

KAREN'S STORY

Karen lives in a large community-care facility in the country.

I don't know how old I am. (*Karen is probably in her 40's or 50's.*) I've lived here for about six months. I moved here from another place in the country

I lived in other places in town....at Jane Kerry's and with the MacKenzie's. I liked the Mackenzie's the best. I loved it there. Everyday we went for walks. We went to the store. We went to the co-op. We went to the movies. We went to the park. We went to all these places. It was a big place. We went to the O.T. at a hospital. Me and my boyfriend. We went in a taxi and then we came back home again at three o'clock.

Do we do anything like that now? Nothing. Nothing. Not a thing.

I wish someone could get me an apartment in the town. With my boy friend. Please get me out of here, because I don't like it. There's too many people. Too many. Too much everything here.

Am I happy here? (*Karen shakes her head.....no*).

What do I do here? I go for walks. I have a cousin who works here. I like it when my cousin is here. I am sad when she isn't here.

I talk mostly to my boyfriend. (*Karen's boyfriend lives at the same facility.*) He wants to move too. I don't talk to anyone from outside. We can't go shopping from here.

My mum and dad are dead. I have a brother and a sister. My dear sister. I haven't seen her for a long while.

I would like to go back to a day-program with my boy-friend. I'd like to live

somewhere like the MacKenzies'. I like the lady who runs this place. I can talk to her. But I do want to move.