

What hats they wear

What hats they wear, what hats you ask? Where do you try to start Its so rewarding just to work and mean it from the heart.

There's planning and the calendar, let's not forget the 'state'

They should be here at any time, you hope they think you're great.

The arts and crafts and bookings of the singers and the fun Sometimes at night you leave so late, the work is never done

The paperwork and careplans that you try so hard to write The conferences and phone calls that can last into the night

The task of keeping closets neat and rolodexes clean The yellowed cards with crossed out names, and you know what I mean

The cancellations, calling out, and staff who sit and stare The interviews with little luck from those who seem to care

The boss who always seems to check to see your work is done The maintenance guys who have the tables set exactly right at 1:00

Defending til your dying day you aren't the Bingo queen You're much more than people know, The lives you've touched and seen

The holidays to banks and schools, mean nothing to you now Where you work needs fun and love, you'll make it work somehow

The budget that you try to stay within the right amount There's always one supply or two that you forgot to count

The miracles, the smiles, and the laughter that you see Is all because recreation has helped so lovingly.

You won't become a millionaire in this line of work But you'll be rich deep in your heart, and that's the greatest perk.

Susan Dunn

Connor-Williams nursing home

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