

The Sun

My hands were shaking as I picked up the office phone to speak to, Sue, my area manager. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before in all the years that I had worked in the care industry. How do I explain it to her and the police who I am sure will be involved, what I and the rest of the staff and clients had just witnessed. My staff, who like me were all shaken. But we all agreed with what we had all just witnessed. The rest of the clients had agreed between themselves that they would willingly speak to the management and police. They all thought it had been quite exciting but at the same time frightening. But they all had something to say about Trevor, as they thought he was quite a character, somehow different and unexplainable.

The first time I met Trevor was when he was banging the knocker quite aggressively and ringing the doorbell of the care home I managed. Hearing the commotion, I came out of my office and signalled to the staff that I would attend to it. As I opened the front door I was greeted by this stranger. He said his name was Trevor and we were expecting him, and room 18 had been allocated to him, as he walked past me into the home with a small luggage bag. I showed him into my office and asked for his papers, doctors letters, something because I was not expecting him. But he pointed up at the white board behind my desk and said, "Trevor room 18." I didn't recognise the handwriting, so I quickly took a photo on my mobile and phoned Sue. She said, "The paperwork had probably been delayed, but do all our paperwork for our insurance cover and get him settled in." Without any paperwork I had to ask him for some of his details, but he would only reply, Trevor. I couldn't guess his age, not old nor young, because his skin was so smooth. I figured him to be about 6ft tall, and average build. His hair was brown and curly and quite thick. He offered no previous address of residence. So that was my introduction to Trevor. I showed him to room 18, and he was pleased with it. He had only one request, he liked to get up early and watch the sun coming up. He asked that he have a key to the back door. I explained that was not possible for security reasons. We have night staff who would open the door for him on request. And that was how it was left.

Trevor settled into our ways, but he would get up earlier than the rest of the clients. One of the night staff would open the back door for him, and he would go into the garden and watch the sun come up. He would then join the rest of the group for breakfast and, after, for our daily activities. But the staff and I could see he was quickly becoming bored. To be honest chair exercises, card games and quizzes, or daytime tv are not everyone's idea of fun. But I could see that Trevor was raising everyone's morale. He asked me if he could find or make up some games from the abandoned equipment he found in the store cupboard. He certainly used his imagination with the games he came up with and had the staff and me laughing.

Every afternoon after lunch, those that wanted to have an afternoon sleep could do so. But as Trevor stood before the group he explained they would be missing out on his organised walk around the garden. And I could see no one was going to miss out on the fun and laughter as the walking group got bigger. He would hide small things, things that shouldn't be in the garden or flower beds for them to find. There was a lot cheering when a hidden object was found. Trevor upped their game, no sitting in the chairs all day.

Visitors were welcome any time of day, but Trevor never had anyone come to see him. Visitors told me how much their relative had changed, in a good way. I said, "It's all down to our new client, Trevor, he seems to make them laugh more." So, Trevor found he was sought after for a handshake from the clients' relatives.

But Trevor soon found he couldn't be alone. This seemed to take a toll on him. Every morning he would get up early and go into the garden and watch the sun come up and where for a few selfish moments he enjoyed being on his own. From my bedroom window I realised this was Trevor's happy place. The sun brought him peace.

Someone always wanted something from him, and he would never upset them by saying no. That was when I stepped in and told Trevor discreetly to go to his room and get some rest, I would help with the clients request. But there was something else. I noticed he seemed to be getting older. Almost daily, his hair was getting thinner. Lines appeared on his face. He was beginning to stoop. Trevor was ageing and noticeably.

Word went around between the clients. They were concerned about him. One by one they began to get up early and watch the sun come up from the lounge window. They knew this was his private time, so they never joined him in the garden. But they were worried about him. Their concern made the staff more concerned, and we joined them in the lounge and watched Trevor, because by now it was obvious something was wrong, he was ageing considerably.

And then it happened. As Trevor stood at the back fence the sun came up, slower than usual. He turned to face the group of clients and staff standing in the lounge and waved before turning back to face the sun. He spread his arms wide and stood up straight as the sun reached it's height and Trevor disappeared in the sunlight. He was gone.

We all stood in silence, stunned. I don't know for how long. One of the clients started crying, others turned to each other asking questions. Staff and clients looking to me for the answers, but I didn't have them, I was just as stunned as they were.

We all sat in the lounge drinking tea or coffee as we watched the security camera playing over and over the moment Trevor left us.

Unable to watch it any more I stood up and said, "I'm going to phone Sue, my manager, who will, I expect, want me to phone the police." I sighed heavily. Stunned, they just nodded in agreement.

As I walked into my office I looked up at the white board and saw that Trevor's name had gone.