

RACHAEL'S STORY

Rachael lives in a semi-rural community-care facility which is only about half full. A sign advertising it as a seniors home stands outside the large old building.

My name is Rachael. I am 46 years old. I grew up in Streetsville. I speak French and English, a bit. I used to live at home with my family. We used to have an old house. We used to be twelve.

I used to live in my house. My father died and then I moved to the seniors' home citizen . . . and when my mum got sick I moved here. I went there . . . into an apartment by myself, in the seniors' home. My mother used to live in another one. *(Her mother also lived in an apartment at the senior citizen's complex.)* My mother died in the hospital. She got sick. I think I had to move here because they didn't want me to stay there. Oh, I don't know. They didn't want me to live there. So I had to move here. I was there 'til three years ago. Then I moved here.

My favourite place was when I used to live in the *(family)* house. I liked Streetsville the best, because of the big co-op there. There was a dairy bar, and Antonio's pizza. I used to go there to the restaurant and talk and do things.

We used to live in our *(family)* house.

There's lots of people who don't like it here. There are people who don't want to live here. Downstairs, he always want to go home. He's 97. His name is Tom.

Now, well, I live here. No one has ever been here before to see me. I know lots of people who live here. What do I do during the day? Oh, I play music. Sometimes I watch some movies, in my room. I've got lots of movies to look at. But I don't look at them. I've got twelve movies there. And I've got lots in the cupboard. Sometimes I listen to tapes. Is there anything else I do? I watch T.V.,

in my chair. That's it, I guess. I go downstairs for meals. My room is my living room.

I used to go bowling . . . it was a long time ago.

Sometimes I go to the store, across the road. But I have no money of my own. In the summer I go and take walks and all that. I just go out the building though. I can't go far. There's a dog that barks . . . over there. He runs in the road. He's got no leash.

My brothers, they are gone away. They moved out. And I've got a sister in Alberta. She's married. And a sister in Cookstown. (*Cookstown is just a few kilometres away.*) And one who's in New Brunswick and married.

All I have visit me is my sister, and that's it. The others, they are gone away. My sister, she comes every week. I have Christmas at my sister's.

Besides my sister I have no friends outside of here. I haven't had anyone else visit me for a long while. I don't have a worker.

I have my meals at the same time every day. No, I can't make a snack when I want to. I have a phone in my room. Well I don't know how to make long-distance (calls). I don't have lots of money to pay for it.

Oh, I talk to everybody who stays here. I like one of the cooks. Her name is Doreen. She works in the morning. And Mary . . . and then Donna . . . and June . . . and then . . . somebody works upstairs. Somebody works downstairs in the hall I guess. Do I talk to anybody else? No.

I look forward to when I go out somewhere else. I can't go in the winter though.

I used to take walks in Streetsville.

I'd rather stay here, I guess. If I went somewhere else I can't go to Cookstown to visit my sister. I need to stay in this area to be near to her. If I move somewhere else, I would not know anybody else. I wouldn't know their names.