



## Sam's Story

A few days ago, Sam Cook reached out through Facebook to share the story of her mother's transition to living at St. Peter's. We would like to feature that story on our page.

These are Sam's own words.



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I was angry.  
Then sad.  
Guilty. A lot of guilt.  
Followed by fear.  
Now, I feel gratitude.

**Find out why below.**

I'm not sure my heart will ever be the same. 6 weeks ago we got the call. A bed was available for her. We sat her down and told her the truth, that she would be moving.

With a smile on her face, she told us "no problem".

Maybe deep down she knew it was best. My Dad could go back to being her husband. I could go back to being her daughter. We would no longer need to be caregivers.



# Thrive Group

This picture was taken the day my Dad walked my Mom into her new home 6 weeks ago. This picture is what 53 years of marriage looks like. Some days she may not remember and he is there to gently remind her all is OK. This picture shows a bond that will never be broken – regardless of where they are living. This picture makes me feel a million feelings. Anger, guilt, sadness, fear – it’s all extremely overwhelming. No one can ever prepare you for what it feels like to leave a parent at a Long-Term Care home for the first time. No one can prepare you for the utter heartbreak. The feeling of wishing you could have done more.



After 6 weeks of daily visits making sure Mom was adjusting well, the news we were secretly hoping for came down over the weekend. The Long-Term Care facility was closed to all visitors. This was 100% the right call on every level – I felt a huge sense of relief for the safety of the residents. However, for a brief moment, all my feelings came back – anger, guilt, sadness and most of all, total fear. Fear that I wouldn’t be able to visit my Mom for the next little while. I didn’t think it was possible to be EVEN SADDER than I was 6 weeks ago...but here we are.

I’m living every minute on the brink of a full blown panic attack. Worried about my Mom - scared in a new home, while living with Dementia. Worried about my Dad – now living alone, scared, as he worries about my Mom every minute of every day. Wishing there was more I could do. Wishing I could walk into that Long-Term Care Home and hug every resident and tell them it’s going to be OK. But I’ve decided I’m going to try my best to replace those horrible feelings with gratitude.



# Thrive Group

Doctors.  
Nurses.  
PSWs.  
Rec Therapy.  
Cleaners.  
Cooks.  
Maintenance.  
BSO's.  
Management.



It take a village of amazing individuals to wake up every morning, head to work and care for other people. Those who choose to look after your loved ones with great understanding and

compassion. Especially in times like this, when it is overwhelming and scary. While I am upset that I won't get to see my Mom for a while, I know that people are good. I know each of the workers listed above will show up to the long-term care home on a daily basis and do their best to look after her.

If you work at my Mom's Long Term Care home – I thank you. Thank you for looking after her like she is one of your own. Thank you for putting your own fears aside to help others. Thank you for keeping her safe. Because of you, my heart feels a little lighter. Please hug her and tell her we miss and love her. Most importantly, know that "I APPRECIATE YOU".

To those with family members/friends currently in a long-term care home, I know it's a terribly upsetting time. Message me if you need to chat.

We are all in this together,

Sam

Xo