This is an Elder Story I heard from a nursing home caregiver in Melbourne, Australia.

We had a woman who never moved. Let’s call her Leah. She just lay on her bed. She was deeply institutionalized. I made it our personal challenge to connect with her. I would visit her one-on-one. That was okay for her. But I thought she could enjoy the company of others. On one visit I talked about a book that we had read in one of our groups. Leah said she liked books, but only raunchy ones, she was sick of sweet romances.

So, I accepted the challenge and during my visits to her in her room, I started reading the book to her that she said she was eager to read. I don’t quite know how it got around, but another lady wanted to sit in on the reading, so she was invited in. Then the word spread and three others wanted to be there too. The room got crowded, and I could tell that Leah was enjoying the company. She became the hostess. I suggested she might want to take her group out of the room into another, larger, but still private space. Our group grew as we read the book chapter by chapter and talked about the characters. I was embarrassed when reading some of the scenes, especially reading to my elders, but I stumbled on. Leah socialized more and more. We held a picnic every week in the garden and one day she agreed to come out to the picnic and be with her new friends. She was unable to leave her bed, so we brought it and her to the garden. We feel that we accomplished a great thing. She died not too long after with the medical profession still unsure as to her condition.

Oh yes, it was so difficult to read at times, this book filled with flowery language and vivid scenes of a Lord and his mistress, but how they loved it! And I’m sure the Lord, his mistress and Leah lived happily ever after.