



Creating a Space for You: Caring for a Loved One at Home

Caring for a Veteran who has trouble leaving the home is not easy. It can limit a caregiver's freedom to go and come as they please. Of course, being confined to home may affect the Caregiver. Not being able to leave freely can take away from the joyful parts of caregiving. This can happen in even the most pleasant home environments. It can cause you to lose sight of the home's nurturing aspects.

How may feeling confined be impacting you?

- You may become distressed or wearied when you feel you have no choice or are confined.
- Recognizing the choices that you have, and that you are making, can be empowering. It can also help to offset feeling trapped. You may start to feel helpless or angry when you do not see and accept the choices you have the power to make.
- The choices you are making may be difficult. You may be choosing between various difficult solutions, but there is still a choice. Owning these choices and decisions can empower you. It can also support your personal freedom and esteem.

Attend to your feelings: Notice them, learn from them, and release them.

- Your feelings are a valuable source of information that act as a signal. It alerts you to your needs, boundaries, and what really matters to you. Caregivers who are more confined to home face challenges. It may be more difficult to tune into your own feelings. This can occur because you are affected by and focused on the person for whom you provide care. When you are always in close quarters with another person sometimes you can lose sight of your own needs.
- Taking the time daily to attend to your feelings can help you create healthy boundaries. In this way, you can attend not only to your loved one but to your own needs and feelings as well. Some attend to their feelings by writing in a journal or through exercise. Others may meditate, talk to a friend or meet with a counselor. You are unique and valued. You are the keeper of your life.



Personal Affirmation

I am the keeper of my house,
my heart, its pulsing center.

It is I, who stokes the fire.

I am the grand castle and the humble hut.

This noble work, I tend,
with hands that comfort and create.

This toil I will honor and respect.

My arms spread wide, at this, my table,
an open door of thanks.

I will eat and share this food,
and nurture those who join me in my journey.

I am the keeper.

I am the sacred space.

A home, for healing tears, and flights of joy.

A treasure trunk of guarded memories.

Each morning sun and evening star will light,
all of nature's wonders with delight.

With each breathing in and out,

I abide the keeper of my house.

In it, I will hold the key.

All of this reflecting me.

Blessed be my home.

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