

Dear W.C.,

I care for my granddaughter and grandson with disabilities full-time. My daughter committed suicide a little over a year ago and left me alone to care for the children. She was very depressed and had a hard time dealing with the fact her drug use during her pregnancy probably caused my grandsons severe disabilities. She managed to get off drugs and moved in with me before her death. I think she just really struggled with her sobriety and the guilt she carried with her every day. My fifteen year old granddaughter is fine, she is older and my daughter was not using drugs or drinking as much during her pregnancy. My grandson is twelve and has severe facial and head deformities along with growth problems, seizures and heart defects. He needs around the clock care that I provide. I receive a small compensation for providing this care. What we need help with are a new wheelchair that fits my grandson properly, help with this month's rent after I used these funds to pay for a car repair and if possible a new bed for my granddaughter. She is sleeping on an old bed that I know causes her discomfort.

Dear Readers,

When I called this grandmother I soon got the feeling she was as no nonsense as her letter. As I am the same way I knew we would get along just fine. The grandmother asked me to come over saying, "I expected you to just stop by. I have nothing to hide."

I arrived at the two bedroom apartment the grandmother shared with her two grandchildren. I was immediately let in by the grandmother and shown around the apartment. The grandmother introduced me to her grandson and explained her granddaughter was out with friends. The grandson sat in a supported wheelchair and I could see he was trying to stay focused on me but his eyes kept drifting away. I watched as he tried again and again to turn his eyes back to mine. His head was smaller than normal and so were his arms and legs. I kneeled down to his level and said hello. I watched as his hand reached out but the tremor and jerky movements made it impossible for him to control. I reached out with both hands and held his hand for a moment until the violent tremors I could feel pulled his hand away from me.

The grandmother spoke to her grandson as if he was not disabled, as if he was any normal twelve year old boy. She told him who I was and asked if she could show me his wheelchair. He did not reply verbally but she seemed to be able to communicate with him and they had an understanding. The grandmother showed me the various spots on the aging wheelchair that no longer fit the grandson properly. He was not eligible for a new wheelchair for another eighteen months and with the sores she showed me I knew this boy could not wait that long. Just because he could not show pain did not mean he was not feeling it. She looked at me saying, "He understands everything I say but he just can't talk back. He is still my grandson

and I love him more than any other grandma loves her grandson.” I saw her smile at her grandson when she said that, and this time I did see the recognition in his eyes when they met hers for just a moment.

The grandmother told me she was going to put her grandson by the TV to watch one of his favorite shows while we talked. When we were out of close hearing for the grandson she said, “I know he understands everything I say and I do not want to distress him talking about him like he’s not here. I also do not talk about his mother in front of him.” I was glad to hear she took his mental well-being seriously as I have had to tell many people over the years to watch what they say in front of their children, senior citizens or handicapped fellow creations in their care. These people are listening and the words we say can distress them even more than they may already be suffering with.

Once we were settled I asked many questions about the circumstances that led up to the daughter’s suicide. The grandmother quietly cried into tissues occasionally looking over to the grandson to make sure he was not glancing her way. She told me how her grandchildren’s father had left when his grandson was born, not wanting to care for a child with disabilities. He too used drugs and was not willing to give them up. The daughter had gone into treatment and nearly a year later she had been allowed to see her children once more. The grandmother had raised the grandson since his birth. She shared with me the painful details of the daughter’s death and the tremendous guilt her daughter had carried over her drugs and drinking that most likely caused the severe disabilities her son had to suffer with the rest of his most likely short life. Not only did he suffer the obvious disfigurement and challenges but he also had heart defects that would keep him from living much beyond his early twenties. Again the grandmother sobbed into her tissues, trying to contain her distress. I patted her hand and offered what little consoling I could. There is not much you can say or do to ease the pain and suffering of loss you know will be coming. All we can do is try to make our fellow creations lives more comfortable and remove their pains of poverty. It is our hope that removing the pains and suffering of poverty makes life’s other challenges easier to bear.

Once the grandmother calmed some I moved on to talking about her financial situation. The grandmother received some compensation and social security. The grandchildren received a small amount from the state. They barely got by each month and the added expense of a necessary car repair was enough to throw off their whole budget. Looking over their finances I could see they lived very frugally. Other than the rent and utilities, all other expenses were for medications, food and gas. A new wheelchair and beds were completely out of their budget. The grandmother showed me the bed the granddaughter slept in. It had been her bed before her grandchildren had moved in many years ago. I asked to see what the grandson was sleeping in and she showed me his hospital bed set up in the grandmother’s small bedroom.

The grandmother slept on a twin cot in the corner of the room in case her grandson needed help during the night. The grandmother told me how her granddaughter sometimes volunteered to watch her brother at night so the grandmother could get a good night's sleep. The granddaughter also would stay with her brother when the grandmother had doctor's appointments or needed to go grocery shopping. The grandmother said, "She is a good sister and rarely even goes out with friends. She prefers to stay here and help me and her brother. I know she has to have a life outside of just this so I tell her to go over to her friend's house when I know there will be a parent home."

We together helped this grandmother and grandchildren with their overdue rent and one month ahead to help ease their strained budget. We also provided not only a new bed for the granddaughter but also a twin bed for the grandmother to sleep on replacing the worn sagging cot. I told the grandmother to contact the wheelchair company and they would come out and measure and fit her grandson for his wheelchair properly. By this time the grandmother had to return to her full-time duties of caregiver to her grandson. He would need his diapers changed and to be fed. He would need to be carefully given fluids and physical therapy exercises would need to be done. She would administer medications and treatments. There was much loving and physical care that went into her daily life caring for a grandson with multiple disabilities.

On my way to the door I handed the grandmother gift cards for additional food, toiletries and even clothing for the grandchildren as they both had grown out of what little clothing they had. The grandmother looked at the gift cards with renewed tears in her eyes. This time the tears were happy tears, not tears of distress. Our caring and sharing assistance gave this grandmother a moment of peace without the constant pains and suffering of poverty adding to the very real pains of disabilities and loss of loved ones. This peace was all due to all of "You" and your support of our good works. As I walked out the door I heard the grandmother talking to her grandson telling him about The Time Is Now to Help and all the good people that cared about him.

Thank you for your continued support of the charity work we all do together. It is a group effort, a labor of love and a blessing to many suffering in poverty in our communities. Please remember the new Fox Charities Summer 2017 \$25,000 Matching Grant. Every dollar you donate will be matched by Fox Charities, doubling your donation. Thank "You" and God Bless "You".

Health & Happiness, Love & God Bless Everyone, W.C./Sal

Please Help: There are many coming to us in desperation. Our good fellow creations need our compassion. Together we make a big difference. Make checks payable to: The Time Is Now to Help, P.O. Box 1, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. The Time Is Now to Help is a

federally recognized 501(c)3 charitable organization licensed in the states of Wisconsin and Illinois. You will receive a tax deductible, itemized thank you receipt showing how your donation provided assistance for the poverty stricken.

A Very Special Thank You: Fox Charities, Kune's Family Foundation, Mark & Natalie Reno, Martin Business, John Stensland & Family, Lake Geneva Area Realty, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Schuberth, Jeffrey Martin, Elkhorn Lions Club, Rita's Wells Street Salon, Barbara Zuzanek, John Race, Jeanette Logterman, W.H. Maus, Jr., Harry & Lois Niese, Nancy Runkle, Cheryl Farrar, Erich & Diane Lademann, III, John & Kathy Poiron, James & Mary Loftus, Harry & Patricia Buchert, Jr., Jack & Mary Lou Mc Kinney, Robert Ribordy, John & Marian McClellan, Nancy & Gary Bluemel, William & Jean Isaacson, Judy Dishneau, Beth & Jody Rendall, Patricia Jankowski, Mary Fitzgerald, Dawn Jorgensen, Michael & Kathe Beach, Church of Jesus Christ LDS, Robert & Patricia Davis, Denise Hubbard, Shari & James Loback, James & Marilyn Dyer, Marilyn Carver, Dorothy Tookey, James & Kathleen Smith, Edward & Doreen Ruder, our anonymous donors and ALL of you who support The Time Is Now to Help donation boxes, and the businesses that allow our donation boxes. Anyone who would like a Time Is Now donation box in your business, please call (262) 249-7000.

Memorials: The following donations were given in memory of Vera Lawton: Mary Rohloff, Arthur Duerst, Charles & Barbara Taylor, John & Diane Wuttke, Benne-Fit Valley Foundation, Dale & Gail Folkers and Eric & Erica Lawton. The following donations were given in memory of Mary Osborn: John & Darlene Osborn, Janet & Paul Brusky, Lyn Osborn and Jessica & Andrew Patey. Chris Dierks in memory of Wayne W. Perkins.

Prayer Chain: The power of prayer and positive thoughts comes from the true healer, our Lord answering our prayers. Please pray for healing for the following people: Mike, Caroline, Susan, Jennifer, Clarence, Jayden, Santina, Alex, Lily, Kaitlyn, Kynesha, Brandi's Grandma, & Marilyn.

Please visit: www.timeisnowtohelp.org