A Person-Centered Morning

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Our friends at Elim Care & Rehab Center in Princeton, MN have been doing PersonFirst™ training since 2007. They recently shared with us this story (that also appeared in their newsletter) of PersonFirst™ principles of person-centered care and support for people living with dementia at work in one of their households:

The hot coffee is brewing, the aroma and sounds of freshly made toast fill the room, the sun is just breaking through the trees and the hustle and bustle of life in the kitchen begins. As daybreak unfolds, elders awake and one by one, they arrive in the kitchen, ready to enjoy the company of their neighbors and the laughter of new-found friends.

It's around 8:30 and Carol* is beginning to awake. She wishes to join her neighbors in starting a day of laughter and fun. Her caregivers knock quietly on her bedroom door as they come to answer her call light. "I'm ready to get up," she whispers as they greet her. Sitting at the edge of her bed, they rub her back as they ask her how she slept, then retreat to the bathroom to gather a warm basin of water and soap and a washcloth to help her get cleaned up and ready for the day. Eyeglasses gathered from the bedside table, "teeth" retrieved from their storage for the night and after a few more tasks, Carol is ready for breakfast with her friends.

The synapses of the mind don't connect as well as they used to in Carol's mind. "Was I just dreaming? Oh, it couldn't be...... Oh, I wonder where......?" her mind races. Her morning eyes try to focus as she searches her bedroom. The whirr of the day, even though it is just beginning, moves faster than her 90-something year old mind can.

She's still processing the murky thoughts of her awakening moments as her caregiverwhisks her to the kitchen for breakfast.

Staff are lovingly preparing breakfast and attempting to meet the requests for fried eggs and bacon or hot oatmeal and peanut butter toast as Carol is wheeled to the table. "Good morning, Carol! We're glad to see you," a staff member expresses before seeing the pain and anguish on Carol's face and tears in her eyes.

"Oh, what's the matter?" staff exclaim as their pace slows. As they kneel by her side and caress her hand, she struggles to find the words that elude her now more than they ever used to. Words used to come so easily to Carol, who was a country school teacher for over 30 years. Now, she thinks out loud, "I've lost my........where is she?" as tears fall from her cheeks. She shakes her head. Finally, her caregivers help her put the thoughts and spoken pieces together; she's worried about her cat, Hissy, who sleeps by her on her bed.

Peace is again restored and her face shows it. A smile emerges and she acknowledges, "Yes, I was wondering where she was." As words of comfort are given, another caregiver has overheard the exchange and goes and gathers up Hissy and brings her to Carol's side. "Ah, there you are," Carol sighs as she lovingly squishes her friend's furry neck.

"Now, I'm ready for breakfast."

*not her real name.

For more information on PersonFirst®, call our office at (414) 258-3649.
All over the country, the baseball season is now in full swing (pun intended), but at Pennybyrn at Maryfield in High Point, NC, it’s always baseball season. At least once a month for the past two years they’ve been clearing out everything in the town square of the facility to make room for the baseball diamond. It’s always the same match-up: The Pennybyrn Racers (residents) against The Maryfield Staffers (staff). There is plenty of cheering, base stealing and smack-talk. It’s at least as rowdy and as much fun as anything you’ll find in the major leagues. “Everyone gets involved,” said Janet Golden, Lead Activity/Life Enhancement, “People who don’t usually come out for activities bat the ball.”

All agree the baseball game is a highlight in the Pennybyrn community. But, there was one game that almost didn’t happen. The game was scheduled during the week the survey team was at Pennybyrn to conduct the annual survey and this gave Administrator Vonda Hollingsworth pause:

“On the way to work that morning, I thought to myself, ‘Jeez, I wonder what they will think?’ When we play, it is loud and crazy with everybody running this way and that, trying to steal bases, and residents being pushed in wheelchairs or running arm in arm with staff round the bases. Would the surveyors think we are putting our residents’ safety at risk? I knew the surveyors would be right in the middle of it since they were working out of a room in our town square.

Then I thought-what am I doing? Whose choice is it to take a risk? I am “taking chances” right now-driving my car. Individuals should be able to decide themselves what risk they want to take. Our residents are LIVING and living life is all about little risks everyday. If they want to play ball, my apprehension should not stop them. I thought there might be a real chance the surveyors would not like our game - but that was a risk I was willing to take. To my delight, several of the surveyors stop working to watch our game. They laughed and even cheered. It turned out they thought it was wonderful! I am so glad that I didn’t allow my hesitation to limit our residents’ ability to choose their life that day.

LaVrene Norton witnessed a game on a visit and was delighted to witness some serious living going on when she saw a resident being whizzed around the bases in her wheelchair – legs straight out in front of her with a look on her face that was wide-eyed exhilaration. That’s how you play ball!