, unemployment, and separation. And John was still fighting the infection in his leg. It seemed to go away, then the redness would creep up his leg again. He was off and on antibiotics. One Saturday night the swelling and itching got so bad they sent us back to the emergency room, and he was admitted to the hospital.

I was not quite so anxious this time, as he was not as sick as the first time. And COVID-19 was somewhat better controlled. I could visit him in the hospital but there was still plenty to worry about!

Unfortunately, I did not get the same urge to clean endlessly...

Sleep, however, eluded me. I tossed and turned for several nights.



We can sleep poorly for a few nights and still function, but it will catch up with us. Sound sleep helps us cope with stress and anxiety. How do you sleep when in a caregiving crisis? Here are a few tips:

- Make rest a priority. Maybe the dishes do not get done right away, or the laundry stays heaped up in the basket. Do you have to stay at the hospital endlessly with your loved one, at the expense of your own rest? (No judgement here, everything situation is different.)
- Set the stage to sleep, relax with a cup of sleepy-time tea, or listen to quiet music. Skip the late-night news.
- While lying in bed, practice rhythmic breathing. I find counting breaths takes my mind off the thoughts going ‘round and ‘round in my brain.
- I imagine myself walking in the forest or sitting by a cool stream.

*God says he will give us rest:*

*Answer me when I call to you, my righteous God.*

*Give me relief from my distress.*

*Have mercy on me and hear my prayer...*

*Know that the Lord has set apart His faithful servant for himself.*

*The Lord hears when I call to Him...*

*In peace I will lie down and sleep, for you alone, Lord, make me dwell in safety.*

Psalm 4:1, 3 and 8

# Reading 10 - Stress and Medical Intervention

Let us face it, sometimes we need medical help for our anxiety. Our bodies and mind can only handle so much stress. Our serotonin goes out of whack, moods do not regulate, or hormones act up. Perhaps we have a physiological disposition to depression and anxiety. Psychology Today has a blog called, “6 Signs It’s Time to Seek Help For Your Anxiety.”

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/mindful-anger/201903/6-signs-it-s-time-seek-help-your-anxiety>

Here is an excerpt from my book, “Dancing With Lewy: A Father Daughter Dance Before and After Lewy Body Dementia Came to Live With Us”. It refers to a time in 2010 after my mom passed away.

Between my mother dying and Dad’s decline, and likely from being early post-menopausal due to surgery, I became more and more depressed. I was not a particularly emotional person in the past, but now I cried at the drop of a hat.

Grief rips at your soul. When someone dies, we grieve, sometimes for years. When someone is slowly slipping away from you mentally and physically, the grief is drawn out slowly, repetitively.

I lay in bed several nights, sobbing away. My poor husband did not know what to do other than hold me when I was sobbing.

A sad movie or TV show and my makeup streaked down my cheeks.

Those sappy commercials about homeless dogs—sad, sad, sad.

When I had been depressed previously, I took St. John’s Wort, which was just enough to keep me on an even keel. But not anymore.

One day at work my computer wouldn’t boot up. My eyes teared up. A co-worker walked in and said, “Are you okay?”

I said yes, but I knew this was not normal. I was not okay.

(Looking back, it is ironic that technology would be the last straw.)

Finally, I went to the doctor and told her what was going on. They called it “situational depression” and prescribed antidepressants.

Why had I waited so long?” <sup>[1]</sup>

Other options to treat depression and anxiety include group therapy, counseling or seeking out resources through organizations such as the Alzheimer’s Association, The American Cancer Society or care groups addressing your specific needs. Do not let caregiving stress ruin your health, mentally, physically, emotionally, or spiritually. Take the steps you need to keep yourself on an even-keel.

## Reading 11 – Growing Your Tribe

Maybe you are in a major, long-term caregiving journey. You have a chronically ill child, or a parent with dementia. How easy it is for us to isolate, and think we are strong enough to handle a crisis alone. We are guilty of being too independent. “I do not want to bother anyone”, or “Asking for help will make me look weak”.

Unfortunately, this type of thinking and behavior leads us to exhaustion, frustration, and resentment.

As we discussed earlier, we are not meant to be alone. Jesus did not go around healing people and ministering all by himself. He brought along his disciples and others to support his mission. He had a whole “tribe” there to support his mission.



When you are in a crisis, whether it be short or long-term, you need a tribe. When people say, “What can I do to help?”, be specific, or let them know you will get back to them once you figure out the situation. Maybe they can pick your kids up at school and give them dinner, or they could sit with an elderly parent while you make phone calls. Maybe they can do computer research for resources, or maybe they can just listen for 10 minutes.

Moses was a tough guy – after all, he had stood up against Pharaoh, and led the Israelites out of Egypt. He thought he could serve as a judge for all of Israel’s problems. He was headed straight into a personal and nation-wide crisis. Fortunately, his wise father-in-law gave him this advice:

*Moses' father-in-law replied, "What you are doing is not good. You and these people who come to you will only wear yourselves out. The work is too heavy for you; you cannot handle it alone. Listen now to me and I will give you some advice, and may God be with you. You must be the people's representative before God and bring their disputes to him... select capable men from all the people—men who fear God, trustworthy men who hate dishonest gain—and appoint them as officials over thousands, hundreds, fifties and tens. Have them serve as judges for the people at all times, but have them bring every difficult case to you; the simple cases they can decide for themselves. That will make your load lighter, because they will share it with you. If you do this and as God so commands, you will be able to stand the strain, and all these people will go home satisfied."*

Exodus 18:17-23

Moses had to grow his tribe. You may need to grow your tribe by reaching out to siblings, adult children, neighbors, or your church. If there are tasks a friend or neighbor can do for you, let them. Delegate. It will bless them to be able to help you and relieve your burdens.

## Reading 12 - Praise You In This Storm



*I will praise the Lord, who counsels me;  
Even at night my heart instructs me.  
I keep my eyes always on the Lord.  
With Him at my right hand, I will not be shaken.*

Psalm 16:7-8

My life was falling apart. The world was torn up. And yet shall I praise Him. Praise, the ultimate antidote to anxiety.

I have learned that God is God, and in spite of hardship, grief, and anxiety, I can still offer praise—not *because* of the situation, not *for* the situation, but because He is the one in control, not me.

**From Dancing With Lewy - This refers to a time in 2006 when my mom was diagnosed with cancer.**

Mom was in her early eighties when I took her to have an MRI on her back. We stopped at the grocery store, and when we got to the house and worked our way in, we heard the phone ring. Her physician was calling to say they found a tumor in her kidney. She was to see a specialty urologist as soon as possible.

I was shocked and heartbroken. There was not a lot of cancer in our family, but I wondered, “Was this the C word?” Not now, not for Mom, who lived the most wholesome life you could imagine.

I stayed long enough to tell my dad about my mom’s kidney tumor when he got home. It was a rainy, dark Minnesota spring night. I drove the long way home on the side roads, tears falling down my cheeks the whole trip, listening to Christian radio. The song “Praise You In This Storm” by Casting Crowns came on, and I was struck by the words. The song talks about the rain, and the storm, and praising God despite the storm. (Go ahead and listen to it on YouTube to get the full message I received that night; I was unable to obtain a license to print the words here.)

As I drove through the rain, I was not certain that the message of the song applied to me.

Praise God Mother has cancer?

Praise God Dad has dementia?

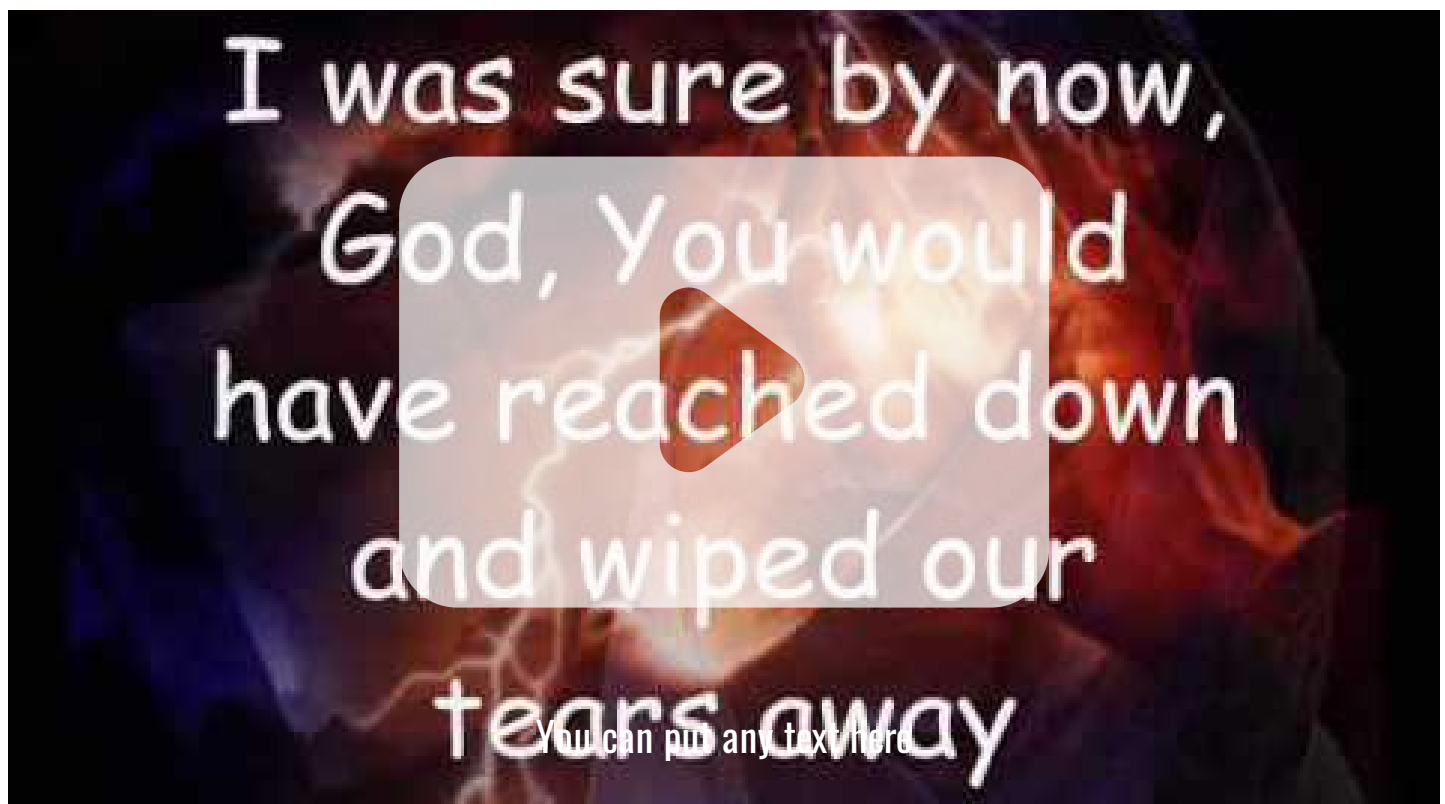
Praise God that their house is falling apart, and that they have no money?

My husband and I still had a very active teenage son, Corey, at home, along with an adult son. I worked full time at a stressful job requiring travel, and my husband had an hour drive to and from work each day. How could we deal with one more stressor in life?

Did the song really mean to praise God in this storm?

Ironically, coincidentally—or maybe by divine providence—“Praise You In This Storm” came on the radio periodically in the next several years when I needed it the most. I am still learning to “Praise Him In This Storm.”

But that night I just cried in the rain all the way home. <sup>1</sup>



# Conclusion

COVID-19 is still running rampant in the world. My husband's health issues continue, although, thanks to the grace of God and modern medical care, he is much better. There is still racism, evil and darkness in this world. Who would not have anxiety?

Yet God, who created us to feel deeply, emotionally, and physically, has provided antidotes to our anxiety.

We have learned to cast our cares on God. To take care of our physical selves. To engage our tribe.

We are reminded God is in control.

*Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God.*

Philippians 4:6

I would love to hear from you about your experiences with anxiety and caregiving. In what ways have you been able to turn to your faith to calm your fears? What exercises work for you, or do you adjust your diet when you are stressed?

You can contact me through my website, [www.nancyrpoland.com](http://www.nancyrpoland.com), or at [author@nancyrpoland.com](mailto:author@nancyrpoland.com).

May God bless you.

- <sup>1</sup> Poland, Nancy R. 2021. *Dancing With Lewy: A Father Daughter Dance Before and After Lewy Body Dementia Came to Live With Us*. Morgan James Publishing. ↑

