

POLIO DEJA VIEW

August 2011 - September 2011

www.cvppsg.org



*A Newsletter for the
Central Virginia
Post-Polio
Support Group*

*Mary Ann Haske,
Editor*

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August 6, 2011 Meeting

2:00 pm at Children's Hospital, 2924 Brook Road, Richmond
*Remember to come at 1:30 for refreshments and social time!!
Cookies provided – bring your own beverage.*

We will have The Woody Morris Memorial Brown Bag Auction to benefit the Social Committee. Please bring an item – white elephant, gag-gift or otherwise – in a brown bag with a short clue attached to the bag about the contents. Our favorite auctioneer, Dave VanAken, will preside. This is always a lot of fun for those attending!

September 10, 2011 Meeting

2:00 pm at Children's Hospital, 2924 Brook Road, Richmond
*Remember to come at 1:30 for refreshments and social time!!
Cookies provided – bring your own beverage.*

There will be a General Discussion. Bring topics that you would like to discuss. Also, there will be a Retreat Up-date. Election of Officers will be held.

(Note: The meeting date is the Second Saturday in order to avoid Labor Day weekend)

Mid Month Lunches

Wednesday, August 17, 2011

Mid-Month Lunch at 11:30

9212 Stony Point Parkway (253-0492)

For a reservation, call Carol Kennedy (740-6833)
or Barbara Bancroft (204-1688) by Monday, August 15th.
(Please note: Our lunches are now held on Wednesdays!)

Wednesday, September 21, 2011

Mid-Month Lunch at 11:30

We will have lunch at Mosaic Café in the River Road Shopping Center
6229 River Road (next to Talbots and Azzurro) (288-7482)
For a reservation, call Carol Kennedy (740-6833)
or Barbara Bancroft (204-1688) by Monday, September 19th.
(Please note: Our lunches are now held on Wednesdays!)

Cruise News:

Hopefully there will be a “fancy” article by one of the cruisers in a future issue. I simply want to report that it was a great event. The ease of going out of Baltimore made the trip doable. If I had had to fly, I would never have been on the cruise. I will simply say that I loved the freedom of the ship. It was large and I could just scoot around with abandon. My room was great. Some of us had some issues but hopefully their complaints have fostered some changes in accommodations. During the 9 days at sea, I was able to get to know other members of the group in a way that is not possible just seeing them at the meetings or the retreats. I also enjoyed being waited upon. It was a pleasant change. If I could have stowed away when we returned to Baltimore and gotten away with it, I would still be out there on the water getting excited at going under the Bay Bridge at Annapolis, at coming into the harbor at Saint Thomas and all the other events that had me so delighted.

Mary Ann Haske



Post-Polio Members Having Fun On A Cruise

Front Row: Mary Ann Haske, Fred Smith, Jack Wilson.

Back Row: Dave VanAken, Carol Ranelli, Shirley Smith, Carol Kennedy, Karen Wilson, Linda VanAken



Dorothea Lange

Several months ago, I was watching a program on the History Channel. The program focused on the 1930s, the Great Depression years. Dorothea Lange was the subject of the documentary. Lange achieved some fame as a result of her many photos of individuals who were directly affected by the poverty and deprivations of the economic depression. When discussing Lange's life, the narrator mentioned that Lange had polio as a child. She was left with a withered leg and a limp. With this information, I searched the Internet and discovered that there were several books about Dorothea Lange. I purchased one that included a biography of her life and many of her photos. Dorothea Lange, A Visual Life edited by Elizabeth Partridge, and published by the Smithsonian Press is filled with most of Lange's most famous photographs.

Lange was born in Hoboken, New Jersey in 1895. She had one younger brother, six years her junior. At age seven, she fell ill to acute polio. The residual polio damage involved a withered right lower leg and a noticeable limp. Lange viewed her handicap as a determination factor in her life. She stated that her handicap shaped

The rest of the story is continued on page 4

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If you would like to talk with someone about Post-Polio Syndrome, you are welcome to contact the above members. If you send an e-mail, please refer to APPS@ in the subject heading.

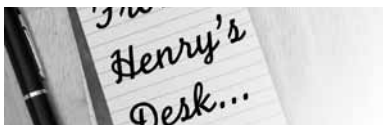
We would love to have any of our members write an article for our newsletter. It can be about your lifestyle adjustments, comments on post-polio or any subject, humorous or serious, that we may all benefit from.

Please send articles for or comments about our newsletter, as well as changes, additions or deletions for the newsletter mailing list to:

Mary Ann Haske, Newsletter Editor
2956 Hathaway Rd, Richmond, VA 23225
or contact me at: (804) 323-9453 or mahaske@hotmail.com

The opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily constitute an endorsement or approval of the Central Virginia Post Polio Support Group.

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Cont'd from page 3

her very personality and was one from which she could never escape. In later years her limp might have been an asset in helping to disarm people on first encounters with her camera. She felt that her limp might have helped strangers be more accepting of her when she was photographing in the field.

When Lange was twelve years old, her father left the family and Lange, her brother, and her mother went to live with her maternal grandmother. This matriarchal family lived together until Lange left home at age twenty-three. Her mother was self-conscious about her daughter's limp and encouraged her to attempt to walk more normally. As a result, Lange was even more self-conscious about her limp.

After the marital separation, Lange's mother began commuting from New Jersey to Manhattan where she had a job at the New York Public Library. As a result, Lange was enrolled in a public school in the Lower East Side of Manhattan. She was the only Gentile among all Jewish children. She was essentially a loner as a child. She went to an all girls' high school in Upper Manhattan and this situation was slightly better. When questioned upon her graduation as to her plans for the future, she stated that she wanted to become a photographer. At this point in her life, she had never owned a camera. She did enter a teacher's training program, but also began working in a photographer's studio. Her interest in photography grew and she left the teacher's training program. She was mostly a self-taught photographer.

At the age of twenty-three, she left New Jersey with a friend to travel the world and utilize her photographic skills. She ended up in San Francisco and opened a photographic studio where she specialized in portraits. Her business was successful. She did marry and had two sons. When the bread lines appeared during the depression years, she began photographing the pathos of the people affected severely by the Great Depression. These photographs are a realistic and artistic witness to the human drama of this time in our country's history.

Perhaps Lange's most famous photograph is "Migrant Mother," taken in 1936. This photo is of a tired and worn female migrant worker. She is holding a small child and there are two other children leaning on her shoulders. The photograph needs no explanation. The majority of Lange's photographs are expressive and gripping with human emotion. During World War II, Lange photographed the plight of some of California's Japanese Americans who were displaced to camps.

Lange was diagnosed with inoperable esophageal cancer in

Dorothea Lange

August 1964. Despite this death sentence, Lange completed two major projects during the last year of her life. The first was the completion of her collection of photographs of The American Country Woman. This collection demonstrated Lange's great respect for the traditional woman. Her other project during that last year was preparing a review of her work for the Museum of Modern Art. Lange died on October 11, 1965

Lange was likely a sentimentalist. She once said, "Sentiment and sentimentality, they are difficult concepts to manage." Many of Lange's photographs include the subject's feet. Was her inclusion of feet in her photographs an expression of her own sensitivity about her own polio damaged right foot? What did Lange say about her own handicap? She said, "I was physically disabled, and no one who hasn't lived the life of a semi-cripple knows how much that means. I think it perhaps was the most important thing that happened to me, and formed me, guided me, instructed me, helped me, and humiliated me."

I think that many of us with residual damage from polio can identify with these words. How much did polio impact on your life? Was it the most important thing that happened to you? Has the event of polio in your life formed, guided, instructed, helped, and humiliated you?

It was certainly an event that changed my life. Because of my experience with polio, I am sure that it guided me to seek a medical education and profession. At a young age, polio instructed me in the hard reality that good innocent persons could suffer unexplained adversity. Many times the self-consciousness of my handicap caused me to feel the shame and humiliation of being crippled. Did polio "help" me? Perhaps my experience with polio helped me to have some insight about putting others at ease. These are all hard questions. Probe your own feelings in answering these questions for yourself.

I think that Dorothea Lange was like many of us. She was marked by a distinct limp from childhood polio. She was a lonely and self-conscious child. She set a goal for herself and she accomplished that goal. She had an intuitive understanding and could identify with the sadness and pain of others. Her photographs reflect the genius of her sensitivity. Viewing her photographs is a lesson for us all.

Reference:

Dorothea Lange A Visual Life edited by Elizabeth Partridge, Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington and London, 1994.

All quotations of Dorothy Lange are taken from interviews recorded in this reference book. Exact page numbers are available upon request.

Protect your Property Now



Tropical storms and floods often threaten Virginia

What should property owners, business owners and renters be doing before tropical weather systems affect Virginia?

- Most importantly, consider getting flood insurance. Most homeowners insurance does not cover flood damage. Inland flooding is often a problem in Virginia, so a direct hit from a hurricane isn't necessary for there to be extensive damage. Get free info at www.floodsmart.gov or call 1-888-379-9531. Talk to your insurance agent now. Coverage usually takes 30 days before it goes into effect.
- Permanent storm shutters are the best protection for windows. Tape does not prevent windows from breaking. Another option is to cover windows with 5/8" plywood.
- Be sure trees and shrubs around your property are well trimmed.
- Clear loose and clogged rain gutters and downspouts.
- Get a portable battery-powered/hand crank radio with NOAA weather band so you can hear information even when the power is out. Have plenty of batteries on hand.
- Store drinking water. Have at least a three-day supply: one gallon per person per day.
- Families should have an emergency plan. Get a fill-in form at www.ReadyVirginia.gov.

- Equally important, businesses should be prepared with emergency plans to improve the likelihood that your company may recover from a disaster. Visit www.ready.gov/business for more.

What should residents do if a tropical storm warning is issued?

- Most importantly, listen to a battery-powered radio or television for instructions from local officials.
- Those in mobile homes should check tie downs and go to a sturdier building for shelter.
- Keep a supply of flashlights and extra batteries. Don't use open flames such as kerosene lamps and candles for light.
- Be sure you have at least a three-day supply of food that doesn't need refrigeration or electricity for preparation.
- Store valuables and personal papers in a waterproof container on the highest level of your home.
- Stay inside, away from windows, skylights and glass doors.
- If power goes off, turn off major appliances to reduce power "surge" when electricity is back on.

Prepared by the Virginia Department
of Emergency Management, June 2011
(804) 897-6510

pio@vdem.virginia.gov • www.ReadyVirginia.gov

Save the Dates

Retreat Committee Meeting, 12:30 p.m., August 6, (Before Reg. Meeting)

Regular Monthly Meetings, Aug. 6, Sept. 10, Oct. 1, Nov. 12 (3:00)

Final Payment for Retreat, Sept. 10

Tech-Quest

a Chesterfield Disability Services Board Exhibit , 2-6 p.m., Oct. 11, Chesterfield Central Library,
(Vendors will display technology – From Nook versus Kindle to the latest in grabbers) Come and See and Learn

Retreat, Oct. 14, 15, 16

Mid-Month Lunch, July 20, Aug. 17, Sept. 21

Post-Polio Thoughts

Nancy Baldwin Carter, BA, M Ed Psych,
Omaha, Nebraska, (n.carter@cox.net)

COME HEAR THE MUSIC PLAY

The words kept running through my mind: “What good is sitting alone in your room?” Da dah da dah dah dah. Yes. That song from Cabaret. What was I thinking? Then it hit me. Exactly! How many polio survivors have said similar words as they explain their interest in a very special kind of volunteering—working with children.

Take Jan, a retired realtor who has struggled with post-polio issues for years. Jan works with two-and-three-year-olds at a Florida child development center. Once a week she spends half a day at the center dealing with English-as-a-Second-Language children, in small groups or individually.

She’s experienced amazing breakthroughs. Imagine this: “One day, Diego and I had a wooden puzzle with cutout places in which to insert seven different dinosaurs,” Jan says. “Diego loves dinosaurs. A little girl ran over and asked what Diego was doing. To my surprise, he took each piece out of the puzzle, lined up the dinosaurs along the edge of the table, and then, pointing carefully, said, ‘This is a dinosaur,’ seven times, once for each dinosaur. This was the first time Diego ever spoke, in English or in Spanish, at school or at home. What an amazing moment that was!”

There are so many ways to assist teachers. In Colorado, Anna and her gentle chocolate Labrador both became certified to help elementary children improve their reading skills. The kids loved reading to Koko in the classroom. Again, there was that special child, this time little Angie, who had never been heard to speak in school. Never, that is, until finally one morning, when she saw the Lab trotting in for their session, she shouted, “There’s Koko! There’s Koko!” She rushed over to her pal and began chattering as she had never done before. Had a polio survivor and her affable dog brought new life to Angie?

Not every post-polio volunteer works in schools, however. Mentors often have a different goal. Here in the Omaha Boys and Girls Club, mentors work with students on character and leadership development, as well as on effective communication. Mentors and mentees get together around pizza to discover what individuals might have in common. If a mentor is good at photography, and a Club member finds that fascinating, for instance, it’s a match.

“We have a shortage of mentors,” says the Club’s Regina. “We have so many excellent ones—people who are patient and have outgoing personalities. Good communicators. We just don’t have enough.”

All their applicants go through background checks and three hours of training. Mentors devote one hour a week for a mini-

mum of eight months with their mentees (all in the 6 to 18 age group) in order to establish a viable relationship. They meet only at the Club, for the safety of both individuals. Other mentoring organizations may have different guidelines.

In yet another program, Betty mentors elementary students from affluent homes. “The emphasis is on academic success,” she says. “These are kids who are not keeping up with their peers.” Once a week they meet, one on one, in locations set up by the family. “Relationship is extremely important,” says Betty. “Kids thrive on the extra individual attention and respond beautifully.”

O.K., so a lot of polio survivors aren’t simply sitting at home watching the dust gather. We’re busy folks, often driven, they tell us. Still, many of us have time for one more gig. As Betty says, “I want to give back instead of just taking. Makes me feel better about myself.”

And helping kids find their way—well that’s music to our polio-survivor ears, isn’t it.

Wanna hum along?

Nancy Baldwin Carter, B.A., M.Ed.Psych, from Omaha, Nebraska, is a polio survivor, a writer, and is founder and former director of Nebraska Polio Survivors Association.

Source: Post-Polio Health International (www.post-polio.org)

FYI.....

Artifact: Do you have any artifacts from when you had polio? Polio Place, (polioplac.org), PHI’s website for medical information, is looking for historical records and artifacts for the worldwide post-polio community.

If you have photos, letters, newspaper articles, etc., please visit the website and tell about yourself and your artifact.

Limping Through Life in Crippling Detail

(The following is the first chapter of Jerry Epperson's account of his life with polio. His family asked him to write a memoir for them. I am pleased to print this first installment and am looking forward to future chapters. The Editor)

*By Wallace W. (Jerry) Epperson, Jr.
Chapter 1*

At age 63, having lived with polio since 1950, you would think that I would have seen all there is to see; but the surprises continue. Here's some personal history.

I grew up in Victoria, Virginia, a town of 1,500 with one stoplight about seventy miles south of Richmond. When I was two, my mother took me to a clinic at the hospital in Farmville, forty miles away, for an ear infection. Two weeks later, my parents received a letter from the clinic saying a child being treated there the same day had been diagnosed with polio and they should watch me carefully. Within a month, I was with other polio-related cases quarantined at MCV.

My mother also had a mild case of polio in her neck, but recovered fully. My left leg ended up paralyzed, my right leg has some problems in the foot and ankle, as does my left arm. My spine is anything but straight. Even so, I was blessed in so many ways compared to others.

As I grew up, I always disliked nurses, but I never knew why until I mentioned it to my mother many years later.

She explained that while at MCV, somehow I misbehaved (I was 2 or 3) and a nurse punished me by putting me in a closet. She then forgot about me. The next day, seeing my empty bed, the assumption was that I had been released. When my parents came, everyone then thought I was dead. The nurse, coming back a day later, was told I had passed away, and then she remembered me in the closet. I was found, evidently very scared, and the nurse was reprimanded.

To this day, I will reach into a closet, but I don't like going in there. And guess who married a nurse?

By the way, I learned many, many years later that they would not let my 8 year old

sister go to school for months, because she had been around me.

My first leg braces were made in Roanoke and weighed a ton. Learning to walk is a chore if you cannot lift your legs. Then we started to go to Pollard's in Richmond. Getting there was a thrill. Pollard's was on Broad Street half way down the steep hill beside MCV, where Interstate 95 is today.

It was way too steep for me to walk to in braces with crutches so my parents pushed me in my wheelchair. Going up and down that hill, knowing you were only one "oops" from careening helplessly down to the railroad tracks, was not pleasant. Add some snow and it was a white knuckle, tooth gritting event.

At Pollard's we were taken care of by one of the great people in my life, Tommy Powell, who later bought Mr. Pollard's business. Thankfully, he moved it to level ground.

Herb Park was my polio doctor and I always enjoyed visiting him. When I was about five or six, he suggested I go to Warm Springs, Georgia. Every summer for the next ten years, my parents would drive me to southwestern Georgia. This was in the late 1950's and there were no interstate highways, and the motels were, for lack of a better word, rustic.

The doctors at Warm Springs would always want to make me a different style brace; then Dr. Park would send me to Tommy Powell to either replace it or change it back. Breaking in a new brace is always a painful challenge for a few weeks, so I always dreaded these disagreements among the doctors. Blisters and ripped skin heals slowly when you use the brace every day.

When I was 9 in 1957, I was sent to Warm Springs for a multiple operation to do tendon transplants and to straighten my spine. I was in a plaster cast from my arm pits to my toes for seven months, with only the area around my privates cut out. I had large metal pins through the bones just below my knees to hold my legs steady in the cast, and they stuck out on either side. Even today, I still have small dimples on either side of my calves from these pins.

Every week the cast had a wedge removed

in my lower back and I was bent to stretch my spine. Soon, only my shoulders and heels touched the mattress, and eventually I could drive a Tonka metal truck under my back from side to side. Every once and a while, they would flip me over and I could rock with just my lower belly touching the bed.

Most of my memories of Warm Springs are positive. I remember it being large and spread out. The sidewalks among the various buildings had some banking in a couple of turns so the orderlies pushing us in wheelchairs or on the gurneys could speed us along. Some would get a running start and hop on the back of the gurneys and ride with us. We had movies and other entertainment, and the food was good.

My mother stayed in Warm Springs with me and worked as a nurse's aide while I was there. My father stayed home to work and take care of my sister. Not many kids had their mothers with them. On special occasions, Mom would bring me gum or Hostess "snowballs".

Dad worked on the railroad (the Virginian which became the Norfolk & Western) and my family was active in the Victoria Christian Church. Dad was a deacon and my mother was in the choir and taught Sunday school.

I had been in Warm Springs since August, and when Christmas approached, presents began to arrive. Amazingly, I received 677 presents from friends, neighbors, church members and my father's co-workers in Victoria. Remember, the town had 1,500 residents. It was overwhelming. That is the good news.

Remembering that I was 9, and Victoria was a very small town with one small department store and two small drug stores, I got many of the same items, like 40+ identical fire trucks. The net result was that the generosity of Victoria was a benefit to all 30 of my fellow patients that shared our ward at Warm Springs.

The ward had a very definite seniority system. New boys went to the beds at the back of the room, a huge ward with 15 beds on each side. Whenever someone left, everyone would move up one bed towards the double doors that opened into the hall.

Those closer to the door got bathed first, dressed first and fed first. If you had the bed closest to the front, you could reach your clothes and not have to wait for the nurses. You were in control.

By the time I had my long cast removed, I was in the best bed. That meant I could also choose first from the fleet of the old-style wooden wheelchairs. Of course, I chose the fastest one.

Recovery, finally out of the cast, was great but you had hours of therapy. The massage therapists had large washing-machine sized tubs of hot melted paraffin wax, with steam rising, and you had to slowly ease your limbs into the molten goo to loosen up your muscles for the therapy. That wax was hot.

We had to relearn how to walk with braces and crutches, often between two handrails, stumbling along. I was fortunate that my bills were covered by a polio insurance policy my Dad had bought (thank heavens). The March of Dimes or Easter Seals kids were often filmed learning to walk, usually in their underwear so you could see their braces. These films were taken back to their communities to use in help raising money for these charities at schools, PTA or church meetings. Many of the kids were mortified knowing their friends at home would see them this way.

Most of us were friends and about the same age, typically 8 to about 14. We would race our wheelchairs, have accidents, steal desserts, and get yelled at by the nurses.

Some of us were paired with a "twin", another polio patient with identical problems. This way they could try different treatments and see how we compared in our recoveries. My "twin" came from Arkansas and was told as a teenager to aggressively exercise, including lifting weights. In contrast, I was told to live normally, but not exercise just to exercise. He did not fare well, and in his forties he lost the use of both legs, and his arms were very weak. I am fat as a dirigible but 3 of my 4 limbs still work at age 63. Again, I am blessed.

One new kid who came into the ward was a loud, arrogant know-it-all, and was not liked by the rest of us. I think he was a Yankee, too. Everything of his was better, and he was smarter, according to him. My best friend in the ward and I decided he needed to be taught a lesson.

Given our ages, we were beginning to discover girls. Most of us were fans of the Mickey Mouse Club, and I had a crush on Annette Funicello (who didn't?).

At the other end of our hall was the girl's ward with 30 girls in a room just like ours. Looking out our doors, we could see the double doors of their ward maybe 120 feet away, and the only things between us were some treatment rooms and the nurses' station on the sides.

My best friend and I plotted against the new kid, and began to invite him to join us in our travels and at meals. The three of us decided we would break into the girls' ward early one morning and see our "girlfriends". None of us had actually spoken to these girls but we had seen them. Mine even looked like Annette, sort of, from a distance.

Early one morning when the nurses and orderlies were bathing and dressing us (and the girls at the other end of the hall), I got dressed and took clothes to my friend and the new kid. Once dressed, we got the fastest wheelchairs and rode into the hall.

With the new kid in the middle we raced towards the swinging doors of the girls' ward, zooming past the nurses' station, and pushing the wheelchairs as fast as our arms could.

At the last minute, I jammed my right handbrake, stopping my right wheel, and turning me sharply into a hall to the right. My best friend did the same, turning sharply to the left. The new kid, between us, crashed through the doors into the girls' ward, smashed into the head nurse, and all we heard was the girls screaming and the nurses yelling.

My best friend and I circled around the building, returned to our ward, and got back in our beds. All the nurses had rushed to the girls' ward. If I remember correctly, we were reading comic books when the nurses came to see if anyone was missing and had been involved in the mischief.

What were they talking about? We surely did not know.

We didn't see the new kid much after that, and in a few weeks I was allowed to return home.

I have two memories about going home after 9 months. First, living with the 29+ guys, I had learned some new words that

I had not heard before. When I first used some of my new words in the car going home, my father hit the brakes and we slid to the shoulder of the road. He seriously discouraged me from ever using those words again.

Second, I was really upset over missing the entire third grade so one of my teachers, Mrs. Thweatt, came by my home every day for a couple of weeks and I got to go straight into fourth grade. Thank you, Mrs. Thweatt.

I have a couple of concluding points on Warm Springs:

When my father passed away in 1986, we went through his belongings. He still had an old, lined piece of paper that had evidently been tacked to a bulletin board at the railroad yard office, asking for donations to "help Wallace's son in Warm Springs, Georgia". On the page were about 50 names I recognized from Dad's work, with donations of up to \$10, a lot of money in 1957. This is very humbling; and

My wife and I went to a convention in Calloway Gardens in Georgia about a decade ago and decided to drive to nearby Warm Springs. It is still there as a children's hospital but it seemed small, not the huge campus I remember. To my great surprise, I suddenly felt very depressed and uncomfortable remembering the trips, the various treatments and surgeries, but also remembering all those challenged kids years ago. Compared to most, I am so very blessed. It took a while to get over that visit, by the way.

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2012 Budget

Income/Expense Budgets Jan., 2012 to Dec. 2012

Revenues

Gifts, grants, or donations	
Dues (Mar. – Aug.).....	\$1,400.00
Donations (Mar. – Aug.)	
(come with Dues checks.)	\$1,300.00
United Way receipts	\$550.00
Advertising in Newsletter	\$650.00
Memorial donations	\$0.00
Total Income	\$3,900.00

Expenses

Newsletter Printing	\$1,300.00
Postage	\$400.00
Gifts, grants (Children’s Hosp., Nat’l PPS)	\$200.00
Fund Raising expense	\$100.00
Speakers gifts	\$100.00
Retreat	\$1,000.00
Professional fees (Bank acct, Web Master).....	\$250.00
Meeting expenses	\$200.00
Lunches & Xmas Party	\$800.00
Misc.....	\$500.00
Total Expenses projected	\$4,850.00

The Social Committee is funded by our
Brown Bag Auctions

September Elections

In preparation for the coming elections, nominations are being accepted. If you are interested in running for a seat on the board or if you wish to nominate someone for a seat, you can contact Jim Wells at 804-745-0564 to make a nomination.

Remember, you must have the person’s permission to place his or her name in nomination.

LOCAL NEWS

The Virginia Housing Development Agency (VHDA) has a program that offers up to \$1800 to make accessibility modifications to individuals with disabilities’ homes. The following website has more information about eligibility criteria and the application process. Please feel free to share this link to others. <http://www.vhda.com/Renters/Pages/AccessibleRentalHousing.aspx>

Our June Luncheon was held on a beautiful spring day. There were 25 members, spouses and friends attending. Socialization was the entertainment. The space allowed us to move around and visit.

Congratulations to Juanita and Wayne Turner on their 50th Wedding Anniversary. There was a lovely article in the Richmond Times Dispatch, June 19, 2011, describing their courtship and marriage. Juanita had polio as a little girl. Juanita and Wayne have 3 daughters and 4 grandchildren. Juanita writes short stories and poetry and has written an account of her post-polio struggles, “When Legs Stop Walking Again.”

Eleventh Annual Fall Retreat !!!

The Annual Fall Retreat will be Friday, October 14th 2011 until Sunday, the 16th 2011, at the Holiday Inn Express Hotel & Suites in Ashland, VA (www.hiexpress.com/ashlandva). This is located right off Rt. 95, just north of Richmond and will be convenient for everyone. We have tentatively reserved 15 guest rooms and all six handicapped accessible rooms. If you need a handicapped room, please let us know what your exact needs are; you may only need a bath bench or raised toilet seat. If you can supply your own, it would benefit those of us organizing the Retreat as it is difficult for us to transport equipment.

We will have the use of the conference rooms, heated indoor swimming pool, hot tub and exercise facility. The rooms have microwaves and refrigerators, TV, coffee makers and hair dryers. Those who attended in previous years gave rave reviews to the facility.

Friday evening we will have our usual "Meet 'n Greet" social time with great appetizers (no additional snacks needed!) and dinner being catered by Suzanne's, the same wonderful caterer we had in 2009. Breakfast is supplied by the hotel. Saturday, we will have box lunches by Suzanne's. Be sure and read all the choices and place your selection on the registration form. Since we have to vacate the meeting rooms by 5:00 on Saturday (Reason: Fun, Fun, Fun), we are "on our own" for dinner at any of the several

restaurants near the Holiday Inn – Applebees or Cracker Barrel are very close by.

Saturday morning we will have a panel on "Advantages of the Latest Technology". (Questions for panel or ideas for the panel to address may be recorded on the registration form.) In the afternoon, we will have a speaker who blends comedy and inspiration. Christine Walters, of ComedySportz Richmond, will present "The ACTive Leader – The Power of Attitude, Commitment, Teamwork, and Trust". Peer Session and Partner Session and rest period will also be part of our afternoon.

Saturday evening, Masino's Casinos will host casino night complete with CVPPSG money (fake) and, of course, lots of prizes. There will be Black Jack, Texas Hold 'Em, Roulette and Bingo games. Something for everyone and FUN, FUN, FUN!

We will offer this for \$150.00 per person based on double occupancy for the entire weekend, including all meals except Saturday dinner. Single occupancy will be \$250. The support group is still subsidizing part of the total expense. If you want to come just for the day on Saturday, the 15th, the cost will be \$50 a person which includes lunch and Casino Night which will run from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m.

You will need to select a box lunch. (Note: all boxes include a Deviled Egg and a Chocolate Mint.) Please choose from the following:

SATURDAY BOX LUNCH CHOICES

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| #1 Chicken Salad
Homemade Roll
Fruit Salad
Red Velvet Cake | #5 Sliced Roasted Turkey
Homemade Roll
Pasta Salad
Carrot Layer Cake | #10 Hickory Smoked BBQ
Homemade Roll
Coleslaw
Seasonal Fruit Cobbler |
| #2 Albacore Tuna Salad
Homemade Roll
Green Pea Salad
Key Lime Pie | #6 Shrimp Salad
Baby Shell Macaroni Salad
Chocolate Pecan Pie | #11 Luncheon Salads
Garden Salads
_____ with Chicken Salad
_____ with Tuna Salad
_____ with Shrimp Salad
_____ with Turkey, Ham & Cheese
_____ Caesar with Grilled Chicken
All with Homemade Melba Toast
Chocolate Pecan Pie |
| #3 Sliced Country Ham
Homemade Roll
Potato Salad
Deep Dish Coconut Pie | #7 Sliced Chicken with Bacon
Parmesan Cheese Spread
Homemade Roll
Fruit Salad
Chocolate Pecan Brownie | #12 Vegetarian Wrap
Grilled Fresh Vegetables with
Sundried Tomato Hummus on
Flat Bread
Fruit
Mocha Chocolate Cake |
| #4 Roast Beef & Cheddar + Lettuce
& Tomato on Homemade Roll
Baby Shell Macaroni Salad
Seasonal Fruit Cobbler | #8 Back Fin Crab Cake
Homemade Tartar Sauce
Homemade Roll
House Salad w/Dressing
Pineapple Upside- Down Cake | |
| | #9 Hanover Club
Homemade Roll
Potato Salad
Pecan Pie | |

It is imperative that you make your reservations as soon as possible!!! We are working with a busy hotel and they need to know the exact number of guests by September 12th!!!

Final reservations and complete payment should be received by Linda VanAken by September 10th. For those who send in an early deposit – the remainder is due by September 10th.

We welcome all who have attended in years past and we welcome any new members who would like to share their polio stories, ask questions and generally have a rewarding and FUN weekend!

REGISTRATION FORM FOR OCTOBER RETREAT

Friday, October 14th until Sunday, October 16th

Please mail to: Linda VanAken, 14606 Talleywood Ct., Chester, VA 23831 with check made out to: "CVPPSG"

Final payment has to be received by September 10th.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Number of Persons attending: _____

Type of Room accommodation: _____ (single or double) Handicap accessible? _____

If you are single and sharing a room, who will be your roommate? _____

Will you be attending just for the day on Saturday? _____ Number attending _____

Do you have any special dietary requirements? _____

(We cannot change the pre-set menu unless there are specific needs)

Price for the weekend (2 nights and 4 meals) \$150 per person based on double occupancy

Price for single occupancy (2 nights and 4 meals) \$250 per person

Price for Saturday only (includes lunch and Casino Night) \$50 per person

Amount of check sent: _____

Box Lunch(s) include lunch # & item name (ex. #6 Shrimp Salad): _____

Questions or comments for panel _____

(Use back if more room is required)

Remember, all rooms, including the handicap accessible rooms, are on a first come-first serve basis.

Your registration form, with a \$30 deposit, guarantees your room.

If you know you will be attending, please send your registration in early. Thank you.


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