

## THE NURSING HOME

They sit in their wheelchair bent over and nod away the days, old men and women whose bodies have seen their best years. If we could know their stories what would we find? Certainly information which would in no way compare with the way we live today.

When someone listens to them, their conversations are mostly of their early years when they lived at home. They have happy memories of running through the woods, fishing, playing and enjoying the outdoors because few were raised in the cities. They worked hard but played just as hard with a mother calling them in at dark for supper and almost always church on Sunday.

They remember the fun, scary, happy or unusual things that happened to them or their brothers, sisters or kinfolk. There are memories they don't speak of because they are painful. They talk of wives or husbands and the children they raised that so many of them never see in this place. Some speak of those who are already gone as if they will walk through the door at any moment. They cry.

A young healthy body that was raised on brown beans, cornbread and fat back, is now old and closing down. They don't feel old; they feel betrayed. These old men and women sit in limbo between life and death, now knowing or understanding why they are here and why they can't be at home. Most will never see the outside of these rooms and the life they once lived. Some of them don't know where they are or even remember another life. God holds their short future in His hands as they sit and nap their life away.

God bless every one of them.

Ellen