

Janet's Story

My name is Janet Snazelle. I live in Montague, a small town on PEI. I grew up with my family in Alberta and then in Newtown Cross on PEI.

I lived with my mother until my step father died.

Then, when I was in my twenties, I moved into a group home in Montague.

I liked some things there, like parties.

But I wanted to move on.

The group home felt crowded.

I wanted to do things alone, with more independence.

Like walking to the library by myself....when I felt like it.

I felt that they put words into my mouth...what they wanted to hear.

There were some people there who thought that I could live more independently. ...and they did help me move on.

I did move on. I moved into an apartment.

I shared it with one other person, Jane, and a support worker.

We were supported by the same organization that ran the group home.

We lived in one of Dr. Hambly's apartments.

We had to move out of there after a while and we moved into a subsidized apartment.

I lived with Jane for a number of years.

Then Cathy became our support worker.

I like Cathy a lot.

But after a few years the organization that supported us wanted Jane and I to change where we lived without Cathy.

Actually they wanted me to move into the house which had been the group home.

But I said "No - I won't move. I have this apartment. It's in my name. And I choose to have Cathy live with me".

I fought very hard. I was strong. I am proud of myself.

In the end they said they wanted nothing to do with my housing.

I said "Fine".

So Cathy and I stayed together with no support service behind us.

And we're fine!

I like the way I live. Cathy and I are friends. We share doing the groceries and we share paying the bills.

Cathy helps me with things that I need help withlike the bills and cooking. She goes to my doctor's appointments with me.

She gets paid a bit for supporting me by the DSP program.

Cathy supports me when I am down, and I cheer her up when she is down.

It goes both ways. We are equals.

She does not look down on me or treat me like a child. That is very important.

And I have a cat, Boaz.

Having my own apartment makes me feel good about my-self. It's a home to come to.

I can make my own decisions about what I do and when.

More people should be able to live like me.