Why?

I walk into the room and Nicky smiles
Claps her hands
And tries to call my name.
I sit down beside her
She puts her head on my shoulder
Snuggles for a minute then says, “Nice.”
This is why I came . . .

Nula comes stumbling up to me
Left hand extended to shake
And says, between missing teeth,
“I miss you, I miss you”
She tries to share some bit of news
Then moves on to the next person.
This is why I came . . .

Nula takes a seat beside Nicky
Neither can really communicate
Verbally
Yet they understand one another and
Hold hands
Comfort without judgment.
This is why I came . . .

Helen’s call interrupted my sleep
I went to her
Often she only wanted someone

To sit with her

She knew she was dying and got scared

At night.

This is why I came . . .

Seriously soiled laundry to be washed

Meals to be prepared

Bathrooms to be scrubbed

Daily

Pauline’s malformed arm slides around my waist

Squeezes tight as she says “I love you.”

This is why I came . . .

To serve.

Margaret Hughes

L’Arche

Cork Ireland

Margaret is a current BVSer from Unit #297