GBS/CIDP Foundation International

Denver Chapter Newsletter

Issue Number 20 ---Winter, 2010 <u>Current:</u>

This issue will be going out snail mail to everyone and for those who have signed up for our electronic data base, you are getting this via email as well. The Foundation wants to be sure that we don't accidentally omit anyone in our communications.

Our newsletters and other pertinent pieces of information will continue to be transmitted via the email network.

If you have received this newsletter via snail mail and want to be on our email list please send Dennis your email address so you can stay abreast of chapter news. Email Dennis at GBS-CIDP@comcast.net

Once again, if you do not have Internet access, please send a note to <u>Ann Brandt</u>, <u>1025 Emerald Street</u>, <u>Broomfield</u>, <u>CO 80020</u>; include your current phone number so that our telephone volunteers can keep you informed about meetings.

Mark your calendars for our annual Holiday Potluck ~ Saturday, December 5, 2009, 1:00 PM St. Anthony Central Hospital, Auditorium A All family members and friends are invited to this social event. Please bring a salad of some kind, a main dish, or a dessert. Tea and coffee will be available. Questions? Please call Ann Brandt 303-438-1428

Looking Back:

Most of us have shared, and heard stories of others' experiences with GBS. Few, however, remember enduring GBS in an iron lung. This poem was written in September, 2009, by one of our members, Elaine Sparrow, who contracted GBS in 1966.

REVERSAL

The acrid smell of alcohol burned her sensitive nose.

Grey-green walls and floor to ceiling windows with automatic blinds that closed against the bright sunshine casting shadows of machines, desks, chairs, beds and a tube.

A breathing tube. cycling on and off Breathing in, breathing out Keeping a young girl alive.

White coats and green scrubs "Martians working from outside the spaceship", she thought.

"Where am I?"

A young girl, 19, paralyzed. smelling, hearing unable to move.

Tears on my face trapped inside

People on the outside poking and prodding working to keep me alive.

Stuck, trapped in this room the tube room, my life support.

Voices describe my condition. Staff dressed in white caring for my basic needs.

Eyes not seeing. Mouth not speaking. Skin not feeling.

Ears hearing, mind fearing, I left. All went black. In fear I left.

Nutrients dripping into my veins flowing through my body.

I waited. In the unknown and unknowable darkness I waited alone for this unnamed illness to reverse its hold on my body.

I waited. For my body to accept itself. To own itself once more.

And then one day the sun came out \sim

My finger moved I wiggled my ear

Emotions, so many emotions.

The long road back had begun.