A Culture of Caring at Pennybyrn

Part II

We continue last month’s story at Pennybyrn.

The construction project at Pennybyrn at Maryfield in High Point, North Carolina is a four phase process. Less than half of the residents receiving skilled care are now residing in households, and the other half are anxiously awaiting the construction of their new homes. As the traditional nursing home hallways are converted to true home in stages of change, the comparison is stark. But, seeing is believing.

I went over to visit the residents that moved and one resident totally touched my heart. When I asked him how he liked his new house, he smiled and told me “They really done us good. They could not have done any better anywhere. I don’t deserve all this good stuff.” I told him that yes, he did, and even more. Then he said to me “God is good to me and so is everyone here. I feel so special I cannot believe it.” The look on his face and the happiness in his eyes said it all. His niece was with him, and she said she did not realize he would be so happy and it made her feel so relieved to know how happy he is. I am so excited for all our residents.

–Janet Golden, Life Enhancement

Rich Newman, Executive Leader, says, “In my view, from being in the households at all times of the day — from early in the morning before the house wakes up, to seeing it naturally come awake, to the later evening as it winds down, and all the times in between— I feel we are creating home for our residents. I know that our journey is just getting started, but I do see our teams working together to bring this incrementally into deeper fruition.”

“The waiting lists are growing,” reports Peggy Baldwin, Life Enhancement Mentor and Admissions Coordinator. “Our residents and families just could not believe how good life would be in the households, but now that they can see it, residents and potential residents in the community alike want to live there.”

New stories are being written every day, in the warm, friendly households at Pennybyrn at Maryfield, where days are made meaningful for all, with resident directed care.

Late Tuesday afternoon (moving day), I went over to Smith House to visit a certain resident with severe cognitive loss who always followed me around and wanted me to stay with him when he was on B Hall. When I said, “Hello, Mr. D, he held out his hand to shake hands, smiled and said “Hello.” After holding my hand for a few seconds, he looked around at the fireplace and the sitting area. Then he looked at me and said, “Can go” and waved a good-bye. I felt that he was telling me that is was all right now. He was at home.

–Linda Wood RN
Ribbon Cutting at Huntersville

Huntersville Oaks in Huntersville, North Carolina hit an exciting milestone with its ribbon cutting and open house in mid September. It’s so exciting to finally be able to see and live all that was planned for. Bev Cowdrick, the administrator, shares with us a snapshot of this special day:

Four of our residents cut the ribbon to the building, and beforehand, we took them on a tour of the building. We hadn’t been able to do that previously because of general contractor limitations.

A couple of hours before the ribbon-cutting, I got a call from the local CBS TV affiliate, saying they wanted to broadcast us live on the 5:00 news! The residents and their families agreed, and the camera was there when they took their first look at their new home. It was incredible. Family members were weeping. The residents were stunned. One resident wheeled herself under the wheelchair accessible kitchen sink, and the TV camera photographed her beaming face from the other side of the kitchen window over the sink. They talked about how much it meant to them to finally have a place they could truly call a home. I gave an interview about the history of the culture change movement and what it is about.

This happened at about 5:15. Then at about 5:45 people who had seen the news started pouring through the doors to see for themselves. We had between 500 and 700 visitors in a two-hour period. Our waiting list started growing immediately that night and there were people at the door the next day to fill out employment applications.

More importantly, when the residents were leaving to go back to the old building that night, some of them refused to leave the building. They had to be coaxed into going back for two more weeks of institutional life until we could finish last-minute construction and get licensed. It was so sad to see them leave.

We had storytelling circles the next day all over the building. It has finally really sunk in that we are going home. The maintenance crew has painted a yellow brick road out the door of our old building and out toward our new one on the other side of the parking lot. We’re all wearing our ruby slipper pins now, and we know that it’s almost time to click our heels and be home at last.