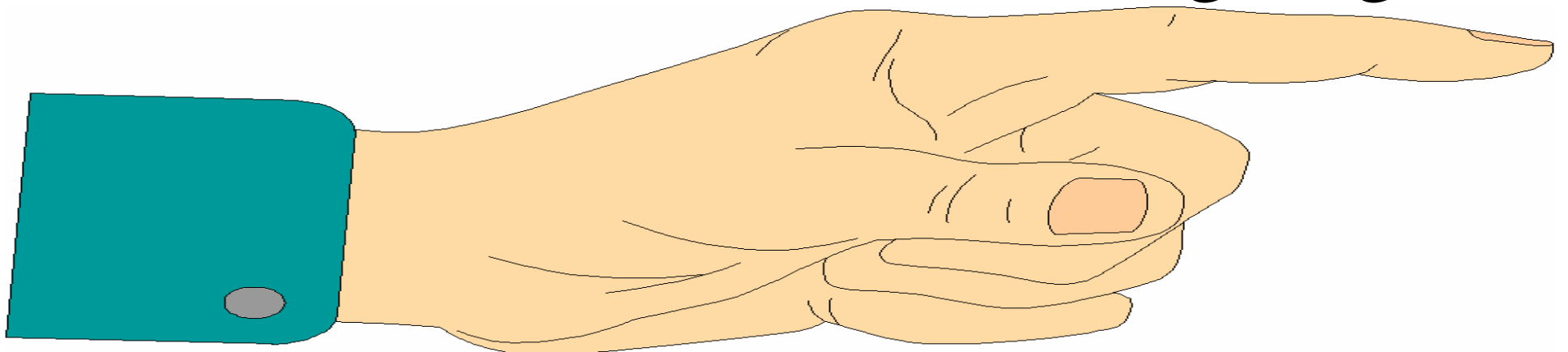


FINDING MY VOICE

THE ROAD TO COMMUNICATION DETOURS, ROAD BLOCKS & POTHOLES

By Mark Reeves

I could not express my thoughts to anyone until I was almost 12 years old. I had a speech therapist who recognized I was smart and introduced me to sign language. She was a big help and my mom even took a class in signing.





The next year there was a new speech therapist and she didn't sign, so I was without means to communicate at school and lost the support to sign.

When I was 15, the speech therapist,
another new one, started me with a
language board. That was OK but
wasn't really what I wanted to say, just
canned responses.

I used the board since it was all I had
but it was demeaning because it wasn't
me talking.



GASP!