



Barbara, 79, lives in a first floor apartment in Park City, but to get to the door, one has to climb several stairs from ground level. All of the buildings in the apartment complex are two stories, but there are not elevators or accommodations for people with mobility issues.

Barbara answered the door, standing behind her walker. She is small and thin and wears an oxygen cannula with a tube trailing from the oxygen tank that is long enough to reach any where she goes in her small apartment. Her living room was filled with moving boxes. I asked if she was moving and she explained that one of the buildings in the complex was being renovated to include an elevator and she was moving to that building so she would be able to get out.

She has lived in her apartment for 13 years, moving there after her husband died. Six years ago she slipped on some ice on the back stairs that she hadn't been able to see. Barbara was born with only one eye, her right eye is a prosthetic. The fall resulted in a dislocated hip, and she has required a walker since then to get around; when she leaves the apartment, she has a special walker with a basket on the front that she places her portable oxygen tank in.

Barbara has been receiving HDM for 6 years, since she has rarely been able to get out of her apartment. I asked her to critique the meals and she did. "It's been 6 years since I've had a cooked vegetable!", she exclaimed. "I either have to cook them in the microwave, or when I'm hungry enough, eat them raw; and I eat them a lot!"

When I ask her about the volunteers who deliver her meals, she becomes very enthusiastic. "On Monday I have Demetrius, he's a Navy guy, very nice; Tuesday, Shawna comes, Wednesday I have a married couple, Dee and Bob, they are so cute; Thursday I have Bill, and Friday I have another nice Navy man, and he will bring all my meals for the weekend." She clearly enjoys the time she spends with the volunteers who deliver her meals.