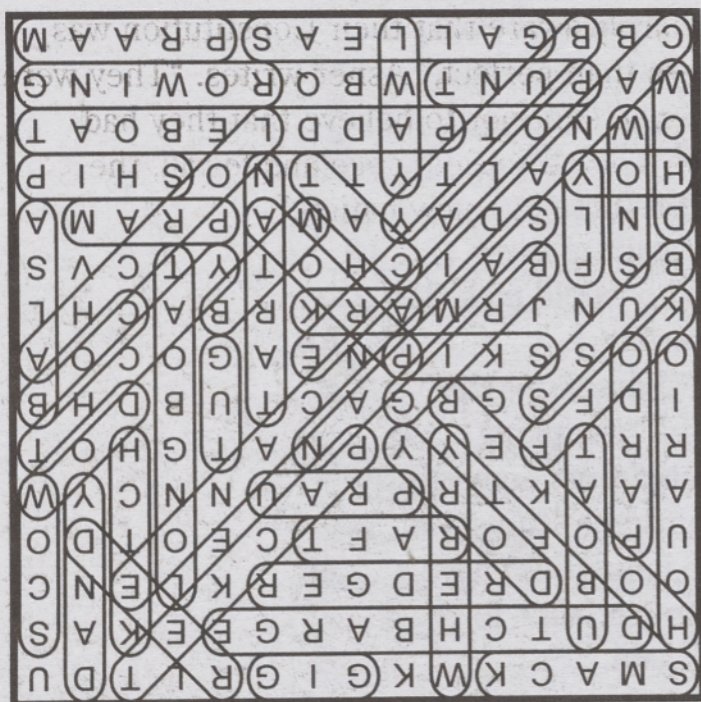
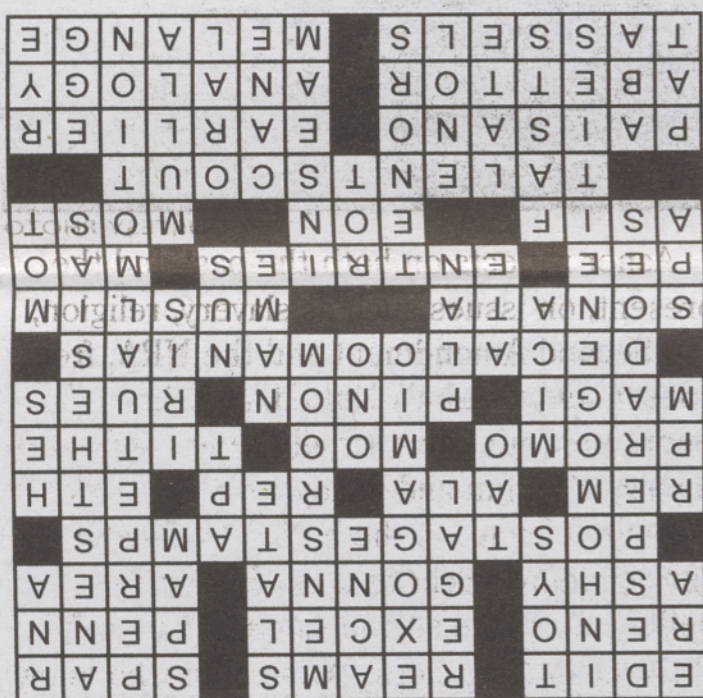


One Hundred Years

by Maddy Brown-Clark

The only thing I mind
 About getting older
 Is that I get closer
 To death each year
 And I wonder will the angels
 Sing sad songs for me
 When I'm gone?
 I won't go to heaven
 I'll sleep away in
 The grave.
 I'll rest in peace
 As I become part of the land
 Under the moon and stars
 I won't be a ghost
 I won't haunt anyone
 I will descend into nothingness
 Until the dead rise again
 Then there'll be paradise
 Laughter and tears of joy
 The living will welcome me
 With waiting arms.
 Even though I was dead
 One hundred years.

Answers to Page 15 Puzzles

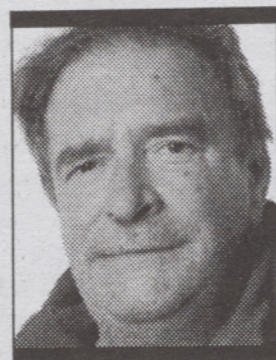


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1	7	9	4	5	8	2	3	6
5	8	6	3	1	2	9	7	4
3	4	1	5	2	7	6	8	9
6	9	8	1	4	3	7	2	5
7	2	5	9	8	6	1	4	3

One step at a time

A personal account of mental illness, addiction and recovery

BY NORM CHAMBERLIN
STREET ROOTS VENDOR



Norm Chamberlin is a Street Roots Vendor. He sells the newspaper outside Stumptown Coffee at Southeast 34th Avenue and Belmont Street.

I was the oldest of five children. My father was a functional drunk, a mean drunk. My mother was an angel. The atmosphere in my home was one of electric stress. My father had high expectations for me because I was the oldest. To make matters worse, he despised me.

One day I noticed that mom was always talking to herself. She told me that the Virgin Mary appeared to her to make life at home tolerable. Little did I know she was experiencing the onset of schizophrenia. I was doing the same things as her. I heard voices and saw things that were not there. I was depressed all the time.

We lived in San Antonio, Texas. It was summertime in 1969. It was a summer I would never forget. My mother's contact with the Virgin Mary became more frequent. She would spend half a day in bed, conversing with Mary. This became her safe haven. She said Jesus was going to heal my dad from the alcohol. It was a message of hope and peace. The whole family believed my dad would become a loving father soon.

Mom woke us all up at 1 a.m. one night in April. She was afraid because the devil appeared to her and was going to kill her if we did not pray nonstop until noon. I put my hand on her shoulder. She was shaking and drenched in sweat. I could not console her. We gathered around her in her bedroom and began to pray.

After two hours, I could not pray anymore. Dad took Mom to the church to talk to the priest. We needed answers. Father John tried to talk to her. She was too far gone. He recommended taking her to the hospital.

Dr. Neville Murray came into our lives. He was well known for treatment of

schizophrenia. Dr. Murray said mother's prognosis was poor.

"I don't know if I can bring her back," he said.

Dr. Murray began treating her with electroshock therapy. ECT causes convulsions and wipes the memory that is causing the illness. My mother had 20 treatments. Afterward, she was much better, though not completely cured. Then Dr. Murray put her on medication. She came home after six weeks in the hospital.

Through it all, I was in a deep depression. My voices that I heard all day, every day, switched to command voices. On my 16th birthday in May of the same year, they told me I had to commit suicide. I believed my voices. I took 60 sleeping pills and went to school. I changed my mind. I did not want to die. Fighting sleep, I told my teacher what I had done. He contacted the nurse in the office. She called my dad.

My father came to pick me up and took me to the hospital. The doctors started me on ECT after they made me vomit the pills. I was placed on heavy medication. My father was angry with me. He called me every name in the book. He hit me so hard that I became unconscious. I was at a point where I did not care anymore.

Dr. Murray diagnosed me with the same thing as my mother. I also received ECT and was put on a vigorous regimen of medication.

Thirty days later, I went home. My father believed I had caused my mother to get sick. He beat me with his belt until my back bled. It was too much to handle.

Alcohol became my friend. Then alcohol became a burden to me. I became an active alcoholic, which lasted 30 years.

I decided to quit cold turkey. I checked into a motel in Sherman, Texas. I told the desk clerk if he didn't see me within three days to come get me.

I got really sick. I threw up all over myself, and I peed my pants. I couldn't move. Three days passed and the clerk came for me.

He had me take off all my clothes, washed them and put me in the shower. He bought me a hamburger, then took me to an AA meeting that day. I was terrified because I didn't know what to expect. I was assigned a sponsor. He offered reassurance; everything was going to be OK. I told him my story about my family. He gave me a hug. This was the beginning of a new life for me.

But the symptoms of schizophrenia continued to present themselves in full force. I stopped taking my medication. My voices told me I was cured and did not need them anymore. I became severely discouraged. No matter how hard I tried, the result was always the same: failure.

I wanted to be better now. I found out that work for schizophrenia never ends. I am a very patient man, and I was determined to win the battle that my illness brought me. It was a year before I was totally grounded. The voices never totally go away. Through counseling, I learned to manage my illness. There is no cure. I am one of the fortunate ones. The work toward normal is very intense. You have to learn what normal is, one step at a time.

Sheeptoast

by Elizabeth Considine



The start to a brighter future