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Reflection

 My first day at the nursing home I was very nervous. I did not know if I would be a good teacher or what to talk about with my senior. The only seniors I really ever spoke to are my grandparents and we most of the time just hang out. So I didn’t realize I’ll actually make a senior friend. I thought it just be a simple student/ teacher relationship. But I learned a lot about older people. You can have a normal conversation with them. I know I said horrible for saying that but I learned from my ignorance. Like my senior’s name is Lois. She is awesome. We spoke about Manhattan how it was back in the day. She told me about her career which was great. I also learned that she is not perfect and does not judge me. For example we both are bad spellers; she actually told me once that she would get nervous around me when we did computer stuff. I was amazed because it is only me. I’m like some important person or anything. But I could definitely relate to her because when ever a teacher walks around the class room and is over my shoulder I get so nervous and start sweating. I always feel like I’m going to make a mistake. I also think the teacher is expecting more from me and I’m only doing the bare minima. So I think I definitely empathized with Lois and made her more comfortable around me.

 Another senior I made friends with was a woman named Edith. She was ninety-four years old. Wow, she’s been through a lot. I felt like I was talking to a human textbook. At times it was a little sad talking to her because she would tell me that she has no one to talk too. I could not help feel like I do not want to feel like this. I would not want to feel alone or that I have no one. I tried putting negative thoughts on the back burner so I can listen to her or talk about happier things. I felt like I could not help her sometime. I only visit once a week and she is at the nursing home for a long time. But I listened to her when she was upset also when she was having good day. She was an English teacher and one of her colleague recently found her online and called her. Edith was super excited and I helped contact the man. Now they’re writing and calling each other. Whenever we spoke about her colleague she seems very happy because she does not have anyone else.

In Edith’s room are beautiful paintings and she told me that she painted them. You should have seen the art work, it was amazing. She traveled a lot and painted on her voyages. I remember she told me she went to France and Spain. When I asked her about the painting she remembers everything about the location. She remember the weather, who was on the street, and what her favorite thing about where she was. The memory was so vivid, when she spoke I felt like I was there. I had fun doing this.

I also have some bad memories for example my first senior dropped out of the course. I think I could have done more. I should have listened to her and had more empathy. I definitely feel bad. I wrote a reflection for my other class and I mention Judith. My teacher replied that I should have felt the pain with her. I do feel like I was selfish. Now I definitely am now aware of how I respond to people.