

Good Enough For Me

In my better moments, before I do anything with or for someone I support, I ask myself. **“Is this good enough for me?”**

- To sit in my wheelchair with crayons and paper in front of me for an hour?
- To be dressed in the same clothes I wore yesterday?
- That my hair is a mess, my face is unclean and my nails are ragged?
- Never to be allowed to prepare a snack? Try to eat my food myself? Pour my own drink?
- To wait...and wait...and wait?
- To have my Depends changed and never be allowed to do it myself with support?
- To be told to go, stop, hurry up, sit down, stand up, come here, and go there without being asked what I would like to do?
- Never to have the opportunity to make a contribution to my community?
- To use only play money and make pretend purchases?
- That I don't get to earn my own money?
- When I never take part in a whole project from beginning to end, but only one or two steps of it?
- Never to be allowed to serve my own food, make a mess, clean up my own mess, and take the time I need to finish something?
- That people believe that I cannot learn, grow, make friends and have a good life?
- That no one listens to what I want, what I value, what's important to me?

More and more I see myself not as a person to take care of others, but to care about others. My job is to support and assist people, not to do everything for them. If it were me, that is what I would want.

So put on your Good Enough for Me glasses and join me in asking over and over and over again,

Is this good enough for me?

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