

There's No Place Like Home

by Amanda Fritz



I grew up with a love of medicine. How the human body functions and the way that the organs work in tandem to allow us to live and breathe absolutely fascinated me. I recall burying my nose in books on diabetes while others my age were busy reading the Babysitters Club series.

I was 31 years old before I finally worked up the courage to make the transition from loving the medical field from afar to making a career out of it, and I became a Certified Nurse's Aide and began working in a long-term care facility. I arrived each day eager to learn new information and thrilled to finally be a part of a field that I loved so much.

As I progressed in my career, I discovered that there was something that I loved more than the medicine: I loved the people. One thing that was almost always consistent with my patients was their wish to be able to go home. I saw daily how difficult it was for them to live out their last years in a foreign place and suffer the loss of their autonomy, their freedom, and their dignity.

In March of 2021, I was welcomed into the Arcadia Home Care family and was given the opportunity to not only provide patient care, but to provide that care as the patient enjoys the safe and familiar surroundings of their home. Instead of hearing "I want to go home," I now get to hear "This is my favorite chair" and "Do you see that clock? It was a surprise from my husband before he passed away. It's pretty, isn't it."

Thanks to the homecare field, stories are still being told, hands are still being held, laughs are still being shared, and fears are still being calmed. The sound of joy in their voices and the look of contentment on their faces is unparalleled; proving that the old adage still stands true. "There is no place like home."

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