

By Jo McCormick

Madrid Resident

Events and happenings within the nursing home portrayed in these writings are real but full names will not be used.

My first adventure into the world of activities was a split shift, 1 p.m.-to 9 p.m. From 1 to 5 I was directing activities in the dining room as there was no activity room at that time.

My storage closet was what is now the Director of Nursing office. Then from 5 to 9 I worked as an aide, having done aide work off and on for several years.

In 1975 I was offered a full-time activity position which seemed could be a rewarding career and it was. However, in a couple of years a glitch surfaced. I had to choose between my family that I loved or the work that I loved. Family won and I left the nursing home.

In January of 1979 I returned to Golden Ours nursing staff to fill a care-staff position.

Late in 1980 the person filling the activity job left and I was 'in like Flynn' and stayed this time until 2008.

In hindsight I believe divine intervention set me on this career path, one I had not envisioned at all in my late teens.

Now for the 'meat and potatoes' of the Golden Hours at Golden Ours vignettes.

Ray and Ralph loved to one-up you with jokes and stories. One late summer day they told me, "last night after supper we was sittin' out on the front steps watching the traffic on the highway and we seen some 'drunk' birds."

"I will have to see that to believe that story," I told them. That evening I sat with them. Sure enough, several birds were soon behaving quite abnormally—staggering and flopping around all over.

We three soon solved the mystery—crabapple tree, fruit on the ground, that fruit fermented by the sun, eaten by the birds—"drunk" birds. Case solved!

I will be back soon with more golden hours at Golden Ours stories.