

You and I

I am a resident. You reside.

I am admitted. You move in.

I have behavior problems. You are rude.

I am non-compliant. You don't like being told what to do.

When I ask you out to dinner, it is an outing. When you ask someone out, it is a date.

I don't know how many people have read the progress notes people write about me. I don't even know what's in there. You didn't speak to your best friend for a month after she ready your journal.

I make mistakes during my check-writing program. Someday I might get a bank account. You forget to record some withdrawals from your account. The bank calls to remind you.

I wanted to talk with the nice looking person behind us at the grocery store. I was told that it was inappropriate to talk to strangers. You met your spouse in the produce department. He couldn't find the bean sprouts.

I celebrated my birthday yesterday with five other residents and two staff members. I hope my family sends a card.

Your family threw you a surprise party. Your brother couldn't make it from out of state. It sounded wonderful.

My case manager sends a report every month to my guardian. It says everything I did wrong and some things I did right. You are still mad at your sister for calling your mom after you got a speeding ticket.

I am on a special diet because I am five pounds over my ideal body weight. Your doctor gave up telling you.

I am learning household skills. You hate housework.

I am learning leisure skills. Your shirt says you are a "couch potato."

After I do my budget program tonight, I might get to go to McDonald's if I have enough money. You were glad the new French restaurant took your charge card.

My case manager, psychologist, R.N., occupational therapist, physical therapist, nutritionist and house staff set goals for me for next year. You haven't decided what you want out of life.

Someday I will be discharged...maybe. You will move onward and upward.

