

A Wheelchair Whimsey

By Margaret Moylan

It ain't easy being green

When Kermit the frog sings of the difficulties of being green, he refers to the unease that some people are made to feel because they are different from the majority. It may be skin color: green, red, black, white, brown, yellow, or purple with pink polka dots. It may be religious beliefs that make us seem different or physical traits – tall, short, thin, fat, blonde, brunette or red hair – that put us in a minority group. At times it is serious illness or a disability which makes us uncomfortable in a crowd.

If I could counsel Kermit, with Miss Piggy's permission, of course, I would tell him to be proud of his heritage and his green color. It is an outward expression of who he is. If he is surrounded by those with white, pink, or purple skin, his green becomes all the more outstanding.

In the same vein people with physical handicaps or challenges may have to learn to live with their disabilities and accept the limitations that life has dealt them. Part of the process of accepting is learning to trust people who are willing to help. In my experience, the overwhelming majority of people are good and kind in their intentions. I've spent enough time traveling around in a wheelchair to know there are plenty of people only too willing to lend a helping hand. Sure there will always be a few rotten apples in the barrel, but they are far outnumbered by the good ones.

My husband and I, a few years back, spent four days in upper Manhattan and adjacent New Jersey shuttling back and forth between hotel and hospital. Over and over it was brought to our attention how kind and helpful total strangers can be. There were the shuttle drivers and the other shuttle passengers who helped me on and off, making sure I didn't fall and catching me when I did. There was the restaurant hostess who not only retrieved my wheelchair for me when we were ready to leave, but also wheeled me from the table to the front door and then out onto the sidewalk while she told me she works mornings as a home health aide. I have to mention all the kind women and the occasional man who held open the ladies room door for me to go

in or come out, plus those who asked if they could help or simply went ahead and got me the paper towels I couldn't reach or pushed my wheelchair for me.

One of the nicest people we met was a woman staying at our hotel who takes the earliest shuttle over in the morning, coming back at night on the last one. Her thirteen hour day at the hospital is spent with her son who is on a heart pump, waiting for a transplant. While helping her son pass the time, she takes care of the nursing staff too by cleaning up the room, making the bed and picking up the trash. At noon she takes orders for lunch and goes out and brings it back to the nurses.

She told me that one wall of her son's room is covered with get well cards, many of which are from people they don't even know but who have heard their story and want to send words of encouragement. She also said she gets her strength and optimism from her son who is working so hard at sticking to his low fat, low cholesterol diet and at memorizing the generic and brand names of the 32 drugs he will be taking after the transplant surgery.

I'm sure you get my point. We are bombarded with bad news on TV and radio, but when I go out to look for myself, I see so much good happening. Don't be afraid to get out and let others see you for what you are – differences and all. Scrape off that outside layer and we are pretty much the same. And Kermit, being green may not be easy, but I am certain if you were able to choose your own skin color, you would be green and proud of it!





In Memoriam

Robert F. 'Bob' Luberda, formerly of Rome, passed away on July 8, 2011 at the Presbyterian Home of CNY in New Hartford. Bob was a charter member of the Central New York Parkinson's Support Group and served on the Board of Directors for many years. He was an active member of his church and several service organizations in the Rome area. We send our condolences to Bob's family and friends.

Louise Y. Caruso of New Hartford died on September 13, 2011 at St. Elizabeth's Medical Center in Utica. Louise became a member of CNYPSG recently. She enjoyed her family and many activities and was an active member of her church. We extend our sympathy to her family and friends.

We also extend our thoughts and prayers to Allen Gilberti and his family for the loss of his wife, Rosemary, on August 14, 2011.

MEMORIALS

In Memory of John Schmidt

by Josephine and John Schmidt
Paul and Patricia Schmidt
Karl Schmidt
Judy Martucci
Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Moylan
Sam & Ether Kitchen
Dianne VandenBosch
Nancy McCaffrey
Evelyn Petrie & Mary Wrege

In Memory of Robert Luberda

by American Veteran's and
Men's Club, Inc.
Joyce Varana
Nancy McCaffrey

In Memory of Joan Manzelmann

by Herbert Freeman
Mary Shaw

In Memory of Basil Ringwald

by Jack & Joan Swancott

CNYPSG wishes to thank everyone for their generous contributions

Thank God for Friends

By Sharon Lee Kelley

Thanks be to God for friends
Who are forgiving - What encouragement that lends.
Friends make us blossom and bloom
They help us shine like the stars and the moon.
Despite stormy weather - Friends provide a rainbow
They suggest possibilities so we learn and grow.
Friends jest and laugh and have a twinkle in their eye
They show us gratefulness so we smile and never cease to try.
With true friends we can be ourselves and speak with our own voice.
They'll listen to us in depth and respect our choice.
Friends help us stay positive and engage in possibility thinking
To stimulate hope - a wealth of knowledge we'll be drinking.
A toast for enhanced wellness and love for all,
A goal for a more peaceful world.
Let's each do our part to answer the call.

Poetry Corner

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Address _____

Mail to: Central NY Parkinson's
Support Group, Inc.
P.O. Box 181
New Hartford, NY 13413

Nancy's Nonsense



Grandpa was always going on about the good old days, and the lower cost of living, in particular.

"When I was a kid, my mom could send me to the store, and I'd get a salami, two pints of milk, 6 oranges, 2 loaves o' bread, a magazine, and some new blue jeans... all for a dollar!"

Then Grandpa said sadly, "You can't DO that anymore...they got those darn video cameras everywhere you look."

My son, Scott, an insurance broker in Florida, loves ocean fishing and takes his cell phone along on the boat. One morning we were drifting about ten miles offshore as Scott discussed business on the phone.

Suddenly his rod bent double, and the reel screamed as line poured off the spool. Scott was master of the situation. "Pardon me," he told his customer calmly. "I have a call on another line."

We had just finished eating a beautiful dinner that my mother had prepared for our family. As I glanced up at the chandelier over the table, I was mesmerized by the creative handiwork a spider had woven around the prisms and light bulbs. "Don't look up there!" my mother screamed. "It's the one thing I was too tired to clean."

"Don't look where?" my brother asked.

"There!" my mother pointed. "It's my on personal web sight!"

