

THE BEAST

Out of nowhere the beast came. He wrapped his powerful tentacles around my right side and squeezed until I could not move. He clouded my brain and pushed down my face. I could still breathe but I was afraid. What would happen to my family? Though fear was being shot into me by the beast in wave after wave I was still alive. And where there is life there is hope. He had me in his powerful grip and I was down, but he didn't know what he was dealing with. Suddenly, out of the light, my wife was at my side. Together we started to battle the evil one. Slowly, painfully slowly, we started to move against him. As I loosened its hold on my hand I was able to pry off one of its tentacles and start to move my fingers. It was then that the squad started to form. Doctors, nurses and aides started to attack the beast from all sides. They put a fluid into my body that the beast hated. He roared with anger and tightened his hold on the right side of my body. I tried hard to get my brain to move my muscles but the beast was in there too and blocked my will. Frustration set in. Then anger. My hand flew open and I caught a glimpse of joy cross my wife's face. With a little courage we could defeat this critter. My squad, my wife, and I fought the beast for 5 days and 5 nights and still he had me in his clutches. It was time for a move. It was time for more persistence, more desire, more discipline, and greater motivation. It was time for Harmarville. The beast growled as I was moved to the new location. He didn't like change and he fanned the flames of doubt in my mind. But, he had no clue of the strength of our resolve and he underestimated the warriors of the Harmarville rehab team. I hadn't bathed in 5 days and I smelled like I had intimate relations with a garbage truck. A shower was a must before bed and the beast did his best to take me down another notch. He started to take me to the floor of the shower when an arm of steel with a barb wire tattoo locked across my chest. She said "I've got ya cakes" and the beast lost his first match. I was in the place where I belonged. For the first time in a week I slept and when I awoke the beast still was locked on to my right side. That side was deprived of function, but that was going to change. My squad had become a battalion. A battalion of rehab warriors. The beast had no chance. He was tough and mean and ugly, but we were armed with positive attitude, love, kindness and experience from hundreds of battles with such ogres. The beast hated smiles and he was greeted with many at each and every therapy session. They cut into him like a laser and his tentacles started to fall away. One small step at a time, one therapy at a time, one day at a time. We WILL walk normally-We WILL regain hand & arm use-We WILL lead a normal life-We WILL defeat the beast ...because he's against the warriors of Harmarville and he has no chance !!!!!!!