



the HEADLINER

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the HEADLINER

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THE NEWSLETTER OF THE BRAIN INJURY ASSOCIATION OF OREGON AND THE BRAIN INJURY SUPPORT GROUP OF PORTLAND

Big Turnout for Annual Conference

Over 150 persons attended the Association's Annual Conference, "Moving Toward Independence: Sharing Help and Hope" at Eugene's Lane County Fairgrounds last October 14th. Keynote speakers Marilyn Lash and Bob Cluett from Wake Forest, North Carolina got the conference off to a wonderful start by sharing their personal experience as family member and survivor of a brain injury. They also conducted two other sessions at the conference. As one evaluator wrote: "What a wonderful gift to have Bob and Marilyn here." We couldn't agree more.

Other conference presenters who donated their time and talents included: Dr. Bryan Andressen, Tom Boyd, Ph.D., Mary Bunch, Melody Chord, Ann Glang, Ph.D., Guy Goode, Don Hood, Eane Huff, Jan Johnson, M.S., Bill McGann, Trudy Maloney, David Northway, Ph.D., Bill Prucha, M.S., Steve Schwab, Vikki Vandiver, Ph.D., Brent Wells, Stephen Wright and Bob Zenuch. The Association extends its sincere thanks to all for a job well done.

In addition to evaluations for individual sessions, over 60 persons turned in an overall conference evaluation form. The overwhelming majority of these evaluators rated the conference a 4 or 5 on a scale of 1 to 5. They were especially complimentary about session content. Many suggestions for improvement were also offered, most related to conference logistics. The Association appreciates those who took the effort to share

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A Special Issue

Bill McGann, Editor

When the *Headliner* production team met last Summer to plan out the next few issues, we decided to dedicate the Winter issue to contributions by survivors. This special issue is the result of that focus. We've included two lengthy personal stories as well as a number of shorter essays, some poetry, and an excerpt from a feature newspaper article. We hope you'll enjoy your reading and that it will encourage you to send us more to publish! We hope you enjoy reading these submittals and invite you to share your story with us. For more information, see "Stories Needed" on page 4.

This is also a special issue for me because it is my last as the *Headliner's* editor. I am grateful for the privilege of being the editor of YOUR newsletter for the last three years and for all of the wonderful people with whom I've worked over the years. Best wishes to all of you during the holiday season and the years to come!

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Brain Injury Support Group of Portland

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their ideas which will be carefully considered as we begin planning for the 2001 Annual Conference planned for Portland.

Framed Certificates of Appreciation were presented to all support group facilitators. Special certificates of appreciation were also presented to:

- Richard Hendrick of Richard Hendrick, P.C. Corvallis for providing pro bono accounting services to the Association for ten years;
- Bill McGann who has served as editor of the Headliner since 1998;
- Jean Kindsvogel, Administrator of Residential Alternative Housing, Inc. in Salem for providing quality housing and support services to persons with brain injury since 1990;
- Sandra Ward, Manager of the TBI Club Portland, for her courage and tireless activity on behalf of other survivors of brain injury even as she continues to rebuild her life and seek full time employment;
- Pam Ogden, facilitator of the Turning Point support groups in Medford and Grants Pass, for her dedicated service to persons with brain injury and her assistance to the Association in locating resources for survivors living in the Medford area;
- Mary Bunch, founding member and past President of the Association, for her years of dedication to brain injury survivors and family members; and

- Meira Yaer, founder of the Healing Bridge Support Group and its advocacy panel, for her years of dedicated service on behalf of persons with brain injury. Meira has recently relocated to Arizona but continues to support the brain injury community in Eugene.

Thanks also to:

- Teaching-Research Eugene for helping bring Marilyn and Bob out from North Carolina;
- The volunteers who helped with many tasks involved in holding the conference including the room monitors and those who videotaped the sessions;
- Mary Bunch, Melody Chord and Eane Huff for taking over a session with almost no advance notice when the scheduled presenter became ill and was unable to attend;
- Conference sponsors and exhibitors: Byrd Financial Services, Homeward Bound, Northwest Occupational Medicine Center and NeuroNet;
- All those who attended the Conference and were so generous with your comments and suggestions. We hope to see you next year in Portland;

Finally, a special note of thanks to Melody Chord of Chord Enterprises and the Eugene BI Brain Power Support Group. Melody provided great assistance in conference planning, organized a Survivor's Art Show at a Eugene coffee shop, recruited conference volunteers and generally just did a tremendous amount of work to make the conference a success. Thank you, Melody!!

something, follow the directions and have a result in a fairly short time. It was an ego-booster, although I had to be supervised a lot initially. Then I became passionate about it.”

Her specialty: Italian. “My husband is a very good cook, and he’s Italian, so I think I have naturally gravitated toward Italian cooking,” she said.

How she began cooking: “I don’t consider my time before the car wreck really learning to cook,” she said. “It was something that had to be done. Rice-A-Roni and burger patties was about as complicated as I got.



“But after I started using learning to cook as a rehab tool, I became passionate. And the way I learned to cook was just making lots and lots and lots of mistakes due to misreading the recipes, to thinking I knew more about what the author of the recipe was talking about than they did, and improving. Just a lot of trial and error is how I got to this point.”

Montagna said she suffered initially from short-term memory loss and aphasia, the inability to find the right word.

“I would read that recipe over and over, and I couldn’t remember what it said, so I had to

go back to it each time, sometimes twice within the same sentence, just to do what it said,” she said. “So it was a painstaking process to get to what I am.

“Part of the problem when I was trying to cook was my optic nerve was damaged, so I saw double. I have since had it corrected through surgery that I had in 1992. So I would see two of everything,” she said.

Her biggest cooking success: “I don’t do dinner parties or things like that. I don’t cook for a lot of people,” she said. “But I think my biggest success - and I hope this is applicable - is coming up with the idea of, at Christmas time, I give friends and family a romantic dinner in a box.

“Basically, I do candles, wine, wine glasses, and I have come up with various types of entrees, from cannelloni to carnitas. I package them so they will withstand a day in the refrigerator in a foil pan. Then after the hoopla dies down after Christmas, they can pop it in the oven.

“It’s got salad. It’s got dressing. It’s got dessert,” she said. “I’ve had many calls a couple days after Christmas from various family and friends saying, ‘Thank God for you doing this, because it’s just been a godsend.’ “

(Excerpted from an article by Jim Boyd published in the Eugene Register-Guard. Reprinted with permission from the publisher)

Priorities Come First Eane Huff

When recovering from a head injury, priorities come first. Victor Frankl once said, "The last of human freedoms is a human's ability to change his attitude, no matter what the circumstances may be..." This quote applies to one of the first decisions we must make after having a head injury: are we going to make this a fun experience, full of laughter and trying our best, or are we going to be unhappy with what has changed our life, and resent the therapists that are trying to help us? Deciding what attitude you are going to adopt is probably one of the most important decisions that you can make. It will follow you throughout your trials and successes, probably through the rest of your life.

Next, come the decisions that will guide the rate of and progress of your recovery during the time of your rehabilitation. What is important to you? Slaving away at the rehabilitation exercises that your therapists told you to do? Stepping on the thera-band with one foot, and raising and lowering the other end with your arm? Or do you want to do just enough therapy, and then try to live your life? Either way, life is a trade off... You can either appreciate the benefits of your body working better because of your dedicated rehabilitation, and miss out on some of the experiences that may have been going on while you worked. Or, you can try to enjoy life with the abilities that were damaged, and miss out on your rehabilitation's beneficial effects.

Either way, it's a choice only you can make, and it's something you'll have to live with for the rest of your life. Do you want to look back at this head injury with a sense of pride knowing you tried your best in the face of

adversity? Or do you want to look back with a sense of regret and the feeling that it "was the final loss?" The choice is individual, and I wish you luck in deciding which approach will work best for you.

Cooking to Recovery

TERESA MONTAGNA of Eugene is the wife of John Montagna, a Guaranty truck salesman, and the operator of a custom-designed T-shirt business, Teresa's Party Time Shirts. She is the primary cook for a family of four that includes a 20-year-old son and a 6-year-old daughter. She developed her serious interest in cooking while recovering from a car accident.

"I came from a family where the women always cooked, and I was mildly interested in it. I didn't have a real passion for it, though," she said. "I have become a very good cook since I was in a near-fatal car accident in 1989 and I suffered a brain injury."

She had to both heal physically and relearn how to do many common activities that most people take for granted.

"You feel like you can't do anything you used to do," she said. "And so cooking became a therapeutic tool for me to start feeling good about myself, because it was kind of an instant gratification. I could start

President's Column:

Hopeful Holidays!

As we enter the hustle and bustle of the holiday season, it is sometimes hard to remember the real message of Hope that comes from all faithful celebrations, and that Hope is one of the main reasons that the Brain Injury Association and Brain Injury Support Groups exist. Working with families and survivors new to brain injury, offering Hope is often the beacon that helps them get through the initial shock. But for long term survivors, Hope is also an integral part of facing each day. With new research, medications, therapies and procedures, the healing process can continue for years to come.

Families and survivors who have a long-term experience with Hope are often the most important part of the healing team for a family new to brain injury. When a new survivor sees the camaraderie of long term survivors, it offers the Hope of a social sphere again, the potential for making more and more gains and the future of a productive life. It is important for the long-term survivors to remember how much they have to offer to the "newcomers" to our community family.

On December 14, the Portland TBI Club will host the annual Holiday party for survivors and their family members and friends. Join us at the Friendly House in Northwest Portland from 5:30 to 7:30 pm. for an evening of music, good food, fun and an opportunity to meet new friends. Please plan to attend this get together or create an event in your community to share the message of Hope, Help and Healing.

Kristi Schaefer
Brain Injury Support Group of Portland

Memorial Walk-a-Thon 2000

The Memorial Walk-a-Thon for 2000 was a success because sponsors were generous and survivors worked hard gathering pledges. Walkers circled Portland's Lloyd Center ice rink and enjoyed the "dry weather" indoors, and also had lots to look at along the way.

The walkers gathered pledges totalling over \$1,000. The three people who brought in the most pledges were Sandra Ward, Connie Weiss and Michael Flick. We also received over \$1,000 from Swanson, Thomas & Coon; Kampfe Management Services; Community Rehabilitation Services of Oregon; Sam Friedenber; Pam Olson and Betty Nelson.

New Bronze Memberships

We continue to appreciate substantial contributions made to benefit support programs for head injury survivors. We would like to highlight the following Bronze Memberships:

Robert and Denesa Jennison

Jeffrey Mutnick



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Brain Injury Stories Needed!

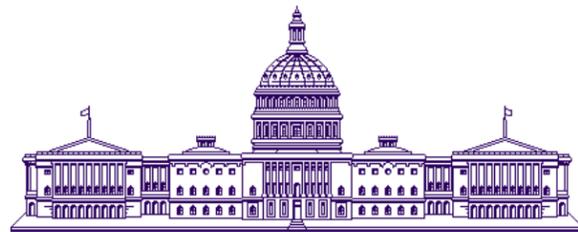
BIAOR invites brain injury survivors and their family members to submit their personal experience with brain injury. It is our intent to publish and utilize the stories in a form (including the BIAOR web page and newsletter) that will enable the Association to more effectively advocate for improved services for persons with brain injury. We also anticipate using the stories in fund raising appeals and to increase public awareness of brain injury generally.

Garet Martin of Portland, herself a survivor of brain injury and initiator of the idea of a compilation of survivor stories, has offered to edit the submittals for publication. Persons interested in submitting stories are invited to contact the BIAOR office for more information, including guidelines for submittal and other specifics regarding the Association's use of the submittals.

For More Information Call BIAOR at 503-585-0855 or 800-544-5243 or email us at biaor@open.org.

Advocates Sought

Are you willing to contact your federal and state elected senators and representatives to ask them to support improved services for persons with brain injury and their families? The Brain Injury Association of Oregon is building a Policy Advocacy Network and needs your help to give survivors and their families a more effective voice in the government policy making process.



Please call us at 800-544-5243 for more information on how you can become involved. The 2001 state legislature will convene in January so don't delay—call now!

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from walker to walls and furniture, then the final step of walking freely, but with great care.

There were other victories that came slowly, but they did come: learning to feed myself was a biggie that took nearly forever. Smaller victories included being able to sweat on my damaged side, starting to dream again, being able to perceive colors again, learning to walk through doorways without crashing into them, learning to tie my shoes by myself, endless details that I'd learned easily once before, when I was four or five years old.

I'm writing all this so that the reader might know that I really do understand what happens to those of us with brain damage. To look at me today, decades later, few see anything to indicate there was ever an oddity in my past. The end result of my trauma has, in the end, left me LOOKING fairly normal. The real toll, thought, is tremendous: I'm left with dubious balance, I'm blind in part of one eye, my heart beats too fast, I have lots of other difficulties that few would guess at. The tally is huge.

The above events represent my past. In many ways, life has gone on without me. There are thousands of simple acts that I once did every day without even thinking, that I will never be able to do again.

I could focus just on those, all those things I can never do again. Many do. But somewhere along the line, I chose not to stay in that past. I chose to move onward, and to look outward, ahead.

I have a future. It is indeed shredded beyond recognition. The life I have now has nothing at all to do with my plans.

But I DO have a future.

I choose to look outward. There are lots of people who are managing complex life events and they have no future at all: those with terminal cancer, the very old, those who had much worse damage than I who suffer agony without end. But me: I have a future!

I am alive! I know that if my damage had been slightly to the left or to the right or to the higher or lower part of my brain, I would be dead right now. But I am NOT!

I am alive!

Lots of people are not. I deeply believe that those who have died would jump at the chance to have what I have left. They would cheerfully take on all my strange difficulties—every one of them.

I know—let me repeat that—I KNOW life would have been lots better without this event in my life, but I still have my life! I'm not going to focus so thoroughly on what is wrong with me that I miss enjoying what is RIGHT with me!

Pep talk? Yes. For sure. But try it for five short minutes and see the changes in yourself AND those who surround you.

Much of the past will never let me go, I know that. But I refuse to surrender to the past what I have left.

Traumatic Brain Injury: New Perceptions

Anonymous

My new skewed perceptions of the world around me happened overnight, literally. I went to bed one night, feeling a little more tired than usual. The next morning, fifteen minutes out of bed, I suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage. That, pretty much, is the last thing I remembered until months later when I woke up in a strange place, sitting in a wheelchair. I could see a man I loved very much standing to my left side. I had no idea what his name was and I knew, I absolutely knew, if I asked his name he would be so horrified that I didn't know, he would leave me immediately and I would never be able to get him back.

I looked at his much-loved face and made up my mind to listen carefully for clues, so I might learn his name. At that time, I had no idea if I was a man or a woman. Maybe he was my brother.

A woman stood a few feet in front of my wheelchair. I concentrated on what she said, hoping for clues. She spoke to me carefully, enunciating each word slowly. The words were clear enough, but they simply would not string together into a sentence. They hung in the air between us, without meaning.

Eventually, just two words made some sense. She had said "physical therapy." I lost track of the rest of what she was saying and made an effort to look through the haze-filled room at the others in it.

I saw a young man struggling to walk between two bars, using the strength of his arms to keep him upright. On the other

side was a middle-aged woman making frightful efforts to raise herself to a sitting position on a gymnast's mat where she'd apparently fallen. I was horrified to realize these other people were cripples! How did I get here? Until that moment, I'd assumed I was sitting in the wheelchair because it was the only seat available. Now I began to suspect I belonged in it. (This made no sense, of course, but neither did anything else at the time). Panic set in and I started to cry.

The woman asked me with exquisite gentleness what was wrong. Unlike many others, I was able to talk, but I was not going to talk to this woman. How could I possibly explain that I didn't belong there? And if I told her that, she might say, "Oh yes you do, dear!" And then—only then—it would be true. I would belong there. I remained silent and sobbing.

The woman began to talk to the man with the much-loved face. I had no clue as to what they were talking about, but she referred to him by name! Scott! Well, of COURSE! How could I have forgotten? She also started a sentence that I caught the beginning of: "You might take your wife..." Aha! I was his WIFE! Therefore a woman! So many clues!

Eventually, I went home from the hospital and started down the long road of recovery. My brain surgeon had told Scott that full recovery would take a minimum of two years. I looked bleakly ahead. Scott insisted we celebrate every victory through my improvement: The huge step from wheelchair to walker, the equally large step

Eugene Survivor Art Show

An exciting art show was presented at the Allan Brothers Coffee House in Eugene during the month of October. Featuring works by members of the BI Brain Power Artist Coop, the show coincided with National Brain Injury Month as well as the BIAOR Annual Conference. Artists whose works were included in the show were: Melody Chord, Mike Hall, Rick Hansen, Charlie Hirsch, Leslie Murphy, Dick Pickering, Rita Simpson, Anthony Wall and Jenny Way. You will find a number of the show's short autobiographical sketches and poems in this issue of the *Headliner* (pages 5-7). As was stated in the show's program, "We hope (the public) will become a little more educated about issues related to brain injury and (will) start to realize that being brain injured does not mean the end of your life or your ability to positively contribute to society, as is evidenced from the work in this show."

Faster than Most

Leslie Murphy

As a little girl she was smart
And loved to run.

She was faster than most boys
almost faster
than Gary or Ricky,
and man, were they fast!

Living back east,
a rebellious 12- year- old
she even tried to outrun a truck one day
but didn't make it.

There wasn't much competing
after that.

Self Portrait: Leslie Murphy

I don't believe I have time to dwell on the past and what has happened over the past 30 years. The past doesn't stop me from wanting to do work that is fulfilling and to enjoy life. I've enjoyed participating in several poetry workshops, and over the past year and a half they included publication of a group's completed poems in chapter books.

A brain injury never goes away, but it gives you all kinds of new challenges and choices to do things differently. Maybe it was what motivated me to continue through college and graduate despite the odds, to keep learning, seeing, and trying new things.

Being a young kid at the time and having no work life to go back to after the injury, for me becoming independent has meant taking the challenge to try many new things. These days it means trying to follow my 5-year plan. Going through the Transitions Program at LCC recently helped me see the importance of having such a plan.

Those not familiar with survivors may be interested in knowing that the way survivors are treated has changed a great deal since the 1970's, when only about 50 percent survived, to now when about 78 percent survive. In the early days, people were placed on a bed of ice while unconscious. Now those who can receive rehabilitation are more likely to return to a life similar to their

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True Love Can Wait Anthony Hall

True love can wait
If you really love the girl you're with
True love can wait
And that's more than I can ever give

I moved away
Only will be gone for a year
I said "I will come back for you"
But when I turned my back I was full of fear

Wondering if her beautiful eyes might betray
me
She might be seeing another guy while I'm
gone
I asked her that over the internet one day
And she said "I would never do that and that
it's wrong"

The year is going by quick
I can't wait till I see her beautiful eyes
We're planning on getting married one day
And then I realized...
True love can wait

Self Portrait: Rick Hansen

Well, it's the same ol', same ol' with me.
I was 17 years old and I'm 43 so
that's a long time ago.

I was racing motorcycles, I love motorcycles,
and in fact I still ride motorcycles and race
them. I fell down and the fellow behind me
couldn't stop and ran into me. He had the
gall to break my front fender and also put
me in the hospital for three months in a
coma.

It's been an uphill battle ever since from the
bottom. I had to learn to function again like
everybody else did. I had to learn how to use
my limbs and talk and walk and smile.

I was inspired to write this poem after I saw
a thing on Jeopardy about a great poet and I
thought I can do that so, I used him as my
inspiration. His poem was about "I wish I
Was." When he was younger he wished he
was older, when he was older he wished he
was younger and he never got what it was he
wished. Yet, he'd had it all along and he
didn't realize it.

It's more like wake up and smell the roses.
Live life to it's fullest right now. What's the
point of living, I was going to enjoy it.

My brain injury is a part of me and I learned
to accept that a long time ago.

I have nightmares of being a street person, a
bag lady to be exact, another lost soul
wandering the streets mumbling to unseen
others. I shake my head, chasing those
frightening thoughts away.

I am dependent on my mother and
husband. I've been on the family dole ever
since I fell 60 feet while rock climbing 23
years ago and had a closed head injury. My
bright academic career ended that day,
although I finally managed to finish my
degree 21 months later. My future was
changed that day, changed beyond anything
I could ever fathom.

Suffering has taught me about compassion
and love. I am kinder and nicer because of
my injury. My challenges allowed me to
empathize with my father as he slid into the
maze of Alzheimer's disease. I accepted and
loved him for how he was every day because
he accepted me how I was after my accident.

I sat with him as he died, wishing it could be
me instead of him. He had such a fine mind
to be lost to Alzheimer's. He should have
been well. I would have traded my life for
his, but that's not how the script was
written.

There is a cartoon creature with a wooden
mallet in my head, hitting me for my every
mistake, making me wish I could escape my
life into the darkness of death. Each failure
is another point in the case against my life.

On the outside, I talk about life being a
cybernetic experience. We move forward
guided by our errors. It's the journey that
counts because we really never know where

we're going. It is our journey that defines
us. When one door closes, another opens. I
am ready for my new challenge. I hate
myself when blathering these words but that
is what is expected. I could never say the
truth because people would think I'm crazy.
It is very important to me to appear rational
and graceful in the face of failure because I
am afraid to show the power of my pain.

I've lost another job. I do not believe I will
ever work in the mainstream again. I am
too weary to fight anymore, to appear
capable and yet be incapable. My spirit is
wounded and I am tired. I am afraid to fail
again. I am afraid of not producing an
income. I am afraid to be me.

I must appear calm and in control. I fake
them out again. The cartoon creature sits
back and laughs at me. "Who do you think
you are?" he smirks. "Where do you think
you are going?" he chides.

There is a seed of belief, faith I call it, an
idea forming in my mind, that all will be
well. This journey will take me into new
places and maybe this time, I'll find the
right place for me. I'll find a way to create
income without failure. I'll make peace with
myself and that will be good.

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Jean Kindsvogel ♦♦ Administrator

A Survivor's Story Cecelia Nunn

I quit. Well not exactly, it was mutual agreement. The big boss and I agreed that I'm not the right person for the job. I am relieved and sad, because I have failed again.

Today is Sunday and I've already blasted through the help-wanted section of the paper. It's a hard habit to break, looking for a job I can do.

In three weeks I'll be free from this latest job that has driven me to thoughts of suicide. I make simple mistakes, transposing numbers, abbreviating road as R9, leaving words out of documents, misunderstanding instructions. I'm not dumb. I am not stupid. I'm not even lazy. The fact is, I work hard to fail.

Back at my desk in the office Monday morning, the phone rings, a client is unhappy. Patiently listening, I discover that our employee was insensitive a best, thoughtless at worst and feelings have been ruffled. I query the caller as to how she would like the problem solved. We reach an agreement. She's happy, I'm satisfied that our professional relationship with her has not only been salvaged, but strengthened. That feels good.

I can do that all day long, listen well and empathize. I am a compassionate listener. But I'll be darned if I can accurately type a document. I am the typo-queen.

My job requires that—accuracy. My job requires that I stretch my damaged brain beyond my abilities. I have failed again.

Each mistake that is drawn to my attention stabs my heart. I worry I'll make another error. I make another error. In my head, the pre-injured brain cells seethe at the damaged cells. It always looks so easy, why can't I do it?

Most people know the difference between right and left by the time they're 46. I don't. Most people know that seven times six is 42, but I inevitably write "24" instead of "42". I know "the" is spelled "t-h-e", not "h-t-e" or "e-h-t". I know the difference between the letters "b, p, q, g, d." But I use them interchangeably when I write. Quite frankly, they all look the same to me.

I've searched the Sunday "Help Wanted" ads for the right job. I'm not an administrative assistant, I've just proved that. I'm not an executive assistant, I've already failed at that. I'm not anything or qualified to do any job listed in the paper (just corrected that, "apepre").

This is what I could put on my resumé. Good listener, public speaker, sensitive, intuitive, hard worker, pleasant, cheerful, loyal, ethical, honest, compassionate, great cook, perfect color memory, good story teller, poet, painter, gardener, writer, friend, daughter, sister and neighbor.

I feel proud about this resumé. No one will hire me for a position based on the above qualifications. That's okay, I console myself. I can do something else. But the truth is most of us make money, earn our livelihoods, by working inside the box of corporate America. I can't. I've proven that. And that scares me.

Futility of Frustration Rick Hansen

It does not matter whose fault it was
The who, what, when where or why.
Fate stepped in to change my life
In the blinking of an eye.

No longer would I be the same as before
To be carefree and unworried are much the same
But life would change like the closing of a door
I was suddenly one of THEM: the crippled, the lame.

I was totally unprepared for what would happen next
It was far more excruciating than the pain.
I know that might sound a little perplexed
But how much more loss must I sustain
I must now deal with the feeling of being agitated
From being all alone and frustrated.

How I wish I could just talk again
And let my needs be known.
People would no longer stare
and act as if they were all alone.

Severe spasticity is tight,
stiff muscles that make movement –
especially of the arms and legs –
difficult or uncontrollable.

Has a brain injury
given you or
someone you care for
this symptom?

There are ways to help control even the most
severe spasticity in adults and children.

For more information, talk to your doctor and call
Steve Garland with Medtronic at 1-800-638-7621, ext. 95886.



Let me be my own person
" I am alive, I am aware ."
I would no longer feel so lonely
And frustrated.

How I wish I could care for myself again
And be self-sufficient and free.
My family, relatives and friends
Would not be inconvenienced by me.
To be master of my own fate
Can not be imitated
I would no longer feel so lonely and frustrated.

How I wish I didn't have panic attacks
They are so awesome and eerie.
I would feel much calmer
And far less sad and dreary.
No more would others look on in dismay
Life would be more manageable,
If lived day by day
To say I'd have less stress is understated,
I would no longer feel
So lonely and frustrated.

How I wish I did not forget so much
For everyone's sake.
I would no longer make such a stupid
or foolish mistake.
My mind wouldn't constantly be filled
With self doubt.
A sense of security and understanding is
What it's all about.
I would no longer interrupt others
And that must be hated.
I would no longer feel
So lonely and frustrated.

JENSEN, ELMORE & STUPASKY, P.C.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

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(541) 342-1141

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SISTERS, OREGON 97759-1408
(541) 549-1617

New Support Group for Parents

A new support group for parents of TBI children has started in Salem. The group will meet at 7 pm on the second Thursday of every month at Salem Rehabilitation Center, 2561 Center NE, Salem, OR (503-561-5986). For more information, please contact Lori Dygert (at 503-873-9507 or by email at lori.dy@gte.net) or call the BIAOR office.

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Brain Injury
Wrongful Death
Workplace Injuries
Other Injuries

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NEURONET LLC

Kristi A.S. Schaefer RN BS
President and CEO

Neurological Rehabilitation Coordination
Treatment Planning Placement Options
Program Representation

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Specializing in
Traumatic Brain Injury
Case Management-Facilitation
& Advocacy

CAROL CHRISTOFERO-SNIDER, MS

Phone: (503) 665-5437
Fax: (503) 665-5437
e-mail: rlsniderassoc@aol.com

Rehabilitation Specialist

Support

Albany	Albany Bits
Ashland	Mind over Matter
Bend	
Columbia County	
Coos Bay	
Corvallis	
Drain	
Eugene	Brain Power Heads Up HIP Ulhorn Program Veterans' SG
Forest Grove	Women's Brain Injury
Grants Pass	Turning Point
Klamath Falls	Spokes
La Grande	
Medford	Turning Point
Newport	
Pendleton	
Portland	Brainstormer I Brainstormer II Family, Spouse & Professional Faraday Club SPHINKS TBI Club Transition Family SG
Roseburg	Umpqua Valley DisAbilities
Salem	Salem Salem Social Club Parents of Teens with TBI
Vancouver, WA	

Groups

Mike Antrim	541-812-4700
	541-779-5646
Amy King	541-617-2682
Terry Harmon	503-543-6374
Facilitator needed	Call BIAOR
Sarah Hawkins	541-757-5043
Facilitator needed	Call BIAOR
Leslie Murphy	541-345-8376
Mary Bunch	541-998-3048
Facilitator needed	Call BIAOR
Trudy Maloney	541-345-4244
Facilitator needed	Call BIAOR
Cele Olsen	503-357-8546
Pam Ogden	541-776-3427
Wendy Howard	541-883-7547
Facilitator needed	Call BIAOR
Pam Ogden	541-776-3427
Facilitator needed	Call BIAOR
Joyce McFarland-Orr	541-278-1194
Dr. Jane Starbird	503-413-8918
Dr. Gregory Cole	503-413-7707
Jan Dwyer	503-413-7707
Arvid Lonseth	503-413-7707
Janet Eakin	503-413-7707
Carol Christofero-Snider	503-413-7707
Chris Noland	503-665-1151
Cory Powell	541-672-6336
Steve Paysinger	503-370-5986
Pam Olson	503-588-7594
Lori Dygert	503-873-9507
Facilitator needed	Call BIAOR

BRAIN INJURY ASSOCIATION OF OREGON BRAIN INJURY SUPPORT GROUP OF

PORTLAND

New member Renewal

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone(_____) _____

E-mail _____

TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP:

Survivor Courtesy \$ 5 (A reduced rate for those persons with a brain injury or family members who have limited resources)

Basic \$ 35
 Professional \$ 50
 Sustaining \$100

SPONSORSHIP:

Bronze \$250 Gold \$1,000
 Silver \$500 Platinum \$2,000

Additional donation/memorial \$ _____ given in memory of:

_____[Name]

MEMBER IS:

Individual with Brain Injury
 Family Member
 Professional-Field _____
 Other _____

TYPE OF PAYMENT:

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____ (checks payable to BIAOR)

Charge my VISA / MC / Discover

Card Number: _____

Expiration date: _____

Print name on card: _____

Signature of Approval _____

Your contribution is tax deductible.

MAIL TO:

Membership
Brain Injury Association of Oregon
1118 Lancaster Drive SE, Suite 345
Salem, OR 97301