

heard the squeak of the rubber-soled shoes of a nurse walking down the hall as I wheeled my chair outside and into the courtyard. I had the blue rubber ball in my hand.

I heard it again in my head—“*Get Up!*”

I struggled with that chair and my headstrong leg as I stood, holding onto the chair. I heard my brother’s admonition as well: *Go play*. The ball made a “fwoop” sound when it hit the wall and bounced back at me. I annoyed some people that night, but I wasn’t embarrassed anymore.



photo by Brenda Ackerman