

JIM'S STORY

Jim lives in a large home for seniors. It's a community-care facility. Jim told his story through words and by putting words, and sometimes pictures, down on paper. His verbal communication is limited.

My name is Jim. I am 49. I have two children aged 10 and 13. I live in a big place for seniors. It's in the country.

Well...well...I go for walks, down the road. I do nothing else. In the summer - three or four months ago - I moved here from another place. That place closed down. I liked that place better. I liked Karen who worked there. I did more there. Paul (*the owner*) and I, we walked together and I helped out.

My children live with my ex. My favourite thing to do is see my son. I last saw them three or four months ago. They are with my ex.

Am I sad? Sad yeah really, yeah really, yeah really. I miss the last place I lived. (*Jim writes the name of the last facility he lived at.*) Do I ever go out to do anything like watch a hockey game? I watch that on T.V. But no, I don't go out.

No. We don't make our own snacks. They bring snacks to us. All our meals are at a set time. We can't make telephone calls when we want to. I have a friend, Donna. (*Donna also lives at the same place and is his girl friend*). I have no friends outside of here. No. There's nothing to do here.

I have a worker. (*Jim fetches her business card.*)

Live in another place? I'd rather live with my brother, Jamie.

Move out? (*he points to Donna and draws a picture of them together*). With Donna? Yeah, Yeah.

My father visits me. He lives in Kenttown. I have three sisters and three brothers.

At Christmas I go to my father's. And I see my children.

The best thing would be if I could go into the nearest town sometimes. But it's too far to walk.

The one thing I look forward to is going to Donna's home town with her.

Donna says:

I'm 26. This place is like a manor, you might as well say. I moved here because my nerves were bad. That was four months ago. I don't want to be here any longer because it feels like a manor and you don't do anything. You don't get to go out. We go to bed at 10 o'clock. And they put Jim and me away from one another. There's no privacy. I share my room with another woman. I don't like sharing.

And I'm only allowed to use the phone to speak to my son twice a week. It shouldn't be like that. I should get to phone him at night to see how he's doing and stuff. This is a large place and I'm only allowed to have a bath once a week.

They are too strict with the rules. I'd just like a place where it's quiet, where we'll be happy and with no argument.

Who do I talk to? Just Jim. That helps.