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ENG 100

Life Choice Memoir

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I have many experiences in my life that have shaped me to become the person that I am today. Through all my experiences the most life changing experience has been when I became a CNA and had to make a choice whether to follow with what would be practical so I can keep my job or follow the morals that my mother has instilled in me. I remember when I first decided to become a CNA I was 20 years old and always had this love and desire to help other people who could not help themselves. I come from a family that are in the medical field, for instance my grandmother was a nurse along with my Uncle Joe and Aunt Martha. Having a job as a CNA would be my idea of a stepping stone to become a registered nurse later on in my life. I can still feel the cool crisp air through my window as I read my job acceptance letter to work for Manor Care Nursing Home. I attended a CNA program with the Red Cross and gained all the training that I needed to properly work effectively as a CNA.

After I finished my required training, I applied for a job at a nursing home this was the first nursing home that I have ever been to and heard many negative stories from my family and friends and did not know what to expect. I accepted the job offer gladly and began to work the second shift 3-11pm. The days were not that bad just the nights because it seemed like I could never find any help with my residents during the second half of my shift. I became comfortable in my new work environment and relying on myself to lift the residents and providing the care that they needed and deserved. I started to enjoy my job and I became so acquainted with my coworkers and clients so I thought. The incident that changed my life and outlook on how people actually are vs what they portray to you can be a complete lie. I was on my second week at the job and I had to shadow another CNA learning different skills and having differ patients. The patients that I was caring for were recovering from serious strokes. My coworker an older lady who has been working for that nursing home for over 18 years was showing me the routine of the residents and how to care for them. We were notified by the charge nurse that one of our residents were going to have family member’s visits him at lunch time. I was then instructed to help her move him out of the bed, he had suffered from various heart attacks and strokes which left him not being to able to move his legs that well but could move his arms with little control. The client also has problems with his speech so he was not able to communicate his needs to us.

My coworker than asked me to help her dress the client so he will be ready for his family’s visit during the lunch time. In the process of trying to get the client ready with his shirt he was being very difficult with all his struggling with his arms and we could not get his shirt on him. I could see how frustrated my coworker was becoming with this resident and I asked her “maybe we should call a nurse to help us” she then replied, “she was getting this shirt on whether he would cooperated or not.’’ She then slapped him across the face, I told her to stop and I ran to report the incident to the charge nurse. Running to the nurse’s station I could feel my legs getting weaker and weaker, I was so upset and angry. I never thought someone could treat a human being in that kind of manner. I wanted to I informed the charge nurse of what just happened to the resident that I was assigned to for that week. As I stopped to catch my breath, I noticed how young the charge nurse appeared. She was not in full scrubs uniform , she looked like a teenager on a day job who had no clue on what to do . She looked confused as I was trying to convey what had happened. She stopped me for a second to ask my name, I looked at her bedazzled because I have been reporting to this lady for about 3 weeks now. Surprised how she did not know my name and I felt so disrespected and small.

When the nurse came in the room with me, my coworker just denied everything that happened and said that I was lying. My coworker than assured the charge nurse that the client was ok and that I did not see clearly as she was putting on the client’s shirt. She explained that the client was just being difficult and I was not use to or didn’t understand how the CNA’s deal with their clients. The nurse then told me that there was nothing she could do because it was a he said she said situation and that the client looked ok and of course the resident could not speak or defend himself. I was so upset and felt sorry for the resident that was slapped he did not deserve to be treated like that. I quite that night, I told myself I would not work for a place that did not care about their residents in the way that they should.

I realized the stories that my family and friends told me about nursing homes and how the residents could be mistreated were often true. That night just changed my whole perspective of what I was expecting to gain from being a CNA and I did not want to be associated with a job that allows me little say when it comes to being able to support the residents.