



Autism Society of America Santa Barbara Chapter

FALL 2007

Education

Awareness

Advocacy

Support

* * * Message from our President * * *

Welcome to our Fall issue. The annual return to school brings with it a welcome return to structure and predictability, while at the same time, challenging our children with transitions to new teachers, new classrooms, and hopefully, new opportunities. ASASB is also experiencing the excitement and the adjustment of transition. After many years of service together, our Board has bid a fond farewell to Patti Gaultney, ASASB Co-President, and Maria Sherlock, ASASB Board Member at Large. Our Board wishes to express its deep appreciation for their many hours of dedicated service to ASASB and to our autism community. Although they will no longer serve on the Board, they have both assured us that they will continue to be members of ASASB and support our activities in the future.

Thank you, Patti and Maria, for everything you have done.

As difficult as it is to say good-bye to Patti and Maria, we are excited to welcome our two newest Board members, Marc Gamberdella and Elaine Jones-McKaba. Marc and Elaine are both native Santa Barbarans and long-time supporters of ASASB. They each bring a wealth of education, experience, and enthusiasm to our organization, and we look forward to a long and productive partnership together. Welcome, Elaine and Marc!

Of course, nothing says "Back to School" like high school football. If you'll indulge me briefly, I'd like to share my own family's recent high school football story. Our son Jared is now a Freshman at Santa Barbara High School (Go Dons!). He has always enjoyed his regular PE class and the opportunity to participate with his peers in whatever activity happens to be on the schedule. The first PE unit of this school year was Flag Football, and for their first assignment, Jared's class was instructed to divide themselves into teams. It was heartwarming to learn that Jared was highly sought-after as a teammate. Once the teams were set, the coach instructed the students to assign player positions to each team member. After careful thought and consideration, Jared's teammates assigned him to the position of Center, because they wanted to ensure that Jared had not only an opportunity to participate, but to do so meaningfully and successfully. Of course, playing Center means participating in every offensive play. Ironically, after the students had already determined what position Jared would play, the coach approached Jared's team and suggested that he be assigned to play Center. The students had a quiet laugh and informed the coach that they had already decided the very same thing!

I guess great minds really do think alike.

After some brief instruction about hiking the ball and the signals for calling the play, Jared successfully hiked the ball for each play, bringing cheers from his teammates and a self-congratulatory "Yay!" from Jared himself. At the end of the game, Jared received high-fives not only from all of his own teammates, but also the members of every other team. Several weeks later when the football unit was completed, Jared's teammates decided amongst themselves that he was their Most Valuable Player. (Pass the Kleenex, please.) What touched so many about this series of events was that this situation was not forced upon the students nor contrived in any way. The students themselves were behind every step of the process, with no direction from the coach or any other adults. Many of these students have grown up with Jared, and have known him to be part of their educational experience since he started kindergarten at Washington Elementary School. For those who did not know him, he was quickly introduced by those who did. This is an example of how inclusion worked for Jared. And according to those who watched from the sidelines, it worked, and worked successfully.

Another victory for Jared and for the principles of inclusive education.

Throughout the remainder of this issue, you will see inclusion discussed and demonstrated in a variety of contexts. With each success, we see not only a victory for a child or family, but also a new door opened for the many children and families who will come along behind. It is our most fervent hope that, in the not-too-distant future, community inclusion will no longer be something under consideration, but a daily reality for us all.

HAPPY FALL!

Marcia Eichelberger

The Autism Society of America – Santa Barbara Chapter and The Autism Society of America (ASA) do not endorse individuals, groups or programs. References regarding programs, meetings, resources, treatment, etc. should not be interpreted as an indication of endorsement by either ASA or ASASB. They are provided for informational purposes only.

P. O. Box 30364, Santa Barbara, CA 93130 (805) 560-3762
Office hours variable : 48 hour response to e-mail, voice mail, and correspondence
www.asasb.org info@asasb.org

*** * * Beach Day v.3 Another Huge Success * * ***
by Marcia Eichelberger, ASASB President

ASASB and the Santa Barbara Seals Surf School held our 3rd Annual Beach and Surf Day at Leadbetter Beach in Santa Barbara on Saturday, August 18th. We couldn't have asked for more perfect weather, and the waves were just right for teaching. We served over 30 children with autism, each of them having an opportunity to surf if they chose to, and some of our kids went multiple times. Once they had all had a chance to surf, any of the siblings who wanted to try were also welcome to join in the fun. In total, we had almost 100 people attend the event this year! We drew folks from the valley in LA to the south and from Lompoc and Santa Maria to the north. Our event continues to grow larger, and we have been able to serve more children and families with each passing year.

At the end of the day, the parents and Seals formed two lines to make a tunnel, and all of the children, including siblings, came running through the tunnel, receiving high fives from the adults. At the end of the tunnel, each child was awarded a medal and given a goody bag with toys and prizes donated by ASASB and SB Seals. Many tears flowed from parents that day out of joy and pride. It's why I love this event so much!

ASASB thanks you all from the bottom of our hearts. Please remember us when it's time for your annual donations. With your generosity, we can continue to bring you successful events such as Surf and Beach Day in the future.



**Any human anywhere will blossom in a hundred unexpected talents and capacities simply by being given the opportunity to do so.
--Doris Lessing (British novelist)**

☀ ☀ ☀ ☀ ☀ ☀ Beach Day photos available for purchase! ☀ ☀ ☀ ☀ ☀ ☀

Thanks to the incredible generosity of Brad and Dawn Elliott of Brad Elliott Photography, ASASB has over 400 candid photos of our 2007 Beach and Surf Day. Brad and Dawn donated their time, as well as a CD of every single photograph, to ASASB. They have now offered to make the photos available online for purchase by parents. If your family participated in this year's Beach and Surf Day event, and you would like to view the pictures for possible purchase, please call Wendy in the ASASB office (805-560-3762), and she will give you the website info.

Many, many thanks again to Brad and Dawn for giving us their time and talents.

*What a gift, what a joy, this boy, Jared.
To have time each day to spend with him,
this boy Jared. A smile, a laugh,
a jumping prance, this boy Jared.
Sixth period P.E., our boy, Jared.*



**ASASB'S AUTISM ANGEL
FALL 2007**

**Mary Ellen Brown
Physical Education Specialist
Goleta Valley Junior High School
Santa Barbara High School District**

I am so privileged to have had Jared in class this year for physical education. We, the students and I, have grown because of the time we had to work with him, alongside him. He has challenged us to see who we can be when we slow down and enjoy the simple things in time spent together jogging around the blacktop, giving high-fives and shooting a few hoops.

I so appreciated the information that Marcia and Wendy gave us to guide us through the time we would have with Jared in P.E. The students were excited to get to know just how Jared worked and how they could work with him. Once they were prompted and instructed as to how to care for Jared then they were literally off and running with him. He loved to run and play with his classmates and they loved to join in with him. I was excited to see not just one or two students who would work with Jared but any who had opportunity to have him on their team or even those on the opposing team because it was always interesting when Jared got a hold of the ball. He could throw, pass, shoot, kick or roll the ball and boy, did he love to play with all of the different P.E. balls.

The students would always let me know if they had seen Jared on campus that day and enjoyed telling how they got to spend time with him or that he recognized them and came to say "Hi." If Jared was a little late coming to class the students would assure me that he was on his way, and sure enough Jared would drop down on his number and join in with the stretches and warm-ups with the rest of the group.

We always took time to show Jared how to do the skills we were learning because everyone wants to know just the right way. The smiles and joyous cheers that his classmates offered when Jared was successful in shooting the puck into the goal or stopping the Frisbee from going to the other team touched me. One of our favorite times was watching Jared high jump into the pit during the track and field unit. His fabulous "Fosbury Flop" brought a grin and a "Yay!" from Jared and an excited cheer from the class. His second attempt was just as wonderful and uproarious.

It is my hope that Jared will have as much opportunity to work in a P.E. group with his aides as he did this year with us. I know that those who take the time to get to know this boy, our boy, Jared will come away with a tender place in their heart and mind that will bring deep, deep joy.

Thanks for allowing me the time with your boy, Jared. Thanks buddy, you are the best!

*Mary Ellen Brown
P.E. teacher @ Goleta Valley Junior High
School Year 2006 - 2007*

Mary Ellen Brown graduated from Westmont College in 1987 with a BA in Physical Education and minors in Biology and Health, then completed her California teaching credential one year later, also at Westmont. She joined the faculty of Goleta Valley Junior High in 2001 and is currently pursuing her Master's Degree in Educational Leadership.

When asked to describe how she became interested in teaching, Mary Ellen spoke admiringly of her late mother, who was a teacher. "She did a great job of raising me . . . she used a lot of teachable moments." Mary Ellen always knew she was gifted athletically, but her mother's inspiration to "understand the bigger picture, to love and respect everybody and understand it's not all about me" became the stimulus for her to pursue a teaching career in Physical Education.

Mary Ellen is truly an exemplary teacher. When asked about her philosophy of inclusive education, she responded, "When we work together to have a better understanding of each other, we do a better job of getting things done. It's always better to do things collaboratively, rather than doing them alone, or telling someone else how to do them." She believes wholeheartedly that all people have something to offer, and we all have a lot to learn from each other. She emphasizes how important it is for her students to understand that they teach the adults in their lives, as well.

Recently, Mary Ellen taught Jared Eichelberger, son of ASASB President Marcia Eichelberger, in her regular education PE class. Of this experience, Mary Ellen has said, "I loved having Jared in class, because he brought the class together and opened our eyes to new ways of doing things. I feel blessed and privileged to have had the opportunity to work with Jared." For Jared's transition-to-High School IEP, Mary Ellen wrote the essay, "Our boy, Jared," which is also published in this newsletter.

When she's not working, Mary Ellen enjoys singing, reading (if she can find the time), and spending time playing outdoors with her husband, Steve, and daughter, Kierstin.

Thank you, Mary Ellen, for your dedication to our children and families. We are blessed and privileged to have you in our teaching community!

Letter to Society

Written by Michelle M. Guppy
MichelleMGuppy@yahoo.com
www.TexasAutismAdvocacy.org

I thought it was thunder rumbling in those late hours of the night... The calm, peaceful thunder that keeps you slightly awake, but yet relaxed enough to still rest, and sleep.

But when the wee hours of the morning came, that thunder became not so peaceful. Clanging and banging, but not in the rhythmic smooth way that thunder is. That's when I knew it wasn't thunder. It must be my son. He's up again. I tried to ignore the sounds, thinking they would stop. I was so tired.... Weeks in the summer when school is out can seem like months when you cannot find attendant care. But, the mommy alarm in me wouldn't let me ignore it for too long... What if he's wet...dirty... hurt. Then, as I lay there longer still, I became angry. Why me. Why again. Why not wait and see if my husband gets up to check....

That made me angrier. Knowing that really, even though my husband does his share, I should get up and do all that needs to be done, because my husband has an important job to go to early in the morning. He has responsibilities, meetings; A paycheck to earn. He must be fresh to do a good job, so he can keep his job. Me, I don't have a job, at least not one I get paid to do or can get fired from. I stay home and care for my son and my family. I don't have to clock in. I don't even have to get dressed.

And apparently, I don't have to sleep either.

So it was with that anger, (and perhaps a bit of self-pity), that I trudged upstairs to my son's bedroom to see why he was awake. I didn't need to turn on lights, I could follow the banging and clanging of toys being thrown, a bed being jumped on. And by the aroma that met me when I opened the door, I didn't need lights to tell me the reason why my son was up clanging and banging.

So in the dark I changed my son so I wouldn't disturb the rest of the family. I perhaps grumbled too loud as I tried to maneuver a diaper on and off in the dark. I perhaps grabbed a stray arm that was in the way of me cleaning him a bit firmer than necessary. And when diapers were changed, clothes changed, and sheets were changed, and he went back to banging and clanging, I know that perhaps I said to him way too angrily, "Go to bed!."

I'm not sure when he finally did go back to bed, but the next morning at 9:30am when I was to pick up my other son from swim practice, he was still sound asleep. He looked so peaceful, so sweet. Nothing like what I heard just a few hours earlier. The guilt was quite a mouthful as I recalled what I was thinking about him in having to be up most of the night because of him. I hated to wake him up, but knew I couldn't leave him to sleep while I went. So I woke him. Once downstairs he was confused as to why he was turning to go outside to the car, instead of in my bedroom to the tub, his normal routine when he wakes up.

As I drove to the pool, I was now mad at myself, and not him. Mad that I was mad about having to get up at night. Mad about being tired all morning; and even madder that I had no one I could call to stay with him when I have to leave - or just to give me a break now and then. I was mad that my back still hurt after two weeks of pain. I guess a decade of bending and changing and chasing and dressing had started to take its toll. Along with nearing forty, adding ten extra pounds; not to mention the lack of exercise because of taking no time for myself, even when I have it to take. Too many other more important things to do...

Then I happened to look in the mirror ... Not the rear view mirror, but the special mirror I have attached to my rear view mirror. The one that allows me to watch my son like a hawk while I'm driving. So I can see and hopefully dodge a drink he has launched my way. So I can see when he's escaped from his seat belt and can pull over before he gets to the front seat and grabs the wheel.

What I saw in that mirror humbled me.

I saw a little boy with blonde hair, sleepy eyes, and disheveled hair. I saw my child in pajama bottoms that were inside out and backwards because I had hastily dressed him in the dark in the middle of the night. I saw a man, with a man's body, in a sleeveless t-shirt. A man I admired and who was worthy and deserving of my respect. I saw a child who tries so hard to navigate a world he doesn't understand, and that doesn't understand him.

I saw my child who could not talk and who has autism, sitting there as pure and vulnerable and as sweet and as innocent as a human being could possibly be.

And I saw the real reason for my anger.

It wasn't the little boy in the back of the van sweetly grinning and swaying his head to the beat as a song he likes came on. It wasn't the little boy who couldn't sleep last night because he was wet.

It was society.

It was how society had slowly eroded my sense of self worth into thinking that it was a burden to care for or clean up after someone else. That the job of doing that, wasn't worthy of respect or an honest wage. It was those subtle messages I am exposed to each and every day, that say that to be worthy, you have to be beautiful, perfect, smart, rich. I am none of those things in the world's eyes. It was those messages I am exposed to everyday that say that I must be self-sufficient and have a career. A title; a degree. The more initials after my name, the more important I become and the more pay I earn. I have neither, and get paid nothing. So what does all that make me, or the job I do at home

It was those messages that if you do have some sort of specialized training or position, that you have to do something the world deems worthy with it.

I did go through a policymaking class that trains you how to be a professional advocate. I am a part of an important state agency council. But am burdened that because I have no help in caring for my son, that the training and position is going to waste because I am not able to go out in the world and put that training to use. All I can do is stay home and feed, change, and clean up after. No traveling to important places to work on important policies to help pass important laws. No, the most important thing I do each day is to remember to lock all the doors in my house so my child doesn't run away or flood the bathrooms.

And it was that knowledge that had built up, that made me feel the angry way I did in the middle of the night as I changed yet another diaper, yet another set of pajamas, and yet another set of sheets; in caring for my son. It was that knowledge that had built up that made me wonder if that is all I would ever get to do. And if so, was it worth it?

I was sad at how society places value and worth on so many other things, except those things or people that matter most.

I was sad at how the jobs where you care for others are the most underpaid, understaffed, and ill-supervised.

I was sad that at the realization that I had become a part of that society.

I was so consumed with finding someone to help me care for my son so I could go out in the real world and get a "real job", a "real paycheck" and do "really worthy things", that I saw caring for my own son as a job that didn't matter. And by seeing what I did as just a job that didn't matter - the person I was working for, my son, became an object. One that didn't matter. One that had no feelings. By falling into that trap, I understood why there was abuse in state schools, nursing homes, and institutions. Some there probably felt as I felt. That their job didn't matter. They were working for clients or consumers, and not people. So what if they talked to them rudely. It was just a client, not a person. So what if they moved an arm out of the way bit rough. It just belonged to a consumer, not a person. So what if they made them lay there wet or soiled a little longer.... After all, it was the middle of the night, who would know? Who would care?

I do.

And my Legislator should. My state should, and my federal government should.

And above all, society must.

I am not angry anymore, I am humbled.

At how God used my son, the least of these in the worlds eyes, to teach me a most valuable lesson that all the beautiful, smart, rich, degreed, important, initialed people in this world, could not ever have taught me.

He taught me that all I have to do to define worth, is to look in the special rear-view mirror of my car - and see what is worthy in God's eyes. To see what's beautiful, rich, and intelligent in God's eyes. My son's worth is that he is simply a child of God. Not enabled, not disabled. Just a child. An individual. My worth is further defined by knowing that in loving and respecting that individual that God thought important enough to create, I am doing what is most important in God's eyes as well...

Caring for him...

~

And that is something I will never let society take away from me again.

Ever.

~

Yes my son, if caring for you is all I ever get to do, it is worth it; and I'm honored to do it.

Please forgive me for the times I ever felt otherwise.

Written by Michelle M. Guppy

For all the Brandon's of the world and those who care for them

Holiday Letter

This article appeared in the holiday 1999 issue of ASAP News! (Volume 3.5) The Autism Support and Advocacy Project, and Potential Unlimited Publishing.

"Dear Family and Friends:" was written for the purpose of it being sent to relatives and hosts of holiday gatherings who might need a crash course in what to expect from their guest with autism.

Dear Family and Friends: " I understand that we will be visiting each other for the holidays this year! Sometimes these visits can be very hard for me, but here is some information that might help our visit to be more successful. As you probably know, I am challenged by a hidden disability called Autism, or what some people refer to as a Pervasive Developmental Disorder (PDD). Autism/PDD is a neurodevelopmental disorder which makes it hard for me to understand the environment around me. I have barriers in my brain that you can't see, but which make it difficult for me to adapt to my surroundings.

Sometimes I may seem rude and abrupt, but it is only because I have to try so hard to understand people and at the same time, make myself understood. People with autism have different abilities: Some may not speak, some write beautiful poetry. Others are whizzes in math (Albert Einstein was thought to be autistic), or may have difficulty making friends. We are all different and need various degrees of support.

Sometimes when I am touched unexpectedly, it might feel painful and make me want to run away. I get easily frustrated, too. Being with lots of other people is like standing next to a moving freight train and trying to decide how and when to jump aboard. I feel frightened and confused a lot of the time. This is why I need to have things the same as much as possible. Once I learn how things happen, I can get by OK. But if something, anything, changes, then I have to relearn the situation all over again! It is very hard.

When you try to talk to me, I often can't understand what you say because there is a lot of distraction around. I have to concentrate very hard to hear and understand one thing at a time. You might think I am ignoring you--I am not. Rather, I am hearing everything and not knowing what is most important to respond to.

Holidays are exceptionally hard because there are so many different people, places, and things going on that are out of my ordinary realm. This may be fun and adventurous for most people, but for me, it's very hard work and can be extremely stressful. I often have to get away from all the commotion to calm down. It would be great if you had a private place set up to where I could retreat.

If I can not sit at the meal table, do not think I am misbehaved or that my parents have no control over me. Sitting in one place for even five minutes is often impossible for me. I feel so antsy and overwhelmed by all the smells, sounds, and people--I just have to get up and move about. Please don't hold up your meal for me--go on without me, and my parents will handle the situation the best way they know how.

Eating in general is hard for me. If you understand that autism is a sensory processing disorder, it's no wonder eating is a problem! Think of all the senses involved with eating. Sight, smell, taste, touch, AND all the complicated mechanics that are involved. Chewing and swallowing is something that a lot of people with autism have trouble with. I am not being picky--I literally cannot eat certain foods as my sensory system and/or oral motor coordination are impaired.

Don't be disappointed If Mom hasn't dressed me in starch and bows. It's because she knows how much stiff and frilly clothes can drive me buggy! I have to feel comfortable in my clothes or I will just be miserable. When I go to someone else's house, I may appear bossy and controlling. In a sense, I am being controlling, because that is how I try to fit into the world around me (which is so hard to figure out!) Things have to be done in a way I am familiar with or else I might get confused and frustrated. It doesn't mean you have to change the way you are doing things--just please be patient with me, and understanding of how I have to cope. Mom and Dad have no control over how my autism makes me feel inside. People with autism often have little things that they do to help themselves feel more comfortable. The grown ups call it "self regulation," or "stimming". I might rock, hum, flick my fingers, or any number of different things. I am not trying to be disruptive or weird. Again, I am doing what I have to do for my brain to adapt to your world. Sometimes I cannot stop myself from talking, singing, or doing an activity I enjoy. The grown-ups call this "perseverating" which is kinda like self regulation or stimming. I do this only because I have found something to occupy myself that makes me feel comfortable. Perseverative behaviors are good to a certain degree because they help me calm down.

Please be respectful to my Mom and Dad if they let me "stim" for awhile as they know me best and what helps to calm me. Remember that my Mom and Dad have to watch me much more closely than the average child. This is for my own safety, and preservation of your possessions. It hurts my parents' feelings to be criticized for being over protective, or condemned for not watching me close enough. They are human and have been given an assignment intended for saints. My parents are good people and need your support.

Holidays are filled with sights, sounds, and smells. The average household is turned into a busy, frantic, festive place. Remember that this may be fun for you, but it's very hard work for me to conform. If I fall apart or act out in a way that you consider socially inappropriate, please remember that I don't possess the neurological system that is required to follow some social rules. I am a unique person--an interesting person. I will find my place at this Celebration that is comfortable for us all, as long as you'll try to view the world through my eyes!



Report from The Help Group Summit 2007
Friday Oct 5th at the Skirball Cultural Center, Los Angeles
By Wendy Kelly, ASASB Office Administrator

One of the perks of my new job, in addition to working with lovely, smart people and helping moms like me, is that I get to read all the latest research related to autism and hear about events around the country. The Help Group Summit caught my eye because it was local (I could stay overnight with my best friend Marlene), and it dealt with a number of issues we are facing in our family with our son Devin. He's a sophomore in high school, so we're handling a greater, more sophisticated work load and looking toward college preparation. He's made a small circle of quirky friends, and his musical ability has gotten him into marching band, but he still struggles in his AP classes with output and organization, prioritizing and focus. So when I saw that Dr. Thomas E. Brown, Associate Director for the Department of Psychiatry at Yale Medical School was giving a talk on "Recognizing & Treating the "Unfocused Mind" in Children with ADHD and Other Disorders," I plunked down my cash and cleared my calendar.

Luckily Dr. Brown was an engaging and entertaining speaker, since his was the first spot of the day at 8:15am (and Marlene's charming old boxer Xena had kept me awake part of the previous night with her snuffling and snoring, a feature not included at the Holiday Inn). Dr. Brown's key points were that ADHD is an inherited impairment of executive functions. Executive functions, such as sustaining and shifting focus, managing frustration, organizing and prioritizing work, and regulating alertness and sustaining effort, are vital brain activities in school, social relationships, family life, and self-esteem. Dr. Brown believes that the key difference between "normal" brains and ADHD brains is the release and re-loading of two neurotransmitters, dopamine and norepinephrine. Stimulants like Adderall or Vyvance increase the release of these brain chemicals, and Ritalin-LA and Focalin reduce the uptake of left-over chemical after a synapse firing. It was nice to see that many of the school accommodations he recommended -- such as daily checks of assignments, reduced volume of work, and weekly progress reports -- were already in place for Devin. I could dust off and re-apply some of the home suggestions, such as rewards for positive behavior and "planned ignoring," which means letting him fail at minor tasks (with teacher approval) in order to experience the "response cost" of some of his choices. Dr. Brown talked about his new book, gave touching real-life stories about patients that made us laugh and nod, and offered his website; DrThomasEBrown.com, which has articles and a free email newsletter on ADHD. It was an exciting way to start the day.

I also enjoyed a presentation by Dr. Susan L. Smalley from the Center for Neurobehavioral Genetics at Semel Institute, UCLA. She talked about identifying the gene that causes autism or ADHD and what factors "turn on" this gene or leave it dormant. Dr. Smalley said the factors they've found so far that influence gene expression are age, parental transmission, toxins, or stress. She said that after looking at studies from all over the globe -- Finland, Germany, Columbia, and UCLA - - they've determined that a number of genes may be responsible, but especially 5p and 17p, which showed up consistently. This makes sense, since each individual with ADHD or autism has different degrees of impairment in hyperactivity, memory, temperament, impulsivity, etc., so different genes are probably triggered in each case. My favorite part of her talk was her approach to treatment. She is interested in "mindful awareness," the physical state achieved practicing yoga, T'ai Chi, meditation, or "writing cure," which all reduce stress and seem to actually thicken regions of the brain involved in attention. After engaging in these practices, EEG-brain activity in the left frontal cortex or the emotional centers of the brain decrease, and there is a marked increase in performance on attentional tasks. She's developed some self-guided meditations that anybody can download and try for free at www.marc.ucla.edu. In a small initial study of 8 weeks (1 time per week) with 8 teens and 24 adults, Dr. Smalley was able to show improvement on ADHD symptoms like mood and anxiety from self-reports from the adults and parent-reports for the teens. She also had attention and working memory improvements shown by computerized and paper/pencil tests. This intervention needs more proof of effectiveness, but I liked the fact that it's non-invasive, inexpensive, and self-regulating.

The conference also gave me the opportunity to hear from Eileen M. Costello about her funny book "Quirky Kids Grow Up: Weathering the Storm of Adolescence." I also enjoyed hearing about the practice of Dr. Bhavik Shah, an Associate Professor from the UCLA Semel Institute, a bright, self-deprecating gentleman who treats autism with careful psychiatric evaluation and medications. There were so many interesting, dedicated people at the conference, both on and off the podium. It gave me hope. I'm the troop on the ground, so focused on one precious individual, trying through the phone to give a squeeze of support and a point in a helpful direction to the parents that call in to our office. These specialists at the conference are the generals; looking at the big picture, gathering data, setting up studies, raising funds. It's wonderful to know that the people who are directing this fight are smart, funny, compassionate, and dedicated to solutions. They haven't forgotten us. They are working every day with all their might to help us. We are not alone.



UPCOMING EVENTS

North County Parents Support Group

2nd Tues of each month – Nov. 13, Dec. 11, Jan. 8 - childcare and refreshments provided
4-5:30pm Dorothy Jackson Family Network Center, 503 N. W Street, Lompoc (805) 347-2775

Santa Barbara Downtown Association Annual Holiday Parade

December 7th 6p.m. meeting place TBD

RSVP no later then Dec. 3rd to Wendy (805) 560-3762, wendy@asasb.org

Two-Day Hands-On Workshop for Multidisciplinary Teams

The Ziggurat Model: Planning Comprehensive Behavioral Interventions for Individuals with Autism & Asperger Syndrome. The Workshop will help educators, administrators & many more to learn how to: Recognize strategies with empirical support, select appropriate strategies for an individual, address underlying needs through assessment & comprehensive interventions. Speakers: Ruth Aspy, Ph.D. Barry Grossman, Ph.D.

Nov 1- Nov 2 Irvine \$250-\$375 Dave & Buster's 71 Fortunate Dr, Suite 960 92618 - Karolynn Bartelt 913-897-1004
www.asperger.net karolynn@asperger.net

Autism Asperger's Syndrome Conference

Future Horizons presents Dr. Temple Grandin's most current presentation on Unwritten Rules of Social Relationships.

Dr. Raun Melmed on Early intervention & Emily Iland on the 10 essential skills that everyone should know.

Nov 9 San Jose 7:30-4:30pm San Jose Convention Center, 150 W San Carlo St, 95113 - Teresa www.fhautism.com
teresa@fhautism.com 800-489-0727

ARI 's 40th Anniversary Autism Walk LA

Autism is Treatable! ARI has been talking the talk, & now we're finally Walking the Walk! Join us at our first-ever Autism Walk to raise more money to find even more effective treatments.

Nov 10 Los Angeles Walk begins at 8 a.m. (pre-registration online encouraged) Exposition Park (near USC) 90037
Dave Gillerman www.autismwalkLA.com dave@autismwalkLA.com 818 625 7872

Foothill Autism Alliance Family Resource Meeting

Devin Houston PhD, founder of Houston Neutraceuticals, will speak about digestive enzymes.

Patricia Novak MPH RD will speak about nutrition and dietary intervention.

Nov 14 Pasadena 7-9:30p - free! PCDA, 620 North Lake Ave. 2nd floor (just north of the 210 frwy)
Twyla Ramos www.foothillautism.org info@foothillautism.org 818-662-8847

National Association For Rights Protection And Advocacy 2007 Annual Rights Conference

Passing The Torch: New Advocates, New Skills, New Alliances

Nov 14-17 Los Angeles- Radisson Hotel Los Angeles West Side www.narpa.org narpa@aol.com

Discover the Possibilities with Visual Strategies

Improving communication, behavior & social skills in Autism Spectrum Disorders

Linda Hodgdon, M.Ed., CCC-SLP, Jan 25 Santa Ana 8:30a - 4pm; \$197

Holiday Inn-Orange County Airport, 2726 S. Grand Ave. 92705 - Mary Jo Kurily 248.879.2598
www.usevisualstrategies.com/ontour.html seminars@quirkroberts.com

Berard Auditory Integration Training

AIT is a ten day, noninvasive educational & therapeutic technique which helps people to hear all frequencies more evenly, to improve in the processing of auditory input, & to decrease hyper or hypo-sensitivity to specific environmental or speech sounds. AIT has been used with individuals with autism, PDD, dyslexia, learning disabilities & more.

Feb 9 - Feb 18 Coachella Valley / Palm Desert \$1500 \$1400 by 1Mar 15 Best Western - Terrie Silverman
www.AITforYou.com terries@execpc.com 262-569-7828



VOLUNTEERS

Elaine McKaba
Kristi Holm
Haley Holm
Joanna Tse
Terri Bowen
Denise Williams, Ph.D.
Marilyn Lauer, Ph.D.
Dr. Cory Bream
Daniel Zubata
David Zubata
Tracy Blakeley
Maddison Blakeley
Bryan Smith
Derrick Eichelberger
Aliah Eichelberger
Jared Eichelberger
Maria Sherlock
Courtney Warehouse
Colleen Lynch
JP Garcia

DONATIONS IN-KIND

Santa Barbara Seals
Cottage Hospital
Jeannine's Bakery
Von's LaCumbre
JFM Web Design
Brad Elliott Photography
Starbucks on the Mesa
Jack's Bagels on Milpas
The Berry Man
Goleta Building Supply
Marborg Industries
Paddle Sports

DONORS

Lindamood-Bell Learning Processes
Santa Barbara Kiwanis
Ed and Gloria Kelly

OUR LIVES BEGIN TO
END

THE DAY WE BECOME
SILENT

ABOUT THINGS THAT
MATTER.

~ MARTIN LUTHER KING, Jr.



Autism Society of America, Santa Barbara Chapter
P. O. Box 30364
Santa Barbara, CA 93130

Non-Profit Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Santa Barbara, CA
Permit Number 199