

Elizabeth Marshall
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Dear Terry Trueman,

Cerebral Palsy, what's that? That was my first reaction when I read the blurb on the back of your book, *Stuck in Neutral*. Learning what it was when I started reading your book, and how severe it can get scared me. "How depressing it must be to live with that." I told myself. "Life must be horrible."

As I read about Shawn McDaniel I oddly was somewhat shocked with his dry, smart aleck, but most of all his high on life personality. I thought, how could someone be so happy about life when they can't talk, walk, or even swallow or turn their head when they want to? I wondered what made him so strong when things turn so bleak. I soon realized that it was love. The love of smoked oysters, of his mom's hugs, his favorite t.v. shows, the smell of Comet cleaner, the love of life. Shawn was a greater person than I am. He never took for granted what life gave him, whether that was drooling in his wheelchair, trying his best to focus his eyes on the t.v. screen, or sitting at the dinner table with his mom, brother, and sister waiting for his swallowing reflexes to kick in. He taught me that life isn't all that bad, even when things haven't been going my way. You just deal. God's doing this to you for a reason, you don't ask why.

After I finished your book, I learned that you should love and respect all life. No matter how short, unusual, or pathetic it might be. I realize that nothing in life is worse than not respecting life or not living it to its fullest potential. Thank you for showing me that.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Marshall

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