

Another Day in the Life of an Independent Living Program-Day 5

On my way to work I see a former client's enlarged picture on a bus stop bench. She is selling real estate and must now be in her early 30s.

One of our ILP youth calls and tells us he was fired from his job at a grocery store after he was caught in the store's lobby selling slices from a large pizza he couldn't finish.

We discover that a few of the recently donated clothing bags in storage were actually full of garbage.

Police arrest one of our kids who was discovered driving a golf cart he stole from a downtown event through the streets of Cincinnati. Police were not sure, but they swore he was yelling, "I am Tiger Woods!".

SW Bryan drops off the new key to the boys shared-home thermostat cover box—the fifth one we replaced in the last three months. Some like it hot.

A local bedding company calls to donate two boxes of deluxe pillows with the "do not remove" tags ripped off. SW Suzan says the last ones they donated were worth \$75 each brand-new. We discuss creating a new program policy that forbids selling pillows.

Case-manager Muriel was visiting her grandma yesterday and saw former client Marie driving an ice cream truck down the street.

Client W calls to ask if we will buy him some groceries. We offer him some donated food but he says he won't eat canned food probably from other countries. "Because I'm a patriot," he exclaims.

A female client calls to say that she spent the night in her bathtub because she thought she saw a bat in her apartment.

A former ILP youth, now 30, calls to get a reference to be a Girl Scout troop leader. She's working at a graphics company and is closing on her first house next week.

Three of our youth got into a fight in the parking lot after a program Red's baseball game outing last night and were taken away by the police in handcuffs. We think it was an argument over whether Pete should be in the Hall.

Client T calls-she hasn't been going to school because she believes there's a beaver living in her front yard and she's terrified of going out the door (we find out it's just a groundhog).

A client tells us that she sold for \$60, the heavy antique dining room table and six chairs we got from a wealthy donor and lugged up to her second floor apartment. "It just wasn't my style," she said.

An irate client who was expelled from school for fighting and was mad at us for not giving her more money calls a local talk show to complain about the program and says she has no food.

I receive a call from an attorney representing a former client. He says she is suing to get back into the ILP. I asked him if he knew she left voluntarily just two weeks ago against everybody's advice. He said that didn't make any sense. I welcomed him to the illogical world of transitioning youth.

The agency director stops in and said there was a client walking around with his pants down, showing his derriere. He was pretty upset and said to tell the guys we have a dress code and they should not come in here "showing their butts". My idea of declaring ILP a "butt-free zone" is shot down. A new policy needs to be created.

We find out a current program participant has been legally married for the last two months, even though her husband has not been living with her.

A former client, now living in LA, calls to tell us she has a walk-on spot on the Bernie Mac Show.

At a court hearing a judge asks why one of our troubled youth has failed to find a job after 3 months. "I am unable to work," the youth said. When the judge asked why the youth responded, "because of my attitude."

I receive a complaint from a neighbor of one of our supervised apartment buildings saying it sounded like someone was being strangled in our bottom left apartment. A call to the unit discovers that client J. was practicing for his American Idol audition

I learn that someone stole all 5 of the doorbell buttons on one of our supervised apartment buildings.

While purchasing some office supplies the cashier reminds me to give her our non-profit tax exempt number several seconds before I recognize her as one of our youth from 4 years ago.

Greg, our mover, insists we get him a few HAZMAT suits before his crew goes in to ex-client W's "funky-beyond-all-get-out" apartment .

Apparently just this past weekend one of our youth's Grandma stole her allowance and bus card while visiting.

A young woman in her early 30s stops in with a 15 year-old youth, her new foster son. She graduated from ILP in 1987 and is here for new foster parent orientation. This doesn't always work but when it does....

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