



GIMPY

Winter 2003



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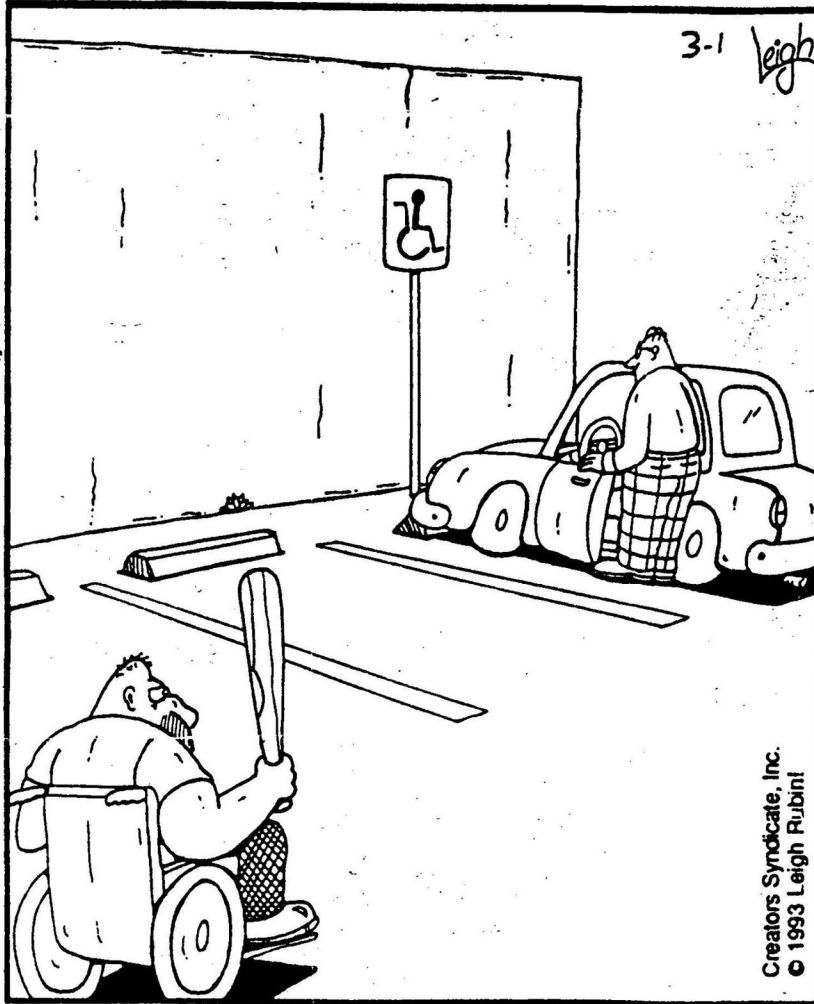
Andy May
Putting his leg to
the test...

What's Inside:

- Letters
- More Letters !
- Flying Amputees
- Man's Best Friend Redux
- Amputee Hockey
- Holiday Snack Recipe
- Percy's Motivation

Rubes

Leigh Ruben



**Al was not disabled prior to parking,
but with a little help, he would soon meet
the necessary requirements.**

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The Lighter Side....

E-mail from Gaylord:

Hi Jim, I thought everyone would enjoy what happened to me in the library.

I was sitting at one of the computers in the library with my stump up on the table. A older librarian came up to me and said. " We don't put our feet up on the furniture."

I responded (without skipping a beat), " We don't have a foot." She marched off with people sitting close by laughing. I loved it.

Gaylord Panske

E-mail to the Stumps 'R Us Website from Barry Tie

Hi Stumps

I am an AK from New Zealand and while I'm not into the flowery "triumph of the human spirit" type of bullshit I would like to tell you that over the years since I lost my leg I've been involved in skydiving (68 jumps), rock-climbing (gave it up cos I kept popping the tendons in my fingers), skiing, golf, parapenting, white water, table tennis, indoor cricket, tramping and fishing.

The best advice I could give any new amputee is that its a two legged world out there so live it as a two legged person and just go for it.

Cheers
Barry

Ed Hommer
BY PHIL SCOTT
Reprinted by permission
AOPA magazine

In 1980 Ed Hommer was flying the Alaskan bush in a Cessna 185. On this December day he had picked up three tourists from the airport at Talkeetna, Alaska, for a round-robin trip to Denali, or Mount McKinley as it used to be called.

The flight was supposed to last an hour and a half at most, but something freakish and terrible happened. While circling America's tallest peak at 11,000 feet, a downdraft grabbed the Cessna and slammed it into the mountainside. Hommer managed to radio his position to mountain rescue, which launched an exhaustive attempt to reach the downed Cessna. Rescuers sent out two Army Chinook helicopters carrying Air Force parachute jumpers and a team of climbers from the Northern Warfare Training Center at nearby Fort Greeley. "It was a pretty big operation," the 46-year-old Hommer recalls. At that time of the year the day lasts only six hours, and it got dark quickly. Then things turned from bad to worse: A severe winter storm moved in. "They knew where we were," Hommer says, "but they couldn't get to us." They were trapped on the mountainside in sub-zero stormy

weather for five days. By the time help arrived, two of the passengers had died from exposure and injuries. Hommer was in bad shape, too. His feet had frozen, and doctors in Anchorage had to amputate above the ankles.

He spent four and a half months recovering in the hospital. And he grew depressed. Hommer, after all, had always been active. In 1974 he'd joined the 82nd Airborne Division and was discharged as a sergeant in 1978; in 1975 Hommer started mountain climbing. And in 1978 he earned his pilot certificate. Now the skydiving, the mountain climbing, the flying-all that was shot down.

"I didn't know what I was going to do with my life," he recalls. "I had a wife, a kid, no job, and no feet." About 10 months after his crash, a friend brought over a gift that would change Hommer's life. It was a book titled *Reach for the Sky*, by Douglas Bader. Bader was a Royal Air Force pilot who seriously injured himself crashing a biplane fighter in 1931. Doctors amputated both legs—one of them above the knee. His military career was effectively over. But the RAF grew so desperate for pilots during the Battle of Britain that they put Bader in a Supermarine Spitfire, wearing his "tin

legs," naturally. By 1940 "Tin Legs" Bader had downed 22 German airplanes and was in charge of his own squadron. While flying over France in 1941 he shot down two German aircraft. His Spitfire, however, was cut in half by a German's prop. He bailed out but one of his tin feet got caught in the cockpit. He unstrapped the leg and hit the silk. On the ground the Germans caught him and, not sure what to make of the legless pilot, put him in the hospital. In a bizarre act of decency they arranged with the Brits to drop another leg for him. He strapped that one on and within 48 hours escaped the hospital. The Germans caught him and put him in a POW camp, from which he escaped several times—and was recaptured each time. Finally the Nazis locked Bader up in escape-proof Colditz Castle, where he waited out the war.

"Literally, reading that book helped me turn my life around," explains Hommer. "It instilled in me the resolve to return to aviation." Four months later he received his medical waiver, and today he flies in the right seat of MD-80s.

Continued Next Page..

Ed Hommer, cont'd

But there was something more he wanted to accomplish: He wanted to summit the tallest mountain in the world, Mount Everest. In August 2001, he and a small team set out with a 55-day permit from the Chinese government to climb the north face. Hommer would be the first footless man to reach the 29,035-foot peak. The team was delayed by weather, and they managed to reach 26,000 feet. Before they could make the final push their permits expired-and China refused to extend them. On October 15, they left the mountain. "I was disappointed, but you come away stronger and richer for the experience," he says. "That mountain's going to be there a long time-it's not going anywhere."

But he is: He's going back in the spring of 2003. Meanwhile, he's written a book on his experience titled *The Hill* (Rodale Press). And he says he's going to keep flying airplanes until retirement.

Have an idea for a GIMPY story? Please send any stories or suggestions to our Editor-in-Chief, James Prial.

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Letters, More Letters: From David Chandonnet, Massachusetts:

I am the manager of the US national Amputee Hockey team. This is not sled hockey. It is stand up disabled hockey. Same rules, equipment, ice, etc.

The only difference between this and able bodied hockey is that everyone on the ice is missing at least one limb.

At present, there are only 3 teams in the world: USA, Canada and Russia. Finland is on their way to putting a team together.

We just had our first international tournament in Lake Placid 2 weeks ago, with these 3 teams present. During the weekend of 3/15-17/02, we were in Salt Lake City, playing an exhibition game against the Canadian team as a demonstration for the Paralympic committee, in the hopes that they may vote us in as a full medal sport for the 2006 Paralympics.

We have had articles in the Disabled Sports USA magazine, CHALLENGE, as well as the magazine of the Amputee Coalition Of America, IN MOTION,

and the USA Hockey magazine. Both Team USA and Team Canada have been inducted into the hockey hall of fame to commemorate the first ever full regulation game of stand up amputee hockey, which was played one year ago at Lake Placid. So you can see that we are a very new sport.

It is a very exciting venture to be a part of. Members of our national team are from all over the country. We have people from as far west as Col and Nev. and as far south as Fla. and as far north as Mass. (where I am from).

I am sending you this info in the hopes that you can publicize our org. in your newsletter to alert other amputees who may be interested in playing. The web site has photos, contacts, calendar of events, etc. -

www.amputeehockey.org

LIFE WITH A SERVICE DOG

MAGY SPEAKS...Hi everyone. My dad is in the shower so I thought I would help him writtin' this. I'm kinda' like that, you know a helper. I've never met any of you but my name is Magy, I am a blond Golden Retriever, I weigh 62 pounds and I'll be 4 years old just before Christmas. That's 28 in people years.

I don't remember were I was born but I do know that when I was a little ball of blond fur I lived at the Charles Schultz CCI Campus in Santa Rosa. CCI is short for 'Canine Companions for Independence.' That's where I met my 1st Mom, Carly Newbill. She was a 'Puppy Raiser' and taught me lot'sa of things like basic commands, riding on public transportation, riding on big airplanes, how to behave in restaurants and not sniff all the good food. I went to school or work with her every day, we had lot'sa fun. One day, after about a year, she told me I would have to go back to Santa Rosa for 'advanced training'. I was sad.

I got through 'advanced training' ok but my trainers found a couple of

my faults. One, I discovered Frisbees, and the other was when I was alone in the kennels I chewed my feet. They explained to me that 'graduate' assistance dogs are perfect. Since I didn't wanna' give up my Frisbee career and I didn't like being alone in the kennel I could see my career as an assistance dog might be coming to an end. I say 'might' because I didn't realize what my future would be. Just as the final phase of training began I got my walking papers. If you're curious the final phase of training is called 'team training,' that's where I meet the person I'll help and be with until I retire.

Anyway...Carly had arranged me to become a Sheriff search and rescue guy. That sounded neat cause next to my Frisbee I luv the water and snow. I had to wait a month or so before the Sheriff Academy began, meanwhile I stayed with Carly and she took me to 'puppy' school. One night at puppy school I was sitting on my crate tossing Carly's keys up and catching

them, you know just goofin' around. That's when I met this guy with funny hands. He and Carly talked a lot, I shudda' listened but I just goofed around dropping the keys and jumping off my crate to get'em.

The next weekend the guy with funny hands and my new Mom Maryann came to visit Carly and I, they were going to take me for a week 'test drive' to see if I liked'em. We went to their house in Vacaville (that's further than the mailbox.) I walked into my new den and saw a couple tennis balls, mmmmm not bad, then I saw the sliding door was open and there was a pool in the backyard. Since this was a test drive I thought might as go swimmin' and jumped in the pool.

That night I was bold and jumped on their bed, Maryann said down! I did just as Carly had taught me, I lay down, put my head on



Mike Penketh and
Magy Haying Around

the pillow and was out like a light. If Maryann had said 'off' I would have gotten off the bed immediately. I have a vocabulary of about 40 words and down means lay down. My new Dad n Mom would have to learn my vocabulary.

Anyway...it got better n better. Since dad is (by definition) 100% disabled I was automatically a 'service animal.' Dad worked with me, continued my training and bought me a blue cape and now I go everywhere with him. I think the disabled thing is kinda funny cause we jog, swim, go to the airport and gym, lift weights but I snooze when he rides the life cycle. Dad hasn't taken me flying yet cause he says his airplane is too small and all he does are aerobatics. He says if I fly I fly upside down my ears will fall up and potatoes might fall out. You know...my Dad got several Agility Titles this summer. I'm so proud of him!

One of my favorite things is going to schools and helping Dad give disability awareness presentations with a group called 'Touch of Understanding.' Usually it's 40-60 3rd grade to high school kids; he tells'em about his hands and that they are just 'tools' he uses to do things with; much like Chris Webber uses a basketball or Bobby Bonds uses

a baseball bat. He stresses education, stay away from drugs and alcohol and "do the best with what you got and don't worry about what you don't have." I normally just sit by his side and smile, he then tells'em what service animals are and explains what we do and the proper etiquette around us. Then he 'releases me' (that means I am off duty) and I run through the kids, sniff their smelly sneakers and look for toys to steal...I mean borrow. Dad calls me his crowd control specialist.

Why am I writing this? Because many people know nothing of us! I've got buddies that are really talented. They can do things like pick up a dime off a tile floor, open doors or drawers, turn light switches on & off, carry something soft like a banana and not poke holes in it, give money and receive change from the cashier at the market, get or pick up shoes, papers and keys even pull a wheel chair a short distance or bark if you fall out. What do I do, not much cause Dad's so capable, I get his paper in the morning or his keys sometimes but mostly I am his 24 hour companion. Oh yeah, I lead Dad through Agility courses, he's gettin' better every day.

Dad says I flunked outta' CCI cause I needed a special person to be matched

with, I'm sure glad I met my Dad and that special match was created. The best thing about us is we cost a disabled person nothing, just call CCI in Santa Rosa and ask about us. My buddies are either yellow/black Labs, Golden Retrievers or mixes of the two. There is a waiting list to get'em but it's even longer list to get a 'career change dog' like me.

DAD SPEAKS...

What more can I say, Magy has said it all. I can say that life with a service animal is absolutely incredible. Your quality of life becomes so much better; Magy is an icebreaker, the center of attraction, and an ambassador of good will wherever we go. We often walk through the mall and always observe leash laws; the funny part is that Magy usually carries her own leash!

We educate people about our world, the disabled world, and introduce them to service animals. We have fun everywhere we go. A dogs love is unconditional, now you understand why I often refer to Magy as my daughter. You owe it to yourselves to at least investigate the wonderful world of service animals.

Mike and Magy

APSU speaker urges students to turn disabilities into abilities
Motivational speech part of special awareness month

By TODD DEFEO
The Leaf-Chronicle

"When you hear the word 'disability,' what thoughts go through your mind?" Percy Jones posed that question to about 45 Austin Peay State University students Thursday afternoon. Jones, a motivational speaker, spoke Thursday to students about his personal experiences. His appearance was a part of the university's recognition of National Disability Employment Awareness Month. A former San Francisco cable car operator, Jones lost an eye and both legs to complications from diabetes between 1989 and 1996. He also had bypass surgery in 1994 and kidney failure in 1995. Despite his physical handicaps, he is pursuing a doctorate in counseling psychology at John F. Kennedy University in Orinda, Calif. "I took a disability and turned it into an ability," Jones said. "I took a disadvantage. "What I do is listen to the heart. The heart's important." APSU freshman Shaquallah Morris said Jones' message made her rethink her "whole outlook on life." "It makes you realize, if you really want to you can achieve anything," she said. "He motivated me." APSU junior Tina Daniels was especially moved. She has been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis and recognized she too may one day



Percy Jones, motivational speaker and blind amputee

be in a wheelchair. Daniels said she was most affected by "his motivation to judge people with a disability as an individual not as a person with a disability." "This is what people need. People need motivational speakers," she said. APSU junior Jonathan Yancey said some of Jones' comments "touched" him, especially when Jones said blindness opened his eyes. "We judge people based on outward appearances," Yancey said. "Because he's blind, he's more about the person's heart." Todd DeFeo can be reached by telephone at 245-0750 or by e-mail at todddefeo@thelcafchronicle.com. Originally published Friday, October 25, 2002

Stumps R Us member Gig Owen shares a great recipe for the apple crunch we enjoyed on the Alma sail...

FROM: Old-fashioned Apple Recipes, published by: Bear Wallow Books

APPLE CRUNCH

1 cup sugar
 1 cup sour cream
 1 tsp baking soda
 1/4 tsp salt
 2 cups sifted flour
 2 cups chopped apple
 2 Tbs. lemon juice
 Dash nutmeg; Dash cinnamon

Mix sugar and sour cream. Stir in soda and salt. Stir apples into flour and fold into sugar mixture. Add lemon juice, mix well. Spread evenly in a greased 8-inch square pan OR baking dish. Sprinkle with nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake in 350 degrees F. oven for 25 minutes. Serve warm with cream.

Note: If you double recipe (which I had done), bake for about 40 minutes, checking several times. Also, when done, out of oven, while cooling, spread butter OR margarine over all, let it melt into the Apple Crunch, thus will keep it moist for serving.

Bon Appetite!
 Gig Kane Owen



GIMPA

*"A nonprofit corporation dedicated to aiding and uniting
slightly inconvenienced people around the world"*

www.stumps.org