



February 2019

Grandparents

Wyatt Hill

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology

Recommended Citation

Hill, Wyatt (2019) "Grandparents," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 4 , Article 14.
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss4/14

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Monographs at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

Grandparents

By: Wyatt Hill

I wasn't too excited about spending the summer taking care of my grandparents. It's not what every 17-year-old boy has in mind. But my grandfather came down with a serious illness about a year ago from today. The doctors said it was a death sentence and he would be dead within the year if we removed him from the hospital. What the doctors didn't anticipate is that he would receive excellent care at his own home. My mother has been a nurse for nearly 20 years; she has had plenty of experience taking care of elderly people. But she could not be there for him every day, so asked me if I could fill in for her. I thought it was going to be awful taking care of my old grandparents from eight to eight. I was-

she
n't ex-

pecting my view of them to be changed forever and my view on all elderly people to be changed.

On my first day there I had my mother showing me what to do, and the first thing I realized was how much they needed help. They could barely do anything on their own! When they to do something, they would nearly fall or hurt themselves in the process. My grandfather had no idea what medicines to take or when to take them. Also he would never take his breathing treatments unless someone made him. My sweet grandmother would try to take care of him as best as she could, but she is 83 and has had troubles taking care of her own self. It never came to my attention how much they needed the help until I was there. I also believed it would be a boring job, which changed quickly.

At first I thought there was a smell, like how old people have that distinct old person smell. It turned out to be just vinegar my grandmother was drinking. I still have no idea why she would drink that dreadful stuff. It was also very loud with loud music playing, both grandparents yelling at each other (not intentionally), and the TV blaring. Both my grandparents are a little deaf. My grandfather wears hearing aids that don't ever seem to work, and my grandmother is too proud to admit that she has hearing damage. So there is a lot of noise all the time. They also need to be fed. My grandparents can't get up and drive to the grocery store. My granddad tried and wound up running through homeland with his car! I try to fix them food that tastes okay but I am not the best chef. When taking care of people for 12 hours a day, for weeks at a

(Continued on page 15)

time, you tend to really talk to someone and learn about their past. I wasn't expecting my grandfather to have that interesting of a past until I got to know him.

After taking care of them for a couple weeks my grandfather told me stories about whenever he was in WW2. About how he fought for our country and was placed all over the world at different locations. He was in the air force and his job was someone who mapped out where bombs would be dropped in Japan. He also remembered when they stormed the beach on Normandy. How the enemy was hiding in the trees picking us off like flies. There is never a dull moment with my granddad. He has so many interesting stories about his childhood that is different from ours today. These are the people that are wise and have lived long fulfilled lives and should be treated with the utmost respect. Sure they can be grumpy sometimes, for example about halfway through the summer I told my granddad to breathe through his oxygen tube, which he has heard a thousand times. His response made me laugh.

"Boy I oughta slap you", he said in his grumpy raspy voice. What he didn't realize was my grandmother walking around the corner! He was in some serious trouble. She scolded him for hours and still will not let him live it down.

Just because they become grumpy and impatient doesn't give us the right to neglect our interesting important people and we wouldn't be alive without them. I went over to take care of them this past summer thinking with would be a drag. I ended up learning a lot about how the past was and the hardships that our elders went through to give us this brighter future. I learned a newfound respect for our elders. We should spend time with them for what precious little time we have left. They may look old and wrinkly and maybe even smell of vinegar, but they are the sweetest people and all they want is to talk to their family a bit. They deserve at least that much respect. I am eternally grateful that I spent time with them this summer and really got to know them. For they are truly wonderful interesting people, and I'm proud to say that my grandfather is alive today because of the good care he receives from his family.

