

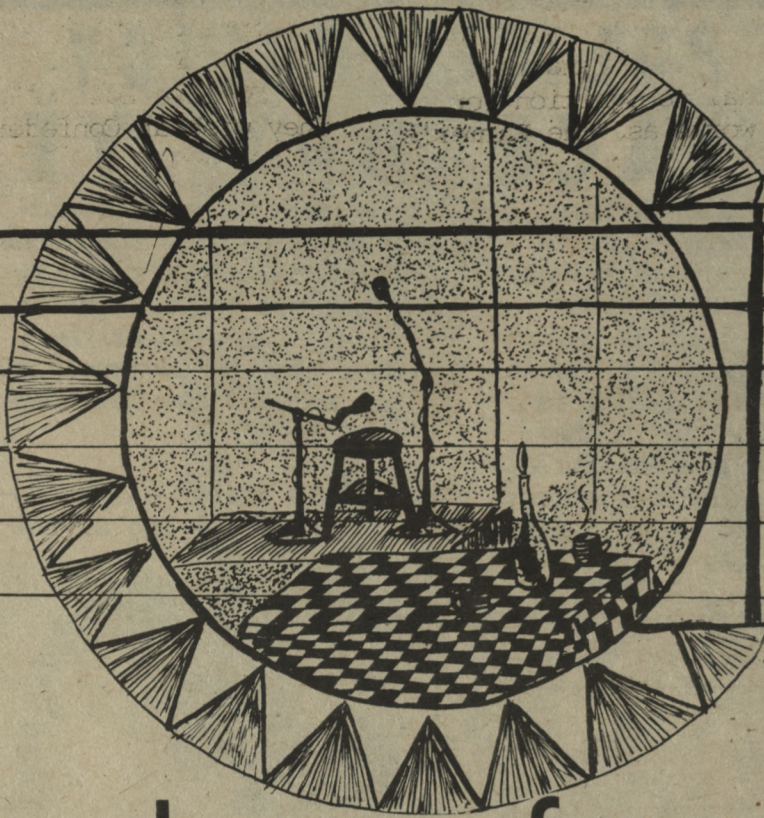
THE EXCHANGE

WELCOMES YOU

at the Chaplaincy Centre

WED.
November 30,

8:30 — 11:30



★ ACROSS FROM THE KELLY BUILDING

'a coffee house for everyone'

CORNER

CULTURE

DRINK

DRINK

The below appeared when an old lady died in the Geriatric Ward of a hospital near Dundee, Scotland. It was felt that she had left nothing of any value then the nurses going through her possessions found this poem. The quality of it so impressed the staff, copies were duplicated and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.

A CRABBIT OLD WOMAN WROTE THIS

What do you see nurse, what do you see?
What are you thinking when you are looking
at me-
A crabbit old woman, not very wise.
Uncertain of habit, with far away eyes,
Who dribbles her food and makes no reply
When you say in a loud voice-"I wish you'd
try",
Who seems not to notice the things that
you do,
And forever is losing a stocking or shoe...
Who, unresisting or not, lets you do as you
will,
With bathing and feeding, the long day to
fill.
Is that what you are thinking; is that
what you see?
-I'll tell you who I am- I'm a small child
of three.
A young girl of sixteen, with wings on
her feet,
Dreaming that soon now a lover she'll meet;
A bride soon at twenty-my heart gives a
leap,
Remembering the vows that I promised to
keep;
At twenty-five now I have young of my own,
Who needs me to build a secure, happy home;
A woman of thirty, my young now grow fast,
Bound to each other with ties that should
last.

At forty, my young sons have grown and
are gone,
But my man's beside me to see I don't
mourn;
At fifty, once more babies play round my
knee,
Again we know children my loved one and me.
Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead,
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing young of
their own,
And I think of the years and the love
that I've known.
I'm now an old woman and nature is cruel-
'Tis just to make old age look like a fool.
The body it crumbles; grace and vigour de-
part,
There is now a stone where I once had a
heart.
But inside this old carcass, a young girl
still dwells,
And now and again my battered heart swells.
And I remember the joys; I remember the
pain,
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years, all too few gone
too fast,
And accept the stark fact that nothing
can last.
So open your eyes nurses, open and see.
Not a crabbit old woman, look closer-
see me!

