

GLADYS'S STORY

Gladys lives in a big house with about ten other people in the country. It's a community-care facility for seniors.

I don't know how old I am. I may be a senior. What do I do during the day?
Nothing.

I lived with my Mum and Dad....up the road. It was close to here. Mum died, Dad passed away too, so I didn't have anybody to look after me . . . and my brother, he couldn't look after me. So they moved me down here.

Well, I moved to Beesdale before they died, when they couldn't take care of me any more. Then I moved here. My favourite place was with my mum and dad. They were good to me and they were nice to me. I miss my mum. I went on trips with them to the nearest town.

I didn't like Beesdale. Too busy. Too noisy. Too many people there. I didn't care for it too much.

What do I do for fun here? I do nothing. Oh yes, I go bowling on Saturday. That's all I do. I go with Jane. She's a friend.

I used to sit and do nothing. Sometimes it would make me nutty. But now that guy moved in - Bill. Bill just moved in a couple of days ago. I talk to him all the time. Before Bill moved in I didn't have anybody.

I don't have a social worker. But my brother...he sees me often. He takes me to cash my cheque. I do nothing on holidays. I go home to my brother. I'd like to get out more, I guess. Something like shopping or coffee. The thing I look forward to the most is going out shopping and stuff like that. I like it when I go to town, with Nancy (*Nancy runs the facility*), shopping. I don't do it too often. What do I wish I could do? I'd like to dance.

I go for walks, by myself, sometimes. Sometimes I don't.

I wouldn't move from here. I have my own phone in my room. I can make my own snack and I can have friends over, and go to bed whenever I like. I do my own cleaning and I get to clean up my own room. I talk to Nancy, she's a friend.

I don't see my old friends at the workshop in Beesdale though. That makes me a little sad.