CHILL

CHILL Issue 1

2008

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

chronic illness peer support

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MYSTERY TOUR

On Friday the 28th of March ChIPPERS headed into Gatehouse St for their first ever ChIPS Mystery Tour. We piled onto the bus and in order to guess where we were going we were given doughnuts. Finally someone guessed that we were going to the Victorian Police Academy, where they train recruits up to be police. After arriving we got to experience a graduation. The cadets marched about to the sound of bagpipes and we all got to experience the grandeur. Then we headed over to the Chapel which was very big, we also lit a candle for the police men and women who have died in the line of duty. Then we headed to the police mess for lunch, there were lots of lovely delicacies on offer with most people opting for pizza! Then we took a tour around the grounds, learning about what the recruits get up to and having a look at the police obstacle course that recruits have to complete within six minutes in order to graduate.

Some favourite moments…

'Seeing what it's like for the recruits during their training and what they need to do. The graduation ceremony was very interesting to watch and even thought they were serious we managed to get a laugh in, especially the spruiker, who was red faced, and the way they marched. A good day. Cheers'

'We had a look at the inside of an organisation not usually open to the public.'

'I liked the whole experience because we learnt heaps about cops.'

The memorials for fallen policemen in the chapel were moving.'

'Going behind the scenes to see the firing range.'

'I really liked the marching and the music in the graduation. I also enjoyed seeing the chapel which was apparently built be priests to train more men to become priests, but they didn't have enough (recruits) so the police took it over. We also lit a candle for the police that had died in the line of duty.'

Thanks must be extended to the socials team for the great effort and planning they did to make the day perfect. Thanks must be extended to Jane and Jo, who being members from Vic Police were able to organise an event not witnessed by many. Also many kind regards to all the recruits at the Academy who were kind enough to allow us to witness such events.

SUB-COMMITTEE UPDATES

PUBLICATIONS

On behalf of the Pub team I would like to welcome all you ChIPPERS out there to the new year. This year I'm very luck to be heading the Pub team. I'm very pleased to introduce you to the members of the team, Sarah Menta, Scott Campbell and Beth Sleeman, who have put in a lot of effort to bring you this edition of Chill as well as two others editions and the cherished WRAPPER to be presented later this year. It takes a lot of effort to put together and present a newsletter and I would like to take the opportunity to thank everyone who submitted an article or thoughts. I wish you all a healthy and prosperous year; make the most out of everything you do!

Jordan Hammond

Anyone wishing to submit an article for either Chill or the Wrapper can do so by e-mailing Jordan at jkham5@student.monash.edu.au or Kristen at

kristen.kappel@rch.org.au

CHOPPERS KIDS (Camp and Friends of CHIPS)

G-day girls and boys I would like to introduce to you the choppers kids committee of 2008; our mentor is the fantastic Jess O'Dowd and our awesome committee member are Felipe Salas, Stacey Cumming, James Williams, Liana Ely and Charlotte Ballan. Our goals for the coming year will be to support the wonderful friends of CHIPS and make your 2009 camp the best camp ever! At the moment we are working on finding a fabulous campsite to hold the camp at and then we will be working on a theme for the camp! If you have any ideas for the camp please let one of us know and we will defiantly pass it onto the rest of the committee, also if you or a family member are interested in lending a hand to the friends of CHIPS, we would love to hear from you!

Cheers and Chins up

Choppers Kids x

ChIPS CONNECT

Hi my name is Louise and this year on Reference Committee I am the leader of the ChIPS Connect Committee. This is just a brief summary of what my committee does. Basically ChIPS Connect is the product of two committees (advocacy and peer leadership) being joined together. The responsibilities of ChIPS Connect members is to give advocacy presentations about chips, which means going to events and saying a speech about their personal story or their experience within ChIPS. Basically the main purpose is to promote and create awareness about ChIPS and what it does and chronic illness in general. The other main part of the committee side is creating peer support within ChIPS, so being a peer leader for 8 week group, getting older members to attend the last week of it to introduce them to the newer ChIPPERS and visiting the wards in RCH. Overall the ChIPS Connect Committee is about helping and progressing ChIPS forward and all of us on the committee are excited about this coming year. The ChIPS Connect team comprises of Heather Trewin, Davina Tribbick, Kendall Jarkowiec and Vassie Dandanis, all working hard promoting ChIPS.

SOCIALS

Lead by the infamous Karen Lay the Socials committee is proud to be bringing all the ChIPPERS three fantastic and exciting Socials as well as the Christmas party later this year. With one fantastic Social down, a very exciting mystery tour, the team has leaped head first into the year. The socials team, consisting of Abbie Kinniburgh, Daniel Tyrkov, Michaela Gunn and Tamara Myors, have been coming up with lots of ideas and are all very excited to make socials this year memorable. With the introduction of mystery tours the year is sure to be unforgettable.

Keep an eye on your letterbox for information regarding upcoming socials!

KRISTEN'S KORNER

Hi Everyone,

I have been asked to contribute something to the newsletters this year in my own special column! Where to start…

I think 2008 is looking to be a great year for ChIPS:

- we started with a wonderful camp in January thanks to the camp committee of Lauren, Charlotte, Karen, Sarah and mentor Jess, and fantastic staff, volunteers, and campsite;

- we also have a great looking Reference Committee, who have started the year with enthusiasm and passion. Again we have 21 ChIPPERS forming this committee and so far five mentors (Dwight, Jess, Di, Jane, Rob). It's nice to see some new faces on board, with Daniel T, Scott, Liana, Davina and Beth all joining this amazing group;

- the manager of Adolescent Health Services, Loretta Bellato, is back after 12 months maternity leave, and she is a true believer and supporter of the ChIPS program;

- I have been in the coordinator position for over a year now, and finally feel like I worked out what it is all about!;

- ChIP In and ChIPS have built a great relationship with NetApp, our corporate sponsor, over the past year, providing financial and other support to ChIPS, particularly towards the annual camp; and

- We are hoping to get new funding this year to extend the program and offer a whole lot more to ChIPPERS and their families in coming years.

I continue to be inspired by the ChIPS program and the young people involved in it. The abilities, passions, knowledge and fun that I see in ChIPPERS despite (and sometimes because of) their illness often amazes me, and always teaches me. I can only encourage those of you reading this (ChIPPERS, families, friends, others) to become more involved in this program, attend more events, contribute more to the newsletters and the annual magazine, or provide sponsorship or donations, so that you too can continue to grow, learn and be inspired by young people with chronic illness.

Please feel free to contact me with ideas, for support or just to chat on 9345 6616 or

kristen.kappel@rch.org.au

Kristen

Kristen Kappel
ChIPS Coordinator

LYRICS– Bring Me Sunshine

Contributed by Beth Sleeman

Bring me Sunshine, in your smile,
Bring me Laughter, all the while,
In this world where we live, there should be more happiness,
So much joy you can give, to each brand new bright tomorrow.
Make me happy, through the years, Never bring me, any tears,
Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above,
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love.

Bring me Sunshine, in your eyes,
Bring me rainbows, from the skies,
Life's too short to be spent having anything but fun,
We can be so content, if we gather little sunbeams.
Be light-hearted, all day long,
Keep me singing, happy songs,
Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above
Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love.

By Morecambe and Wise

My First Camp

By Scott Campbell

Oh god it's early, the only thought that rattles throughout my mind while my mother stands in the doorway… "Scott!!! Wake up, get up. You have to go soon". Managing to fall back asleep and being woken up the same way another 3 times I finally bring myself to rise. Quickly getting dressed and heading out the door with a bag packed, pillow residing on top of the bag. The half hour drive provides me with some more needed sleep. Waking up completely with our destination looming a mere 10 minutes away, a million thoughts racing throughout my mind. A mixed pool of emotion filling my being. Feelings of fear, hope, desire extending into the depths of my soul. Suddenly my stomach drops… Gatehouse Street has appeared before me. A serious expression taking control, eyes scouting out each individual, almost hawk-like; they quickly judge one person and move on to the next. Stepping out of the car in a majestic way, grasping my sports bag and finding a place to rest the heavy load. Mingling with few, sparing next to no words I quickly go down the road, a crystal clear desire begs me for coffee. Walking down the long street as controversial thoughts fill my mind once again, "How should I go about meeting these people?" "Why in gods name did I come here again?" Silencing these thoughts by placing some earphones in and trying to wake myself up with some screaming crap.

Finally acquiring the desperately needed coffee I decide to head back to Gatehouse Street. But reaching the exit of the hospital I run into someone who has seen me and comes up before I had made it. Common pleasantries are exchanged and a real conversation is initiated. After delicate probing and carefully watching her reactions to certain comments I come to terms with the fact I like this person and hang around. Discovering her name is Louise I can't help but let a broad grin plaster itself across my face, realising this is the first step in meeting the people I have been so unsure about. She says she is waiting for someone. This is when a familiar face walks up, Felipe! One of my mentors for the 8 week group initiation. Quickly coming to terms that these two are well acquainted but not wishing to try and gauge how far acquainted I walk back outside ChIPS. A surge of confidence floods into me as I quickly meet 2 more people who seem like great people. Their names were Daniel and Liana; I became friends with them over the stretch of the camp.

> *"A surge of confidence floods into me as I quickly meet 2 more people who seem like great people."*

Sitting up the back of the bus near the 2 new people I've met, conversation is put into place. Love lives come up quickly. What a mistake to ever bring that up… (Sorry Dan!!) Liana managed to talk for about an hour and a half on her recent break-up. Of course not wishing to piss someone off at this point in time I listened, comforted and smiled. Reaching the camp a sigh escapes my lips, instantly taking a dislike of the grounds that I eventually loved. (That's right!! I put a message in my story!!) Quickly taking my bag and "emo" looking pillow to the cabin after the long speech by the camp owner, necessary but annoying all the same. Choosing a top bunk in the back corner of the room, putting my earphones and listening to some Maroon 5. Delicately pondering the team I was placed in, for the first time all day my initial judgement was tempered by optimism. Sitting back, music blaring; almost drowning in the sea of thoughts clouding my mind, all of them racing around at light speed.

The first activity comes along with no warning. The giant swing, "no problems at all" I comment, a false sense of confidence edging the words. Knowing that last time I was on one of these things I got cut by a damn branch. Seeing the giant swing in the open leads to a quick sigh of relief. With a rush of actual confidence flare inside me I quickly get on the giant swing (second from memory). Grasping the pull string with a smile… Yanking the taut green rope down and letting the wind take me. Adrenaline pulsing into my body fervently, the feeling incredible as I feel a serene look cover my features. Quickly placing myself back in a serious state as I'm "unhooked" and led off the ladder. Placing myself on the grass and getting up to help with the rope that forced people higher every time it was needed. Watching each person rise and fall, even Kendall and Jess got out of their wheelchairs and swung a little (try and tell me your not as impressed as I am). Finding each person incredible in their own way, admiration prominently spreading itself across my face.

After the giant swing we got a break, and food!!!!! (God I love food). After the next activity protective barriers forced themselves down, I could be myself with these delightful people, no fear or hesitation left in my actions as I moved freely… I moved as myself. After all of the days activities we managed to somehow get a delicious meal from the camp owner, I don't remember what it was, but I do remember it was good. Going back to my cabin, eyes feeling like they have 50kg weights on them as I eventually succumb to my desire for sleep. Getting woken up by Stacey (who I had met the day before) and Louise on my team (who I had become good friends with (the girl from the exit of the hospital… That's right, a bracket in a bracket)). Getting up and managing to pass through the days activities quite comfortably with my strong team. The break after each activity giving us more than enough time to grab a drink and some more delectable food. Everyone around me seemed to grow more and more on my personality as I sat back – enjoying my time with them, no longer bringing myself to judge people around me negatively. In a sense I loved every moment spent with these special people. That night I spent time with some of the other people who I hadn't seen so much throughout the entirety of the camp. Gazing up at the stars romantically… James by my side! Once again enjoying each moment spent with these people. Finding such a wonderful environment full of people who understood each other to an extent that "regular" people couldn't. (Except for you Beth!! Stop bringing out so many blankets!!!).

"...each person incredible in their own way..."

12 hours later we met the delightful people who made our camp possible. All of them seemed so nice and all of us were quite happy to pass up some of our time to talk to them, after all what they have done for us we owe them a lot more than mere words. By the end of the day awards were given out, the one for most loved camp person went to Stacey (she deserved it). I got some award (I'm going to get killed for this but yes. I did forget the name of it, apologies given). The bus ride home snuck up on us so quickly. One minute we're all sitting around laughing, the next it seems hours have passed and we're on a bus. I had my music blaring yet again on the trip home, this time some more delightful Maroon 5 and some Blink 182. Feeling accepted, calm and enlightened as I left the bus. A serious expression once again overtaking my mental attire as I left the bus, saying next to no words and mingling with no one once again. Getting into a car and going home, leaving the same way I arrived but knowing I had learnt something important in my time with all of these people.

Thanks for the great camp guys!!! (Special thanks to team batman… Go batters?!?!?!?!?!)

Thanks must be extended to Charlotte, Lauren, Jessica Kristen, Net App, ChIP IN, Southern Cross Trophies, Vic Pol High Challenge Program and Transport Branch, various staff and volunteers who contributed their time and everyone else who made this years camp a treasured memory to all those who attended.

CAMP PHOTOS

New online community ‘Livewire’ for teenagers!

Livewire (www.livewire.org.au) is a free and exclusive online community for teenagers living with serious illness or disability in Australia, developed and hosted by the Starlight Children’s Foundation.

Livewire members can make new friends, banish boredom and generally have loads of fun. They get the chance to meet and interact with other teens around Australia who understand what it’s like living with serious illness or disability.

There’s the chat room where teens can meet other members as well as the Livewire Chat Hosts, plus there’s special guests and chat events every day. There’s the Livewire Forums to have a say in or just check out what everyone is talking about. Members can start a new topic or join a discussion on anything from embarrassing moments to the hottest celebs in the forums, or share their thoughts, ideas and stories in a blog or ‘online diary’. Livewire also has all the latest movie, music, TV and sport news and reviews, plus competitions and interviews with inspirational people and celebs.

Ensuring Livewire is a safe and positive space is Starlight’s number one priority, working with specialist technology partners to host the site. Membership is only open to 10 to 18 year olds living with serious illness or disability and applications need to be authorised with written parental consent. Chat Hosts are also online every day keeping an eye on the vibe and making Livewire a fun place to be.

Registering with the site is easy - just visit www.livewire.org.au, fill out the registration form online and return the Parental Consent Form. For more information contact the Livewire team at Starlight on 1300 72 7827 or info@livewire.org.au.

Transition

Q. What is Transition?

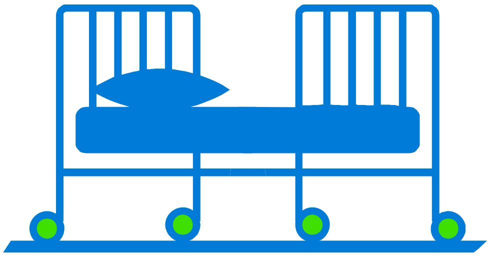
A. Transition is a coordinated process of transferring older patients and their care from paediatric services to an adult health service. It should start when patients are 12-14 years of age, and be completed by 18-19 years of age.

Q. Why do we need Transition?

A. Because young people with Chronic Illnesses are surviving longer than ever before; if transition doesn’t occur young people can drop out of services altogether, and paediatric services aren’t equipped for adults, and can’t look after their needs as well as adult services.

Q. What do I need to do to prepare for Transition?

A. Learn more about your medical history and conditions; become more independent when it comes to your health care needs (start making appointments, attending tests on your own etc); become more comfortable with talking to your health care professionals; start to check out the adult services in your area and what they can offer you; and most importantly complete the Health Care Checklist (go to www.rch.org.au/transition and follow the links) to see what things you do and don’t know about looking after your own health needs.



The New RCH is double the health benefit!!

The new Royal Children Hospital is not only a much more welcoming place for children and their families but is built to help the world too. This is another thing that proves that our health and the health of the planet are linked. Not only this, but it is also means great savings, it is expected to save more than $70 million.

The new hospital will blend with the park and it is claimed that there will be no net loss of the park. The environmentally friendly features will have 45% less greenhouse gas emissions and will use 20% less water, compared to a conventional hospital.

Apart from the environmental aspect, the new RCH will be a much more comfortable place. It will provide more shops as well as a 90 room hotel, a gymnasium, a childcare centre for parents and staff, but more importantly 85 per cent of the rooms are single rooms.

The new hospital is expected to finish in 2011 and it will be a benefit to the health of the children, the health of the world and a good investment for the future.

To know more either visit www.newrch.vic.gov.au or even go up the first stairs in the main entrance (at the back of reception) and there is a display and information with lots of pictures.

Ivano Cascone

Run 4 the Kids

On Sunday 30th march ChIPS members and the NetApp team met at the Victorian Police memorial in the city to participate in Run for the Kids. Many ChIPPERS and the NetApp team participated by either running the 14.14km race, walking the 5.76km track and putting in their best effort, while other chippers stayed close by, supporting the participants and spreading information about the ChIPS program out to the public. It was a fantastic day with lots of enthusiasm and effort from all who attended. After the event we all relaxed in the park with a scrumptious lunch kindly provided by NetApp and the chance to take some great happy snaps of the group and our new ChIPS sign which was made especially for the day. ChIPS would like to thank Southern Precast for kindly donating the money for registration and making it possible for us to have the ChIPS sign made. We would also like to thank NetApp for supporting us on the day by providing lunch and also for providing the fantastic running tops, which united us as a team.

A Personal Story from One of Our Own...

I never imagined myself having a chronic illness. I don't think anyone does. In primary school my problems consisted of fitting in, being cool and finding a boyfriend. Don't get me wrong, I still have those same problems but the difference is now, things aren't as simple as they were back then. I now have something that does not have one name, yet it physically and emotionally makes me sick, but no one can see it. It is something that I try so hard to understand, but whether I like it or not it is a part of me, but that doesn't mean it makes me who I am.

Year seven was the year when my little world shattered to pieces, I was eleven years old and everything I knew and understood was questioned when I found out that I was not supposedly 'normal' but then again what is normal? Normal to me was being able to go to school, to hate school, have friends, talk on the phone, go out and just be happy. Not get sick, spend most of my time in a million different doctor's waiting rooms, then to hear them say that they don't know why I'm sick or worse, that I'm not…

"I found out that I was not supposedly 'normal' but then again what is normal?"

I did not get diagnosed with anything for a long period of time during year seven, during that time all I knew was that I couldn't get up to go to school anymore. I didn't want to move, think, breathe because of the pain I was in and how sick I felt. During that time I think the hardest thing I faced was the fact I had no label, I know there is so much stigmatism placed around labeling people, but see I think when I was really sick I needed that I needed to have a label, an identity, something to tell me that this was real and not all in my head. The reason for this was because most of my symptoms are so common. The other thing that made me feel like it was all in my head is the fact that I look like what is considered as 'normal'. I'm sick yes but it's hidden in me, all I can say to make you understand that I am sick is that I feel it everyday. I understand why people find it hard to think I have a chronic illness, when you look at me I don't look like what a sick person should look like and I do things that people think a sick person shouldn't be able to do, so because of that I never actually thought I had the right to think I had a chronic illness either.

So many times I felt like a liar, a fraud, a fake. I thought at any moment someone would turn around and tell me I was making it up and that I'm not really sick. Because for me I had no recognition that I was sick, at that point in time I did not have to take any drugs or stay in hospital. I felt completely alone, so my house became my escape, my trap, my prison.

During that time things went down, I could not find a way out, in a way I didn't want to. My illness offered me security; it kept me safe from reality and what reality can sometimes mean. It controlled me and held me down but at the same time it blocked out life, life that can be so complicated, so changing, so…. I don't even know the word to describe it properly, but at that time it was too much, life was too much. And I was just tired, tired of fighting, tired of trying, tired of caring. I was constantly having a silent battle inside my head. A battle that would riddle me with guilt, anger and pain because I was not helping myself get better. I just wanted it to stop.

Until one day something changed, I decided to go to school for half an hour and that's how it began my slow and painful recovery. In many ways it was worse than being at home, I was starting from the beginning again but this time my body was against me, everyday things that you take for granted, made me sick. My progress was long and tiring. There was so many times where I just wanted to give up because I really didn't think I was capable of handling everything. I didn't think I was strong enough. See when I was at home, all I had to cope with was me and my body, home was safe, there was no pressure, no expectations, nothing. Instead now it was me with my body and its limitations facing the world and the reality of my situation and trying to cope. I didn't think I could. Yet at the same time I was terrified that I actually could. See the thing is, and this is how it will always be, and that is when it really comes down to it, it always comes back to me. It's scary to think that the decisions I make affect my body whether they are the right ones or not. All of a sudden I was being forced into seeing that for the first time, I needed to take control of my illness, instead of my illness controlling me. But see that's it, I knew that right then I had a choice and that was I could stop, and let my illness take over, blocking everything out again, and that was so tempting to do or I could push, just push through it, and cope. I never made a conscious decision, all I know is something in me didn't want to go back there again hiding from life. Life can suck, life can be so scary, so crazy, so full on, so out of control, I know that and I know things in life make it harder for me to cope with my illnesses but the difference is, I wanted, needed to be in it.

I have grown so much over the years but it's a growth that you don't even realize has occurred until it's happened. I have been sick now for 7 years, and during those 7 years it's been an up and down journey of what my actual chronic illnesses are. So what are my chronic illnesses? I have what is called chronic fatigue syndrome which is basically debilitating fatigue. With this I have fibromyalgia, which in brief is a syndrome that causes pain and stiffness throughout the tissues that support and move the bones and joints. And also a musculoskeletal condition, where when developing during puberty my bones and internal muscles didn't develop the way they were meant to. In many ways I feel extremely lucky, I am extremely lucky, even though my illnesses at times holds me back, and challenges me, without it I would not be the person I am today. I'm thankful for that. These past 7 years of my life, even though as hard as it has been and still is, I would not trade for anything. What I have learnt and the perspective I have gained from being sick has given me the strength, the courage, the maturity and most of all the passion to handle whatever life brings.

> *"There was so many times where I just wanted to give up because I really didn't think I was capable of handling everything"*

Louise De Pino

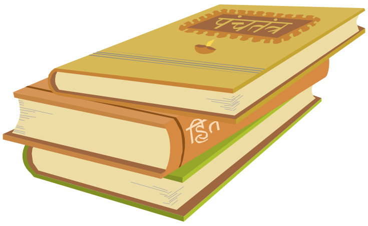
*Anyone willing to submit their own personal story is welcome to do so.

A Nice Story...

One day, when I was a freshman in high school, I saw a kid from my class was walking home from school. His name was Kyle. It looked like he was carrying all of his books. I thought to myself, "Why would anyone bring home all his books on a Friday? He must really be a nerd." I had quite a weekend planned (parties and a football game with my friend's tomorrow afternoon), so I shrugged my shoulders and went on. As I was walking, I saw a bunch of kids running toward him. They ran at him, knocking all his books out of his arms and tripping him so he landed in the dirt. His glasses went flying, and I saw them land in the grass about ten feet from him. He looked up and I saw this terrible sadness in his eyes. My heart went out to him. So, I jogged over to him as he crawled around looking for his glasses, and I saw a tear in his eye. As I handed him his glasses, I said, "Those guys are jerks." They really should get lives." He looked at me and said, "Hey thanks!" There was a big smile on his face. It was one of those smiles that showed real gratitude. I helped him pick up his books, and asked him where he lived. As it turned out, he lived near me, so I asked him why I had never seen him before. He said he had gone t o private school before now. I would have never hung out with a private school kid before. We talked all the way home, and I carried some of his books. He turned out to be a pretty cool kid. I asked him if he wanted to play a little football with my friends. He said yes.

We hung out all weekend and the more I got to know Kyle, the more I liked him, and my friends thought the same of him. Monday morning came! , and there was Kyle with the huge stack of books again. I stopped him and said, "Boy, you are gonna really build some serious muscles with this pile of books everyday!" He just laughed and handed me half the books. Over the next four years, Kyle and I became best friends. When we were seniors, we began to think about college. Kyle decided on Georgetown, and I was going to Duke.
I knew that we would always be friends, that the miles would never be a problem. He was going to be a doctor, and I was going for business on a football scholarship. Kyle was valedictorian of our class. I teased him all the time about being a nerd. He had to prepare a speech for graduation. I was so glad it wasn't me having to get up there and speak

Graduation day, I saw Kyle. He looked great. He was one of those guys that really found himself during high school. He filled out and actually looked good in glasses. He had more dates than I had and all the girls loved him. Boy, sometimes I was jealous! Today was one of those days. I could see that he was nervous about his speech. So, I smacked him on the back and said, "Hey, big guy, you'll be great!"
He looked at me with one of those looks (the really grateful one) and smiled.
"Thanks," he said. As he started his speech, he cleared his throat, and began.
"Graduation is a time to thank those who helped you make it through those tough years. Your parents, your teachers, your siblings, maybe a coach...but mostly your friends...



I am here to tell all of you that being a friend to someone is the best gift you can give them.
I am going to tell you a story." I just looked at my friend with disbelief as he told the story of the first day we met. He had planned to kill himself over the weekend. He talked of how he had cleaned out his locker so his Mom wouldn't have to do it later and was carrying his stuff home.
He looked hard at me and gave me a little smile. "Thankfully, I was saved. My friend saved me from doing the unspeakable."
I heard the gasp go through the crowd as this handsome, popular boy told us all about his weakest moment. I saw his Mom and dad looking at me and smiling that same grateful smile.
Not until that moment did I realise its depth. Never underestimate the power of your actions.
With one small gesture you can change a person's life.

Anonymous

WORD SEARCH

A	S	P	A	B	A	O	V	G	H	R	E	I	O	P	D	G	F	H	V	A	E	P	K	Q
Y	D	N	R	U	N	F	O	R	T	H	E	K	I	D	S	T	S	S	D	E	F	E	S	S
F	S	Y	S	A	R	A	H	O	C	P	K	A	F	D	S	S	L	A	U	D	S	E	Z	D
G	U	O	R	V	D	A	W	U	V	K	B	M	E	M	O	R	I	E	S	C	C	R	L	D
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E	B	F	S	H	P	C	F	R	L	A	R	T	Y	J	I	T	B	D	B	K	Y	O	N	T
T	S	A	W	K	W	S	E	U	E	M	R	F	G	T	P	O	N	D	A	U	E	R	T	O
T	C	Q	P	W	U	K	Y	H	H	P	D	S	K	E	G	T	E	S	N	A	P	T	U	N
I	D	H	Z	A	C	S	U	V	R	W	P	A	V	F	F	E	W	D	N	R	U	I	R	D
M	J	U	R	F	H	H	I	A	A	S	R	A	A	E	S	A	S	N	A	Y	B	K	E	A
M	L	F	E	O	G	H	I	Y	D	E	E	L	R	S	F	Z	L	E	D	I	L	H	S	W
O	W	C	Y	F	N	V	F	P	H	W	F	I	E	W	M	C	E	I	Y	G	I	F	J	R
C	Q	J	K	S	R	I	S	B	S	V	E	H	F	E	A	D	T	R	H	A	C	A	W	U
B	A	I	J	H	S	R	C	Q	D	C	G	C	H	F	G	H	T	F	T	T	A	S	Q	B
U	B	D	G	K	D	R	J	I	A	S	O	C	I	A	L	S	E	F	R	I	T	F	V	S
S	Y	S	L	W	U	C	I	T	L	J	D	N	H	F	H	J	R	H	E	K	I	I	R	C
T	D	U	T	S	I	P	R	V	F	L	R	E	N	A	B	W	D	I	H	F	O	U	I	H
F	X	I	Q	P	A	R	R	D	Y	C	N	E	H	E	P	H	F	J	T	Y	N	Y	U	I
K	R	I	S	T	E	N	T	R	K	Q	I	E	B	L	C	I	V	K	G	H	S	T	F	P
S	E	O	5	F	P	G	F	F	O	I	R	K	S	W	E	T	B	D	E	H	F	R	A	I
T	E	Q	E	S	H	E	Y	U	J	K	D	A	D	S	D	K	C	D	Q	K	Q	F	R	N
C	H	I	P	S	D	F	H	D	F	J	G	H	H	J	J	K	C	H	E	E	S	E	D	D

RUN FOR THE KIDS
CHRONIC ILLNESS
GROUP
PEER SUPPORT
GATEHOUSE
KRISTEN
FRIENDS
PUBLICATIONS
WRAPPER
ADVENTURES

REFERENCE COMMITTEE
SUB COMMITTEE
CAMP
CHIP IN
CHIPS CONNECT
SOCIALS
CHIPS
MEMORIES
NEWS LETTER
CHEESE

Words run diagonally, horizontally and vertically.