Spring 2017

Family Links

April-June Quarterly Newsletter

PARENT to PARENT

WALLA WALLA VALLEY Disability Network

Valkan Walter by Jeanne Walter

4 Boys from oldest to youngest: Vaughn, Balian, Valkan and Aeret.

My husband Damian and I are also in photo.

This morning like many others, I awoke at 5:25 AM to milk the family cow and heard the unearthly music of a Ben Ten Watch somewhere in my house. It is constantly going off, somewhere. I only hear it when everyone else is asleep, call it a blessing, that my house is usually so loud. I have lost this item, like many things recently: the DVD Player remote, my middle son's IPad charging cord, and lots of socks. I'm pretty sure my son Valkan might have hidden these items, but I can not prove it and he will not tell me where they are. My youngest son is also only speaking in gibberish, so he might also be an accomplice. I've looked everywhere, but the sound seems to be reverberating from the house itself.

When I was pregnant with Valkan, I prayed and prayed for patience with my two boys who were 6 and 4 at the time. They were sometimes difficult, and I think a little jealous of not being able to do the things I used to do with them. Valkan was born prematurely at 37 weeks by C-section after the Doctor told us something was wrong. We had no idea he had Down syndrome until after he was born and he was immediately whisked off to the NICU after being resuscitated.

As soon as he heard my voice in the NICU, he lit up like a Christmas tree. He knew me, without question, and was so happy I was there. We needed to stay 3 weeks at the hospital for Valkan while he was in the NICU. I remember playing a lot of Uno and praying Valkan could eat with a bottle and heal.

Things take longer to accomplish for Valkan. We appreciated every milestone a little more with him as it was such a challenge and took so much patience, work and consistent effort for him to achieve. Valkan never gave up and neither have we. This leads me to our latest challenge, Potty Training.

This has been the bane of his existence. The ever present POTTY. We have a potty training Elmo chart, how-to videos, treasure chest of rewards, stickers, books, potty training timing watch, and endless advice. I thought we were ready. We tried several times before, but Summer 2016 was going to be it. Valkan was 6 and all the signs pointed to GO. He is barely verbal, so we had to take our cues from him.

We started on summer break and every 30-45 minutes, Valkan was taken to the restroom. He tried so hard, too hard. No luck, but he would have an accident right after. He was getting very frustrated and after 4 days, he had had enough.

He met me in the kitchen, shook my hand, kissed and hugged me, got his backpack and the keys to the car and headed for the door. Valkan politely sat on his seat, patiently waiting for me to take him to his new home, where there was no Potty. He wanted me to know that he appreciated everything I had done for him so far, but he had enough. He has always said so much without saying a word. I laughed; I guess there was going to be no more potty training for awhile.

Valkan is my patience as well as my inspiration. He goes at his own pace. I had to learn to adjust to that speed. I always wonder if I would be as patient as he is at achieving my goals, tirelessly trying again and again; to crawl, to walk, to talk, to read, to write, to achieve almost everything. He has made new friends in Kindergarten this year, without saying a word. That is a massive accomplishment that few would be able to achieve. People are learning sign language in our town, just so they can speak to him, including a student in his class and their parent. We were able to arrange a monthly sign language class, free of charge, to everyone interested. Last month we had 20 people attend. Wonderful. One thing he needed no help at mastering, the ability to comfort others and know when they needed comfort. He does that better than anyone else I know.

My middle son, Balian, has possibly saved my sanity. He has found the Ben Ten Watch and all the items previously mentioned above while I was writing this article. They were behind the couch, shoved way down in the floor air vent. Guess I should have looked there. We now can switch the TV movie and watch something besides Alvin and the Chipmunks. The remote has been missing for 3 weeks. I have permanently disconnected the watch, Ben is not transforming anytime soon.

I walked into school one day several years ago to pick up my son, right when the teacher was making fun of Valkan's lack of having matching gloves. I pick my battles. Some days it is an accomplishment just to get everyone to school with their clothes on. I wish I was just referring to my son with special needs. You understand. The teacher did not. Valkan has thrown out shoes, socks, IPads, gloves, etc. sometimes from moving vehicles and usually in public places like Walmart or amusement parks. Sometimes he undresses just getting to the car for school. Maybe we need a nudist colony school. There would be no need for matching gloves. I wonder if there will be a voucher for that soon.

I am constantly inspired and grateful for all 4 of my sons. Valkan has taught me more about what it means to appreciate life and all your accomplishments than anyone else could. I couldn't ask for more.

COLUMBIA COUNTY NEWS

All interested parties may attend free Sign Language Courses for all ages in the Delany Building on March 21st, April 18th, and May 16th from 6-7 PM. Our monthly Developmental Disabilities Sub-committee Meeting, also in the Delany Building are from 3:45-4:45 PM on March 28th, April 25th and May 23rd.

We are having a Rascal Rodeo fundraising auction and dinner at Woody's Restaurant in Dayton on April 29th from 5:30 till 9 PM. Donations may be dropped off at Woody's. Rascal Rodeo will be held at Columbia County Fair on Saturday, September 9th. Rascal Rodeo is an all-abilities rodeo.

On April 13th from 5:00-8:30 PM, we will be having a gathering to help families find developmental disabilities services in our area. See page 4 for details. We will provide help with paperwork to register for assistance and try to help people who are interested in becoming respite workers. Free food, drink and child care will be provided. Please come and share your wishes for our community!

Dayton's Historic Liberty Theater has agreed to host Sensory Friendly Movies on Saturdays at 12:30PM. Sensory friendly movies provide an opportunity to watch a family movie in a non-judgmental environment where the lights are turned a little up and the sound down. You may also bring your own allergy free snacks. Please contact Liberty Theater to find out when the next Sensory Friendly movie will be shown at 509-382-1380. Prices are the same as for a matinee. For more information on these events, you may contact Jeanne Walter at 509-540-1433.

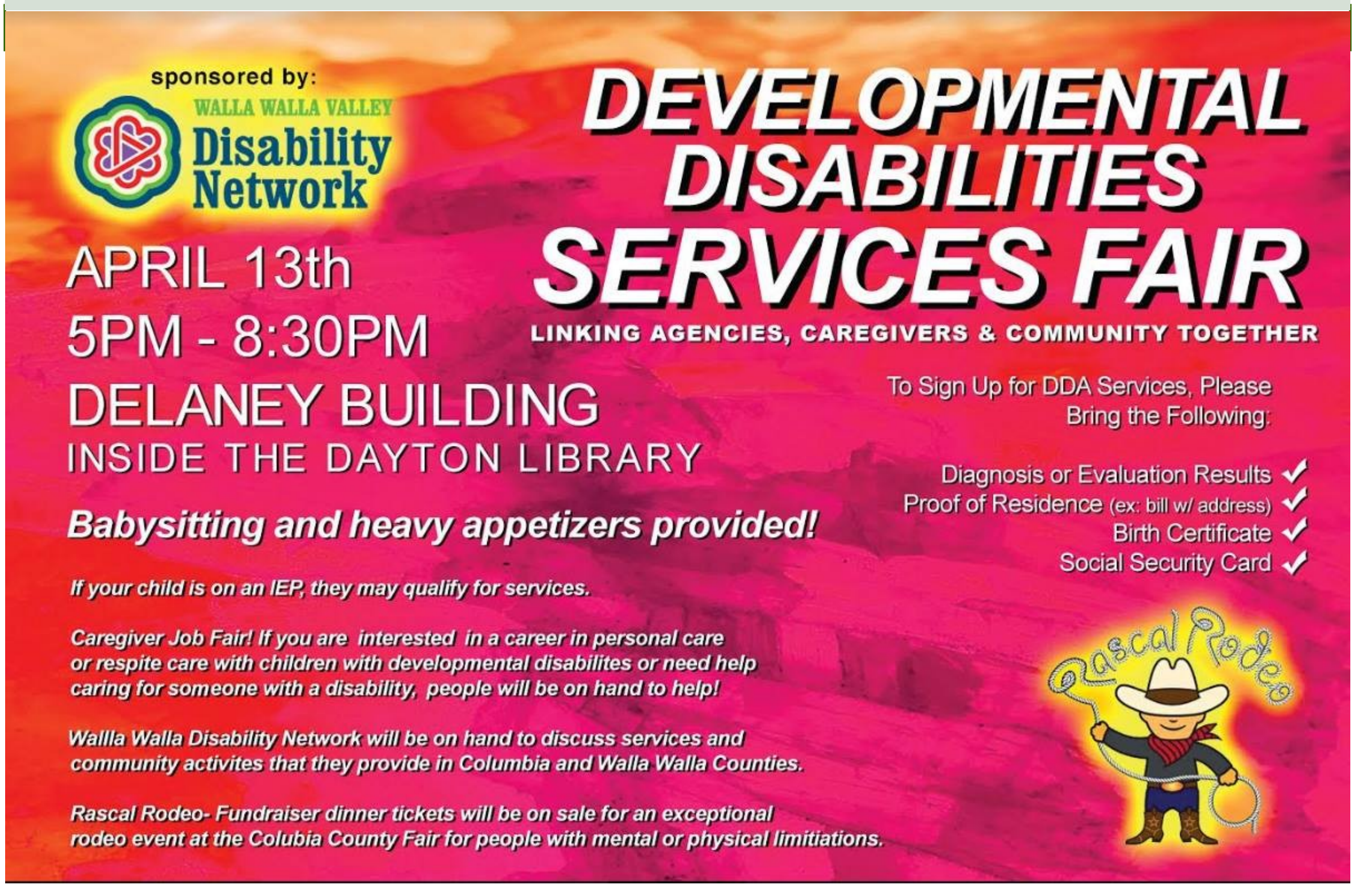
Helping Parent Volunteers

One of the unique features of Parent to Parent is a network of trained helping parents. These volunteers go through a training about mentoring parents who have recently received a diagnosis. Experienced parents offer emotional support and information to parents who are new to the disability world. The give their time and energy to help families navigate this new world. We are so grateful for our volunteers. This year, so far, Parent to Parent has made 7 Helping Parent matches!

Some of our Helping Parent Volunteers are:

- Angie Witt
- Carla Nibler
- Cyndy Knight
- Pam Hamilton
- Ysabel Fuentes
- Beatriz Becemil
- Maria Luisa Jimenez
- Maria Gutierrez
- Erin Scheideman
- Aracei Mendoza
- Michelle Meyer

If you would like to be a support to other parents, please contact Michelle Meyer at p2p@wwvdn.org or 872-701-0007.



sponsored by:

WALLA WALLA VALLEY Disability Network

APRIL 13th

5PM - 8:30PM

DELANEY BUILDING

INSIDE THE DAYTON LIBRARY

DEVELOPMENTAL DISABILITIES SERVICES FAIR

LINKING AGENCIES, CAREGIVERS & COMMUNITY TOGETHER

To Sign Up for DDA Services, Please Bring the Following:

- Diagnosis or Evaluation Results ✓
- Proof of Residence (ex: bill w/ address) ✓
- Birth Certificate ✓
- Social Security Card ✓

Babysitting and heavy appetizers provided!

If your child is on an IEP, they may qualify for services.

Caregiver Job Fair! If you are interested in a career in personal care or respite care with children with developmental disabilites or need help caring for someone with a disability, people will be on hand to help!

Wallla Walla Disability Network will be on hand to discuss services and community activites that they provide in Columbia and Walla Walla Counties.

Rascal Rodeo- Fundraiser dinner tickets will be on sale for an exceptional rodeo event at the Colubia County Fair for people with mental or physical limitiations.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Date/Time	Event	Location	Notes	RSVP
Fridays in April & May	Challenger Baseball	Pacific Little League Field	Contact Pacific Little League, Karen Zodnick, jzodnick@bmi,net	509-529-6589
April 14, 6:30-8:00 pm	Mamas Especiales	Ysabel's house	Support for Spanish-speaking parents	Ysabel 509-301-0679
April 19, 6:00-8:00 pm	Senior Caregiver Dinner	China Buffet, 1618 Plaza Way, Walla Walla	No host dinner for parents and caregivers with middle schoolers through adults	Carla 509-520-2249
April 25, 6:30-8:00 pm	P2P Networking Down Syndrome Family Meeting	Best Western Inn & Suites, 7 E Oak, Walla Walla	Information and support for families with a member with Down Syndrome	Michelle 872-701-0007
April 30, 1:00-5:30 pm	Peer Mentor Training	TBD	Dinner included. Training for teens to assist their peers with disabilities in recreational activities	Cyndy 509-386-2356
May 12, 6:30-8:00pm	Mamas Especiales	Ysabel's house	Support for Spanish-speaking parents	Ysabel 509-301-0679
May 17, 6:00-8:00 pm	Senior Caregiver Potluck	Diana Bergevin Field House, 1629 Evergreen Street, Walla Walla	Potluck dinner for parents and caregivers with middle schoolers through adults. A-M salads, N-Z side dishes.	Carla 509-520-2249
May 23, 6:30-8:00 pm	P2P Networking ADD/ADHD	Best Western Inn & Suites, 7 E Oak, Walla Walla	Information and support for families dealing with ADD/ADHD	Michelle 872-701-0007
June 9, 6:00-8:00 pm	Mamas Especiales	Ysabel's house	Support for Spanish-speaking parents	Ysabel 509-301-0679
June 10, 5:30-7:00 pm	WWVDN Family Picnic/Potluck	Wildwood Park	Bicyclists from Pi Kappa Phi will join us for an end of the year picnic. Please bring a dish to share, A-M salads, N-Z side dishes.	Cyndy 509-386-2356
June 19-21, 7:00-8:30 pm	4-H Horse Camp	Walla Walla Fairgrounds	Horse riding for those with disabilities http://extension.wsu.edu/wallawalla/event/challenger-horse-camp-for-youth-with-disabilities-2/	Angie angiewitt71@gmail.com
June 19-23, 9:00 am-12:30 pm	Elementary Summer Camp	Diana Bergevin Field House, 1629 Evergreen, Walla Walla	Designed especially with elementary and middle school individuals with special needs in mind. Camps offer arts, crafts, recreation, snacks and special guests.	Laura Reiter 509-386-8398
June 26-30, 9:00am-12:30 pm	Teen Summer Camp	Diana Bergevin Field House, 1629 Evergreen, Walla Walla	Designed especially with high school individuals with special needs in mind. Camps offer arts, crafts, recreation, snacks and special guests.	Laura Reiter 509-386-8398
August 8, 2017, 6:00-7:30 pm	WWVDN Annual Meeting	Diana Bergevin Field House, 1629 Evergreen, Walla Walla	Planning for 2017-2018	Cyndy 509-386-2356

APRIL 25, 2017
DOWN SYNDROME FAMILY MEETING

6:30-8:00 p.m. – Best Western Inn & Suites, 7 E. Oak, Walla Walla

Parent to Parent (P2P) is sponsoring an evening for parents and caregivers with children/adults with Down syndrome to meet one another and discuss concerns specific to Down syndrome.

Items that will be discussed: Speech and Physical Therapy • Inclusion (Buddy Program) • Life Skills, Employment, Independent Living • Medical Issues: Heart, Teeth, Hypothyroidism, Obesity, Alzheimer's • Down syndrome Information Act (new*) • DDA, SSI and others

Please consider joining us with your questions and chance to share. RSVP to Michelle Meyers, P2P Coordinator if you are interested in coming. #(872)701-0007.

PARENT to PARENT

WALLA WALLA VALLEY
Disability
Network

April 25, 2017

6:30-8:00 p.m.

Best Western Inn & Suites, 7 EAST OAK Walla Walla

Meet families with children/adults with Down syndrome!

RSVP to Michelle Meyer, (872) 701-0007

WALLA WALLA VALLEY DISABILITY NETWORK

PO Box 1918
Walla Walla, WA 99362

www.wwvdn.org

Parent to Parent:
(872)701-0007

PARENT to PARENT

WALLA WALLA VALLEY Disability Network

Come learn about

Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder

May 23, 2017, 6:30-8:00 pm

Best Western Inn & Suites

7 East Oak, Walla Walla, WA 99362

Please RSVP to Michelle at 872-701-0007

p2p@wwvdn.org

PO BOX 1918, Walla Walla, WA 99362

www.wwvdn.org

TOPICS

- Diagnosis
- Signs & symptoms
- Treatments available, including medications as well as alternatives and therapies
- Educational implications
- How parents can help

APRIL IS AUTISM AWARENESS MONTH

Open Letter to the World: (from http://www.facebook.com/AwarenessIsNotEnough?sk=app_4949752878#!/AwarenessIsNotEnough

Awareness is not enough.

We (The Autism Community) need for you to know what Autism is. We can only achieve that through Autism Understanding and Acceptance.

Awareness of autism has risen dramatically in the past few years, and awareness is certainly a good place to start. Increased awareness has helped parents get earlier diagnoses for their children, and it has helped secure funding for research. However, it hasn't done much to change public perception of what autism really is.

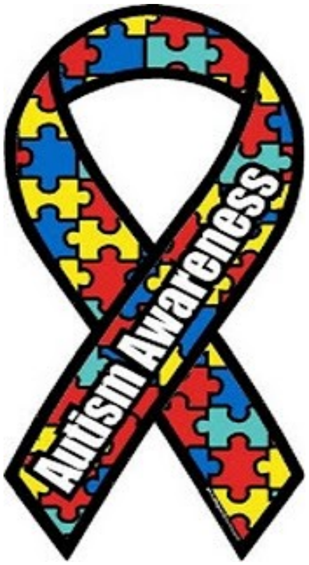
This is a call out to the world to understand the people and the disorder.

This is a call out to the world to accept the people and the disorder.

You can not understand or accept the people until you understand and accept the Autism they have.

Autism is a part of who they are.

The media has focused almost entirely on children with autism – but children grow up. In a society where one in 110 children is diagnosed with autism (the latest figures from the Centers for Disease Control), no one can afford to ignore the significance of this disability. People with autism are children, teenagers, adults, men, women, scientists, programmers, engineers, unemployed, in care homes … too many of them continue to be bullied, to be judged, or to just be ignored.



Each person is unique. Each person has their own unique set of strengths and weaknesses just like you or I.

The charities, the organizations, the groups, the parents, the people with Autism themselves... we ask you... no, we need you to know what Autism really is.

Today, we ask for your Autism Understanding and Acceptance.

This is what autism means to me.

Autism means grief and loss.

I found out I was pregnant with Kenny on the first anniversary of Kyle's death. Such dreams were symbolized in that little pregnancy test stick turning pink. A new chance, new hope. I imagined, as most expectant mommies do, a million things about this child to come. What would he look like? Maybe he would be tall and strong with warm eyes like his daddy. Maybe he would be a reader, loving words like his mommy. Maybe he'd be like his grandpa and find satisfaction in solving complicated equations. Would his heart be okay? I wondered and worried and painted endless new realities in my mind.

Then he arrived, beautiful and perfect and healthy. Such absolute joy, fueled by relief, filled my home and my heart. It was going to be okay.

He grew into an active toddler with blonde curls and eyes that were neither brown, gold, green or blue, but a kaleidoscope of all those colors. He laughed and cuddled and ran us ragged. He talked. And talked. It was going to be okay.

Until it wasn't. One day, at Wayne Deckman's wedding, Kenny was restless, so I took him out of the sanctuary to a church foyer. Kenny was climbing up and down the steps. I tried to amuse him with the usual games. "Kenny, where's your nose?" Ordinarily this resulted in delighted squeals and a small index finger placed on that cute nose. This day, nothing. "Kenny, where's your nose?" Nothing. "Kenny, where's your tummy?" Nothing. Now tinged with a bit of alarm, "KENNY, where's your chin?" I pulled him close, and in what was to become a habitual gesture, touched his chin to turn his face to look at me. His eyes darted away from mine. Seeds of doubt were planted in that moment.

Within six weeks, Kenny went from 70+ words to almost none. He screamed. And didn't sleep. And ran through the house in a frenzy, jumping and climbing on everything. Was he deaf? Was it allergies? Was it teething? Was it his shots? Was it me?

It took months to get a diagnosis. And the day the doctor said, "Yes, it is what you thought. It is autism." In my head, I screamed, "NO! I take it back, he's fine. He's fine. He has to be fine."

But he wasn't. I wasn't. Dave wasn't. Nothing was fine. I watched the dreams I had for my baby crumble and fall. What would his life be like? No-one could answer this question. No-one. Would he read? Would he drive? Would he make a friend? Marry? Be happy? Questions flooded over me, like a waterfall over a rocky cliff.

Autism has robbed my son, my family. I remember looking at Kenny, riding his little scooter down the sidewalk, knowing - this is the very same child I loved yesterday. I love him today. That is the only thing that hasn't changed. Everything else is different.

A recurring lesson in my life has been to love what you have, to not live in the grief of what you no longer have. But, still, that grief has to be acknowledged. The loss is very real.

Kyle's death was nothing short of devastating. And I do think that his death allowed me to be a better mother to Kenny. On our very worst days, I could still be grateful. I could place my hand on his chest, feel that heart beating solidly, and be glad. I knew it could be so much worse.

But at the same time, it was. Kyle's death had an endpoint. A time when it was over. The learning to live with that loss is ongoing, but his death was one event. With autism, the losses just keep coming. Day after day, year after year, you find new things you must give up.

Autism means change.

Everything about autism requires change. I had to change what I did, how I did it and who I was.

We turned our life and our finances upside down to find a treatment that would help Kenny. Our criteria was, if it can't hurt him, we will try it. Auditory integration, sensory integration, physical & occupational & speech therapy, relationship & play therapy, nutrition and diets, behavioral interventions, vitamins, yeast treatments. And on and on.

We worked with him 40-60 hours per week. We enrolled him in an inclusive preschool. We had consultants from UCLA come. We recruited and trained Whitman students to work with him. We videotaped sessions, had weekly meetings and I stayed up all night to review tape to make sure we were consistent.

I became the mother from hell. I learned how to advocate. How to be the voice for a child who couldn't speak. How to keep him from getting chewed up by a system that doesn't know what to do for a child like him. I spoke up, spoke out and fought constantly. I changed. Dave changed. Our marriage changed. It was all-consuming. Autism consumed my every thought and action.

Dave suffered. Zach suffered. Kenny suffered most of all. And it was like trying to empty the ocean with a teaspoon.

I prayed constantly. Some days I hated God. Some days I was filled with self-pity. Some days I was filled with anger. Some days I was filled with determination. Some days I was filled with doubt. I was about as cuddly as a porcupine on crack.

Kenny fought therapy. We had to pad the chair. He thrashed and lashed out. He wouldn't sit down, much less do any other task. Our UCLA consultant told us that was a good sign. He realized he was giving up control. I clung to that hope. I doubted and wavered and thought, maybe this was a bad idea. And then one day, the therapist said, "Do this," and put a block in a cup. Kenny looked straight at the therapist, picked up the block and put it in the cup. Never mind that two seconds later he was throwing himself on the floor in a rage. He had done it. In that moment, we discovered ourselves on a new road. This new road was still not that beautiful garden path I had imagined. It was dark and full of pitfalls and dangers still, but it was headed in a new direction. It was headed out of this abyss called autism.

Autism means joy and hope.

They say there's nothing like the joy of hearing your child say mama. Kenny said mama a million times before he was 17 months old. And, yep. I was overjoyed. "Mama, he said Mama. He knows who I am!" I reveled in the sound of his voice. But I've got to tell you, that was nothing compared to what I felt when Kenny said his first word for the second time. We were looking out the window and a school bus drove by. "BUS!" he exclaimed. Bus. Yes, bus. My baby said bus. No-one in the world but Kenny and I know how many hours, how much effort, how many tears and prayers were in that one word. Bus. To this day, my heart warms when I see a big yellow school bus and I always wave at the driver. I'm pretty sure the bus drivers in Walla Walla wonder about the crazy lady in the silver suburban, but I just can't help it. Bus. Bus. Was there ever anything more beautiful than the sound of that word? BUS!

There's an old saying that goes something like this: Your problems come bearing gifts.

It's true. Like Kyle's death, Kenny's autism has meant incredible pain. But there are two sides to everything. Coins. Stories. Grief. Loss. Love. All of these have many facets.

Because of Kyle's death, I can treasure things that might have annoyed or frustrated me had I lived a different life. Would I change it? In a New York minute.

Because of Kenny's autism, I have discovered many things. Would I have given anything to have learned those things in another way? Of course. But it is what it is, right? This is the life I have. This is the life Kenny has. And even along the darkest parts of this journey, there are scattered gems on the path that sparkle and shine in the gloom. If you can see them, if you can bring yourself to pick them up, they are gifts. Maybe not always the gifts we longed for, but gifts just the same.

I have witnessed the generosity of the human heart in so many ways. From Whitman students who gave up their Ultimate Frisbee time to teach Kenny how to talk and who are his facebook friends today to preschool teachers who carried him on their hips when he was cranky to teachers who found ways to value Kenny's unique way of being in their classrooms, to other moms who sustained me, to those incredible kids who would become Kenny's friends. I have so many stories.

Once, we were at the park at one of Zach's baseball games. Kenny was playing on the rocks by the end of the duck pond. Another child found Kenny and they started playing hide-and-seek. Kenny was about 8 and fairly verbal by this time. I watched them a bit and they seemed to be doing fine so I watched the game. I watched Zach catch. I watched him pitch. I watched him check where his brother was between every play. Then I heard it. All the other autie moms will know what I mean. That sound that's somewhere between a yell and a donkey's bray that children with autism use to indicate distress. "Here we go," I thought, and got out of my chair.

Before I could get there, a boy from Kenny's school who was an acquaintance of Zach's, stopped the game of catch he was playing and went to Kenny. He put his hand gently on Kenny's shoulder and said, "Hey buddy, it's okay, just breathe." And he waited a second until Kenny calmed down. Then he said, "What's wrong?" And Kenny launched into this frenzied explanation. But the boy figured it out. He patted Kenny on the back and said, "It's okay, we'll work it out." And then he said to Kenny's hide-and-seek buddy, "Kenny only knows the regular rules to hide-and-seek, so you can't really play things like Ninja hide-and-seek. Changing stuff kinda freaks him out." The new kid said, "Okay. Come on Kenny, we'll play the regular way." And off they went. Kenny and new kid to play, and helper boy back to his game of catch. It took about two minutes. That two minutes was a magical, life-changing gift. That boy didn't have to help. But he did. The new kid didn't have to understand. But he did. I watched Zach's game through tears.

There are so many examples of this. Teenagers who gave up their Saturdays so that Kenny could play baseball and be on a team like his brother. And then there was football. Kenny said he wanted to play football. Oh crap. Oh crap. Now what? Surely if he was gonna get beat up or teased, this would be it. But who am I to put barriers in front of my son? So, football it was. And I watched, anxious and on alert for any signs of bullying or berating. Do you know what I saw? Star athletes stopping to help Kenny tie his cleats. Linebackers helping Kenny get into position. Coaches high-fiving him. Amazing is not a strong enough word. Jason Parsons arranged for Kenny to be able to make a touchdown in the 5th quarter of a Southridge game. It was one of the high points of Kenny's life. His buddies elected him most inspirational player. Not once, but twice. His schoolmates voted him Homecoming King his senior year. The yearbook shows a picture of Kenny with a globe. He was voted "Most Likely To Be Friends Forever - With Everyone."

Remember when I wondered if he would ever make a friend? Kenny's autism has given people an opportunity to show the best of who they are.

And Kenny? He will staunchly tell you that he no longer has autism. There are still struggles. There are still things to come to terms with - daily. I do not want to give you the impression that our battles are over. Far from it. But Kenny is happy. He looks like his dad and reads (maybe not quite as much as mom), but math has eluded him. He does make friends. He is fierce about sports. He takes classes at CC. He loves drama and has a part in the play - Kevin Loomer is an answer to a prayer. He has a job (thanks, Ann North Jones) and navigates around town on the bus. He texts his friends (A LOT) on his phone and likes everything on FaceBook (except the Huskies, the Yankees and the Steelers). He has a good heart and is honest to the core. He loves and lives passionately.

Do I still wish autism had never come to our family? Absolutely. 100%. Yes, yes, a million times, yes. I can never, ever find words to express how much I wish that. The only thing I wish more is that cancer and heart defects had also never come to us. This trifecta is ugly and has robbed us of more than even I know.

But the tiny voice of hope will not be stilled. I have hope. I have moments of pure joy. And I have love.

Do your part. Donate. Volunteer. Educate yourself. Speak out. Vote.

Walla Walla Valley Disability Network

Needs Teen Volunteers for 2017!

We are in need of some volunteers for the WWVDN Summer Camp and other recreation opportunities throughout the year (Basketball, Bowling & Baseball). Our volunteers are trained to understand how to work with students with disabilities.

Volunteer Requirements: Attend Peer Mentor Disability Awareness Training, April 30th, 1:00-5:30 p.m.*

Contact Cyndy Knight for details, (509)386-2356 or Email: admin@wwvdn.org

Learn about Myths and Truths, Communication Skills, and more about Autism, Down syndrome and other disabilities. Hands-on and team building activities are part of the experience. Dinner provided.

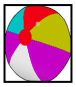
**Time counts as Service Hours for Walla Walla High School requirement.*

WWVDN Summer Camp - sponsored by United Way

This year we will have two (2) summer camps and are looking for volunteers to work one-on-one with our children/teens with disabilities. Your volunteer duties would include assisting kids/teens make crafts, helping in recreation and participating in group activities. Our Camp Coordinator is Ms. Laura Reiter, 1st grade Teacher from Green Park Elementary. We thank you in advance for your dedication, an opportunity to do 22.5 service hours per week! Any questions? Please contact Cyndy Knight, e-mail: admin@wwvdn.org

Volunteer at Elementary Camp

June 19-23, 2017



Time: 8:30 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

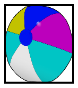
Location: 1629 Evergreen St. Walla Walla

*all volunteers will need to bring a sack lunch,

Snacks will be provided.

Volunteer at Teen Camp

June 26-30, 2017



Time: 8:30 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

Location: 1629 Evergreen St. Walla Walla

*all volunteers will need to bring a sack lunch,

Snacks will be provided.

SUMMER CAMP

JUNE 19-23 (ELEMENTARY, 2ND - 6TH GRADE)
JUNE 26-30 (TEEN, 7TH - 12TH GRADE)

The Camps are designed specifically for kids with special needs in mind and offer arts & crafts, recreation, group time, snack making and guest visitors. Ms. Reiter is planning a Community Day on Wednesday utilizing public transportation for a trip downtown. More detailed information regarding daily themes will be sent to you closer to camp.

Registration deadline: Wednesday, June 14, 2017

On-line Registration forms are available at: www.wwvdn.org/forms

Camp Fee: $50

****Checks payable to WWVDN, please bring to the first day of camp.***

Camp Director: Laura Reiter (WWPS Teacher), (509)386-8398

Location: Diana Bergevin Fieldhouse, 1629 Evergreen Street, WW

Sponsored by United Way of Walla Walla

WALLA WALLA VALLEY Disability Network

United Way

Limited scholarships are available. To inquire, email: admin@wwvdn.org

Walla Walla Valley Disability Network Summer Camp

9:00 - 12:30
Monday-Friday

Elementary Camp
(Grades 2-6 2017/18):
June 19-23

Teen Camp:
(Grades 7-12 2017/18):
June 26-30

$50 per week

Middle Schoolers are invited to attend either/both camps.

WALLA WALLA VALLEY DISABILITY NETWORK

PO BOX 1918
Walla Walla, WA 99362

Camp Director #386-8398

Camp Location:
Diana Bergevin Fieldhouse
1629 Evergreen St.

WWVDN
c/o Parent to Parent
PO Box 1918
Walla Walla, WA 99362
www.wwvdn.org

Legislative Hotline

1-800-562-6000

For more information, contact:

Michelle Meyer	**Ysabel Fuentes**
P2P Coordinator	**Hispanic P2P Coordinator**
(872)701-0007	(509)301-0679
p2p@wwvdn.org	p2pespanol@wwvdn.org

PARENT to PARENT

WALLA WALLA VALLEY Disability Network

Save the Date!

Family Picnic and Potluck (A-M salads, N-Z side dishes)

June 10, 2017, 5:30-7:00 pm

Wildwood Park, Division and Boyer, Walla Walla

Bicyclists from Pi Kappa Phi will join us!

RSVP to Cyndy at 509-386-2356