

## ~Chapter 11 A Mothers Account~

*“My son David, has asked me to write down what I remember about his handicap, so here is my recollection. David was in a hurry to arrive into this world, as were all my other children, so at first signs of an eminent birth we took off for Salem and the obstetrics doctor. At first check it was announced I wouldn't deliver until midnight but since we lived about 25 miles away they kept me in the hospital. About three in the afternoon I suggested the nurse check me. No time to transfer beds- I was rushed down the hall to delivery where they encouraged me not to push as the doctor had two blocks to run up. The doctor barely arrived in time to deliver David. At the time my new born didn't cry so I asked why, and then heard a lusty cry from him. The next day a baby doctor came by and asked for permission to x-ray David's shoulder. I asked what was wrong with him. The doctor then said “if you shut up I'll tell you.” Then he proceeded to say he thought David's shoulder might be broken. It wasn't, and I never saw that Doctor again. Diligently we went for baby checkups. David didn't sleep more than 45 min at a time, but he was growing on schedule. Finally I felt there was something more wrong than his little right arm, which snapped up to his ear where his knuckle imprints were visible. Over time daily exercise finally allowed him to lower his arm. The Doctor said that David had some problems, but couldn't tell what exactly it was until he was a year old but it is more than likely that he will never be able to walk or talk. David was about 7 months old at this time. Word reached us of a Dr. Stober in Portland who might help David and he did. Dr. Stober spent over an hour explaining the pressure on David's head and what cranial adjustments via the balloon procedure could do. The first treatment relaxed him so much that he slept all the way home over a two hour drive. We went back every two weeks and just a day or so before the appointment David would put his little right fist to his ear and rub so hard he would make blood blisters that would break, and his sleeping time became less once more. I don't remember how long it took*

*but eventually the ear rubbing stopped. Dr. Stober was ever so gentle and encouraged us each and every time.*

*During visits we met other parents with children severely deaf or blind and heard amazing stories. One little girl from Alaska who was totally blind and not gaining any weight or height sat there on the floor playing with a stuffed monkey. She had sight in one eye and had gained 2 lbs and grown 2 inches. There was the family from California who came every year in their motor home and stayed for adjustments for their two completely deaf sons. When I met them the mother told me that one son now had perfect hearing and the other one just had a little way to go. One day Dr. Stober was running late. A Doctor from Australia was in the room where we waited. This doctor was so excited about what he was seeing and the outcome he could hardly wait to get back to Australia to put what he'd learned into practice. Two teen age deaf girls had been in the day before and as Dr. Stober worked on them the one girl heard for the first time and the traffic on the street outside scared her so much, she jumped off the table and hid under the desk in the room.*

*Dr. Stober never bragged; he let others speak for him. Once I had my wisdom teeth extracted and when I walked in the office with David, Dr. Stober said "who hit you?" I told him about my teeth and was ushered in immediately for a cranial. Unbeknown to me the nerves on the right side of my face were pinched off. It had only been two days since the dentist to the doctor but my; the pain as the nerves woke up again. This was a good lesson for me for as David's body started to wake up I could understand the pain. Like when he bumped his little finger on his right hand and would yell out a cry. Dr Stober did tell me about a woman who had wisdom teeth removed and the pressure used on her head caused her to become a zombie. After 8 year's the husband heard of Dr. Stober and after two treatments the woman woke up. His only warning to me was never allow surgery on his legs. Dr. Stober said that he had dreams of making a box where a child's head could be placed and it would come out*

*all round as it should be. He asked me to keep track of David's words as he started to talk. A few months later when I showed him the list Dr. Stober had tears flowing down his cheeks. He said he hadn't known if he could unlock David's speech, and some day I would wish he wouldn't talk so much, he was right.*

*Walking was the next trial to overcome. David's Dad came up with the idea of walking bars and a man at work made them and attached them to a 4x8 piece of plywood. David would hold on with one hand and put his arm over the other bar and pull himself along. We'd made a game of it. Me in my fuzzy slippers trying to catch him. On his own he'd pull up to the foot stool or chair and try a step or two. David loved the outdoors and our gentle collie would wait by his side when he fell so he'd have something to grab onto. I started counting steps. One, two, down he'd go. When he got to five steps I was thrilled but it was then back to two or three again. Then one day he was in the middle of the yard and headed for the house. One, two, three, ect. and I counted 42 steps till he reached the front porch. Joy, oh Joy!! David did it. He could walk. From then on there was no stopping him. He wanted to do what anyone else was capable of doing, and he did.*

*Today he is a fine man with two college degrees, drives a large truck, "because I can", and has found the perfect career, that through it someday he may make a difference in someone else's life.*