Dana D.

I’ve been thinking about Margaret a lot lately. I wonder what she would make of all of this. I’m pretty sure that she would not allow this to be a distraction from her work. She had a remarkable aptitude for keeping her sense of humor and paying attention to the fundamental basics of our connectivity to others.

Speaking of Margaret, especially remembering an incredible conversation I had with her about the interplay between poverty, disability and sadness (I wrote about it) reminded me of an experience I had with a houseparent and a 10-year old boy (Dana D) at the Children’s Center that I made part of my memoir. It’s hard not to wonder 45 years later whether Dana was able to push through his sadness.