

# FAST Times for FALL, 2015

## Functional Amputee Support Team

of Orange County, California -Vol. 23 (WINTER - 2015) No. 05 - Page 1



## Ramblings From Bill



Unfortunately we had some sad news.

1. Malcom Lewis, friend of FAST and CSUDH O & P model and superb cookie eater passed away in July. There will be a celebration of life on Nov. 19 at the school in Los Alamitos at 4 PM. Potluck with finger food and cookies in his memory.
2. Our editor of FAST Times for a number of years, Michael Chamness passed away Oct. 18. He had lived in North Dakota but still thought of California as his home and donated to us by doing the newsletter. We will miss him
3. Tustin Lanes, where we have been bowling twice a year for many years, has closed on Oct. 6. We will be looking for a new place, but will miss our old one. Our latest bowling champion is Stu Boeg. He did very well. A fun time was had by all.

Had an interesting speakers from "A Place a For Mom". Christine and Holly shared with us what to look for and plan for as we age. There are lots of options (some pretty expensive). Most have a basic charge and, like the Chinese restaurant, you can pick and choose what else you need and want (You know - one from column A and one from column B).

Laurel Glover (a fairly new member) came to speak about the Amputee Coalition Conference this summer in Tucson. I was sorry to miss it, but understand that she gave a lot of info about what happened and what she learned. She has become a really good advocate for AC and FAST. A really amazing woman (a quad) with a wonderful husband, Ernie, to support her. She has a cute daughter, Lizzie, who loves her French Fries with ketchup. Lizzie likes to bring us the treasure chest with the donations for Camp No Limits at Big Bear.

Next speaker was Scott Hornbeak of Cal State Dominguez Hills O & P School. They have just moved into a new, larger facility in Los Alamitos. They are now going to a full master's program which encompasses not only orthotics and prosthetics together. Now you must take both before you graduate. This school emphasizes hands on making of the prosthetics and orthotics.

By the time you read this, our picnic will have taken place. Next issue will have pictures from that. It is always a fun day for FAST. See members who don't appear any other time and have a chance to just visit and laugh. We appreciate it that Lawrence Lambert cooks our hot dogs and hamburgers each year. He does a great job and we appreciate his efforts.

Another speaker this summer was David Hughes from Ossur. He told us all we wanted to know and learn about legs. There are lots of them out there and all provide various capabilities. It just depends on what you need and what works for you.

Best wishes for a Happy Halloween and Happy Thanksgiving. Don't eat too much.


Don't forget Camp No Limits when you are thinking about gifts for yourself or others. The kids appreciate the opportunity to attend, and we are reaching an age where we don't need much. Nice place to give instead.

Bill



# Bowling 2015 Photos





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**Find support on the Amputee Coalition's Facebook page**

HAVE QUESTIONS? Need support? Want to share your story?

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## IT'S HOLIDAY TIME

**F.A.S.T. ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY**  
DECEMBER 12 AT COWGIRL CAFÉ TOO



### SPECIAL TIME OF YEAR

1) BRING A GIFT THAT YOU HAVE GOTTEN FOR THE SENIOR SANTA

AND BE AN "ANGEL". ITEMS NEEDED ARE SOCKS, JACKETS, BEDDING, BLANKETS OR GIFT CARDS TO STORES LIKE TARGET, WALMART, RALPH'S, ALBERTSON'S, CVS, ETC.

2) BRING A WRAPPED GIFT VALUED AT AROUND \$10 FOR OUR GIGGLE GIFT EXCHANGE (BE PREPARED TO STEAL OR HAVE A GIFT STOLEN FROM YOU)

3) OUR ANNUAL 50-50 CASH GAME. EACH TICKET IS \$1 OR 6 TICKETS FOR \$5. BUY AS MANY AS YOU WANT TO IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES. WE HAVE ONE DRAWING FOR HALF THE MONEY. THE BALANCE HELPS TO SUPPORT F.A.S.T.

# About U.S. Paralympics



Alpine skier Jon Lujan, a U.S. Marine Corps veteran, served as the United States flag bearer for the Opening Ceremony of the Sochi 2014 Paralympic Winter Games on March 7, 2014. Recognized by the International Paralympic Committee as the National Paralympic Committee, a primary function of U.S. Paralympics is producing Team USA for the Paralympic Games.

## Addressing an urgent need

Today, there are more than 21 million Americans with a physical disability, many who are eligible to compete in Paralympic sport. Over the past decade, thousands of military personnel have sustained serious injuries during active duty tours in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Research shows that daily physical activity enhances not only an individual's self-esteem and peer relationships but also results in increased achievement and better health, enabling a higher quality of life. However, despite these findings, most individuals with Paralympic-eligible impairments do not have the opportunity to participate in any regular sports activity.

U.S. Paralympics is working hard to address this national issue with programming from grassroots through the Games. To find local opportunities to participate in sport or to volunteer, visit [FindAClub.USParalympics.org](http://FindAClub.USParalympics.org).

Picture and comments were provided by INMOTION magazine published by the Amputee Coalition of America.

## A Story for Christmas

The old man sat in his gas station on a cold Christmas Eve. He hadn't been anywhere in years since his wife had passed away. It was just another day to him. He didn't hate Christmas, just couldn't find a reason to celebrate. He was sitting there looking at the snow that had been falling for the last hour and wondering what it was all about when the door opened and a homeless man stepped through.

Instead of throwing the man out, Old George as he was known by his customers, told the man to come and sit by the heater and warm up. "Thank you, but I don't mean to intrude," said the stranger. "I see you're busy, I'll just go." "Not without something hot in your belly." George said. He turned and opened a wide mouth Thermos and handed it to the stranger. "It ain't much, but it's hot and tasty. Stew ... Made it myself. When you're done, there's coffee and it's fresh."

Just at that moment he heard the "ding" of the driveway bell. "Excuse me, be right back," George said. There in the driveway was an old '53 Chevy. Steam was rolling out of the front. The driver was panicked. "Mister can you help me!" said the driver, with a deep Spanish accent. "My wife is with child and my car is broken." George opened the hood. It was bad. The block looked cracked from the cold, the car was dead.

"You ain't going in this thing," George said as he turned away. "But Mister, please help ..." The door of the office closed behind George as he went inside. He went to the office wall and got the keys to his old truck, and went back outside. He walked around the building, opened the garage, started the truck and drove it around to where the couple was waiting. "Here, take my truck," he said. "She ain't the best thing you ever looked at, but she runs real good."

George helped put the woman in the truck and watched as it sped off into the night. He turned and walked back inside the office. "Glad I gave 'em the truck, their tires were shot too. That 'ol truck has brand new ." George thought he was talking to the stranger, but the man had gone. The Thermos was on the desk, empty, with a used coffee cup beside it. "Well, at least he got something in his belly," George thought.

George went back outside to see if the old Chevy would start. It cranked slowly, but it started. He pulled it into the garage where the truck had been. He thought he would tinker with it for something to do. Christmas Eve meant no customers. He discovered the block hadn't cracked, it was just the bottom hose on the radiator. "Well, shoot, I can fix this," he said to himself. So he put a new one on.

"Those tires ain't gonna get 'em through the winter either." He took the snow treads off of his wife's old Lincoln. They were like new and he wasn't going to drive the car anyway.

As he was working, he heard shots being fired. He ran outside and beside a police car an officer lay on the cold ground. Bleeding from the left shoulder, the officer moaned, "Please help me." George helped the officer inside as he remembered the training he had received in the Army as a medic. He knew the wound needed attention. "Pressure to stop the bleeding," he thought. The uniform company had been there that morning and had left clean shop towels. He used those and duct tape to bind the wound. "Hey, they say duct tape can fix anything," he said, trying to make the policeman feel at ease.

"Something for pain," George thought. All he had was the pills he used for his back. "These ought to work." He put some water in a cup and gave the policeman the pills. "You hang in there, I'm going to get you an ambulance."

The phone was dead. "Maybe I can get one of your buddies on that there talk box out in your car." He went out only to find that a bullet had gone into the dashboard destroying the two way radio.

He went back in to find the policeman sitting up. "Thanks," said the officer. "You could have left me there. The guy that shot me is still in the area." George sat down beside him, "I would never leave an injured man in the Army and I ain't gonna leave you." George pulled back the bandage to check for bleeding. "Looks worse than what it is. Bullet passed right through 'ya. Good thing it missed the important stuff though. I think with time your gonna be right as rain."

George got up and poured a cup of coffee. "How do you take it?" he asked. "None for me," said the officer. "Oh, yer gonna drink this. Best in the city. Too bad I ain't got no donuts." The officer laughed and winced at the same time.

The front door of the office flew open. In burst a young man with a gun. "Give me all your cash! Do it now!" the young man yelled. His hand was shaking and George could tell that he had never done anything like this before. "That's the guy that shot me!" exclaimed the officer. "Son, why are you doing this?" asked George, "You need to put the cannon away. Somebody else might get hurt."

The young man was confused. "Shut up old man, or I'll shoot you, too. Now give me the cash!"

The cop was reaching for his gun. "Put that thing away," George said to the cop, "we got one too many in here now." He turned his attention to the young man. "Son, it's Christmas Eve. If you need money, well then, here. It ain't much but it's all I got. Now put that pea shooter away." George pulled \$150 out of his pocket and handed it to the



the young man, reaching for the barrel of the gun at the same time. The young man released his grip on the gun, fell to his knees and began to cry. "I'm not very good at this am I? All I wanted was to buy something for my wife and son," he went on. "I've lost my job, my rent is due, my car got repossessed last week."

George handed the gun to the cop. "Son, we all get in a bit of squeeze now and then. The road gets hard sometimes, but we make it through the best we can."

He got the young man to his feet, and sat him down on a chair across from the cop. "Sometimes we do stupid things." George handed the young man a cup of coffee. "Bein' stupid is one of the things that makes us human. Comin' in here with a gun ain't the answer. Now sit there and get warm and we'll sort this thing out." The young man had stopped crying. He looked over to the cop. "Sorry I shot you. It just went off. I'm sorry officer." "Shut up and drink your coffee " the cop said.

George could hear the sounds of sirens outside. A police car and an ambulance skidded to a halt. Two cops came through the door, guns drawn. "Chuck! You ok?" one of the cops asked the wounded officer.

"Not bad for a guy who took a bullet. How did you find me?"

"GPS locator in the car. Best thing since sliced bread. Who did this?" the other cop asked as he approached the young man.

Chuck answered him, "I don't know. The guy ran off into the dark. Just dropped his gun and ran." George and the young man both looked puzzled at each other. "That guy work here?" the cop continued.

"Yep," George said, "just hired him this morning. Boy lost his job."

The paramedics came in and loaded Chuck onto the stretcher. The young man leaned over the wounded cop and whispered, "Why?"

Chuck just said, "Merry Christmas boy ... and you too, George, and thanks for everything."

"Well, looks like you got one doozy of a break there. That ought to solve some of your problems." George went into the back room and came out with a box. He pulled out a ring box. "Here you go, something for the little woman. I don't think Martha would mind. She said it would come in handy some day. "The young man looked inside to see the biggest diamond ring he ever saw. "I can't take this," said the young man. "It means something to you." "And now it means something to you," replied George. "I got my memories. That's all I need."

George reached into the box again. An airplane, a car and a truck appeared next. They were toys that the oil company had left for him to sell. "Here's something for that little man of yours."

The young man began to cry again as he handed back the \$150 that the old man had handed him earlier. "And what are you supposed to buy Christmas dinner with? You keep that too," George said. "Now git home to your family."

"The young man turned with tears streaming down his face. "I'll be here in the morning for work, if that job offer is still good." "Nope. I'm closed Christmas day," George said. "See ya the day after."

George turned around to find that the stranger had returned. "Where'd you come from? I thought you left?" "I have been here. I have always been here," said the stranger. "You say you don't celebrate Christmas. Why?" "Well, after my wife passed away, I just couldn't see what all the bother was. Puttin' up a tree and all seemed a waste of a good pine tree. Bakin' cookies like I used to with Martha just wasn't the same by myself and besides I was gettin' a little chubby."

The stranger put his hand on George's shoulder. "But you do celebrate the holiday, George. You gave me food and drink and warmed me when I was cold and hungry. The woman with child will bear a son and he will become a great doctor. The policeman you helped will go on to save 19 people from being killed by terrorists. The young man who tried to rob you will make you a rich man and not take any for himself. "That is the spirit of the season and you keep it as good as any man."

George was taken aback by all this stranger had said. "And how do you know all this?" asked the old man. "Trust me, George. I have the inside track on this sort of thing. And when your days are done you will be with Martha again." The stranger moved toward the door. "If you will excuse me, George, I have to go now. I have to go home where there is a big celebration planned." George watched as the old leather jacket and the torn pants that the stranger was wearing turned into a white robe. A golden light began to fill the room. "You see, George ... it's the celebration of My birthday. Merry Christmas."

This story is better than any greeting card.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS AND GOD BLESS!** Now clear the lump from your throat, and blow your nose.

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