## A story: Learning to love Larry

BY ANNETTE FERRARA

BYECHA WARTEN

Even when I was very young, I
knew there was something special
about Larry. I suppose at that
time I could relate to him, but
then I grew up. Physically, Larry
grew up too. Mentally, he did not.

My dad tried to explain that his
brother Is mentally handicapped.
Those are big words for a small
child to grasp. All I knew was that
Larry talked funny and he liked
cártoons as much as I did. When
he visited it was just like having a
friend over. We tried to play
school, but Larry couldn't read.
He did not know his ABCs and
would get casily discouraged.

Some time during adolescence,
my feelings for Larry changed. Instead of being excited over his vistis, I began to avoid them. I had
no more interest in cartoons, or
the desire to watch them with a
30-year-old man who sucked his
thumb. To put it simply, I was
embarrassed by my uncle.

I remember hiding in the basement with my friend Leslie. We
were standing behind an antique
dresser, spying on Larry. He was
listening to his records and singing along with Ernie and Bert of
"Sesame Siret." Unable to conrol ourselves, Leslie and I burst
into laughter. Needless to say,
Larry discovered our hiding place.
When he saw us, he laughed too.

Livonia

for he thought we were laughing with him. He did not know we were laughing at him.

I know there were times my parents were embarrassed as well. One day when we were all in the yard, an Oriental man drove up to my dad-and asked him for directions. Larry was pulling at his temples to make his own eyes appear slanted. Then he put his hands together and repeatedly bowed to the man in the car. Fortunately, the man was gracious and insisted he was not offended, but my dad was speechless.

Somewhere along the line, I got over my embarrassment. Around the time I started high school I became more tolerant of Larry. My friends liked him, too. Larry's favorite TV show was "The Honeymoners." He watched all the reruns, then entertained my friends with Jackie Gleason impersonations.

Around my junior year, I took an interest in Larry's condition. I

presonations.

Around my junior year, I took an interest in Lurry's condition. I asked my parents questions about why he was mentally handicapped. I was concerned it was hereditury or a form of Down's Syndrome or Fragile X Syndrome My parents explained that Lurry became brain-damaged at birth when the physician used forceps during his delivery. Lurry has indent marks on both sides of his head and there is no evidence of

422-0494

ATTENTION!

Please note time changes in these

church advertisements below. They were published incorrectly Dec. 14, 1992.

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

13542 Mercedes St., Redford ock S. of Schoolcraft, 1 block E. of Inkster) Phone: 538-2660

7:00 p.m. Christmas Eve — Candlelight Service 10:00 a.m. Christmas Day — Christmas Service

Special Finnish language Christmas service at 8:30 a.m. on Christmas Day

Rosedale Gardens Presbyterian Church Hubbard at West Chicago

December 20 - Sunday 10:30 a.m. - Sunday Morning Worship 7:00 p.m. - Children's Christmas Pageant December 24 - Christmas Eve 5:00 p.m. - Family Service 10:00 p.m. - Communion Service Rev. Richard I. Peters

any genetic disorders in our family.

It angered me to discover that Larry did in the have a chance at a normal life because of human error. I decided I did not really know Larry the way that is should, so one day I visited him at his group home. He was so excited to see me. He introduced me to be reyone on the home staff, making sure to inform them that I was his incee and he used to take care of me when I was little.

Later that day, we went to Larry's favorite restaurant, Elias Brothers. He talked on and on about his recycling job at the supermarket, so after lunch we went to his work. Again, he introduced me to his friends. It seemed as though Larry knew everyone, and everyone loved Larry. People were hugging him and waving to him. I could tell he enjoyed the attention. He was very proud of his home, his work and his infilted.

Annette Ferrara is an Oakland bis home, his work and his infilted in Bitmingham.



Learning process: Annette Ferrara has a new apprecia tion of her Uncle Larry, and his child-like excitement about Christmas.









