

A Special Corner
By Sharon Buchan

Once upon A Time, a very long time ago I was working in Geriatrics at Fort Logan Mental Health Center. The staff had been told that we would be visited by some wealthy benefactors that day.

I found out in Report that morning that I would be working with Joe. I was fond of Joe, a sweet, gentle, black man. He was tall and had a lovely head of white hair. Joe often told me stories about being a minister in Savanna Georgia. It was difficult for me to understand why Joe was in our facility. He came across as rather elegant and often distinguished himself by praying for others.

In group that day he said, "Let's just take a quiet moment to pray for Hazel." The results were amazing. The person he was praying for would visibly relax. Group would continue as if nothing had happened. Later in report staff would discuss the possibility of increasing Hazel's meds. I spoke up and became very unpopular when I said, "Can't we just take a quiet moment and let Joe pray for her." I was soon to find out why Joe was with us. He would relieve himself where ever he was. It literally mattered not to him. It was kind of like his praying. When you needed to pray you prayed and when you needed to go you needed to go. It was just something you did automatically where ever you were.

As Joe and I were walking down the hall I saw the wealthy benefactors enter. They were all dressed up in their finery. Dresses, high heels, jewelry and hats. At that very moment Joe decided it was time. I had to think quickly as Joe was unzipping himself. Seeing a nearby corner I simply turned Joe into the corner and tried to shield him from the oncoming benefactors. Joe zipped up and turned around just as the ladies approached. He was delighted to see them. He Held out his hand, shaking hands with all of them. while saying, "Hello ladies. Welcome. I see you have your Sunday go to meeting clothes on and lovely you do look in your spring hats. Bless you for all your good works. Won't you join us in the day room for tea and cookies?" As the ladies walked away I heard them say how impressed they were with the staff.

I was about to double over with laughter, however I decided that might hurt or confuse Joe. So I went to look for a mop and bucket instead. I am sure Joe has a special place with the Angels. I hope he is praying for me. We could use more prayers and less medication.