



Voices

OF OUR REGION

Interviewee: Carole Anderson

Interviewee Number: 57

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Date of Interview: June 19, 2008

Funding provided by the FISA Foundation

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Carol Anderson
June 19th, 2008

We'll start out by having you give your name and where you grew up, if you were born somewhere else, tell us about that chronology, and a little bit about your family. Tell us a little bit about your illness, I don't know what it is, if you were born with it --

I don't either. No, in fifty years it's not been diagnosed.

Okay, so that's where we start. It is now June 19, 2008. Okay.

I'm Carole Anderson. When I was born, we lived in the Oakmont area, we moved to Penn Hills shortly after that, and we ended up here on the hill in 1954. So I've been here a lot of years.

My dad was living at the time, and we rented the whole time he was living. A number of years after he died, my mom was able to buy the house. It's not the perfect house for someone with a disability. I haven't seen the upstairs for a good number of decades. But here I am and I love it. I don't know. Giving up the house would be somewhat like giving up Kitty, next to impossible.

But when I moved here, when we moved here, I was on my own two feet.

How old were you about?

When we moved here I was twelve. When the disability started, I was about fourteen. It came on slowly. Starting in and out of a wheelchair when I was 16.

Because your legs were weak?

Yeah. My legs and arms went the summer between the eighth and ninth grade. I think weekly visits to a family doctor down in Rosedale for basal metabolism tests to find out why I was losing weight. Eventually, I went from 125 to 65. I looked anorexic. I should have that photograph album for you.

My tests showed that I should be gaining weight but I was losing it. Apparently the doctor thought I was a spoiled brat, that I couldn't button and zipper. Finally, towards the end of summer, he actually was in the room when I was putting my clothes back on and

he saw that I couldn't do this. So, I ended up in Women's Hospital for the first nine days of the ninth grade, and from there to, uh, Mayo Clinic.

Just no diagnosis. No rhyme or reason. They thought at first it was from the polio vaccine. It started apparently six months or so after I'd had the shot, but I wasn't even the classic case of that. And uh, we went back to Mayo about six months later that summer. They wanted me to stay up there. I wouldn't. We didn't have the funds for my mom to stay in a motel there, so they made me promise I'd come back, and get into a hospital to get built up again. So, I came back and went right into the hospital, and wasn't built up to any appreciable degree. The doctor was making plans for me to go to D. T. Watson, and somehow there was a glitch in that, so I ended up coming home and waiting for other plans. The other plans turned out to be that I got the Asian flu. Ended up back in St. Francis in an iron lung... two weeks in an oxygen tent, got a trach [-eotomy], and ended up in an iron lung. I don't know how many weeks that was, longer than they thought I was going to be. I can remember being in a bed before I was transferred home. And that's when I ended up at the old Harmarville in... 1959, because while I was there, I graduated from high school in 1960.

All this being in and out of the hospitals, you were able to keep up with your high school work?

Yeah, more or less. Sometimes, I mean, I was a good student, but so exhausted and so just... so frightened. A friend of mine gets very angry when I talk about the doctors at that time, like when I got up at Mayo. Because I was crying all the time, they deemed that I should see a psychiatrist. My friend said, "What were you supposed to be doing at fourteen, fifteen years old and your life is falling apart and you don't know what the heck's happening?!" Apparently, they thought I should be doing something else.

Were you in pain?

No. Very little pain through all this... just weaker and there was more inability to do stuff.

Was it like Guillain-Barré Syndrome?

That's what they thought it was at first, reaction to the vaccine, but it wasn't. There were kids at St. Francis at the time, that were in there as a reaction, Guillain-Barré reaction to the Salk vaccine. My dad even contacted Dr. Salk, who essentially said, "I'm sorry, we know this is happening, but we can't afford the publicity. There's just too much good coming out of it."

But they ruled that out, though?

Yeah.

But they couldn't really, I mean it wasn't classic, but...

Right, and in 1993, about every twenty years, it seemed, I had an opportunity for another try at a diagnosis. In 1993, it was down at the Muscular Dystrophy Association Clinic. Dr. Giuliani down there said he felt like a detective on a forty-year mystery case, where all the witnesses are missing or dead, you know and that's when I put this album together. Because they were saying, "What came first, the legs and feet or the arms and hands?" After all those years, I could not remember, and the pictures don't really show that. He did testing and consulting, and what he came up with was a self-limiting, rare non-familial self-limiting ALS [amyotrophic lateral sclerosis]. Pretty early onset for ALS, and certainly self-limiting, if that's what it was. But the same week, out in California, my dad's sister was being diagnosed with ALS. Yeah, non-familial. Mainly, I think because she refused to tell them. You know, you fill out all these little papers and it says, "any family members with a neuro-muscular condition?" and she put, "No."

I was so excited because I thought our doctors, you know... And she was so terrified and she said "No, I need the attention. I can't afford for him to become sidetracked." I think it was also an Old Country thing. My dad's parents were both born in Scotland and, I think, there was that stigma of, "Oh, my gosh, don't let it come from this side of the family." Don't let the--so I think there was a lot of stuff at work there.

So let's follow the ALS path. Has it progressed over the years or has it...?

I've gotten better. I got stabilized and then somewhat better. Yeah, I'll show you the album later. I mean, I looked positively anorexic. I was just a skeleton. No strength in my legs, and only, still only the use of my left arm. But there was a time there when it started to turn around. And they think a lot of it was I was as disabled on the inside as I was on the outside. And a lot of that turned around.

What made that turn around?

I think God made that turn around. I know He did. It's just, um... When you came into the door, I said, "Welcome to my miracle," because eleven years ago I would not have bet that I'd be living here independently.

My mom, I don't think we could add up two years of days that she wasn't my only caregiver. She, from the time I was born, except for the times I was in the hospital, in rehab, at camp when I was a kid, she was my caregiver and very territorial.

End of Track 1

I loved genealogy, and the minute I searched, I found cousins in Britain, and one of them has visited a number of times. She's a retired nurse midwife. Perfectly capable and willing to do my personal care, and that was fine with me, just to give my mom a break—very threatening. So my mom got sick and, well, she was sick a long time and she finally admitted it about five months before she died. And had to go in and out of the hospital at that time, and that's the first that I really had other home caregivers. But when she died

five months later, it was all up and running. Caregivers were set up and it was a terrible but neat turnaround, in that when I had her home, I had her by myself, after the caregiver would leave in the morning. They would also take care of her, and then one would come in in the evening. In between those times and during the night, it would be me. And that was a blessing, a bitter blessing, but a blessing.

She had Alzheimer's. And she had pulmonary fibrosis, so it was a challenge.

So were you... You were in a chair at that time?

Yes, In a power chair. I wish it had not taken so long for them to get me into a power chair.

Who is "they?"

I guess Harmarville. You know. Whatever powers that be, with Medicare and stuff like that.

Now this one is my bed. It lays out flat. I couldn't stay here by myself if I was trapped in bed, and bed is... My friend... well, back up... in 1972 or 1973, my mom had a cerebral aneurysm that required brain surgery, and these friends that we had met at the church we were in at the time... we'd only known them a little over a year. I called her and said something was happening.

So, she came up. Well, she and her daughter came up and they called the ambulance. They took mom to the hospital, and she went back and forth between her house and mine. Fortunately, her kids were teenagers and responsible, so she was able to leave them overnight to be here. She did that for two weeks until her husband came back from Europe. He was on a business trip, and they prayed about it and talked about it with the family, and took me into their home for five months. Her husband went into the ICU to talk with my mom; and he said, "Whatever happens, Carole won't be left alone."

You would have thought that that would have encouraged her. It pulled the rug out from under her for awhile. It was her territory. It was being taken away. It was her reason for living. But she did rally and thought I should be coming back up here a long time before I did. Finally almost five months to the day, was able to come home... a big miracle.

So how long ago was that?

That was in '72 or '73, and then again when she got sick in '97. Well Jan, this friend who had taken her to the doctor and then took her to the hospital. But she was not a happy camper. Did not like that. But again, Jan stayed up here for a while. Then again, with Alzheimer's, you kind of struggle to get things done because the other person thinks they've already been done. There were a number of things like that, but Jan was so excited to be able to get me into bed, and get me out of this wheelchair. I couldn't stand it. It was awful.

You laid in the bed?

Yeah. It was terrible. I couldn't move. I mean, once I got there, that's where I couldn't turn over, you know. It drove them crazy up at Harmarville until Dr. Brennis told them, "Leave her alone," because they wanted, understandably, turn you every two hours. All that did was break up my night's sleep. I was exhausted!

Do you have sensation? Why did they turn you?

That was another key issue. In the diagnosis, back at the beginning when I was so emotionally overwrought, it appeared, even on the testing, that I had sensory deprivation and craziness. They would put the needle in one place and I could feel it an inch further, you know.

About... Oh gosh, I can't tell you. A number of decades later, I can't tell you, I was having the same test up at Harmarville and probably had just gotten the courage to say, "Slow down!" And when she slowed down, I've gotten every one right ever since. I've never failed a sensory test since then.

But back at the beginning, I've gathered together statements by the early doctors, and several of them, if it wasn't for the sensory involvement, would say that it was muscular dystrophy. But because they felt there was sensory involvement, they couldn't come to that conclusion.

You look like muscular dystrophy, if I can say that. I mean, other people that I know who have muscular dystrophy, they have the way your arms are and the way you move. It looks very, very, very similar to muscular dystrophy.

I have never been diagnosed.

We always want answers, don't we?

We do, and a lot of what I'm probably going to say, is pretty much, in retrospect, I found recently. a friend of mine is involved now with VCR [Vocational Rehabilitation], and I said to her, "I'm one of their failures. I flunked VCR." And that's why I still want to get back to Bill and say, "Why did you recommend me for this?" Because within the disability community, I feel like a failure. I wasn't out there working. I wasn't, you know, and only, only recently I'm thinking "You know, when all is said and done, I'm going to find out this was a gift from God. I never would have gotten where I am without it."

You're not a failure, and when you hear this final product that we're putting together, you will hear that. Everybody's story is so different, and there's not one picture of a person with a disability. People work, they don't work. They go out, they don't go out. I mean, it's all over the place.

Well, there's also a lot less measuring of right and wrong now.

End of Track 2

We notice the walkway up into the woods up there. Would you like to take the chair out there?

I can't. I would like somebody to do that. It is mainly now just a place to mow, but I... although, right here, if you're talking about the little park, yeah.

Yes. You can go up there.

Yes.

But you can't go back?

No. Not way in the back.

Why?

It's too uneven. The chair is too unstable to do that.

Do you think the chair will fall over?

I think. Or, at least it makes me feel uneasy.

What is this chair?

Permobil.

It is a Permobil?

Yeah.

It lays flat, but does it also rise?

It rises. That's how I get most of my bath in the kitchen sink by rising up high and putting my feet in.

Yeah, people pay big money for sinks like that.

I know.

Did you have any brothers or sisters?

No. Only child.

So that lady that was here, is she...

Caregiver, morning caregiver, a weekday morning caregiver.

She's been with you awhile?

She came two years ago in January.

Did you find her or did somebody send her?

That's one of my miracles. My aunt has been a resident out at Sunrise in Monroeville in their Alzheimer community for seven years. She's... Right now I'm anticipating a phone call that she's going home. She began, I think, shutting down on Friday.

I met a number of people out there, and one, well, two of the ladies, even though their husbands have died, they keep coming back to feed the residents. The one lady was feeding my aunt. When she found out that the caregiver I had was leaving and I had no idea who I was going to get, she has a friend who's a nurse, who had a friend, who had a friend, you know? And that led to Janet. And I've done, I'm on a Class program, but I've done all my own hiring. There's been a couple of rough roads but, essentially, it's been great, and I've had great women. Janet is certainly one of them. Her lady that she was taking care of was up here at Seneca Place and had died recent to when she was told I needed somebody. She has had so many losses in her life that right around that time, that she wasn't sure she wanted to get that close to anybody any more. Or, whether she wanted... well, she's going to have to get back to work, but she wasn't sure that's what she wanted to do. But she decided to give me a try, and we just think so much alike. We just hit it off right away.

Does she live near you?

About ten minutes away on Jefferson Road. And my other caregiver lives right down the hill here. She's been with me, it will be ten years.

Is she an older lady?

No. She's in her late thirties. When my girls leave, they usually leave, and I always encourage them, hard as it is, if there are benefits, you know, larger salary, they've got to move on. They've got to. I mean, I add to what Class gives, but I can't add enough to make up for a good job with benefits.

So, somebody comes in the morning and somebody comes in the evening?

Late afternoon. In order to keep a caregiver, toward the end of the day, I said, you know, this gal went on to work at the school. I said, "Would you come if you can, right after school."

If I'm having company or like this afternoon, I'm going out to visit my aunt and I won't be home until maybe 8:00, 8:30. She's also working another job, at Green Oaks Country Club, so she'll come here after that.

Does she have a family?

They have no children. They do have two puppies, a three-year-old and a four-month old. They have kids. And the Lab, the three-year-old, comes up with her on Saturday mornings. And he gets so excited. He knows what day it is. He knows when he is going to come. But now when he gets here, he finally goes to sleep. He's so tired from the... It's a Rotweiller puppy and he just...

And the cat, he gets along with...?

Or, gets up high.

So they come seven days a week?

Yeah.

Morning and late afternoon?

Afternoon and evening, yeah.

Does she make dinner for you?

I've gotten to the place where I'm eating most of my big meals at breakfast, and then eating a salad and fruit at dinnertime, or Stouffers. Thank you, God, for Stouffers.

Did you ever try Marie Callender's frozen dinners?

I love them, but I'm outgrowing my wheelchair. I was actually in a Marie Callender Restaurant out in California years ago. So, it's all kinds of comfort food for me.

But I did, it might help someone, have a major event in my life last December 14th. Both from my years of personal experience of having gastro-intestinal problems, and a family has a history of colon cancer, I should have had a colonoscopy years and years ago, but my doctor could never find anybody who could set it up so that Medicare would pay for it in the hospital. But she did and told me about it. In September, I reached the point where I was going to go over the edge. I was just--not having 24/7 caregivers was just... So they had brought a group of doctors out from West Penn out to the Forbes Campus of West Penn, and she said they were really creative in doing this kind of thing. It was Dr. McCormick, and he and his staff were beyond belief. They not only set up for me to have the colonoscopy in the hospital, they prepared the hospital staff.

Now, this friend of mine I've been talking about, my godfamily, she and her daughter were with me. I don't think I could have done it without them. They did the turning. But understanding, nobody making me feel like they were standing there tapping their toes, wishing I would get out of their way. And that was just amazing. And the test turned out fine. In the meantime, he had talked to me about a colostomy, and I opted to do it. What a great decision! What a great decision! I take care of it myself. So I don't have to panic if there's no caregiver for the day. I think that the darkness and dread of it came between the October colonoscopy and the December surgery. There was a lot of struggle then and I got a call that there's a problem with my EKG. Two days before the surgery, and I would not be able to have surgery unless we cleared this up.

So, at that point, I had to really fight for it, which made a difference in adjusting to it. So, my doctor's office did get me an appointment with a cardiologist, and it was only. When I saw the EKG page, it looked like somebody had taken a close up of somebody's tweed coat. I mean, what my doctor was going by, apparently the machine itself is diagnostic. It will print out at least points of concern, and there was enough of those to warrant seeing someone. So, that got all cleared up, and I should tell you, the day before the colonoscopy, the son in my godfamily, rented a wheelchair van,

End of Track 3

so his mom and sister could take me up to his new place in Indiana, PA. That was wonderful. But it was also wonderful that he kept it another day, so they could get me to the hospital and back. Wow, what a difference, rather than trying to set up... Although hospitals are really good about that.

About what?

Setting up transport back from the hospital. It didn't used to be. I used to wait hours and hours; but my last last experiences, they've been really good, at least at Forbes. So, I decided before the surgery I would rent the van. And it just really helped a lot. A lot.

So, your heart's okay now?

Yeah, no. It was fine.

Let's talk a little bit about transportation. Like you're going to see your aunt...?

ACCESS.

ACCESS. And do they drive all the way up? Do they drive up the driveway? They don't make you come all the way down to the street? Do they? What? Tell me.

(2nd voice) There's a corner, like a sharp turn right there!

Keep talking, ladies.

I don't want to get any ACCESS drivers into trouble. Technically, they are not allowed to come up anybody's driveway. The guys have known me for umpteen billion years. All but three current ACCESS drivers come up in the yard.

Can you get down that driveway in your chair? It's not that steep?

Um-hmm. I mean, I go next door to my neighbor's. I go to her house, across her front yard. But I fought with them for years about it, and I got, I had gone to the doctor at Penn Center and they charged me ten tickets over. When I was coming back it was five, and I said to the driver, "This was ten." He said, "Well, it was says five here." So, I knew I would be getting a letter, saying I owed them five, and I did. And I thought "You know what? My neighbor said there is no morea bus line out here now."

So, I called down to Port Authority, and they confirmed that there wasn't.

And so I called the lady who sent me the letter, Lisa, and told her, and she said, "I'll send you an appeal form, and just put on there what you was told me." She said, "Thank you so much for doing our homework, and finding out that there isn't bus service." The Port Authority told me my closest bus stop is four blocks away. I don't know if you know this area well enough to know Rosedale Street? It's right up here to the right. I used to walk up it, up and down. But there's no sidewalks between here and there.

My conditions, ACCESS say that you're five feet away from quickly moving traffic.

Well, you can't stop out in the the street. I mean, you're in the street! If the van stops down there, they're blocking traffic. And that's what they expect them to do?

Um-hmm.

Oh, that's craziness.

Yeah, and when the buses stopped here, in the beginning there wasn't room to put the lift down, but they were still doubling my tickets on days that, you know?. Then the road was widened. Then I met, uh, was it Judy Dick?

Polly.

Polly Dick, down at a concert in Oakland, and we were talking so she looked into it, and she sent someone out, and they said, no, there was room to get the bus lift down. They can pull off, just enough. But on at least one, if not two blind curves.

What about in the wintertime? Are you supposed to go down that driveway?

Well, wintertime is a real frustrating time because ACCESS isn't allowed to deal with you if there's any snow or ice on your walk or drive. And to get a gravel driveway. You can't do that.

I had one young caregiver tell me once, "Oh yeah, it's fine out here." So I didn't cancel, And I went out, and this one where he could not get up the driveway. It was thick with ice, and my wheel was thick with ice. I slid to the garage. The driver did walk up, which he wasn't allowed to do, and at least helped me get back to the bottom of the ramp so I could get back in again. But it's always that "Do I cancel? Do I..." You know.

Why can't they come to the door?

Generally speaking, they're afraid, or I imagine they've been sued for vehicles, that do damage to asphalt or a concrete driveway. The drivers keep telling them, "You can't damage this driveway. It's drivable. There's no asphalt," but they are adamant.

Now, they did have one safety director, a lot of the drivers go by this, it's in the records, his record; that, yes, to come up here. They were allowed. But ones after that have said "No," so I don't want to get ACCESS drivers into trouble, but...

That's crazy.

It is crazy. I feel like it's a little kingdom unto itself.

Can't you checkmark or flag something that says, "I am liable for whatever damage may be caused to my driveway"?

Well, so many ACCESS things are inherent in any service like that. I mean, it's a shared ride. If you don't take a book or knitting or something with you, God bless you, because all you're gonna do is complain and yell. People who have ridden ACCESS for a long time should know by now that that is the case, and the scheduling is absolutely crazy. Of course, the drivers get yelled at, but it's the schedule that's the culprit. I was hoping that First Transit was going to be different, but it isn't.

Is that your carrier?

They bought Laidlaw. So, so far it isn't. The only difference seems to be chartreuse with light lilac vests.

Carole, what do you do every day?

What do I do every day? Right now exhaustion is becoming a major culprit. It's always been a major part of this, but it is increasing. So Kitty and I take two or three naps a day, mainly because I can't sit up any longer. I've just got to lie down. The last... oh, I'm not good at math... six and a half, seven years, it's been at least one day a week with my aunt. One day a month it's at Harmarville.

What do you go to Harmarville for?

A catheter change.

Oh, you go as a patient. I thought you were doing some...

No, No. I mean, that's when Bill and I started to reacquaint ourselves...

End of Track 4

But since all the cutbacks up there. He's there Monday and Wednesday. His office is open Monday and Wednesday, and the lab is open Tuesday and Thursday.

But that's given me an opportunity to get to know Doris, and I love that.

Who's Doris?

Bill's wife.

I recently met her and, you know, I've known him for years.

Yeah, forever. He worked at Harmarville on Gulf Lab Road when I was a patient there in 1960. So, I always tell him, "I always looked up to you."

And then Bonnie Sherry Almassy, was the one that got me involved with Spinal Cord Injury Newsletter, and that put me on the Board, which put me back with Bill and a number of other people I've kept in touch with.

I wonder how Bonnie is doing?

She's doing fine. Her daughter, Logan, is in her first year of college.

I haven't seen her since I left Harmarville. I still have a table she gave me.

Well, Carole, do you go out much?

Yeah, when I'm able. I mean, other than these things that I have to do. After that I'm learning now that I shouldn't do two things, two days out in a row. So, I'm starting to have to ration that way. But, yeah, when the opportunity presents itself and ACCESS can take me.

What has been the biggest struggle through your life?

I think within myself. Getting past and I'm still getting past all of this, whatever that is, the inner disability, the fears. You know, I wasn't kidding when I said when this gal,

maybe twenty years ago now, was doing that sensory testing and I said, "Slow down!" I was absolutely unable to say that. I mean, they were the professionals, and who am I to question? So, I was just constantly a victim. I've come a long ways out of that. That has been--and outside of me--a major one at ACCESS.

You mean ACCESS in general or ACCESS Transportation?

Transportation...and not just having to wait for them. That's just part of it, but the struggle with conditions, you know, double tickets, and trying to--I mean, they totally disregarded two doctors' letters.

Was that when they did all the cut backs? Would this bus stop change, would that be like a cut back?

Within a year, yeah. I had to watch my prayers, because I wanted to pray that they would take the busline away, but I knew that, like people that work up at like Seneca really needed it.

Well, they don't have to walk too far, then, to get the bus. If you work out there?

Not too far. About a block and a half. Two blocks. It's right here at the bend.

So, what are you most proud of?

I'm most grateful for the opportunity to be independent. It still, whenever I get down, if I stop and look at my life, I say, "Wow!" It still takes my breath away. "Wow!" I think maybe that's why God let all those doors stay closed up until... well, they began to open little by little, but that major door that I sit back and, "Wow!" They had to stay closed so I could see. It was a gift; it was just a gift.

Do you get to go to church?

No, I don't anymore.

It's too hard for you?

Yes. Yeah. And I'll you what--I've learned more about the body of Christ through the family that's close to me. I mean, personal care and provision. And, when I met Polly Dick, it was down at CMU when they were filming *This Land is Your Land*, and it was one of the Rick Sebak, um.... And the family, the son of the family got tickets for that, and they included me in it. Just things like that, it's absolutely mindboggling. And neighbors. My neighbor was here before I was. And now she's a widow. When my dad died--my dad died when he was fifty-four, and my mom had thirty years of widowhood, almost exactly, and when he died, my neighbor just considered himself a surrogate father even though I was twenty-six years old. But he was the handyman, and we were invited over there. We were part of family and I still am.

So the wife is still...

Yeah, we're celebrating her ninetieth birthday on Sunday. And she's expecting her third great grandchild. She's got two sons and a daughter that are as close to me as if they were my own brothers and sisters.

So you go over there and visit. Are you able to get into their house?

Um-hmm. Her husband built a portable ramp for the other side so that when they know I'm coming, they put that up. I wouldn't do it by myself.

So, she's not over there by herself?

Yeah, she is, but when the family--the family still gathers. It's one of those old, really loyal, loving families, and that front porch area goes two-thirds of the way around the house. It's all porch, with swings, sitting areas, and a ping pong table and... The children in the neighborhood loved it when her friends or her neighbors were growing up. Her grandkids and great grandkids love it now.

(Comment about house numbers)

And it doesn't help that mine's 5527, and my neighbor is 5571.

I can imagine how confusing that must be.

You didn't notice the whole housing plan between our houses?

Is there anything else you wanted to tell us that I haven't asked you?

Umm, nothing comes to mind.

A lot of the offices I go into, do you know Gary Breisinger? Harmarville Counselor?

I know that name. I just can't put a face to it.

When I was a patient of his, between his office and my dentist's office yesterday, there was a printout, called *Attitude*, and it's by Chuck Swendall. He has a ministry out in Texas now. The bottom line of it is that, no matter what happens to you, it's your attitude that determines what it does to you...

End of Track 5

and what it does to your life. Like I said, I just will not... I will be surprised if at the end of it all, it's not a gift from God. It's just got to be. He's made such provision for me, it's just amazing.

Well, you've got to do it better.

And without those back claws.

See, "Ask me about my words of wisdom: Keep your dogs to yourself, and the treats handy."

She won't eat people food, hardly at all.

The house is very peaceful. (conversation among interviewers) Who does the dusting?

That's the only thing. There's just so much upkeep that's not getting done.

You have a whole upstairs? Nobody's up there?

Mm-hmm, two bedrooms and a bathroom, and attic. I had my aunt here for four months before she went into Sunrise, and we ended up hiring overnight care. But even with that, with a baby gate at the top of the stairs, it was beyond us.

She just didn't know what was happening. But then that's a whole other struggle. Wherever you go, whether it's Harmarville, ACCESS, Sunrise, administration is just, I don't know. It's like people do a really good job and they get promoted, and a really good job and they get promoted, and there's one too many promotions, and they're out of their element. They're great people, you look at ACCESS, I love the managers, there are two gals, and I love them, they're great to me, but they're managers.

Tony, do you have anything else to say?

(difficult to hear)

That's like kind of another facet of what we were saying about "What is a Failure?" And, there's always other people's expectations of what you're capable of.

I'll tell you, Carole, people in general, no matter where they work, have it rough out there, whether they're working or not working. Everybody that you talk to has a story. But that was a surprise to me.

(more conversation, difficult to hear)