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Partners

If you had told me five years ago that my oldest daughter would be a full time partner in the huge job of moving a person with disabilities out of one state and into another, while applying all over again for services and money in the new state (whew!), I would have told you that YOU had disabilities and needed services in a new state. Two thirds of the way through the process, I am over whelmed by how consistent and dependable her help has been. Examples of this are: she texts reminders of small jobs that I will otherwise forget, she plans phone calls to catch up on “where we are” at any one time, she does some errands that need to be done on her end in her city, she completes appointments that have a deadline, she processes and signs papers and she has started the mother of all horrible jobs PACKING. This spectrum of tasks requires focused attention, daily commitment, patience and an overall sense of purpose, all of which are unending challenges to the PPD/ Autism Spectrum population.

Parents of young adults with disabilities like my daughter get cynical...they are supposed to. They should in fact because it is the healthy response. Cynicism and black humor are the tools we parents use to keep from blowing our brains out. So in the beginning of this process, I knew she would want to help, but *my* interpretation of *help* was skewed towards the cynical (picture a Monty Python movie). I would love her for her good intentions while secretly praying for some bright young micro manager needing summer work, to walk through her door. But I was wrong.

Yes, there have been late night calls, anxiety attacks, tears and self-doubt. But they passed quickly and without self-pity. The bounce back time has been unprecedentedly short. And I have received genuine practical support in some form every day from this daughter who (in recent memory) seriously argued against the premise that *getting up in the morning* was a good idea.

Oh, and that Wharton School intern I fantasized about would never have said this on the phone:

“Hi Mom”

“Hi dear...what’s up?”

“I have a really big pile of pens here...do you think I should pack them all?”

“Well, they’re not worth taking unless they work, you know. So you have to try them.”

“Yeah, right...well they’re ALL from TD Bank, anyway.”

