



# THE LIGHTHOUSE

Coastal Empire Polio Survivors Association, Inc.  
*Shining Light on Post-Polio Health*

May, 2012 Newsletter

[www.coastalempirepoliosurvivors.org](http://www.coastalempirepoliosurvivors.org)

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## The President's Message...

**T**hanks to our Hospitality Committee, made up of Co-Chairs Terri Dunnermann and Adrienne Stallworth, Lavonne Calandra and Betty Goff, our birthday party was a great success. Michael Dunnermann and Ed Stallworth set up the room and Gene Goff delivered the food. Others who helped were Cheryl Brackin, Carlos and Wanda Clas, Marty Foxx, Jim Lampke, and Charlotte and Larry Richter. I appreciate all of them very much.

Marty Foxx, Carlos Clas, and Hugh Munn's presentations of their "polio stories" were AWESOME. They are printed in this edition of the newsletter. All of them made me look at myself and realize that I am one of the lucky ones.

There were several handouts on the Registration Table in the hall. The Emergency Contact Forms that have been distributed at our general meetings were there for your convenience. If you took one, please give or send them to Michael Dunnermann, who is creating a list that will be brought to meetings with the emergency information for everyone. It will be used in the event something happens to one of us at a meeting. I hope that nothing happens to make its use necessary.

Adrienne Stallworth has revised our Member Directory. Please review it and notify me of any corrections that may be needed at JDCprn@aol.com. I will make a list of the corrections and get them distributed to those of you with e-mail addresses. Adrienne will revise the complete directory and distribute it once a year or sooner, if necessary.

The Anesthesia Warning Card was redesigned by Carlos and Wanda Clas. If you do not have new ones, please take a few at our next meeting. Please give a copy to each doctor, surgeon and anesthesiologist that you may use. It would be a good idea to give them to your family or friends who may be contacted should you have an emergency also.

Cheryl Brackin and Lorraine Frew sent invitations to many people, several of whom sent their regrets for not being able to attend and sending their best wishes on our fifteenth anniversary. A list of the respondents is found on page 10 in the newsletter.

Trish Gordon of Amedisys Home Health Care brought flowers to congratulate us on our fifteen years.

The Rotary International District 6920 Conference will be held at the DeSoto Hilton Hotel on Liberty Street in Savannah May 18 - 20, 2012. We will have a display in the Exhibit Hall on Friday afternoon and all day Saturday. We plan to display the iron lung. We will need people to sit at our table to answer questions from the Rotarians. I will be there. We will send an e-mail regarding a sign-up schedule. Please look at your calendars and see if you might be available that weekend. We will NOT have a General Meeting this month for you to attend. I look forward to seeing some of you there.

Janet DiClaudio, President.

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### **Next Meeting**

May 19, 2012

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### \*\*\*Reminder for May Meeting\*\*\*

On May 18-20

The Rotary International District 6920 Conference will take place at the DeSoto Hilton Hotel in Savannah's Historic District.

**CEPSA members will gather at the DeSoto on Saturday, May 19<sup>th</sup>,**

**INSTEAD OF MEETING AT CANDLER.**

Our new regular meeting place will be announced soon. We will take shifts hosting the booth that CEPSA will be setting up. PLEASE VOLUNTEER.

**↓ PLEASE NOTE ↓**

**This May 19<sup>th</sup> Gathering  
at the DeSoto Hilton Hotel  
REPLACES**

**Our Regular May Meeting.**

**WE WILL NOT MEET AT CANDLER.**

## World Health Organization Wild Polio Case Count for Week 17, 2012

Weekly India wild polio  
case count comparison:

2009 = 36  
2010 = 19  
2011 = 1  
2012 = 0

(Data as of week #17)

Global wild polio case  
count comparison:

2009 = 1604 (23)  
2010 = 1352 (20)  
2011 = 650 (16)  
2012\* = 48 (4)

\*Data as of  
24-Apr-2012

( ) = # of infected  
countries

<[http://www.searo.who.int/vaccine/LinkFiles/vpd\\_sur\\_bulletin.pdf](http://www.searo.who.int/vaccine/LinkFiles/vpd_sur_bulletin.pdf)>

### Voluntary Dues of \$15.00 may be paid to:

Marty Foxx  
23 East 61<sup>st</sup> Street  
Savannah, GA 31405

Please try to make your payment this month,  
either at our next meeting or else by mail.

**Thank you.**

## National Mobility Awareness Month May 1-31, 2012

The first ever National Mobility Month was revealed on February 23, 2012, at the 21st Annual National Mobility Equipment Dealers Association (NMEDA) Conference. The goal of the Mobility Month in May is to bring awareness to not only people with disabilities, but seniors and veterans as well.

NMEDA wants to teach people with disabilities that they too can have an active, mobile lifestyle. NMEDA along with national spokesman, Mike Savicki, and over 600 mobility equipment dealers want to expand opportunities for people with disabilities through the use of wheelchair accessible vehicles and adaptive mobility equipment.

Their goal is to bring awareness to the more than 18 million people in the US and Canada with mobility issues. According to NMEDA, people with disabilities are the second largest minority group in the United States.

Mobility equipment manufacturers, dealers and driver rehabilitation specialists in your area are ready to help you with your mobility needs, allowing you or your loved one to enjoy a mobile life. For more information, please visit: [www.nmeda.com](http://www.nmeda.com).

## You Can Help Save a Life. Immunize a Child.

Mother's Day month is a great time to help children around the world have the opportunity to enjoy a healthy future.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs is partnering with Shot@Life in the fight to immunize children against measles, pneumonia, diarrhea, and polio.

Your donation of \$20.00 can protect a child in a developing country for life. These life-saving vaccines can immunize children from these preventable illnesses.

Please visit [www.shot@life.org](http://www.shot@life.org) for more information and to make a donation.

Information submitted by CEPSA member Penny Smith in an e-mail on 4/15/2012. E-mail sent to Penny Smith from General Federation of Women's Clubs.



## Birthday E-mails

Cheryl and Lorraine mailed written invitations to the April 28 anniversary celebration to many of our speakers and supporters from our 15-year history. Several people declined but sent congratulations to CEPSA. They included: Dr. Richard Bodzner, Dr. Anne Thompson, Mr. John McKinnon and Lo Cost Pharmacy staff, Dr. Holly Wise, Dr. Robert Rollings, Dr. Paul Peach, Dr. Paul Bradley and Mrs. Fran Todd.

Good Evening, Friends! I just wanted to drop you a short note to congratulate you all on your AWESOME organization! CEPSA has played an integral role in improving the lives of people with disabilities in our community. The heartfelt encouragement and support offered to polio survivors in our area is unparalleled and has no doubt changed MANY lives. You should be very proud of your accomplishments. And by the way, I LOVE your newsletter!!! Happy 15<sup>th</sup> Birthday!!! Warm Regards, Fran Todd, Executive Director, LIFE

Hi All, If you were unable to attend our party yesterday you missed a good one. I know pictures will be in our newsletter. The three members who shared their stories were so varied and so interesting. Marty Foxx started off followed by Carlos Clas and then Hugh Munn. It seemed one out did the other. Great Job!!! A huge shout out must go to our Hospitality Chairs and their committee. Adrienne and Terri as chairs and Betty and Lavonne as committee members did a super job. The food was delicious. I would be remiss if I didn't include Adrienne and Terri's husbands, Ed and Michael. They were there all the way lending a hand. Once the food is set out, it looks so easy, but they all put in a lot of time and effort making it happen. Thanks again, and thanks to the ones who stayed to help with the clean-up. Looking forward to our 16th party!!!!!! - Jim Veccia

Yes, I agree A WONDERFUL DAY!! Thanks for all the hard work. Hattie Evensen

Hi all, I am a babe in the group. I have been coming for just over a year, and was disappointed that I had other plans that could not be changed. So glad everyone had a great time and I am looking forward to seeing all the pictures!! Hope to see you soon. Marie McManus

Thank you CEPSA, Thanks to all who worked so hard to provide a truly enjoyable "birthday." A good program and good food. Also thanks to those who demonstrated their SUV lifts to my visitor and myself after the program (Sally, Joan and Barry). It was very helpful. What a great group we have. See you at the DeSoto Hilton Hotel. Dick Warden

What a day it was. It was great seeing so many members together. It was really nice getting to know our "table

neighbors" better. Carlos and I got to know more about Harvey Varnadoe and had a chance to chat with Dan Shehan and Sissy Morel. Adrienne, Terri, Betty, Lavonne, Ed and Michael did a great job. Thank you Cheryl Brackin for greeting each guest so warmly, having them sign in, and distributing all the CEPSA handouts. We must not forget to thank Gene Goff for picking up all the food and delivering it personally to the party, even though he couldn't attend because Betty was not well. I guess that shows how dedicated everyone is to CEPSA. Kudos to the ladies for their inspirational lighthouse and shining light (candles) decor. Everything was beautiful. Nicely done! Wanda Clas

## Our April 28, 2012 Birthday Party *Guest Book Signees*

Terri Dunnermann	Harvey Varnadoe
Michael Dunnermann	Dan Shehan
Adrienne Stallworth	Dick Warden
Ed Stallworth	Janet DiClaudio
Gene Goff	Robbie White
Cheryl Brackin	Anna White
Carlos Clas	Liz Colson
Wanda Clas	Joan Page
Harriett Merritt	Alan Page
Dale Merritt	Hattie Evenson
Hugh Munn	Robert Allen
Linda Munn	Tom Schendorf
Barry Turner	Jan Schendorf
Archie Ivey	Ruth Parham
Richard Graham	Wakil Carter, Sr.
Linda Graham	Gina Carter
Marty Foxx	Wakil Carter, Jr.
Penny Smith	Amond Carter
Ross Smith	Jayden Carter
Charlotte Richter	Ann Chance
Larry Richter	Richard Hall
Susan Pineo	Brenda Brown
Paul Pineo	Diane Davis
Nancy Hess	Marge Lampke
Steve Hess	Jim Lampke
Delores McCall	Sissy Morel
Velma Underwood	Della L. Simmons
Sarah Rooks	Esther Grace Simmons
Dot Parkhurst	Jim Veccia
Bob Parkhurst	Patrina Johnson
Lori Parhurst Sapp	Dr. Leslie LeSage
Lisa Parkhurst Ferland	Trish Gordon, RN

# CEPSA's 15th Birthday Celebration

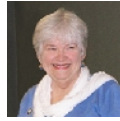


April 28, 2012



# My Polio Story

by Marty Foxx



Polio attacked my six year old body in November, 1950, in Waycross, Georgia. I had just started first grade in a rural county school called Wacona. My mother had given birth to her sixth child, Mike, in June of that year; in 1952 she had her seventh and last child, my baby brother Richard. She had a house full of wonderfully bright, healthy children except for me, the middle child, the first one to be born in a hospital in 1944, and the one my father described as “a puny baby.” That may or may not have had anything to do with having polio, the only one of seven kids.

I remember the extreme pain at the back of my neck and the fever. The doctor put me in the Waycross Hospital in isolation, not sure what virus I had. They did spinal taps, a terrifying procedure which gave me a lifelong phobia for needles. My fever cooled after a few days, and my mother was showing me some pictures of the family one day when my hand stopped reaching for the picture. She called the nurse and then the diagnosis was certain: infantile paralysis or poliomyelitis. They began the Sister Kenney treatments with hot woolen cloth wraps around the arms. The smell of hot wet wool has a strong impact on me even today. After three weeks in the Waycross Hospital, I was transferred to Aidmore, the Shriner’s hospital in Atlanta for crippled children. I was kept flat of my back in bed for seven months with daily physical therapy. My parents visited as often as they could, but they were poor and the trip was a hardship for a family of six. I don’t remember being sad. A six-year-old just takes things in stride one day at a time. I had a wonderful nurse who gave me a lot of special love and attention in a ward for eight patients.

By June, I had regained the use of my left hand and lower arm, but my entire right arm remained entirely useless. My neck and shoulders were weak, but I had learned to walk again. The doctors had not allowed walking at the beginning of my therapy because of problems with the spinal curvature and back weakness. So I was allowed to return to my home where my mother continued my daily exercises. I still spent several hours a day resting flat in bed which I hated. My medical records were sent to Warm Springs where I went to see the doctors every three months for x-rays and braces. I had some amazing custom made devices to support my right arm, to feed myself, and to support my back and head. I started first grade again; this time I was left-handed. I loved school!

By sixth grade my mother told Dr. Bennett we were not coming back to Warm Springs, that her daughter just wanted to live her life like other children, that she felt nothing more could be done to improve my condition. He was furious; I still have his letter to my mother. His scathing criticism of her decision and dire predictions about how twisted and bent I would become must have been hard for her to read. I began to receive medical checkups in Waycross at the Crippled Children’s Clinic where doctors from Savannah served the needs of area patients. At age 14, Dr. Amburgey talked us into an experimental surgery to try to give muscle use to my good left arm shoulder. His plan was to fuse the shoulder joint with a pin and pull muscles to the joint from my back and chest. He never mentioned the body cast I would be in for the long hot summer. I had surgery at Memorial here in Savannah, and when my mother saw the cast, she was extremely angry. My left arm was extended out at a 75 degree angle with a bar holding it up attached to my hip. The cast was neck to hip bones. I could not wear clothes or do anything for myself. It was the most miserable and depressed I have ever been. My memory of that summer has been locked away in a cold dark place.

When it was over, the expected result was disappointing. The rigged up shoulder muscles could not lift my arm any better than before. I stopped going to clinic shortly after that.

I have learned since that I was one of the lucky ones. Many polio patients were subjected to far worse surgeries in creative attempts to improve mobility and function for muscles ravaged by polio. I don’t know many that were successful.

My childhood was basically happy. I learned to do things for myself mostly. My sister Mary, two years younger, helped me dress and carry my books and fix my hair in elementary school. She lost some of her childhood because of me, and I know that’s a debt I can never repay. By high school, I had learned to do most things by myself. I wanted to go to college and become a teacher. My mother wanted to keep me at home and take care of me. There was a big fight over that. I screamed that I’d kill myself first. The next day, Mama went to see the school counselor with me. The counselor had already told me about the Federal government program for Vocational Rehabilitation which would help pay for college for me. My grades were good; I was an honor graduate. Those funds and my honor scholarship paid for my college degree. Mama took a job so she could send me spending money. My parents were very proud that all their children graduated from high school, but I was the only one to finish college. I took a teaching position in Savannah right out of college and have been here ever since. After teaching ten years, I earned a Master’s Degree, the only one in my family.

At age 24, I married Doyle Foxx. We have two children, Shannon and Scott. They not only survived my one-handed mothering, they actually thrived. They are the best part of me. Shannon’s birth in 1970 was the focus of a story I wrote for [Redbook](#) magazine, “The Young Mother’s Story.” In that article I shared my personal struggles as a handicapped mother. They paid me \$500 for it! So I consider myself a writer. I am working on a memoir this year.

I learned to drive a car at age 31 and that really changed my life! It is getting more and more difficult now, but I plan my trips carefully. Other drivers often toot their horns, but I think they are just being friendly.

After 30 years in the classroom, I retired with disability in January of 2003. It was approved by Social Security and the Teacher’s Retirement System within six weeks. I had been experiencing post-polio syndrome for ten years before I finally gave it up. The fatigue and pain had become unbearable. I loved teaching fifth grade; ten year olds are great learners.

In February of 2004 my 35 year old marriage ended. So I am now enjoying life as a single senior. My two grandsons, Jack and John Foxx Willhite, light up my life. I’m so grateful that they live just a few blocks away, and I get to see them every day.

I became involved in this polio support group in 1997 at its first meeting. I served as vice-president before accepting the treasurer’s position in October, 2000. It has been an honor and a privilege to serve you as treasurer these past twelve years. Thank you for your trust and support. I value it highly. Being part of this group has given me so much joy, strength, and inspiration for living well beyond the pain, the limitations, and the loss. Any time I’m feeling downhearted, I need only think of one of you...Richard Graham, Sandra Bath, Shirley Carnell, Beverly Jarvis, George Frick, Ruth Parham, Chris Wilburn, and about a hundred more... to find my footing again. We are Lighthouses all, showing each other that bright path to follow to find refuge from the storms of life. Thank you for your Light and courage.

# My Polio Story

by Carlos Clas



I was born in Puerto Rico in 1953. I was the 4<sup>th</sup> child in a family of nine. I don't remember exactly when I got polio, but as best as I can recall it was in 1956 or 1957. I was 3 or 4 years old. The details were rarely discussed in my family.

I woke up one morning and I cried out to my mother that I couldn't move. I don't remember any pain or fever, but I remember not being able to move from my waist down. The odd thing is that from that day on, I don't remember many details. I do remember sitting on the hospital bed and rocking my upper body back and forth while massaging my own legs. I was hoping that if I did this, my legs would move. My left leg recovered, but my right leg did not. I had paralytic polio.

I had to have several surgeries on my right leg. One surgery removed my right calf muscle and was used to help make my right foot function as much as possible.

I remember there being an iron lung in the hospital room, but I don't know if it was used for me or someone else. I just remember it being in the room. I don't remember any other child in the room, just the iron lung.

The hospital staff put me through different exercise regimens. The one that stands out the most, was when I had to walk across a wooden platform with handrails for support. The times I refused to walk across, I would get hit with a belt by the nurses and made to walk.

A year or two after leaving the hospital my family moved to Brooklyn, New York. I don't remember if I wore a brace in the early years, but during my elementary school years, I had to wear special shoes.

I tried to fit in at school as much as I could and I played as many sports as I could. I was always picked last. I then tried even harder so that next time I wouldn't be picked last. It didn't always work. My grades were poor. Everyone thought I had a learning disability because I had a very hard time retaining information. I also had to spend a lot of time away from school in therapy at Saint Giles the Cripple Hospital in Brooklyn.

When I was 10 years old, I was looking for a box of cereal in the pantry and a can of evaporated milk that was leaning against the door, fell on my large toe, on my polio leg. It did enough damage that I required surgery. I continued my polio therapy after this setback for the next 5 years.

My mother and my two oldest brothers took turns taking me to therapy because my mother had to tend to the rest of the family and my father was working to support 11 people. It was a long train ride, but worse was the long walk from the train to the hospital and back. On rare occasions, my mother

would have the money to pay for a connecting bus from the train to the hospital. The walk was extremely difficult and exhausting for me.

At 14 years old, Saint Giles released me and told me that if I wanted to continue therapy that I would have to go to New York Presbyterian Children's Hospital. I chose to stop therapy at this time and felt that I had improved enough to lead a "normal" life.

My 3 older brothers were always the most protective of me. They were always there when other kids made fun of me and called me names like Skippy, Hoppity Hooper and Hop Along Cassidy. My whole family treated me normally. I did what they did, to the best of my ability. I loved sports and playing any sport was my therapy.

I went to the New York school of printing for high school and got my college degree for graphic arts at New York City Technical College. The career I chose, graphic arts photo technician, or stripper, as it was called, required me to stand most of the day.

I became the pre-press department supervisor at a printing company in Brooklyn. There I met my wife Wanda 30 years ago and had one daughter, Bonnie, who is now a graphic designer trying to make her own way in New York.

I had one more outpatient surgery on my right foot in my early thirties and continued working harder and harder for the next 30 years. Since the career I chose became extinct, I had to work very physical jobs in the past 8 years.

In January of last year, I could no longer keep up at my job. This sudden stop of physical labor made me crash physically. I couldn't get out of bed for almost a month and was having all the classic symptoms of PPS, but I didn't know at the time what it was.

By March of last year, it got so bad that my wife was trying to find some answers to my problems and came across the phrase..."Post-Polio Sequelae." We were stunned to see in black and white all the symptoms I had been having.

She began to look up the words online and came across CEPESA, not knowing it was right here in Savannah. She wrote in asking for information and got a call from Jim Veccia. Jim kindly shared information with us and invited us to come to the April meeting. He also gave us information on a polio specialist who diagnosed me with Post-Polio Syndrome.

CEPSA made it possible for me to be fitted with a brace and a lift for my scooter.

Thanks to CEPESA's support and Jim's tireless help, I am now able to adjust many things in my life to be able to have a chance at a healthier future. It isn't just CEPESA's anniversary, but mine also. Today it is one year since we first came to CEPESA. Happy Birthday to us.

# My Polio Story

by Hugh Munn



I was born on Sept. 29, 1942, in Camden, South Carolina, and contracted polio sometime in the late summer or early fall of 1944. I recall my mother telling me that I spent my third birthday in isolation in the old Columbia Hospital located in Columbia, S.C. My journey with the disease was not unlike nearly every other polio case, with numerous surgeries (approximately 12 to the best of my memory), but there may have been others.

My most vivid memory of experiencing polio was the lengthy isolation away from my parents and siblings. I recall watching a number of times my parents' car leaving the hospital grounds and driving off out-of-sight, while I remained behind to face another round of surgeries and confinement. The loneliness was painful, but I survived. As a patient at the Shriners Hospital in Greenville, South Carolina, parents were not allowed to remain behind with us, and they could only visit once a month on a Sunday. It was not uncommon to remain in the hospital for months.

But I had positive experience, too. I recall numerous times my mother telling me how she helped make me strong and independent, knowing she would not be around forever to rescue me. She said every time I would fall, she would always ask me, "Are you hurt?" If I answered "no," she would reply, "Then get up." And I would do it.

My independent spirit was well-served, and I went on to complete college (both an undergraduate and graduate degree) and to work for 26 years for the South Carolina State Law Enforcement Division (SLED) as the agency's first spokesman. And now, after retirement, I am in a position to influence students by being a full-time faculty member of the University of South Carolina's College of Mass Communications and Information Studies, where I teach upper level Crisis Communications and also Public Relations Management.

I also am blessed in being chosen to serve as a consultant to the U.S. Justice Department's Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Programs (OJJDP) and the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children. I continue to train on a limited basis dealing with handling media attention during high profile missing children cases. My biggest cheerleader, my wife Linda, is here with me and serves as my inspiration not to give up. Linda constantly reminds me that "I have Post Polio Syndrome, but it doesn't have me."

Below is a letter written to Hugh Munn by one of his students who experienced loss during the Ocean Isle fire that occurred on October 28, 2007. Seven people lost their lives that day in North Carolina. Hugh shared this letter with everyone at the end of his "Polio Story" at the CEPESA birthday party on April 28, 2012.

*Mr. Munn,*

*I had you for both public relations management and crisis communications this year and I feel like I just have to tell you that even though I saw you every single day at either 2:00 or 2:30 from Monday to Thursday, I never got tired of your class or your way of teaching. You have by far been one of my favorite and most inspiring professors here in the journalism program. The way you care about your students and the passion you have for not only teaching, but for seeing us learn and succeed is truly unique to find. I want to thank you for preparing me for my future not only by what you taught me in the classroom, but what you taught me about living life positively.*

*You have been through so much and your attitude towards life is inspirational and uplifting. Never once did I hear you complain or mourn over what life has thrown at you, but instead remain positive and joke about it. I have had some unfortunate life experiences that I was forced to deal with my sophomore year with the Ocean Isle fire. I believed at the time that no one my age should have to lose their best friends. Not only did I feel sorry for myself, but I mourned the death of my three lifelong friends and was angry with the world. It took me time to slowly realize that there are some situations in life that you simply cannot change. It is all in your life plan, and after a while you have to learn to smile or laugh about things to carry on, because the only other option is to cry.*

*Your attitude towards your own life kept me positive during some emotional times I found myself in as a graduating senior. I was so unsure of my future and felt guilty I still had a future when my friends didn't get the chance. I struggled with this thought for this whole last semester. There were times when I didn't feel it was worth it to try to go to class because I was so consumed with my own emotions. I believe having your class every day was a blessing and a gift that I needed to get through this last semester so I could reach my goal of graduating on time. You kept me going each day and kept me thinking "if he can face today with a smile, so can I."*

*I just wanted you to know that you will always stick out in my mind as one of my best experiences at USC and as a positive influence I will strive to one day be like. Seeing your outlook on your own life helped me to keep a positive outlook on mine, and I will truly miss seeing you four days a week. Keep up your great work, you inspire your students. You might not realize it, but you're truly changing lives. Thank you for changing mine.*



*I signed up to choose and read the inspirational message at our May meeting. Since we will not be having a regular meeting this month, I thought I would include my choice of inspirations in this issue of the newsletter. It is dedicated to every mother who has been blessed with a child "with something more."*

**Happy Mother's Day.**

Wanda Clas, Co-Editor



## Some Mothers Get Babies With Something More

Lori Borgman

My friend is expecting her first child. People keep asking what she wants. She smiles demurely, shakes her head and gives the answer mothers have given throughout the ages of time. She says it doesn't matter whether it's a boy or a girl. She just wants it to have ten fingers and ten toes. Of course, that's what she says. That's what mothers have always said. Mothers lie.

Truth be told, every mother wants a whole lot more. Every mother wants a perfectly healthy baby with a round head, rosebud lips, button nose, beautiful eyes and satin skin.

Every mother wants a baby so gorgeous that people will pity the Gerber baby for being flat-out ugly.

Every mother wants a baby that will roll over, sit up and take those first steps right on schedule (according to the baby development chart on page 57, column two).

Every mother wants a baby that can see, hear, run, jump and fire neurons by the billions. She wants a kid that can smack the ball out of the park and do toe points that are the envy of the entire ballet class.

Call it greed if you want, but we mothers want what we want. Some mothers get babies with something more.

Some mothers get babies with conditions they can't pronounce, a spine that didn't fuse, a missing chromosome or a palate that didn't close.

Most of those mothers can remember the time, the place, the shoes they were wearing and the color of the walls in the small, suffocating room where the doctor uttered the words that took their breath away. It felt like recess in the fourth grade when you didn't see the kick ball coming and it knocked the wind clean out of you.

Some mothers leave the hospital with a healthy bundle, then months, even years later, take him in for a routine visit, or schedule her for a well check, and crash head first into a brick wall as they bear the brunt of devastating news. It can't be possible! That doesn't run in our family. Can this really be happening in our lifetime? I am a woman

who watches the Olympics for the sheer thrill of seeing finely sculpted bodies. It's not a lust thing; it's a wondrous thing. The athletes appear as specimens without flaw - rippling muscles with nary an ounce of flab or fat, virtual powerhouses of strength with lungs and limbs working in perfect harmony. Then the athlete walks over to a tote bag, rustles through the contents and pulls out an inhaler.

As I've told my own kids, be it on the way to physical therapy after a third knee surgery, or on a trip home from an echocardiogram, there's no such thing as a perfect body.

Everybody will bear something at some time or another. Maybe the affliction will be apparent to curious eyes, or maybe it will be unseen, quietly treated with trips to the doctor, medication or surgery. The health problems our children have experienced have been minimal and manageable, so I watch with keen interest and great admiration the mothers of children with serious disabilities, and wonder how they do it. Frankly, sometimes you mothers scare me. How you lift that child in and out of a wheelchair 20 times a day.

How you monitor tests, track medications, regulate diet and serve as the gatekeeper to a hundred specialists hammering in your ear.

I wonder how you endure the clichés and the platitudes, well-intentioned souls explaining how God is at work when you've occasionally questioned if God is on strike.

I even wonder how you endure schmaltzy pieces like this one -- saluting you, painting you as hero and saint, when you know you're ordinary. You snap, you bark, you bite. You didn't volunteer for this. You didn't jump up and down in the motherhood line yelling, "Choose me, God! Choose me! I've got what it takes." You're a woman who doesn't have time to step back and put things in perspective, so please, let me do it for you.

From where I sit, you're way ahead of the pack. You've developed the strength of a draft horse while holding onto the delicacy of a daffodil. You have a heart that melts like chocolate in a glove box in July, carefully counter-balanced against the stubbornness of an Ozark mule.

You can be warm and tender one minute, and when circumstances require, intense and aggressive the next. You are the mother, advocate and protector of a child with a disability.

You're a neighbor, a friend, a stranger I pass at the mall. You're the woman I sit next to at church, my cousin and my sister-in-law.

You're a woman who wanted ten fingers and ten toes, and got something more. You're a wonder.

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Visit this author at [www.loriborgman.com](http://www.loriborgman.com)

## Happy Birthday



### May

Bob Parkhurst - 6  
Lucille Robinson - 13  
Vivian O'Kelley - 14  
Allen Igou - 17  
Wanda Clas - 19  
Dale Merritt - 26  
Richard Graham - 31

### June

Delores McCall - 10  
Brenda Mills - 10  
Ed Stallworth - 12  
Marie McManus - 13  
Ruth Parham - 14  
Janet DiClaudio - 17  
Harvey Varnadoe - 22  
Steve Hess - 28

## Remember Memorial Day May 28, 2012



Memorial Day is a day to commemorate the men and women who have given the ultimate sacrifice to our country. On May 28, 2012, please remember our ancestors, family members, loved ones, neighbors and friends with a moment of silence at 3:00 PM local time. Take a moment to also recognize and thank those still with us, that have served and those that are still serving in the armed forces.

## Prayer Request for a Soldier



We are asking everyone to keep Army Major, Special Forces Green Beret Brian in their prayers. He is the nephew of CEPSA member Eileen Boyle and one of two sons of Eileen's oldest brother. Brian has been to war and served our country numerous times. He has been diagnosed with aggressive bladder cancer and has had surgery to determine the best course of action. Brian's brother Jamie has also served in the Army and is now in the New York State National Guard. We thank them both for their service and pray for the complete restoration of Brian's health.

## Member Concerns

Eileen Boyle, Lavonne Calandra,  
Hattie Evensen, Lorraine Frew, Betty Goff,  
Richard Graham, Bobby Johnson, JE McCall,  
Lyn Meeks, Harvey Varnadoe & Jim Veccia.  
*Please keep these members in your prayers.*

## Thank You's



A "Thank You" note received from Ruth Parham. It reads: *CEPSA, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. When you found out I fell over six times with this three wheel scooter and broke my rib this time, you came to my rescue. I was told I had to wait five years before I could get a four wheel scooter plus pay \$100.00 extra for the extra wheel. I thank you for saving me from hurt, harm and danger from my three wheel scooter. I thank all of you who acted so quickly to help me. God Bless CEPSA. Ruth Parham*

A "Thank You" card received from Harvey Varnadoe. It reads: *My Dear CEPSA members, It is with sincere heartfelt thanks for all the sympathy cards for my brother's passing. I wish to thank the group and Janet for the memorial donations. I also appreciate the Get Well cards, prayers and phone calls to me as I continue to fight with bladder cancer. Many brought tears, to know that I have such support from my CEPSA family. Again my heartfelt thanks. Harvey Varnadoe*



A "Thank You" email received from John McKinnon. It reads: *Dear Cheryl, I want to Thank CEPSA for the \$50 honorarium I received from Marty Foxx, Treasurer. That was so unnecessary, but certainly appreciated it. Please pass my thank you to the other officers in CEPSA!! Sincerely, John McKinnon, Rph.*



CEPSA would like to thank Trish Gordon, RN of Amedisys Home Health Care for the lovely flower arrangement that she brought to our 15<sup>th</sup> Birthday celebration. The petunias looked great on the cake table!

Thank you CEPSA members Charlotte and Larry Richter and Hugh and Linda Munn for all the CEPSA 15<sup>th</sup> Birthday photos that appear in this issue.

## Quote of the Month



"Every beetle is a gazelle in the eyes of its mother."  
-Moorish Proverb

The articles, seminars, thoughts, ideas and suggestions mentioned in this newsletter, are provided as a public service and do not express or imply endorsement by CEPSA, CEPSA's THE LIGHTHOUSE or its editors. They are for your information only. Consult with your doctor or health care provider before beginning any new medication, product or program. CEPSA, CEPSA's THE LIGHTHOUSE and its editors do not assume any responsibility for an individual's actions.

# Creating A User-Friendly Kitchen

Preparing and cleaning up after meals takes a lot of time and energy and has to be done repeatedly. It really helps to organize your kitchen so it is user-friendly.

## STORAGE

- Keep frequently used items stored at a height between the hips and the lips. This avoids unnecessary bending or reaching.
- It seems like whatever you need is always on the bottom or at the back, so store dishes in stacks of their own kind. Do not put small saucers on top of big ones, or small bowls inside of larger bowls. Purchase vinyl-coated wire racks for stacking same-size dishes.
- Stack pots and skillets one layer deep, so you do not have to lift the top items to get at the bottom one. Mail order houses and kitchen specialty shops offer racks for either horizontal or vertical storage of individual skillets or pans.
- If your pantry shelves are deep enough to hold more than one layer, make the second (and third) layer the same as the first. That means you put a can of peaches behind another can of peaches but not behind a can of tomatoes. This way you can see all your supplies at a glance and won't have to pull out objects to get what you want.
- Use Rubbermaid Susan's for storing condiments in your kitchen cupboards. I have a two shelf lazy susan for small container items like spices and a one shelf lazy susan for taller items like cooking spray, etc. Frequently used items are on the lowest shelf of the cupboard and lesser used items are up higher. A reacher comes in handy for the higher items.
- One and two level sliding racks, bins, baskets, and shelf trays make base cabinets usable for cleaning supplies, food staples cookware, etc, and bring objects within easy reach.
- Have a handyman put your lower kitchen drawers on rollers.
- Utilize stacking storage bins on wheels for potatoes, onions, etc.
- Wire shelf units can be attached to the backs of pantry doors to hold boxes, cans and bottles.
- An angled mirror installed against the wall in back of the stove allows you to see what is cooking on the back burners while you are seated.

## STREAMLINE YOUR WORK

- Store equipment close to the area of first use. For instance, saucepans are usually used first at the sink because you put water in them before taking them to the stove.
- Do not put away the most frequently used pans, skillets or dishes. After each use, wash and let pots dry on top of the stove and let the dishes drain in a rack.
- Use lightweight dishes such as Corelle. Stoneware is pretty but too heavy.
- Use non-stick skillets and pans.
- Take advantage of dishes that can be used for cooking, serving and storing (such as Corningware). They cut down on many steps as well as dishwashing.
- An electric knife carves many things besides turkeys and roasts. Use it to slice hard cheese, fruits and vegetables, etc. Keep the knife in a bracket on the wall so it is always ready to use.
- Use a mini food processor to prepare vegetables. Large food processors require too much clean-up.
- Chop vegetables with a jar chopper which cuts with pressure from the palm.
- The one-handed cordless can opener by Black and Decker is very lightweight and requires no pressure to operate once the cutter has been activated.
- Use a sharp linoleum knife to open cereal boxes. Hold it like a dagger with the blade pointing down and your thumb at the top.
- Prepare double recipes and freeze half for use at another time.

Reprinted with permission from Esther Hendricks, President of Southern Alberta Post Polio Support Society.  
<http://www.sappss.com/Lifestyle/creating-a-user-friendly-kitchen.php>

## **CONTRIBUTIONS**

The Coastal Empire Polio Survivors Association is a non-profit corporation, which is tax exempt under IRS code 501c(3). We have no paid employees, only volunteers dedicated to helping all polio survivors. Your financial support is appreciated at any level suggested below:

- \* CEPSA Member - \$15.00 annual voluntary donation
- \* CEPSA Supporter - \$25.00 \$50.00 \$100.00 \$300.00 Other
- \* CEPSA Memorial or Honor Gift - any amount
- \* CEPSA Sponsor - any amount

Your contributions are tax deductible and will be acknowledged appropriately.

Please complete this form and mail it along with your check to: **CEPSA, Marty Foxx**  
23 East 61st Street, Savannah, GA 31405.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Are you a relative or friend of a CEPSA member? \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of member

*Thank you for your support and encouragement.*



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*Shining Light on Post-Polio Health*

CEPSA's next meeting is on  
Saturday, May 19, 2012,  
10:30 AM  
at the DeSoto Hilton Hotel. ←  
15 East Liberty Street  
Savannah, GA 31401

**SEE PAGE 2 for more INFORMATION.**