

March 29, 2021

Better Together

Group 43

Communication: patient-
centered, collaborative,
intentional, and relational

Melody Brown
Health Mentor

Cheyenne Ghag
Occupational
Therapy

Julia Vander
Heiden
Medicine

Nicole
Schmidt

Speech-
Language
Pathology

Manraj
Randhawa

Genetics
Counselling

How can you remove the growth platelets?"I'll take a saw to them"
~Orthopaedic Surgeon

Heart Specialist

Family Doctor

Orthopaedic Surgeon

Kinesiologist

Genetic Counsellor

"He's mentally challenged, pick your battles, no amount of medication will help this child."
~Paediatrician
I was called hopeless without having been given a chance.
~Tyrone

Occupational Therapist

Paediatrician

Physiotherapist

"Many are skeptical about assisted communication. The statement took away my voice and intelligence, putting me back to being mute without any avenue of proving myself."
~Tyrone

Ear, Nose, & Throat Doctor

Audiologist

Speech-Language Pathologist

Neurologist

Learning Resource Teacher

Psychologist

Classroom Teacher

Psychiatrist

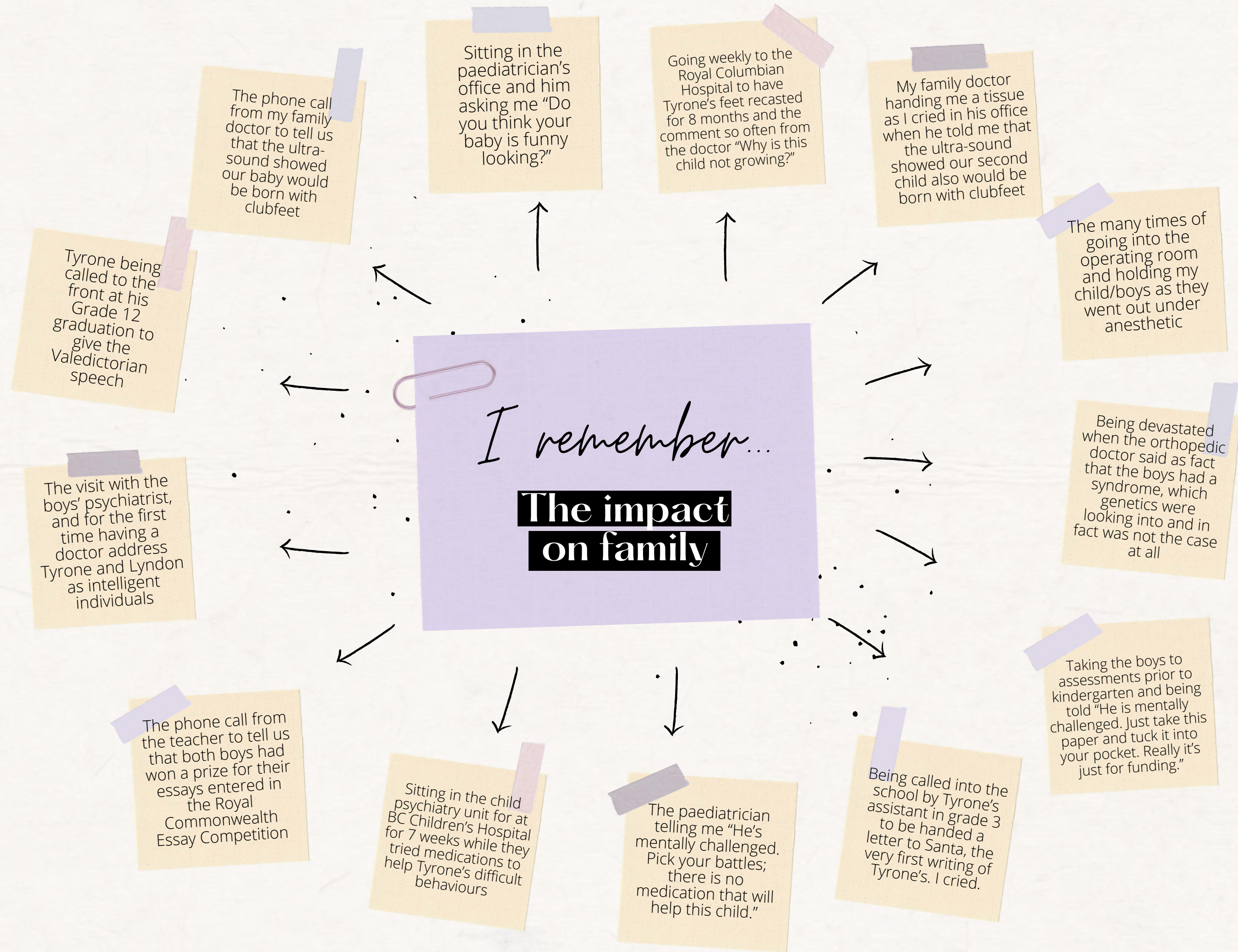
"You see I don't work with these kind of people. I don't deal with problem behaviours." ~Psychiatrist

"He's moderately mentally challenged. Just take this piece of paper and put it in your pocket. It's just so that you will get funding".

"Can he spell?" I was 13 years old sentenced to living without words or intelligence when I was already in a terrible state of mind. This comment had devastating consequences sending me into hospital for 7 weeks.



"If you can't wipe your bum you won't amount to anything anyway, so why push the academics."



About our family

At 19 weeks pregnant we received a call from our doctor "your baby has clubfeet", and so our journey began. Both Tyrone and Lyndon were born with severe clubfeet, both were small at birth and both had slow development. As time passed it also became apparent that they were motor impaired and non-verbal. The psych-ed assessment for both labelled them "moderately mentally challenged"; however Tyrone graduated as the valedictorian of his class at the Abbotsford Virtual School and Lyndon graduated with a 98% average. Consequently, there were many misunderstandings along our journey, and a lack of understanding of Tyrone and Lyndon's communication issues caused untold anxiety and frustration. It is because of this, that our goal as a family is to share our story and experiences in the hope of advocating for those without a voice and to give up and coming healthcare professionals a knowledge of the difficulties faced by those who are non-verbal.

Melody

Trevor



Tyrone

Lyndon

Lives More Than Can Be Understood By Tyrone Brown

The blinds are closed. No one is home.
Who makes a peep? That gives the clue.
What lives inside that empty house?
That seems so abandoned and alone?
Behind those covered window shades
Lives more than can be understood.

The covered awning shades the porch
With accents of colour the flowers close in
The path to the door is hardly worn
Who visits a house where no one is home?
Behind the door can be so lonely
When lives more than can be understood.

With paint that is faded with passing of time
The building still stands; the foundation is firm.
Gutters don't leak when storms pour down rain
Heat of the sun warms the house within
Life on the inside has shut out the storms
Inside lives more than can be understood.

There lives behind that covered house
Beneath the weathered roof, still good
What others think, an empty shell
Aging with time but still growing strong
The one who's still silent, wishing each day
The house to be opened; to be understood.

The Seed

By Lyndon Brown

The seed was planted in the garden of time
Planted as a child being read nursery rhymes
There it lay buried, covered and still
No gardener coming to hoe and to till
Dormant and silent the seed in the ground
Yet there was life waiting just to be found
Gathering weeds kept growing on top
Wasting good land that should have been crop
Then one day the plough removed all the weeds
Giving hope to the silent, buried, young seed
The gardener began watering the ground where it lay
The earth was warmed with the sun's bright ray
Out of the earth the silent seed grew
As a beautiful flower with all that it knew
It blossomed with flowers others never had seen
The plant growing strong that dormant had been
The gard'ner had taught so much to this flower
It bloomed with life and belief gave it power

Lyndon Brown

Having a Voice

Voicing ones opinion opens up forum for dialogue. Hearing the psychiatrist call me “these kind of people” and call my actions “problem behaviours” and then finding excuse not to provide me with professional help was discrimination. Having the affliction of not being able to speak is difficult when facing indiscriminate comments but it is imperative that one does not remain silent concerning the biased judgement. Personal advocacy is personal victory over hurt and humiliation. Writing a letter expressing my frustration and concern regarding his attitude and misunderstanding of my disability, has given me internal satisfaction that my voice has been heard and consideration for my case has been made. He wrote a letter of apology which made me realize he had listened to my comments and that reading my letter was no different than listening to me speak. Though one may look different or may seem disabled according to social standards, does not mean he should remain silent when faced with unfair treatment or social discrimination. Having power over discrimination comes by action with speaking out against it and beginning dialogue so that there is understanding of our feelings as ones who find life a challenge and often lonely. This power will have a positive impact on one’s life and on the lives of others.

Tyrone Brown

Perhaps my journey may have been, and continues to be, a path running alongside of the general population, but it is not without purpose. Finding advocacy as worthwhile, as an avenue to helping others who struggle with continual social understanding in our communities, my desire is to champion the cause with using my abilities to demonstrate the potential found in each one. Present in who you are is the God-given gift, which is yours to share in whatever sphere you find yourself in. My utmost hope is having opportunity to dispel the idea, reflected in my difficult journey, that being non-verbal assimilates me as one having no intelligent thought. There is really another person inside me who people fail to recognize, and redeeming my self-worth beckons me on to work, advocating for myself and others like me. There is more cause in advocacy than just my situation, without doubt, and I sincerely hope collectively we can make a difference in our society for all who live with disabilities.

Tyrone Brown