

From: **Any Given Monday at Meadow Ridge** by Nan Gatewood Satter

Setting: A Continuing Care Facility somewhere in Connecticut

Grace: late 20s-early 40s

GRACE

I can't *stand* this. I took this stupid job because I thought I could help people get stronger and healthier and happier, but who am I fooling? *I* don't feel stronger. Or healthier. And I certainly don't feel happier. I feel *terrible*. I didn't think it would be that hard, working with people in their Golden Years. I thought it would be sweet to pep up the old guys and gals with music and exercise and a cheery smile every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 11 to noon—and don't be late! And then I could just leave, you know, and that would be that.

But that *isn't* that. I'm so angry at myself. Thinking I could just waltz in, do a good deed, and get paid for it—so it's not really a good deed now, is it, if I'm getting paid, but I wanted to think it was, I didn't want to admit my own selfish reasons for.... I'm so *stupid*. I am not cut out for this. I can't stand it when people die.