

One Day At A Time

INSPIRATION

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE REST OF MY LIFE— SOMEHOW AT THE AGE OF TWO I OBTAINED POLIO. FOR THOSE OF US WHO SHARE THE EXPERIENCE OF DISABILITY, I AM SURE THERE R THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE SHARED A STREAM OF EXPERIENCES THAT MAY BE HUMOROUS, FRUSTRATING, ANXIETY-PRODUCING, LIBERATING, ANGERING, EMBARRASSING, & REWARDING, SOMETIMES SIMULTANEOUSLY.

FOR ME IT BEGAN IN 1935. I WAS A DEPRESSION BABY AT THAT TIME AND REALLY DON'T REMEMBER THE FIRST COUPLE OF YEARS. MY MOTHER HAD TAKEN ME TO THE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL IN NEW YORK CITY AND MY LEGS WERE IN CASTS FOR SOME TIME.

I THEN REMEMBER MY LEGS BEING IN BRACES UNTIL I WAS 11 YEARS OLD, AND MY RIGHT ARM UP IN THE AIR IN A BRACE UNTIL I WAS 8 YEARS OLD. I WAS THE ONLY KID WHO ALWAYS HAD HIS HAND UP IN SCHOOL.

I REMEMBER HAVING PAPER DELIVERY ROUTES IN GREENWICH, WHEN I WAS TWELVE AND THIRTEEN YEARS OLD, AND SURE DID A LOT OF WALKING. IT WAS RUFF DURING THE WINTER WHEN THERE WAS A LOT OF SNOW ON THE GROUND, AND THE HOUSES WERE UP ON HILLS. MY BRACES HAD BEEN HEAVY AND CUMBERSOME, AND I WAS SURE GLAD TO GET RID OF THEM. I WAS THEN WALKING WITH A VERY BAD LIMP. OF THE MANY CHALLENGES AND EXPERIENCES ALONG THE WAY, THERE IS ONE FACET OF LIVING WITH A DISABILITY THAT CONTINUES TO ASTONISH AND PERPLEX ME. IT IS THE EXPERIENCE OF BEING REGARDED AS AMAZING FOR DOING PRACTICALLY ANYTHING. IT IS WHAT HAS COME TO BE KNOWN IN THE DISABILITY WORLD AS THE “**SUPERC RIP**“ SYNDROME, THE IDEA THAT PEOPLE WITH **DISABILITIES SHOULD BE ADMIRER BECAUSE THEY ARE “SUPERHEROES”** JUST BY PARTICIPATING IN EVERYDAY ACTIVITIES.

JACK