

Nursing Care Centre in Arichat, N.S.). I was to stay here temporarily until there was an opening in Sydney.

At first, I was really upset. I was so far from home and I did not know anyone. But after I was here for two weeks I called my sister and told her I was not going to take the transfer to Sydney that I had put in for. People were really nice here and I did not want to leave. Both the residents and the staff just made me feel so welcome. I knew that if I went to Sydney I would not get the care that I get here.

My sister is here almost every week and we go to Port Hawkesbury for the day to go shopping. She still pays for all my medications. But, thankfully, I am no longer on as many as before because I am doing much better. She always asks how I am, it seems like she is never concerned for herself, and, if I ever need anything, I know she would do whatever she can for me.

THE END



MY SISTER

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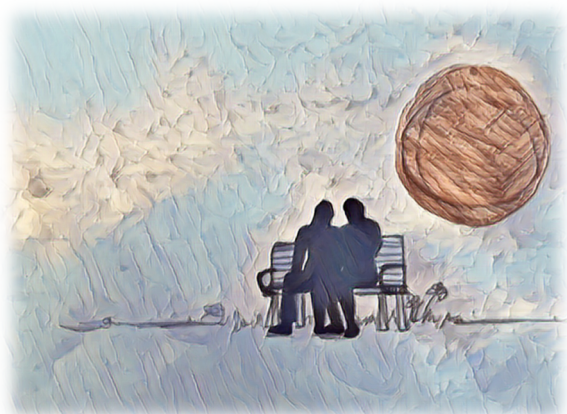


My name is Marjorie Roston and I am only 54 years old. This story is about Inez, my sister. She is my rock and the one person I can truly depend on.

We grew up in Sydney. It was good. We were never in want or need of anything. There were five children in the family. I am in the middle and my sister is the oldest. She is four years older than me. I also have three brothers.

We would go skating and swimming. We were always gone in the summer when it was nice - going for drives to different beaches and camping. We would sit and sing with dad while he played the guitar - old county like Merle Haggard and Kris Kristofferson.

My sister's kids are like my kids and her grandchildren are like my grandchildren. I know that if anything ever happened to me she would be the first person my kids would turn to. I have two kids. My son Jerry is 25 and my daughter Kelsey is 22. They both live in Calgary.



I took sick in 2013 and spent most of that year in the hospital. My diabetes attacked my heart, my kidneys and my eyesight all at once. I spent a month in Halifax and the rest in Sydney. When I got home at the end of December, my husband, who was working out west then, said he was leaving me and that was the end of that. My sister was by my side throughout that whole year. She has been by my side for everything.

I had to figure out what I was going to do. We were living with my dad before he passed away in 2012. But all I had was disability so after he passed away I could not keep the house. I went to live with my sister in Framboise. I had so many appointments, and my sister and her husband took care of me and gave me anything I needed or wanted.

As I was recovering my legs were not getting any stronger and I started having falls. My family doctor made an appointment with the neurologist and did what I called the torture test. But, I could not feel anything below my knees. He also did an MRI on my neck and shoulders and found I had bone deterioration, causing a bone to press on my spinal cord. I had to see the neurosurgeon. My sister and I were waiting to go into the OR for surgery but it did not happen. My creatine levels were too high.

I stayed with my sister for a year but was in the hospital a few times. I had to think really hard about this, but I told her I could not go back to her house. I knew if I did not say something she would not have said anything either. She had to shower me, dress me and we did not get homecare. So, I went to stay in the hospital. I was in Cape Breton Regional Hospital for about four or five months before I got the call to come here (St. Anne Community and