
LEEPS & BOUNDS

Volume 1, Issue 2

December 2006

THE VOICES OF STUDENTS AND STAFF

Living with Attention Deficit Disorder

There has been a fair amount of buzz lately about the use of Ritalin as a medication for kids who have trouble focussing in school. According to one psychiatrist (at least) it is a controversy that cycles every generation or so. It's the preferred treatment for ADD -- Attention Deficit Disorder. As a teacher, I've dealt with many, many adults with ADD, as well as some children. I also have close ties to several people -- children and adults, who live with this particular disability. I want to talk to you about what it's like living with Attention Deficit Disorder. I want you to understand what it means to live with it -- as a child, an adolescent, and an adult. ADD is an impairment in ability to concentrate that is associated with too much slow brain wave activity and not enough fast wave activity ADD often, though not always, is accompanied by poor impulse control and/or hyperactivity (ADHD). Slow brain wave activity is normal for infants up to about 18 months of age. This is appropriate: babies take in a huge range of stimuli, attending for short spurts to all the sights, sounds, and smells that surround them. Then, in their second year, they begin to explore that environment -- selecting stimuli and attending

PLEASURE FOR THE PALATE

Chocolate Cookie Bark – a gift for Christmas giving

A foolproof marbled bark with crumbled Oreo cookies- you might want to keep it for yourself.

1 pkg. (8 squares) Bakers's Semi-Sweet Chocolate
1 pkg. (6 squares) Baker's White Chocolate
2 Tbsp. Kraft Smooth peanut butter
10 Oreo Cookies

Place semi sweet chocolate and white chocolate in separate med. Bowls. Microwave until completely melted, following pkg. Directions. Add peanut butter to white choc., stir till blended. Crumble ½ cookies over choc. In each bowl. Mix

Drop spoonfuls of the choc. Mix. Onto waxed paper-covered baking sheet alternating the colors of the chocolates. Cut through choc. Mix several times with knife for marble effect.

Refrigerate at least 1 hr or until firm. Break into 14 pieces. Store in airtight container in fridge.



Shortbread Cookies with Cookie Press

Try these "must have" for Christmas!

½ lb. butter / ½ lb. margarine / 1 c. icing sugar

½ c. cornstarch / 3 c. flour

Mix margarine/flour/cornstarch/butter. Whip with mixer until creamy. Add icing sugar- Put through cookie press. Bake 350 F (8-10min) 🍪

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to one thing at a time. They begin to differentiate sights such as faces, sounds (into language), and other sensory stimuli. This is when the quicker brain waves develop. The fast waves enable the child to concentrate: to attend to one stimulus at a time and not be distracted by the others around them. In a person with ADD, this speeding up of brain waves doesn't occur, or occurs to a lesser degree. The definitive test for ADD is a brain scan that records these waves. If you don't have this straight in your mind, get it straight now: ADD is not a failure of will, a result of poor parenting, or a character weakness. It certainly is not a choice. It is an anomaly of brain development. It is not anyone's fault.

So how does this play out in life? How do we respond to people with this type of brain function anomaly? What do we do when they interrupt, blurt inappropriate remarks, disrupt a class, stand too close, ignore signals to "back off", or zone out and daydream when we are talking to them? Think about this. How do we label them? Are they the people we want to invite home to dinner? That we want to introduce to our friends? That we want to work with? That we want around us? How do you think their academic lives are affected? Their social lives? The development of their personalities?


Now, I'm going to challenge your imagination. Imagine living with ADD as a child. We all know that children can be cruel. They are relentless in finding weaknesses in others, and using them to personal advantage -- to gain social position at the expense of someone else's being pushed down. Most people with ADD have been on the receiving end of the pushing. And not only pushing: bullying, physical violence, ridicule are also among the indignities they suffer. Also, these are the kids who are told by teachers to 'shape up, try harder, pay attention. You're smart enough, but you're not trying.' They are the ones who regularly visit the principal's office for being inattentive or disruptive. Their parents wail 'I don't know what your problem is, but you are going to apologize to X for being rude, loud, acting silly.' They learn early in their school lives that they are losers. Can you imagine this?

Now imagine living with ADD as a teenager. Just take a minute and try. We know how hard it is to be a teenager. The central task faced by teens is to define themselves -- begin to separate from their parents and build the skills they need for independent living. During this stage of life, people learn to navigate their lives' without relying on Mom or Dad to lead the way. This is done in part through forging new relationships with peers -- as equals. In addition to the difficulties that they have with impulse control, teens with ADD likely have a shaky self-image, when what they really need is to be able to trust themselves enough to build and maintain a wider range of relationships. Sometimes they withdraw to protect themselves. Sometimes they join up with a gang or group of risk-takers and find themselves in constant trouble because they literally don't have the ability to think through their impulses to the consequences of acting on those impulses. It should come as no surprise that some of these teens become involved with drugs and crime.

Here's another imagination exercise. How do you imagine this all shakes down in adulthood? Do you think that it interferes with career success? Do you think it has anything to do with social isolation? A weak self-image? In some ways, life becomes easier for people with ADD when they reach adulthood. Adults tend to be more understanding and forgiving than children are. They are more likely to make accommodations for quirkiness. Also, as adults, we usually have more freedom to pursue our own interests and build on our strengths. We are able to find the job and lifestyle wherein we can make the most of what we have to offer. But it's still no cake walk. By this time, people with ADD have a fairly well-stomped ego, and they have learned not to trust themselves. They've faced many grimaces of disgust and disapproval in each and every arena of their lives. It's not at all uncommon for adults with ADD to suffer from anxiety and depression. It's also not uncommon for them to self-medicate with cocaine or other types of amphetamines, which enable them to concentrate long enough to actually focus and function well enough to get something done.

Here's a final imagination assignment. Think about talking to a co-worker at the water cooler about any little anecdote from your experience. Nothing complicated -- just a fun story. When you have all the tools available for forming words -- the whole alphabet -- you can freely choose any word that comes to mind. You can focus on the story, instead of the rules for telling it. Now imagine that you have to tell it without using any words that contain the letter "w." Try it. Do you see how you have to stop and think about each word before you say it? You can't just tell your story -- you have to work around certain limitations. Now imagine telling it while those around you roll their eyes, exchange impatient glances, or tell you directly to "hurry up" and "why can't you just say what you have to say?"

This exercise is intended to illustrate what it's like for a person with ADD to socialize. Like the speaker who can't use the whole alphabet, people with ADD must be very self-conscious. They must think about every behaviour they exhibit before they speak or do anything. If they seem to be zoned out and pre-occupied, it's because they are. They are working at controlling their impulse to speak, hearing the other person, and planning their response. They can't concentrate on the other person while they have all this other work to do. Fast brain waves make this level of concentration possible, but remember -- they don't have the fast brain waves. Through a history of social faux pas and embarrassment, they have learned that they can't trust themselves to be spontaneous and expect any good to come of it. Individuals with ADD are often perceived as being self-centered. What they are is self-conscious. They simply can't let themselves go and focus on the other. This has been an exercise for your imagination. Consider yourself lucky if it isn't your day-to-day reality. If it is your reality, congratulate yourself on your courage, and treat yourself with compassion. If you know others who are afflicted with this disability, do the same for them. But once and for all, put a lid on the judgments.

by Sherri Gluting 

SUCCESSES FOR THE WINTER

WINTER NEWS – DURING THIS FALL SEASON WE HAVE BEEN BUSY WITH FULL CLASSROOMS AND CONTINUOUS ONE ON ONE TUTORING WITH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS AND OTHER CLIENTS.

.C.P.P.- The students attending this class, which now has 8 students, have bonded together, and have a united attitude toward the success of their GED exams. Stay tuned for further results. 🌀

EEPS NEWS ITEMS

- **Kandie Swark** finished the EAS program and is now attending Red River College and furthering her employment opportunities
- **Tyler Gardener** has been attending our CPP class and wrote his GED after one month of attendance
- **Rob Linklater, Ryan Punton, and Everett Benoit** all completed Calculus and Statistics distance education course from Red River and will be entering third year of the Civil Engineering Technology program.
- **George Landreth** completed Algebra and Trigonometry and entered first year of Mechanical Engineering Technology at Red River.
- **Morgan Aiken** also completed Algebra and Trigonometry course and has started first year of Civil Engineering Technology.
- **Mary Clark** has written her GED and has passed with great marks. 🌀

CONGRATULATIONS !!!

EEPS' New Home cont'd



An elaborate veranda crossed the front ground floor, extending to butt against the bay windows. The pediment in the centre of the veranda also features the carved sunburst pattern of the gables. The balustrades and columns also demonstrate the love of ornament.

Despite massive interior alterations, the exterior has retained a good amount of its early features. Like most of the buildings in the vicinity, it is now a multiple dwelling but one can still see in this house the previous character of the neighbourhood around Central Park. 🌀

A JOKE A DAY....

Joke heard from a student

Eric teaches 3 subjects → *Computers, English, and Phys Ed* ! - phys ed because you have to go up & down the stairs to get your printed copy of your work,*from the copier on the main floor!!!!*
by Natalie. 🌀



(Eric waiting for students)

Leonard's Christmas

By
Roger Groening

Leonard sensed heaven's influence. The excessively finite dimensions of the T. Eaton Co staff lounge seemed to be expanding to meet the demands of infinite beauty. Never before had he been this close to perfection. Ellen, the perfect image of fashion, sat close to him. He would happily have been closer, but the view of her pouty lips defined heaven at any distance. Leonard had noted the light of her glow before, but angels of fashion so rarely descend on stock rooms, he had not considered the possibility of so close a view. There was however no denying the temperature change in Leonard, a young man for who cold was to be avoided at all costs. He felt the warmth that comes from the merging of body and soul. Ellen was an image of heaven that Leonard could grasp. Leonard noted that time seemed to have stopped to rest on the spiritual and ever so earthly quality of those lips. But then, quite rudely, the bell of reality sounded, and both Ellen and Leonard were called back to the world where the customer was always right.

Entering the customer service office at the T. Eaton Co. meant running into a busy George Price. George moved quickly in a relative dance with Leonard's measured pace. George had told Leonard that it was all about numbers. Increasing the odds of finding true love involved working with a volume of charm and frequency of effort. Leonard struggled with implementation, but the general theme had taken up space in his mind. Leonard had limited opportunity for love at the office. The customer accounts staff were women for whom love was not an actively pursued pastime. They may have drunk at the fountain at an earlier time, but the water had proven to be contaminated. So Leonard recognized that this staff lounge moment with Ellen should not be regarded lightly, or a moment it would likely remain. Advice from George on expansion of services was needed.

The coffee time offered to staff by the T. Eaton Company was finite. The coffee breaks started promptly in mid-morning, and ended shortly after. Some said it was 15 minutes, but regardless of length, they always ended with a return to the service of the retailer. The eternity of retail service was the closest to the infinite that Leonard had experienced, until today. Today, things were different. Today, Leonard had lightly touched Ellen's hand, and his eyes had gained full contact with hers. Even George conceded that Leonard had something to work with.

It was holiday Friday, two days before Christmas, and an evening party of mostly collegial company was planned. Leonard had reached an agreement with **Ellen that**

this party would go smoother were she to attend with him. Ellen had agreed to the logic of his presentation. So Leonard returned to the stock room with a light step and a heart that could be transplanted into a bigger man. When Mrs. Yeller demanded a return to the old days in all respects other than the death of her husband, Leonard agreed. When Mr. McCreary proposed the death of the Protestant work ethic, Leonard agreed. When Mrs. Little wondered whether Leonard would immediately see to a new order of lined paper for her doodling, Leonard agreed. Leonard felt a sense of purpose rarely seen in the history of stock boys. There was no doubt of it; Leonard was filled with hope and purpose, and that is a fine thing to have on occasion.

Around 3:00 that afternoon, George Hart dropped by the office. He was his usual helpful

self, full of suggestions for how life could be made simpler without the messiness of personal effort. On this point, Leonard saw eye to eye with George. The world seemed bent on achievement, and it was quite disturbing. Their conversation flowed quite well, with George able to knock off some valuable hours from the mail order department duties he claimed to have. Leonard listened, mostly offering affirming sounds during moments of pause. That is until the topic of Ellen came up. George indicated that he had information that could prove useful. Leonard sensed himself listening with a keener ear than normal. George seemed to have information worthy of note.

The information that George provided followed along the lines of his observation of Ellen's reading material. She had been seen taking a book from her locker. It was a book

with a concerning title; not one that Leonard envisioned living in Ellen's handbag. Leonard knew that Ellen was a queen of fashion. She lived in a world of fashionable appearance. Fashion was her manta. He had no information on Ellen that suggested anything bordering on deviant interests.

The title that George had seen emerging from Ellen's locker was called: Theological Ethics of Rhetorical Practice by Dr. Jerry M. Sophritis. The sound of the title wrestled with Leonard's sense of joy. He knew he was beaten. The only word in the title that offered any clarity was the word "by" referring he presumed to the writer of this deep pool of wisdom. Leonard did concede that "practice" was also something he had experience in, but in a sporting sense. This book did not appear to be touching at all on the merits of sport. Leonard knew that reading

such a book was not one of his options. Pretending to have read it was an option, although a dangerous one. In life one is sometimes called on to have clear views on the subject of theological rhetoric, but Leonard had hoped to avoid this requirement.

It seemed unfair that the general structure of his assumptions of Ellen would require such drastic revision. Leonard knew that even if he desired, and desire he did, he neither had the time or aptitude to rally to the required vision. Leonard felt that he was done as a competitive Ellenite companion. His portion of ecstasy would be lived by others.

Leonard however did not grow up on a farm without developing a sense of persistence in the face of known facts that warranted surrender. After work, Leonard moved directly to the bookstore section on the fifth floor of the Eaton's family of floor offerings, where he inquired as to the whereabouts of the hot selling treatise of rhetorical practice. The clerk, confident in his ability to direct traffic in a world that mystified lesser mortals, showed Leonard the book as if he had written it himself. The impression given was that it was the most natural thing in the world to pay actual cash for such a work. Trained on the principles of the customer as right, the clerk may not have considered the possibility that Leonard was wrong, and that the purchase was simply an example of human error. Human error that is good for business generally proceeds unchecked.

Leonard took the book home on the bus, leafing through its pages, noting the substantial wordage, and the pressure of limited time before the party. He had the book, but he knew that he was not going to be in possession of the material. Time was not his only obstacle; capacity registered as a factor as well, but focussing on capacity was like thinking about wheat prices. The merits seemed elusive.

In the few hours that Leonard had before the party, he took a courageous stab at incorporating the general principles of

theological ethics in rhetorical practice. As expected, the book started slowly, introducing ideas that would be explained later.

By page four, Leonard noted that a headache was the only idea that was beginning to formulate. He closed the book, invaded by the darkness of a moment that offered nothing but meaningless festivity. A tragic figure, Leonard wondered to the bus with a defeated stride. He lacked the tools and he was not confident that a mark for effort would provide much by way of a prize.

Leonard met up with Ellen and settled with her on a corner sofa, beverage in hand. The conversation was brimming with probable exposure. He decided to hold nothing back. A girl who reads books on rhetorical practice does not want to meander around in light conversation, so Leonard started in on a casual introduction to the broader theme. He asked Ellen her views on the spiritual aspects of rhetoric, wondering himself whether the benefits were not sometimes overrated. Ellen would no doubt have responded intelligently, but a danceable song came on, and she suggested movement to the floor. After the dance, Leonard again broached the deeper aspects of ethics, stretching his frail frame to inspire confidence in the honesty of his inquiry, without conveying the dread. A casual confidence was the objective, and it was the image he had in his mind. Casual confidence however has been the armor of many a defeated army. The world of love requires attention to detail and a degree of internalized knowledge. Casual confidence does not play the song that the musician generally has in mind. Ellen did not grasp Leonard's efforts in the spirit of his intention. Perhaps if the music had been better, and they had danced more, the evening would have been salvaged. The between dance number chatter proved a big disappointment to Ellen, wondering much of the night what had happened to Leonard's impressive humor and carefree manner, repressed as it had become in the clothes of academic conversation.

On balance the party went well. There was no violence, other than the damage done to ideas of rhetorical practice. Leonard left the party reflecting that he had tried, but that effort may not have won Ellen's heart. Leonard wondered why Ellen was so interested in dancing, and showed so little fascination with ethics. He pondering this quite deeply, and arrived at the view that Ellen must have regarded his presentation as so trite that direct response would be undignified. Ellen left perplexed by Leonard's choice of conversation, wondering why he had been so interested in odd topics. Such is the nature of communication. Layering levels of intention and deception together with dance music is not always smooth.

The unfolding of romance would often produce a sweeter taste if more research were done. Lack of accurate information has been the herb that has spoiled many a dish. Leonard did not know that Ellen had purchased the rhetorical practice book for her brother as a kind of Christmas gift. Ellen preferred to read in water where her feet could touch the ground. Life moves along with relative speed, and soon she was promoted to a fashion-consulting role in Toronto, leaving Leonard to discuss ethics with George. For a time there was correspondence with Ellen, but the lack of visuals were disappointing, and the sparks of early passion drifted away like the prairie snow. By spring, the romance was pretty much water under the bridge.

George and Leonard also lost contact in due course. George became involved in a credit card cash scheme, which was destined to make him wealthy beyond belief. Leonard encountered George some years later and noted that proceedings had moved away from the original prospects, but hope of a break through remained the presenting theme. Sort of like love, the rhetorical practice of ethics and notion of the customer as always right. ☺

***MERRY CHRISTMAS
EVERYONE!***