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What Are The Odds?

It is important that I record the sense of fear that accompanies almost every step of the process of moving my daughter. I would do almost anything to shed this sense of calamity but that alas, is not something I can do. I work on my generalized anxiety moment to moment, but some days the inevitability of failure just stuns me. How could this process *not* go wrong? By "process" I am talking not about just getting her from NY to NH but getting all her Medicaid services in place in her new home, and getting her a new home. Practically speaking, this means reapplying in NH for all the benefits she now has...nothing is actually transferred. The job of arranging this calls for a completely different person than I am. Top to bottom, skill set to memory, to filing, I am exactly the wrong candidate for this particular undertaking.

But aren't we all? Who knows *anything* about these impenetrable bureaucracies that are the operating arm of the Disabilities Act of 1989? Thank God they exist, thank God they helped my daughter from becoming homeless in the years she might have slid in that direction. Disabilities are:

1. A slippery slope of terrifying proportions OR
2. A minor annoyance and some extra paperwork.

I ask myself:

Have I EVER met a mother of a "Child With Disabilities" who didn't see ONLY #1?
Now let me think.....

NO!