



# The Best Few Words -- Being There in the Worst Times

*By Christi Diggs*

“We’re getting the paramedics in now!”

That was what the owner of my mother’s apartment community was relaying to me on the phone. I was driving (safely but with tears in my eyes) toward my mother’s apartment on the morning of March 23rd, 2018.

It was a Friday morning. I had just completed a weekly sales meeting with my manager and co-worker. Near the end of the conference call, my phone rang and a text popped up. It was the property owner. We had each other’s numbers. She’d helped me reach my mother before.

Usually, my mom would put her phone on silent at church and forget to turn it on. I’d call the home number leaving fervent messages on her answering machine—asking her to call me to let me know she was ok.

Most of the time she was.

But not this time.

This time it was different. But we didn’t know it yet. My resourceful mother, unable to get to her phone, grabbed her car remote after a fall — around 2 a.m. She constantly hit the emergency button until a neighbor called someone.

She lay there until nearly 10 a.m. Paramedics had to carry her out of her apartment. She was rushed to a nearby hospital where I met them. Worried about broken bones and a possible subdural hematoma — that’s what doctors told me.

## Something Wasn't Right

I couldn't spot any evidence of impact — like a knot on the head. But, something wasn't right.

Then, the ER doc started in — could be an internal brain bleed. She could die.

Fast-forward to March 2019. As it happened, there was a stroke on March 23rd. She was able to speak and comprehend but had some motor function seriously affected. Now, my mother is safely ensconced in what has turned out to be a perfect fit. She's in a family-owned senior living community now with a group of friends I have gotten to know as well.

Did I help choose her new home because of their amenity package? Or their cool website?

Any senior living developers or marketing companies will be disappointed to hear this, but no.

## My mother is there because of words.

In what was one of the toughest times in our family's life, my experience there was one of kind, with straight-forward words.

- **When I asked about cost?** Simple answer.
- **When I called with questions?** Calls were answered or returned quickly.
- **When I emailed?** Information was returned quickly, often giving tips for the transition.
- **When I asked about forms?** Offers to help were given — with more patience than I might have.
- **When I sat in the executive director's office crying?** No condescension or impatience but quiet, kind words.

True, I checked reviews and did a lot of research beforehand. But my final decision (along with my brother's) came simply down to words.

After getting knocked around by the life-altering words since March 23rd, the other ones can sure make a difference.

That's why I love what I do at [SeniorVu](#). We can't take the tears away. But, we are committed to providing the right words, on behalf of our community partners, at the right time — when families need to hear those words the most.



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