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**Aphasia Day Retreat**

We have had three successful Aphasia Retreats for larger and larger groups of Aphasia stroke survivors with their determined, lovingly supportive caregivers. Now we are looking forward to a **Fourth** wonderful day-long event.

**We are deciding on a date for March 2014.**

Organization, support, and coordination of the large staff needed are even more difficult in these days. We are excited about a bigger and better location to serve more families, both the survivors and their caregivers.

An Aphasia Day Retreat accomplishes good things for everybody concerned - passing the latest information from current research and training to the people needing it, and providing more experience and guidance for the faculty, staff, and student clinicians.

We want to help people with communication disorders. More information will follow as decisions are finalized.

We thank you for interest in the Speech and Hearing Department and Clinic.

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**Believe in yourself! Have faith in your abilities! Without a humble but reasonable confidence in your own powers you cannot be successful or happy.**

*Norman Vincent Peale*

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**Summer Quarter Meetings**

Our Aphasia Group decided to continue meeting during this University quarter summer schedule.

Like all such groups, we are in “evolution”. A sign that we are surviving, growing AND recovering.

This quarter, each member was asked to volunteer leading the Group in presentations and separate responses.

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*Retreat #3 attendees*
Dennis started the Group with three questions on the topic: Cars.

1. Identify: cars that you never liked.
   - Valerie: A 1970 Ford LTD. Gerry bought off a man being deported and sold it to my Mom. The agreement: “Brothers can’t drive.”
   - Bob - Eastern European cars. They’re poorly made and maintained - they are junks on the road.
   - Patricia - Chevy Corvette
   - Nancy - A white Ford Fairlane - boring.
   - Valerie - Cadillac - just not me.
   - Arlie - A ’55 Mercury - ugly. Traded to a Plymouth. Doris’s dad had emphysema and needed the space to carry a big Oxygen tank along with him.
   - Su - A friend gave us a Cadillac. It was too heavy.
   - Dennis - inherited a ‘56 Chevy. I had two cars in high school, working on them. I bought a ’60 MGA needing work for $50. It was a white convertible with a black top. Going to college, my dad told me “Sell it.” I sold it for $600.
   - Nancy - A 450 SLC Mercedes given me as a wedding gift - silver with blue leather. I donated it.
   - Patricia - ’67 Chrysler Newport. Bronze with gold interior. Too long for the garage.
   - Bob - A ’56 Pontiac that I used at college to drive to work and back to college. I took it to Germany, but, in freezing weather, the engine freeze plug blew out. I sold it and bought my Jag.

2. Cars you loved.
   - Su - My black Ford SUV
   - Arlie - Dodge Caravan for trips with kids to Yellowstone and to Canada.
   - Bob - My Jag ‘S’ sedan; pearl grey with red leather. I could and did turn it loose on the German autobahn (no limits at that time.) I usually cruised at 160 kph (100 mph). 224 kph on the speedometer was its best.
   - Valerie - A scooter to deliver mail.
   - Nancy - My first car was a Ford station wagon to go to college. Because of rust, the frame broke on a trip from GA to home in CT. It barely made it home with me.

3. Your car WISH list.
   - Dennis - ’68 Corvette black hard top.
   - Bob - Tesla
   - Su - ’41 Ford
   - Patricia - Bentley
   - Arlie - ’40 Packard white convertible
   - Valerie - A Jag, Corvette, and a Toyota Highlander, for birding.
   - Nancy - an Indy car.

Su’s topic: Bring a child’s picture.
   - Su - At 9, my Dad took a colorized Christmas picture with my doll.
   - Patricia - As a 3 year old “Flapper”, she didn’t want her picture taken. So, the
photographer said: “Oh, look at those beautiful shoes!” Which worked.

Bob: Here I can feel safe. Here you verbalize, share, hear, and speak. You hear new things. These can challenge you to build new pathways in the brain.

LocalHealthGuide

LocalHealthGuide is an independent, unaffiliated health news and information web site for the whole Puget Sound region.

Web site: MyLocalHealthGuide.com

Stroke is the #4 killer in this country and the leading cause of long-term disability. Although 4 out of 5 American families will be touched by stroke, more than a third cannot identify a single warning sign.

F.A.S.T. is an easy-to-remember way to recognize the warning signs.

F.A.S.T. stands for:
Face drooping
Arm weakness
Speech difficulty
Time to call 911.

Book Review

Another new, scary, but triumphant story of stroke and recovery.

Writer, Critic, and Journalist Linda Wolfe has written several novels and, also, nonfiction titles such as “The Murder of Dr. Chapman”, and “Introduction to Scandinavian Cooking” and adds another true story: “My Daughter, Myself: An Unexpected Journey.”

Ms. Wolfe’s 38 year old daughter Jessica awoke at night to a splitting headache. She was taken to the ER, but she was misdiagnosed and sent home - to fall into a coma. Jessica’s two daughters faced terrors that can haunt all the children’s lives.

Ms. Wolfe’s information tells us that 1 of every 7 young stroke victims are misdiagnosed.

Jessica’s comments after difficult partial recovery: “Big deal, so I walk with braces.”
A Musical Discovery
by Bob

Music can be soothing; it saves the brain by reducing stress; it can reduce or redirect brain activity. As an example of the concentration and reorienting of brain activity, I was treated especially to music by friends during a trip to Columbus (where I grew up, partly).

The performance was to be at an historical hall and with no familiarity with the program or performers, the hall was my first point of interest.

I was looking around to see if any of the people in the audience were familiar and to enjoy the old, gilded decorations when feelings captured my mind, which turned my ears around, which forced my visions away, searching for their origin.

Ethereal, they were, and they grew and ebbed, they floated by, they demanded, they coaxed, they gently soothed.

I wanted to see and feel these thoughts as well as to hear them – it came from the direction of the stage. There was a piano.

And, in association, sweet fluid lyrics, from lush mezzo levels to dizzying descant heights floated and rebounded (but thankfully to me) from a lady, a creature, and her face and fingers painted and mended and blended the meanings of the story being whispered into my mind.

The thoughts that had been birthed and told haltingly, in paragraphs and chapters of music and words by classical, medialeval, and current story-tellers on the operatical stage, on Broadway, around folkway’s fires – and the thoughts had been polished and exalted to a tale sad – and refreshing, warm and lovely; washed by tears and strengthened by smiles.

The instrument of this creature, is “lauded as an artist of uncommon gifts and imagination” whose “crystal-clear, sparkling soprano, described in Salon as ‘liquid sunshine,’ that has the music world smitten . . . her exquisite tone, emotional directness and breadth of repertoire have enchanted audiences around the globe.” – New York Times

“With thy sweet deceiving lock me in delight awhile.”

“She is, of course, the greatest American vocal recitalist working today . . . Upshaw transcends merely beautiful singing . . .” – Washington Post

Her name (of course, I had been told it before the performance, hadn’t I remembered it?) was Dawn Upshaw. It was a recital by Dawn Upshaw and she has left in my mind a gentle remonstrance.

Scavenging for information on the Web, it revealed her product: from Mahler to Wagner to Schoenberg, from Copland to Debussy to Goethe and Rogers & Hart!!! From Figaro to Zauberfloete to I Wish It So and Forgotten Songs.

She had been scheduled in Vancouver on Sunday and I could not convince Rosemarie that our scheduled attendance at a friend’s annual home celebration could be abandoned – but I tried, and I tried – and failed.

“O, where think’st that she is now?”

1 John Fletcher “Sleep”
2 from Shakespeare “Antony and Cleopatra”

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