About an hour later, the captain came on the intercom to announce, “Well, folks, we’ll soon be flying over the Verrazano Bridge and then right on into Portland, Maine!” My heart stopped. I glanced at my watch and realized that my dog was supposed to be arriving in Albany right that minute. I hit the call button and the stewardess appeared immediately. I explained that I seemed to be on the wrong flight and that the more pressing issue was the whereabouts of my dog. She immediately went to the captain to report the situation. The captain radioed back to Philadelphia, learned that my dog was en route to Albany, and then contacted the Albany airport to arrange for care of my dog until she could be picked up by my friend from Vermont.

This friend had taken me to the airport in Albany for my flight to California. She’d offered to keep my winter coat, since I wouldn’t need it in sunny California, and promised to bring it with her when she came to get me. So there I was in Maine in February with 28-degree temperature and no coat. The airline put me up in a hotel and booked me on a competitor’s flight to get me out first thing in the morning. Once I arrived at the hotel, I asked for an ADA kit. They had one, but no one knew how to hook it up. By now, it was almost 1 a.m., and I had a flight six hours later. One of the desk clerks promised she’d come to my room and wake me in plenty of time. Maybe many of you have experienced this: when you fear oversleeping, you don’t sleep. I woke up every hour and finally got up at 5 a.m. to be certain I’d be on the shuttle by 6 a.m., headed to the Portland airport. I didn’t need the desk clerk, although she did appear in plenty of time.

All went well and I arrived in

From California to…Maine?

By Terri Singer

Back in the late ‘80s, my sister lived in California and I lived in Vermont. While growing up, neither of us ever thought we’d be so far apart geographically. Time flew by and one day, I realized it had been almost three years since we’d seen each other. My dog and I took a flight from Albany, NY, to Orange County, California.

All went well on the flight out, which had only one stop. The return flight, though, had two. The first, in Las Vegas, didn’t require deplaning; we were back up again in no time. The second required a plane change in Philadelphia, where I stood and watched my dog being unloaded from cargo and put on the baggage cart with my luggage to be delivered to the correct flight. Although I was tired and stressed, I told myself the next stop would be home, or within an hour of it.

Once inside the terminal, I checked the monitor for the gate from which my flight would leave for Albany. I went to grab a bite to eat and then went to check the monitor again. It showed three flights leaving from the same gate within five minutes of each other. Mine was listed as first, so I went to the waiting area. The airport was packed and most flights were delayed.

Finally, a flight was called at my gate. Of course, as a hearing aid wearer at the time, I couldn’t understand the announcement but figured it had to be my flight because it was first on the list.

After my boarding pass was stamped at the doorway, I proceeded to board the plane, only to discover someone sitting in my seat. I went to the stewardess to report this. She looked at my boarding pass, looked at the seat’s occupant, and told me, “Just sit anywhere. The flight isn’t even half full.” I did as she had directed.
Note from Nancy

By Nancy Kingsley, Editor-in-Chief

I’ve been fortunate not to have the kinds of difficulties with flying that some ALDAns have experienced, but I cringe at the thought of using Amtrak. My chief concern has been how to make sure I’ll get off at the correct stop, since I can’t understand the announcements. I’ve dealt with this problem by studying the schedule in advance, counting the number of stops between where I’ll be boarding and my destination. Then during the actual trip, I keep count of the stops until I reach mine. This is not a very relaxing way to travel, however. I did try asking a conductor to notify me when my stop approached, but since he never showed up, I decided I’d be safer depending on my own system.

A second issue occurred when I was at a station whose display didn’t have updated information about where to board for my destination. There were announcements, but I couldn’t understand them, so I asked for assistance. It turned out that there was a special needs seating area at this station, and a staff member came to escort me to the proper track. As a bonus, he switched an escalator from going up to going down and carried my bag down as well. But on my return trip, there was no special needs area, and the staff person simply told me which line to stand on. Unfortunately, the couple standing ahead of me insisted that the line was for another destination, so I went back to the staff member, who responded in irritation that I was on the proper line. Again, this wasn’t a relaxing situation, and I didn’t know for sure whether I’d end up on my train until boarding time. (It was the right line.)

On the other hand, driving to new places has become a breeze for this directionally challenged driver, now that I have a GPS that displays both auditory AND visual information!
A while back, while making travel arrangements to attend a conference in Orlando for work, I dutifully followed my employer’s procedures for using their online self-service travel tool. I took care to book my flight with an “approved” airline, ensuring that my selected seat was not a “premium” seat. And for the ride home from the airport, I selected a car service from the “preferred” supplier list. Clicking away on the screen, I found the entire process as easy as pie. That is, until I received the email confirmation of my travel arrangements.

There in boldface at the bottom of the email was a note instructing me to call the car service after claiming my baggage on the return trip. They would then provide me with the driver’s location outside the airport. In the past, limo drivers came into the airport and held a sign with the traveler’s name, making it easy to locate one’s ride home. However, security concerns, combined with corporate cost-cutting, led to a change in the process, and travelers were now urged to meet the drivers outside the airport.

I groaned to myself. How would I make a phone call from the baggage area, a very noisy and distracting environment with throngs of people running to and fro? My phone, being older, could not utilize today’s mobile CapTel or VRS apps. I’d tried using relay on my cell phone in the past but found it to be slow, awkward, and prone to errors. So I decided to contact the car service company and request a number or email address that I could text or email. Their response was almost immediate, “Sorry, but that is not possible. You must call or ask someone to call for you.” I sighed, for I would be traveling alone, and the thought of approaching a complete stranger in the baggage area and asking him or her to call on my behalf was about as appealing as shoveling through two feet of snow.

So I contacted the car service company a second time, again explaining that I could not hear and was not comfortable asking a total stranger to call for me. Could I please contact someone via text or email? “No,” came the reply again, “our drivers do not have texting capability.” Well, I wasn’t sure that was true, but I could understand if they did not want to disclose their phone numbers. However, I decided to try one more time, asking if they ever had deaf customers and if so, how did these people contact them from the baggage claim area?

They say the third time is a charm and fortunately, it worked in this case. The car service company finally agreed to provide me with a text number. It worked beautifully; upon claiming my bag, I texted the number and found the driver without any problems. I even had a nice conversation with him on the way home, and he gave me his card, telling me not to hesitate to text him if I needed travel assistance again.

Sometimes squeaky wheels work, sometimes they don’t. In this case I was fortunate; however, for a few days it seemed that I was not going to win this particular battle. During those few days, I looked into other solutions and in the process I learned a few things. I learned about Traveler’s Aid (a volunteer organization at airports that helps passengers in need) and that they could make a phone call on my behalf. I learned that in certain situations (such as this one), my employer will allow limo drivers to come into the airport as they did in the past. I learned that I need a new phone. Perhaps most importantly, I learned once again the value of patience and persistence. [Editor’s note: as public accommodations, car service companies are required to provide effective communication by the Americans with Disabilities Act, and this could have been brought to their attention.]

We hope you enjoy this issue of ALDA News, with its colorful selection of travel-related stories. If you’re thinking that the issue seems a bit thinner, well, it is. No, we didn’t put the newsletter on a diet. On the contrary, we tried to fatten up the pages (and we’ve included some reprints), but unfortunately, we didn’t receive the number or length of submissions that we were hoping for. Please consider writing for the next issue. Anything related to your hearing loss experience is welcome. No matter how little writing experience you have or how insignificant your story may seem, we’d love to hear from you. So c’mon and share your stories!
Earlier this month I was visiting friends in North Carolina. As part of our weekend entertainment, we planned a trip on the Downtown Raleigh Trolley. I was excited and looking forward to going. We arrived ahead of our appointed time, and I waited to meet with the tour guide to ask if any special accommodations were available for deaf and hard of hearing people. She said there were none, but I could sit in the front row of the trolley near the speaker so I could hear her.

I then asked if she had a guidebook with the tour highlights in it that I could read as she spoke. She said it was a free-flowing tour that she varied according to the group and their questions. I said I appreciated that but maybe she could bring this up to her supervisor about coming up with a printed copy of the our highlights so people with hearing loss could read along and enjoy the talk she was giving and better understand what was covered.

I also mentioned that there were several speech recognition computer programs available that would be able to translate her tour into words that could be printed in a book, handout, or pamphlet for people with hearing loss as well as other people who would enjoy a printed guidebook to help them follow along and better remember what was covered and visited. She said she would take my suggestions to the next staff meeting and bring them up to her supervisor for consideration.

The tour then began and I sat in the front row, right in front of the tour guide as she suggested. She had a primitive sound system that distorted her voice, and to me, she sounded like she was speaking from a small transistor radio speaker. When the trolley driver started the diesel engine, it obliterated her voice, and the engine noise was rebroadcast through the microphone she was holding. Despite my wearing hearing aids (which help me minimally), I only heard about 30 percent of her presentation and had to ask my wife to repeat what was said when I saw something very interesting, or when everyone else was laughing about something and I wanted to hear it too.

I could have enjoyed the trolley tour so much more if a guidebook had been available. I don’t understand why in 2012 we are still treated as second class citizens with regard to accommodations not even being considered. I know I could not have been the first customer with a hearing loss to ride the trolley. When the employees have staff meetings, why isn’t his being discussed and addressed? When they are asked if there is anything that they could do to make the trolley tour better, does anyone bring up ADA accommodations? There was no evaluation form to fill out after our tour.

It is very discouraging to keep advocating when you never know if you are being heard, taken seriously, or just patronized when you bring up these issues and concerns. Although the tour was interesting and enjoyable, it was difficult to hear clearly and understand well. A printed assisted tour guide or explanation pamphlet would have helped immensely.

Editor’s note: the Raleigh Trolley tours are run by the city of Raleigh, which is covered by Title II of the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA). John shared an update to his story. He emailed his article to Raleigh’s assistant manager of historic sites, mentioning the need for the trolley tours to comply with the ADA. In response, the assistant manager wrote that he was preparing the written guide that John recommended and asked for John to review it when it was ready.

It should be noted that the ADA requires state and local governments as well as public accommodations (privately owned entities that are open to the public) to provide effective communication, which can include CART, an interpreter, or an assistive listening device. A written guide does not have to be accepted as a substitute unless a public accommodation can demonstrate that it cannot afford to provide anything more.

John lives in St. Petersburg, Florida and is a member of both ALDA and the Hearing Loss Association of America. His email address is jet@ij.net.
Life in ALDAland: Delayed Reaction

By Margreta von Pein

I like to travel via Southwest Airlines because they cost the least, though recently they’ve been saving themselves money by scheduling multiple stops. Ok, it takes a little longer, but it’s still cheaper than the other airlines. So I boarded in Albany, New York for the all-day flight to Oakland, California. I was tired and fell asleep right off. Hours and dreams later, something jarred me awake. The plane was parked and a passenger jostled my seat on her way out.

Oh my gosh, I’ve arrived! I knew I’d slept long, but all the way? Whew! I shouldered my bag, grabbed my backpack from the bin above me—no one was in the aisle any longer—and bumped toward the exit. An attendant gave me the usual weary smile as I explained, “Overslept.”

I exited the long passageway into a generic airport arrivals hall. It appeared a little different from the Oakland one I’d passed through before, but that was several years ago, and airports are always changing their looks. I slowed down to get my bearings and find the baggage claim/ground transportation arrows. Something didn’t seem right, so I stopped someone and asked, “Oakland?” The man said something and pointed down the gangway from which I’d just come. I guessed he was saying that the plane had just arrived...or...?? I began to feel insecure and stopped another person. “Is this Oakland?” I asked, now just a little panicked. “Why no, hon, you’re in Kansas City,” the man drawled with pride.

Oh no! Then, my brain deciphered what the other man who’d pointed to the gangway had said, “That plane’s going to Oakland.” I turned toward the darkened gangway. I had to get back on the plane before it took off without me, but an attendant stepped in front of me. “But I got off by mistake. I thought we’d landed Oakland,” I pleaded.

With that weary smile, she assured me, “You can board with early boarding.” A long wait later, I boarded, found my former seat, and didn’t sleep during this leg. As the plane was preparing to land, I asked if this was Oakland, but it was Reno. On the approach to Oakland (at last), the flight attendant handed me a slip of paper on which was written, “THIS is OAKLAND.”

After I told my family about the mistaken de-planing in Kansas City, they laughed and laughed. Now, whenever I text them that I have arrived at my destination, they tease me: “Kansas City?”

Margreta retired after 25 years as a college English teacher and moved to the San Francisco Bay area. She was just elected as ALDA’s Region 4 director and can be contacted at mvpein@yahoo.com.
When traveling to foreign countries, those of us who wear hearing aids (or cochlear implants) find welcome relief from the angst of being expected to understand what is being said. That is, with the noted exception of France, where the indigenous population insists that tourists use French or face annoyance. To a limited degree, English approximates an international language, so it is not unusual to come across people who can read and write English if not speak it. Thus, resorting to pencil and paper often works, which hearing aid wearers rely on to communicate at various times.

The relief from being expected to carry on a spoken conversation vanishes in England, New Zealand, Singapore, and Australia, where for some confounded reason, the local citizens believe they speak English, which, as far as I can ascertain, they DO NOT. In such countries I need my wife Ling, my personal interpreter, to clue me in as to what is being said by tour guides, waiters, and constables giving us directions.

Ling provides me with an additional rewarding bonus with her ability to speak her native Chinese language, for there are often Chinese residents or tourists who can offer advice on restaurants, sites to visit, and places to spend the night. Whatever country you visit, you not only find a McDonald’s but also a Chinese restaurant and frequently a Chinatown, large or small.

The only time this backfired was when we inquired of an elderly Mandarin-speaking lady where to find a good place to eat Chinese food. She assured us with gaiety that she knew the best Chinese restaurant in the city; she would not mind showing us the way. Ling told her she shouldn’t bother, but with a broad smile and a guiding arm, the lady insisted it was no trouble at all. We were delighted with her graciousness, for it was a good 15-minute walk.

Upon entering Chinatown, Ling began asking about various Chinese eateries, as she prefers Mandarin cuisine. But our guide shook her head “not a good restaurant” at one after the other. When we reached our destination, she led us to an open table, handed us menus, and said something to Ling as she left us to go into the restaurant’s kitchen, where the swinging doors closed behind her. Ling laughed, “Honey, guess what? She just happens to be the mother of the man who owns this restaurant!” We had to settle for Szechuan cuisine.

There was a time when I believed that learning sign language would allow me to travel anywhere in the world with the ability to communicate, for there are deaf people worldwide. But eventually I learned that ASL (American Sign Language) is just utilized by Americans and that deaf citizens of foreign countries have their own sign languages, with signs as different from one another as, for example, Spanish words are from English words.

My advice to travelers who wear hearing aids is to keep a cumulative list of items not to forget (it’s cumulative because each time you hit the road/air/water, you will discover an item that you wish you had remembered). If possible, bring a spare hearing aid, for you never know when you are going to forget to remove your hearing aids until, for the first time in your life, you hear the waves splashing over your head at the beach. Or you crushed a hearing aid by stepping on it, or— heaven forbid—left it behind when you suddenly needed relief from an itching ear mold. Of course, bring along a good supply of extra batteries as well. Does it pay to bring the hearing aid dry-store box? If I have extra room, I take it. At least bring the rubber bulb to blow out accumulate moisture in the tubing attached to the ear mold.

Hang loose and enjoy seeing the world. It’s terrific fun.

Bob is a retired university professor of philosophy and has been married to Ling for 33 years. They live in California. He enjoys reading and writing and can be contacted at saywhatbob@gmail.com.
Planes, Trains and...a Gypsy in My Soul?

By Marylyn Howe

One of the perks of being married to a hot-shot fighter pilot was cheap travel. Many summers ago, when my husband Brian was a Marine Corps aviator, we traversed the globe considerably. Unfortunately for me, we didn’t always travel together. Brian’s A-4 was a single-seater, and the general didn’t cotton to girls who sat on a flyboy’s G-suit. So Brian would lead his squadron for points beyond, and I’d meet up with him later.

For me, this so-called “port-hopping” was a bold adventure because I had recently become profoundly deaf. I can’t remember how many times I got on the wrong plane because I misinterpreted what someone said. Once while waiting at an airport in Florida, I thought I heard them announce my flight to “Boston”; an hour and a half later, my plane landed in Austin. And I’m probably the only person in the world who got off the plain at Heathrow thinking it was Orly.

The zaniest trip was to the Orient. I had been hanging my hat in New York, waiting for Brian to finish a tour of duty in Vietnam, when he wired me to meet him in Japan. Knowing my proclivity for mystery rides, he urged me to wear a cardboard sandwich stating my destination in both English and Japanese. Funny guy, but I didn’t want the extra baggage, nor did I care to advertise my deafness. I should have.

Stopping in Chicago to visit a friend was a snap, but leaving O’Hare, I blew it with expensive unplanned side trips to Anchorage and Seoul. By the time I arrived in Tokyo I was three days late and wanted to turn around and go home. But I was afraid I’d end up in Kowloon—and besides—I was strapped for cash.

I’ve been riding the subway ‘neath the streets of Boston since Hector was a pup, but that didn’t prepare me for the bullet train out of Tokyo. My ultimate destination was Iwakuni, a Marine base near Hiroshima. But I only had enough yen to go halfway there, so I wired Brian to meet me in Kyoto.

Trying hard this time not to screw it up, I asked a friendly looking fellow on the platform if this indeed was the track for the train south to the imperial city of Kyoto. He smiled graciously and bowed several times, which must have meant “yes,” right? I knew I was in trouble when we stopped in Hitachi, which was in a northerly direction. By then, I was cursing Mt. Fuji and calling the guy on the platform a 14-carat jerk. [Editor’s note: The gentleman on the platform may not have understood English—or Marylyn’s Japanese, if she used that—and was employing a strategy familiar to deaf and hard of hearing people: bluffing.]

After a while, traveling this way was getting expensive, so on my way home from the Orient, I learned to make use of the visual cues of face and body gestures to help me understand what was going on—head scratching, finger pointing, eyebrows arching—they’re the same in every language. When no visual cues were available, I’d swallow my pride and ask for help. Like on my way back to Boston, I’d wink at my seatmate and say something crazy like: “Okay, so where am I?”

The best and worst adventure happened in Bogotá, where we traveled as civilians to adopt a baby. We had worked closely with a stateside agency to make sure this adoption was legitimate and well-arranged. The social worker assured us that five days after arrival, we’d be on our way home with our “muy bonita Colombiana.” Catherine was very beautiful, all right, but the social worker was a bit off with her timing. Three weeks later, we were still in Bogotá—feuding with Colombian lawyers who didn’t speak English and pleading with embassy officials to reissue the legal papers that no one could find.

At my urging and against his better judgment, Brian returned to Boston while I stayed in Bogotá trying to get our baby out of the country. My conversational Spanish wasn’t that bad, but I couldn’t speechread anything but English. I’d visit the unpleasant lawyer each day and plead in Spanish for the documents we needed to let us go home. All I understood in return was a shoulder shrug and a wave of a bejeweled hand bidding us riddance. More international body signs to add to my list.

Sixty-three days after arriving in Bogotá, I trudged once more to the lawyer’s office and, babe in arms, started to cry and in plain ordinary English, sobbed that we just wanted to go home.

It must have been the tears—the most universal gesture of all—because he suddenly unearthed our papers from the heap on his desk and said, “Adios, muchachas.” Without a hitch, we hightailed it straight home.

Slightly condensed from ALDA News, Summer 1996. Marylyn now lives in Savannah, Continued on page 18
Traveling with Hearing Loss
By Terri Singer

What and How to Pack
First, assume your luggage will be lost. Ask yourself what you’ll need in order to keep your hearing aid or CI processor going (including any attachments for assistive listening), and put these items in your carry-on. You may need to bring power transformers if you are traveling out of the country. At www.voltagevalet.com, you can check the type of outlet convertor you would need to use with your electrical plugs. You can also check with your manufacturer to confirm foreign compatibility with your charger.

If you’re going to be gone a long time, take a copy of your hearing aid settings or processor map. This will be a big help should you need to consult an audiologist.

Going Through a Scanner
You can travel by plane, ship, and train if you have a hearing aid or cochlear implant. You just need to be aware of which electronic scanning devices you’ll encounter.

The X-ray machines used to scan checked bags are much stronger than those used for carry-on bags. This voltage might affect your aid, processor, or its map. To be safe, travel with these in a carry-on item or your person.

If you are sending your equipment through the X-ray machine at check-in, don’t place it directly on the conveyor belt or in the plastic bins, since the motion could generate static electricity. Instead, place the aid or processor in its travel case or inside another bag, after turning it off and removing its battery.

You can walk through the metal detector with one or two hearing aids or ear-level CI processors. In fact, it’s better to keep the units on. If you have a body-worn processor, it has more metal and may set off an alarm. Be sure you inform a security agent. You also can ask for a full body pat-down and a visual and physical inspection of the exterior component of your aid or processor while it remains on your body.

Once when I was in an airport security line, I was wearing a long sweatshirt over a polo shirt. The female TSA agent asked me to step out of line and remarked that the area below my waist was bulky looking. I raised my sweatshirt to show her I had another shirt on underneath, and she asked me to remove the sweatshirt.

Well, I could just see myself ripping the sweatshirt over my head, sending both my CI processors flying into the crowd. Removing the processors and being deaf until I could replace them didn’t look like an appealing alternative, so my choice was the pat-down. My traveling companion stood by with a look on her face that was a mixture of puzzlement and impatience. I think I had the crowd stunned, too.

Travel by Plane
When you check in at the gate, inform the agent that you have a hearing loss and ask to have it noted in your traveler profile. Also ask that they notify you individually of any gate changes, delays, or cancellations. If you have a cell phone, you can sign up to have alerts sent through it.

Hearing aids and CI processors won’t interfere with the plane’s navigation system, so you can keep them turned on at all times, even when passengers are asked to turn off all electronic devices during takeoff and landing. If you want to watch a movie or listen to music during the flight, you can use your connectivity options or bring a set of headphones.

If you’re traveling alone, tell the flight attendant and possibly your seatmate that you have a hearing loss and may need assistance with emergency and gate announcements.

Travel by Train
Just as with air travel, advise attendants of your need for assistance with announcements. If traveling alone, consider informing a seat companion as well.

In Case of Emergency
Research any kind of deaf identification offered by your state, such as a code on your driver’s license or a special visor card. You can go to www.medids.com/free-id.php to create your own free emergency medical identification card. Identify yourself as deaf, deafened, hard of hearing, or however you want. Note if you use hearing aid(s) or have a cochlear implant. CI users should also indicate that they cannot have an MRI or monopolar cautery and should provide the name and phone number of their surgeon and CI clinic.

With these tips and resources, you’ll be prepared for traveling and staying “tuned in” throughout your trip.

Much of the information in this article was taken from a workshop entitled “Trains, Planes, and Automobiles” presented by Tina Childress. Terri once traveled 10 hours round trip to attend Tina’s presentation at the Northwest Indiana-ALDA chapter meeting and felt it was well worth the excursion. Read about Terri’s flight surprise in this issue’s cover story, “From California to…Maine?”
This issue’s interview is with Allen Ford, who was recently appointed to chair ALDA’s newly established Veteran’s Committee. The youngest son of a WW II pilot, Allen enlisted in the Army in 1975. While stationed at Ft. Polk (Louisiana), he served in the HQ Company, 5th Medical Battalion, 5th Infantry Division (Mechanized). In 1977, he received an All-Army scholarship that led to his commissioning in 1979 as an Army officer in military intelligence. He was medically retired due to hearing loss in 1980.

Given his disability status and with no real job prospects, Allen moved to California in 1984 to pursue an MBA. This degree led to a short career as a business and real property auditor/appraiser at the county level before he joined the California State Board of Equalization in 1989. As his hearing loss became more of a liability, Allen moved to New York to pursue a graduate degree in fine art photography at Rochester Institute of Technology in 1995. This led to his awareness of the National Technical Institute for the Deaf (NTID), which focuses on providing higher education opportunities to students with hearing loss. He also learned that NTID had recently implemented a new master’s program in deaf education.

Allen took both the MFA and MSSE courses at the same time, finishing the MSSE degree in 1998 and the MFA in 2001. The NTID business studies department hired him in 1999, and he teaches a variety of business technology courses. He also serves as the leader of the RIT/NTID Veterans with Hearing Loss Project, which promotes higher education opportunities for veterans with hearing loss. You can contact Allen by email at amfnbt@ntid.rit.edu.

Name: Lt. Allen M. Ford, USA (Ret)
Where were you born? In Missouri
What is your current residence? Sweden, New York
What is the cause of your deafness? I acquired an extremely rare autoimmune disease while serving in the US Army at Ft. Polk, Louisiana
Age/year you became deafened? I was 23 when I became ill during the summer. Most of my hearing loss occurred over the next nine months at which time I was medically retired from the Army with a “100% disabled-service connected” designation.
Marital status? I am married to my dear wife Catherine.
What is your present job? I am a professor at Rochester Institute of Technology (RIT), where I teach in NTID’s business studies department.

What is the worst job you ever had? I have never really had a bad job, although immediately after being retired, I applied for several jobs that I am pretty sure would have been awful to do full-time… it would be tough to sell vacuum cleaners door to door when you can’t communicate effectively with potential customers.

What kind of movies do you watch? I am a sucker for classics like Casablanca and Manhattan and for anything by Steven Spielberg or Woody Allen. On the arty side, I have seen a lot of good indie, foreign films, and animation shorts.

Movies you want to see again? Basically, any movie with credible acting and an intelligent script that touches my heart or stokes my muse will be a movie I will gladly see again…and again. When I was a child, Disney’s Old Yeller was one example; When I was a teen, I enjoyed The Sting, The Graduate, and Z (a European political movie), which expanded my perspectives. On the other side, movies I most likely will not see again even though incredibly fascinating and thought provoking are certain war movies like Apocalypse Now and Saving Private Ryan. Watching the latter was an emotional event, as I attended the premiere at a small Oregon theater packed with WW II vets. We were all a wreck at the end of it.

Books you tell others to read? Without getting to know someone, I would be uncomfortable making any recommendations.
I stay home to watch: Person of Interest
Favorite pig-out food: Anything blueberry
Hobbies: Windsurfing, golf, and photography
If I had more free time: I’d share it with others who could find a good use for it.

The hardest thing about becoming deafened is: staying civil with people who find communication with me an inconvenience.

I began accepting my deafness: Almost immediately; it was the disease that led to the hearing loss that was my issue.

The worst thing about deafness is: not hearing birds, animals, rain, kids, music, lyrics.

The best thing about deafness is: it...Continued on page 18
**Call for Presentation Proposals**

The search is on for good workshops for our combined ALDA-TDI conference from October 16-20 in Albuquerque. If you or someone you know would be interested in presenting a workshop this year, look for the Call for Presentation Proposals form on the ALDA website (www.alda.org) and submit it by May 17. Don’t worry about coordinating with TDI—all workshop proposals will be considered. ALDAns love workshops on adjustment to deafness and hearing loss, technology and advocacy, relationship considerations, skills to develop, available benefits, etc. We’re looking for new ideas, so think outside the box! If you have questions, contact Kathy Evans at patches_alda@yahoo.com.

**Nominations Sought for ALDA Awards**

- **Dr. Robert R. Davila ALDA Angel Award**—presented to an individual or an agency providing ALDA with important services, funding, or other forms of support during the year.
- **ALDA Brainstorm Award**—presented for a creative idea or initiative that has had or will have a significant long-term benefit to ALDA.
- **Bob Hawley Fearless Leader Award**—presented to an individual for superior leadership in advancing, maintaining, or establishing an ALDA chapter or a group.
- **ABLE ALDAn Award**—presented to a member of ALDA who has contributed time and hard work above and beyond the call of duty.

Nominations should be mailed to Mary Lou Mistretta, 8038 MacIntosh Lane, Suite 2, Rockford, IL 61107 or emailed to president@alda.org. Deadline for nominations is August 1, 2013.

**Scholarships Available for TDI-ALDA 2013 Joint Conference**

*By Carolyn Piper*

It was not that many years ago that hearing loss had me on my knees wondering how, or even if, I could go on. And then I found ALDA and learned that there was life, and good life indeed, without hearing. Step by step, ALDA has led me back to life.

Along the way, a major joy was my discovery that ALDA is an all-volunteer organization. Gradually, as I gained confidence, I began to participate in variety of ways after attending my first ‘con in 1997. And today, it is my privilege to be chair of the ALDAcon Scholarship Committee.

Each year, this committee works to enable members in need of financial help to attend ALDAcon. And each year I realize anew how wonderful my “job” as chair is when I read thank-you notes from recipients. There is no better way to express what scholarship is all about and can mean to those who attend an ALDAcon than to share a few of our recipients’ notes from last year’s ‘con:

It isn’t just what one experiences during the days onsite, it’s the connections you make with others who continue to support you long after the convention is over.

Whatever you are going through—hearing issues, speaking issues, the inability to balance or even all of these issues (like me)—you need some encouragement, and through ALDA, that is exactly what you will find! The whole experience was a life-changing one that I will never forget, and it opened a whole new world. Honestly, I was terrified walking in on Saturday morning... my head was spinning and I was ready to go to my room and rest. Then I met a woman who made me feel welcome and who explained about being afraid and the need to push toward independence. There were so many people like myself who are experiencing the same trials that I am personally going through. I believe two words can sum up our time at the ALDA conference, and that’s “extremely awesome!” Thank you and everyone for this scholarship. This has begun a new chapter in my life as well as my family’s.

I think some of the most precious times were the shorter and sweeter moments of exchanging kind and loving words one-on-one with people... a quiet moment in the chaos when I could reach out and share something of myself and in return receive a small part back from the other person. I found myself learning to appreciate others in ways I hadn’t expected. It is difficult to express how much I learned in the workshops and from vendors. These were all lovely, friendly.
Chapter Happenings

By Ann Smith, Curator

Kim Mettache reports that ALDA-NWI (North Western Indiana) had its annual “movie afternoon” social on February 9. Members enjoyed their fourth captioned ASL film, Versa Effect.

Francine Stieglitz tells us that ALDA-Boston had a delightful holiday party on December 8 at the home of member Ann Tanona. ALDA-Boston supplied the main dishes and the guests brought an array of appetizers, drinks, and desserts. Twenty-one people attended the sit-down dinner, which followed a brief business meeting.

Francine continues: “Almost 30 people attended the ALDA Boston annual New Year’s brunch on Sunday, January 6. Illness kept about five members home including our speaker, Dr. David Citron, who was laid up with laryngitis. We were very fortunate, however, that Paul Wummer, the ALDA Region 1 coordinator, who drove up from Pennsylvania to attend, and Matt Ferrara, our treasurer as well as ALDA’s treasurer, stepped in and talked to us about ALDA, Inc. CART was provided by Nancy Eaton, who did a yeoman’s job, considering that she was not feeling up to par.”

On March 17, Dr. Citron, who had to miss the New Year’s brunch, was the speaker at ALDA-Boston’s meeting at the Watertown library. He described the international audiology service project that he undertook in Goa, India. The ALDA Boston annual business meeting and election of new officers was scheduled for April 28 at the Lexington library, with guest speaker Geoff Plant, executive director of the Hearing Rehabilitation Foundation, presenting a hands-on workshop to help members develop and improve their listening skills.

Diana Fanuel, ALDA-Garden State’s treasurer, reports that the chapter is gearing up for a May workshop and also for its annual scholarship award ($2000) for a hard of hearing or deaf high school student going on to higher education. Diana has been doing additional outreach in her senior village, Cedar Crest. She reports, “I’ve organized a trip to a local live theater for an open-captioned performance of Lend Me a Tenor. I was promoting this on our in-house TV station to 2000 village residents.” Good work, Diana!

ALDA-Peach’s December event was the annual holiday luncheon at a local Tucker cafeteria. The staff made everyone very welcome; it was obvious they had prepared to host people with hearing loss. Several guests joined the regular members at the luncheon, and one new member and her family drove cross-state from Augusta to attend. In January, the Peaches celebrated everyone’s birthday at the annual “Unbirthday Party.” The chapter also had a surprise presentation by Nancy Duncan, the executive director of the Disability Resource Group (DRG), which does outreach, distributes disability rights information, and provides consultation on disability inclusion. February’s meeting was a planning session. Members identified several activities and speakers that will make 2013’s remaining meetings enjoyable and informative.

Send your chapter’s happenings to Ann Smith at fabsmith@att.net. Deadline for the next issue is May 24.
Westerns on My Mind

By Bill Graham

My story is no different than that of many others who grew up with normal hearing in the 1950s and 1960s and became deaf as adults. As a kid I watched television—a lot of it—with family or friends in the living room. Back then I could hear, and I laughed or said “Omigod!” during shows at the same time as everybody else. TV was a vast wasteland perhaps, but also the quintessential American experience, a shared experience that I took part in fully.

It seems utterly impossible today but a good number of the shows I watched were Westerns. And I wasn’t the only one watching: Almost 50 different Westerns appeared on TV during the ’50s and ’60s; for years Gunsmoke and Bonanza dominated the weekly Nielsen ratings. There were only three major commercial networks then and people pretty much watched the same shows. If you’re my age, male, and don’t know who Pa Cartwright is, you might as well be from Mars.

This common cultural heritage was impressed upon me during an email exchange with John, a late-deafened friend in my age bracket. The topic was his crappy golf game and he said in exasperation that he’d reached the end of his rope and it was time to take the 3:10 to Yuma—in other words, in the parlance of the movie of that name, put an end to things.

I emailed him back, typing simply: “Johnny Yuma was a rebel.”

His response: “He roamed through the West.”

Me: “Did Johnny Yu-MAA, the rebel.”

John: “He wandered alone.”

Those lines form the chorus of the theme song of The Rebel, a TV Western from our youth. The song was sung by the inimitable Johnny Cash in his inimitably languid way, and after evoking it in our emails John and I couldn’t get the damn song out of our heads for hours—okay, days. Increasingly obsessed, I found a video on YouTube of Johnny Cash performing the song live. John found another. Then we began digging up the themes of other immortal (to us) Westerns: Maverick (“Riverboat, ring your bell…Fare thee well, Annabelle… Luck is the lady that he loves the best…”), Have Gun Will Travel (“Paladin, Paladin, where do you RO-oam?… Paladin, Paladin, far far from ho-ome.”), Rawhide (“Keep rollin’, rollin’, rollin’, Though the streams are swollen, Keep them dogies rollin’, rawhide!”)…the list went on. And months later the songs continue to carousel through my head when I should be pondering how to find a full-time job. I’m about ready to check out the train schedule to Yuma myself.

Broadcast media—in this case, the theme songs of television shows—can uniquely frame and cement personal relationships. John and I would be great friends even if I’d watched Petticoat Junction instead of Death Valley Days and Wagon Train, but the fact that we both devoutly watched and listened to these TV shows before deafness came along adds another dimension to our friendship.

The 1970s and early 1980s were my own private wasteland years, when I struggled ignobly with deafness. Shame, denial, withdrawal, and fear were some of the self-directed arrows in my quiver of dejection. The lack or scarcity of television captioning during that period contributed to my sense of isolation, although I didn’t realize how acutely until much later.

During the mid-1970s Saturday Night Live became a hit television show, actually a cultural phenomenon. The show gave impetus to weekend parties. On Saturday nights, friends gathered for drinks and banter and to watch the show. At least my friends did. As airtime approached they’d all position themselves amphitheater-style in front of the TV set. Trying to preserve my status as a fake hearing person at the time, I stood at the back of the room so nobody could see I wasn’t enjoying the comedy sketches, which I couldn’t hear. I’d try to will the hands of my watch to midnight, when the show ended. Needless to say, this wasn’t a high point in my life.

Flash forward to about 1990. I’m married now and my wife Karina notices that an early Saturday Night Live with Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi was being aired.

“Oh, let’s watch it!” she says.

“Nah,” I shrug.

“Why not?” she says.

“I won’t understand it, for one thing.”

“But it’s captioned.”

“It’s captioned?”

“Yes.”

“Oh. Okay, I guess.”

So we put the show on. About ten minutes into it, Karina throws back her head in laughter and looks at me. And…I’m crying. Megatears coursing down my cheeks.

“What’s the matter?” she says.

“I don’t know.”

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What I Heard Last Summer on My Staycation

By Carol Granaldi

My hubby and I are seasoned travelers who, in years long past, drove across the US twice, up and down both the East and West Coasts, and along the southern routes in the Southland. We’ve also flown and taken buses and trains. Nowadays, weary of airport aggravations and highway hassles, we live in a retirement community in a house we call our “Staycation Cottage.” It faces a woodland across the street, and our backyard is partially wooded and like a living room for birdwatchers, wildlife observers, and leaves changing colors. Our front porch is covered with wicker furniture and has rollup blinds and citronella candles on the glass-topped coffee table. This is where we spend our “staycations,” especially during the warm months.

I’m a bilateral cochlear implantee, and although the equipment enables me to function in noisy environments, surprisingly, it’s listening in the SILENCE of the night and early dawn that I enjoy the most. For example, when I got my first cochlear implant in 2001, I’d sit on the porch during thunderstorms and listen to the raindrops striking different surfaces, to get a sense of what falling rain sounds like. The crackle of lightning and peals of thunder were far more impressive than in my earlier hearing-aided life. I recall especially when lightning struck my next-door neighbor’s tree. I was startled to actually hear the “hiss” of the boiling sap when the bolt struck, a sound the likes of which I’d never heard during my hearing aid days.

As an early riser, I’d make my coffee during the summer and go on the porch around 4 a.m., to listen to the world wake up. A few miles from our home, there’s a highway on which commuters travel to Trenton and elsewhere; cars, trucks, and motorcycles buzz and roar, their sounds gradually fading in the distance. I had never been able to hear them during my hearing aid days.

Then there’s the garbage truck that lifts the dumpsters behind the restaurants at the nearby intersection. From the distance of about a mile, I can hear the truck backing into position, the metallic clunking of the dumped container, and the dull thunk as it is dropped back on the asphalt. This was never possible during my hearing aid days.

The birds slowly awaken with their peeps, cheeps and trills, and the geese and ducks honk and squawk to announce their presence each morning on the waterway across the street. We keep binoculars so we can see close up the varieties of birds that busily fly back and forth feeding their young during nesting season. We’ve even listened to the loud fluttering of the wild turkeys that have flown for safety into the trees during the dark of the night.

When I wore hearing aids, I didn’t know that turkeys’ wings made such a loud sound while flapping up onto a branch. Being able to hear so many new sounds with my implants astonishes me.

The most amazing sounds I heard were the coyotes yelping in the distance between 4 and 5 a.m. On several occasions, a coyote actually walked along the street in front of our yard, and one stopped across the street, turned toward our porch, and sat on his haunches. We hurriedly carried our little Bichon Frise dog into the house lest she run after the coyote.

The dark silence of the night is punctuated by the crickets’ strumming, the owls’ hooting, the bullfrogs’ croaking, the leaves rustling when the wind blows, the voles burrowing in the dry leaves, and the chipmunks running into our downspouts to hide from the hawks that patrol the woodland. Our dog’s toenails click as she patters across the porch’s wooden planks, and when she sits on my lap and licks her tummy, I can hear her breathing and slurping her tongue. I’m reminded of the Phantom of the Opera’s song about the “music of the night.”

Alexander Graham Bell said “What hath God wrought?” when sound traveled through his 19th century wires between two rooms. He’d say the same thing about the 21st century wires of the cochlear implants bringing sound to my ears.

Carol has had a progressive hearing loss since early childhood and lives in an Ocean County, New Jersey retirement village with her husband. She can be contacted at cgranaldi@comcast.net.
Being the wife of an airport/government employee, you would think that flying wouldn’t make me nervous. Ha! You’d be wrong. But since we have very little money, we haven’t gone anywhere by air in the past few years. However, driving? Now, that’s a different issue altogether.

There was a time, not too long ago, when driving anywhere alone was quite risky for me. We didn’t have great cars, so there was always a chance that the car could break down. I remember very well the time it actually happened. About ten years ago, we didn’t have a phone for me to carry—I just had to say a prayer and hope. So there I was, driving on the highway and passing East St. Louis, Illinois. If you know the place, you also know that it’s been rated one of the most dangerous cities in America. Bad place. Bad. We’re talking machetes and tuberculosis. OK, maybe not TB. I’m trying to set a mood here!

This particular night, as I drove past, I hit a bump and one of my back wheels exploded. What do I do? I thought to myself. I don’t know how to change a tire, no one is stopping to help me, I’m right outside East St. Louis, it’s about 9 p.m. so it’s really dark, I have nothing with me to contact anyone, and my husband Kenny just happens to be at a very small church that doesn’t answer the phone when there’s a service going on. Oy vey!

I didn’t have much of a choice, so I decided I would walk into East St. Louis and try to find a phone. Problem: I couldn’t use a normal phone! So I would need to walk up the highway exit ramp, try to stay in the light (street lights didn’t work in most places), find a pay phone, and then ask someone who happened by to make the call for me. No problemo. Ya think? Not to mention that since I couldn’t call Kenny, I would need to call my parents collect, try to explain where I was, and then walk back to the car.

All I knew is that I was gonna die either in my car or on the street (or at a gas station). But given those two choices, I had to go with the death in the ‘hood. That would let people know that we deafies have some chutzpa and that I’m a tough broad.

In reality, I was terrified, but I had no other options, so I left my comfortable but ill car in search of humans who would flap their lips as well as I flapped my hands. Fortunately, a man pulled over to the side of the highway as I was walking to my impending doom. He asked me a few things, but I just yelled, “I’m deaf. Can you take me to a phone?” That in itself was pretty darn scary. I didn’t know this guy, but I was at fate’s mercy. (Hey! Now that I think of it, it doesn’t make sense. Why didn’t he have a cell phone? Hmmm…)

I got into the man’s car and he started saying something about me walking into East St. Louis, especially at night, was NOT something he recommended. He drove me to a phone and called my mother for me. He said something and then wrote (yes, I did have my handy dandy notebook), “Your mother wants to talk to you.” He, of course, had to interpret. When I got on the phone, my mom was freaking out. “How are you? Are you safe? This man could rape you and kill you!” Gee, thanks Mom. That’s one thing to look forward to. My saving grace got back on the phone and told her where we were. Then he took me back to my car. I was lucky in so many ways!

I waited for my dad to come to get me, but it took over an hour even though my parents lived within a 10- to 15-minute drive. I was starting to get worried when my dad finally showed up. Apparently, the man had said I was on Highway 70, when I was actually on 270. Dad got tired of driving up and down 70 trying to see if he’d missed me, and then finally told himself to just drive down 270 and look there.

Now, anytime I’m on the road, I’m terrified that my car might break down. Although I now have a Sidekick and that helps immensely, it only does text messages. I would not know what to do or who to contact! [Editor’s note: several relay services can be downloaded onto the Sidekick, and one of them can be used to call AAA if you’re a member.] My husband gets a ride to work with a friend, so he wouldn’t be able to drive and help me…but let’s leave this story on a positive note. I mean, I could go on about getting lost and trying to find someone to read my notebook, where I wrote my questions, and understand that they need to write their answers to me!

I’m not scared of flying—it’s the falling from the sky, crashing, and bleeding that gets me. But I’m a lot more comfortable knowing I can have a fairly worry-free trip via air instead of traveling alone by car. At least one of my cars…

Reprinted from ALDA News, Spring 2011. Michele J. Bornert is a deaf freelance writer and ASL instructor via her business Deaf Expressions, which serves all of West Michigan. She lives

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A Musician Relearns Melody
By Renee Blue O’Connell

Many years ago, my good friend who was studying composition at Northwestern University invited me over to hear his latest piece on the keyboard. After waiting in silence for a while, I finally asked, “When are you going to play me your new song?” He looked stunned and answered, “I just did—didn’t you hear it?” I didn’t.

I was only 25 years old, and had severe hearing loss as a result of a series of childhood fevers and a case of mononucleosis in my early 20s. I was able to hear well enough with a hearing aid, but over the years my hearing continued to worsen. At the age of 50, my ENT suggested I undergo surgery for a cochlear implant (CI).

Initially I was resistant because I am a musician and have played the guitar (classical and fingerstyle) for more than 35 years. I read that CIs were mainly speech processors, and may not process music as well as speech. One of my audiologists even told me that I might not like the sound of music with a CI. Yet, it was clear I was having a difficult time communicating with others.

I contacted my friend David, who has a CI. I have known him for more than 20 years, and he has relied on sign language as a way of communicating. As soon as I saw him, however, I was immediately struck by how his family was no longer signing to him. I asked them, “Why is no one using sign language anymore?” They answered, “Because David can hear.”

I then decided to go ahead with the surgery, which was in January 2009, and I received a Nucleus Freedom CI. I have ski-slope hearing loss, and in the first few months after activation I experienced a lot of noise. Music sounded very strange. I continued playing my guitar, but the sound was not integrated. When I struck a note on the guitar, for example, a series of sounds occurred, but it did not sound anything like music. Music has always been the most important aspect of my life, so I was determined not to give up.

Some weeks after my CI was activated, I began working with a music teacher to train my ear. We used tuning forks to feel the vibrations of pitches and frequencies of notes. She quizzed me on interval recognition in one exercise, which is a combination of two notes or the distance between their pitches. She would play two notes in succession, and I would listen to see if I discern what interval it was. The first measure of “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star” is a perfect fifth, and the introduction to “When the Saints Go Marching In” is a major chord. There are song charts that can be found online to aid with interval recognition. This is a significant exercise, because intervals make up a melody. If you are able to distinguish pitches by isolating them, you can improve your ability to discern notes in a melody.

Other exercises we did were from the book *Sight Singing, Pitch, Interval, Rhythm* by Samuel Adler. We worked with a piano and a guitar, playing the notes of the intervals and then singing them a cappella. The goal of these exercises was similar to the previous ones, to be able to discern intervals and to also produce them by singing. More advanced drills would start by singing a series of notes in a melody and then reading the notes silently to ourselves. We would sing the notes out loud again at the last measure of the line, and then confirm the pitch against the piano. It was a lot of fun and also challenging. I believe that these exercises helped me regain my musical perception. My music teacher explained that most musicians don’t perform these exercises because many people who play an instrument hear melodies without a problem.

Six months after my activation, I received a new digital hearing aid for my right ear. It felt like a miracle, because I could hear every note on my guitar. Before my CI and hearing aid, I could hear up to only the seventh fret. Now I could hear all the way to the nineteenth. I knew my guitar would sound different, and I was prepared to accept it. The difference was that my nylon string acoustic guitar now sounded electric, but I was surprised that I liked the sound. Whew, what a relief and a blessing!

I am now a full-time musician and receive emails from CI users from all over the country asking how I am able to hear a melody. I hope what I described will be helpful to others.


Renee Blue O’Connell is employed at the University of Virginia Medical Center as a certified music practitioner, where she plays therapeutic music at patients’ bedside. Ms. O’Connell also plays regularly at assisted living centers, works with VSA Arts in Charlottesville, and is the director of community outreach at Music for HOPE, a

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In the Trenches: Boarding a Plane
By Kathryn Woodcock

Ever wonder what it’s like to travel when you are deaf? Take our word for it. It’s difficult. We asked one of our consultants to share a personal tale with you.

I have to tell you about my return flight from Boston to Toronto. They kept changing the signs at the gates, and Air Canada has four flights in one hour to Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, and there are also flights to Reykjavik and Shannon all jammed into the same departure lounge at the same time.

I’m confused and concerned I will miss my flight. So I go to the desk guy and say I’m deaf and I want to make sure I am watching the right gate.

He points to the Montreal sign, which had said “Halifax” until moments before, and says, “Toronto will be boarding over there,” and then points to the Toronto sign and says, “Montreal will board here. The airport keeps changing on us.”

Then he turns to a coworker and says (mainly for my benefit, because the woman is not paying much attention), “Mrs. Woodcock is deaf, so you’ll make sure she gets on the right plane.”

And she says, “Mmhmm,” so then I sit down and wait a little, and two swarms of people get up and start to board at both gates simultaneously.

I go to check at the gate he said would be Toronto (the one with the Montreal sign) and the woman says, “No, this is Ottawa.” I say, “Is that Toronto over there then (where the sign says ‘Toronto’)?”

She says, “No, not yet.” So I sit down again.

Awhile later, another herd forms, and that desk guy is gone, but the woman in charge of me is boarding the herd at the gate marked “Toronto.” I join the line and wait my turn and when I get to the front, I show the boarding pass, pointing to the destination, and I say, “I just want to check that I am getting on the right plane.”

The woman says, “No. Just sit down. Sit. Sit.” Like I’m a dog.

All day, I’ve been Dr. Woodcock, the hotshot consultant in Boston, you know, and I thought it was bad being feeble Mrs. Woodcock, but now I’m a dog. Sit.

Anyway, I sit and wait some more, and then another herd goes to board where it now says nothing at all. The Sit woman who was supposed to look after Mrs. Woodcock is boarding the people over there as well. She gives no indication that she is looking for me at all, never gestures, let alone comes to get me.

After everyone is boarded and there’s no one at all in the lounge except me, I go and board while her back is turned. If it wouldn’t have been cutting off my nose to spite my face, I’d have just sat there and let the plane take off without me.

Slightly revised from the MATP Update, Vol. 3, No. 1.

Scholarships Available (continued)...

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knowledgeable people who shared a wealth of information. Perhaps the best way to convey this is to say that I am no longer afraid of the challenges I face with my hearing loss.

This year’s ALDAcon will be a ground-breaking event—TDI and ALDA are joining to present a historic joint conference. This collaboration between two national organizations serving individuals who are deaf or have hearing loss will take place in Albuquerque, New Mexico on October 16-20. For more information, visit the ALDA website at http://www.alda.org/ and click on 2013 Conference under “Latest News.”

ALDA will be offering a limited number of scholarships to those in financial need who want to attend. Applicants must be members of ALDA, Inc., and be in actual need of financial assistance. Priority in awarding scholarships is given to first-time attendees.

Send inquiries regarding scholarship applications to Carolyn Piper at wicwas@wcvt.com. While email is preferred, you may also contact Carolyn at 82 Piper Place, Huntington, Vermont 05462.

Applications must be received by September 1, 2013.

The ongoing ability of ALDA to provide scholarship assistance depends on donations. All donations to the scholarship fund are tax-deductible and very much needed and appreciated. For information on making a donation, contact Carolyn at the address above.
made me a more sensitive to, and aware of, challenges others around us have in their lives.

How did you learn about ALDA? I had been aware of SHHH [now HLAA] in the early 90s but was reluctant to investigate. As Woody Allen put it, would I really want to join a group that would have someone like me as a member? It was Sally Skyer, my office neighbor, who changed my attitude and gave me the good skinny about ALDA.

In what ways has ALDA enhanced your life? ALDA has introduced me to so many people who share a common philosophy and spirit of adventure. ALDA is just a really great group of understanding, compassionate people who are easy to like.

When I am depressed, I: I am rarely depressed.

My most irrational fear is: Walking a tightrope immediately comes to mind.

If I could hear again, the first thing I would do is: pick up a saxophone.

The thing I like best about myself: I am alive.

Nobody knows: I know secrets.

What I can’t stand is: boiled veggies.

Favorite memory: Learning how to windsurf in order to learn how to use my vision for balance for walking

Favorite saying: “Yes, you can.”

The bottom line is: Are you happy?

From California to...Maine (continued)...

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Albany by 8 a.m. to find my friend once again waiting at the airport for my arrival. When I had landed in Portland, the airline had called the Albany airport and allowed me to speak to her. She drove an hour back to Vermont with my dog and my coat, only to make the trip again some seven hours later to retrieve me and drive another hour back to Vermont. And, yes, she brought my coat a second time.

As a side note, in case this ever happens to you, don’t feel like an idiot as I did. An uncle of mine was a captain for Delta at the time, and he said the airline was totally responsible. When you purchase a flight ticket, you are contracting with the airline to get you from point A to point B, with maybe other points in between. If it fails to do that, the airline must make everything right to the best of its ability. [Editor’s note: The airline made its biggest mistake when the stewardess told Terri to “sit anywhere” without checking into why her seat appeared to be double-booked.]

Terri Singer has been an ALDAn since 2006. She lives in Evansville, Indiana and is a member of both ALDA-Northwest Indiana and ALDA-Chicago. Her email address is TLSevin@aol.com. Terri notes about this experience, “It was quite a trip, one I wouldn’t want to make again. My new habit is to confirm with the flight attendant as I board any plane.” Check this issue for her travel tips (“Traveling with Hearing Loss”).

Late-Deafened Experience: Car Trouble (continued)...

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with her hearing husband, Kenny, and three hearing children, Mollie, Jacob, and Natalie, in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Michele’s writing has been published in several magazines and in two textbooks that were released in the fall of 2012. You can reach her at DeafExpressions05@gmail.com, visit her site at www.DeafExpressions.net, and read (and sign up for) her blog at http://deafexpressions.blogspot.com.

One of Us (continued)...

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Georgia. She was appointed by President Bush to the National Council on Disability, on which she served until 2012. She recently retired from her position as the director of public policy at the Massachusetts Developmental Disabilities Council. In both capacities she advocated for people with disabilities to become empowered and independent through policies, programs, legislation, and technology. She is a former president (1993 and 2001) of ALDA and was the 2012 ALDAcon program chair. Marylyn can be contacted at juneymoon@aol.com.

Planes, Trains and...a Gypsy in My Soul? (continued)...

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Play Even If Your Aorta Will Burst
By Elena Kras

Editor’s note: Bedřich Smetana, a composer who lived from 1824 to 1884, is considered the father of Czech music. A gifted pianist, he gave his first performance at age six. After an unsuccessful attempt to establish a career in Prague, he became a teacher and choirmaster in Sweden, where he also wrote orchestral works. He returned to Prague in the early 1860s, wrote operas, and became the principal conductor of the new Provisional Theatre. However, some critics complained that his style wasn’t sufficiently Czech. He resigned in 1874, by which time he had become completely deaf. He then focused on composing music, for which he received increasing recognition. He died after suffering a mental breakdown.

He was trying to warm his hands by shoving them deeper into his pockets. His fingers, these long sensitive fingers of a starving pianist, were unable to find peace away from the instrument. Maybe if he hadn’t been bone-tired, he would have found something: a mouthful of hot soup does wonders when one’s stomach is shrunken like a dry leaf. He wasn’t going to beg, mind you. If the circus animals could do tricks for a bowl of food, so could he. The true magnificence of his Steinway grand piano was hidden from the naked eye. To others, he was just another struggling artist going from town to town, eagerly searching the faces of the townsfolk. Maybe someone would hire him to play at the fair. The harvest had already been gathered: maidens in the village were weaving the welcome rugs for the fast-approaching wedding season. For once, the stingy farmers would open the strings of their money bags. Sooner or later, his fortune would change. Maybe not this time. Tomorrow. Or the next day. Soon. Something wonderful was bound to happen. God was watching over his lost child. True, the prodigal child hadn’t said a single prayer aloud in a long while.

It’s easy to be a good Christian when your belly is full. Then, the skies are beaming on the soft bed of hymns and the bells are singing along. Such is the power of the late midnight dream: you’re getting warm, thinking of the happier times. Has someone just played the dance music?

The blank stare of Christ, badly painted on the ceiling of the cathedral, was unnerving. Better to gather his belongings and be on his way. Bedřich shook his head, hoping to chase the fainting spell away. It was unlikely they let the downtrodden into the sanctuary. Otherwise, a dozen or so of the unfortunate souls wouldn’t have been forced to wait on the street. The gates were tightly closed, barring the access to the house of God. Was it too early for matins? Though he was grateful for their company, for how long did he expect to keep hiding the truth?

Enough with the pretense; they came here because of him. Look around the town: the billboards screamed his name: Bedřich Smetana. Was he going to conduct the Prague Symphony orchestra tonight? The tickets to the performance were sold months in advance. A man of that stature had to be paid in pure gold. Equally famous as a pianist and a brilliant conductor, what was he doing here, amidst those unable to appreciate his gifts?

Recently, there were rumors of the maestro getting sick. It certainly explained the hiatus in the planned concertos. Or maybe it was a certain kind of sickness? You know, the type of sickness geniuses seem to be most susceptible to. In other words, was the esteemed musician going mad? It was very likely, considering his tight schedule. Of course, with the contracts signed last month, there would be plenty of money to nurse him back to health.

It’s how the theater world prefers to look at the situation. These artistic natures! Their whims can test limits of our patience. But in the end, the public flocks in the concert halls, grateful for the chance to feel a touch of divine. What do they care about such trivial matters as his mood swings? As long as he’s still out there, making them cry in the middle of an especially well-played passage, they will forgive everything. There they are, in spite of the recent scandal. The whole town has still been talking about it: his own impresario has torn a year-long contract to pieces after the maestro refused to appear before the waiting public. You want to know why? Ahh, his sensitive ear caught one false note during the rehearsals. Maybe in reality, everything was just remotely true. The fortissimo was wrong? The presto couldn’t be heard loud and clear? Who cares? Just go out there and give them what they paid for. There’s no need for perfection. The shine of your fame, your perfectly arranged bowtie, would do the rest. That is the philosophy the masses agreed upon. Once you have reached the skies, stay there. Do not ask for more. Enjoy the fruits of your past triumphs.

Bedřich sighed. For a brief moment, the thought was almost tempting. What if he continued?

Continued on page 20
Play Even If Your Aorta Will Burst (continued)...

Continued from page 19

going on like nothing had happened? Who would notice a slight imperfection in a perfectly staged comeback? All he needed to do was to compromise. To drop his claims to greatness seemed like an easy thing to do.

Inspired with the clarity of this realization, he jumped. Out, out. Away to the European concert halls waiting in the distance. Overcome with the urgency, he barely noticed the locked door. How stupid it must have looked, with the cursed foot dangling in the midair. At least, his fall didn’t shake up the peace of the place. It was hard to believe the quietness. The man whose hearing once couldn’t stand a hint of a squeak cracked up a smile. What exactly had just happened here, save for a clumsy artist rubbing his much-suffering bottom? Soon all these troubles would be over. The European concert halls awaited. No use delaying the sweet moment. Someone had just entered the courtyard; what else could make a man wave his hands so enthusiastically if not the good news? The messenger of good fortune shouldn’t be made to wait. Welcome, my friend, welcome!

As the newcomer drew nearer, Smetana instantly recognized him. The director of the Opera House! At last Fortune turned in his favor. Look at the city of Prague, sending its emissaries with new proposals. The other suitors were probably out there, waiting in the wings. Quite naturally, he wanted formalities now. No longer pressed for a decision, he could allow himself this bit of luxury. In the meantime, the church gates opened wide, letting everyone come in from the bitter cold. This charade would finally be over.

No sooner had the director settled himself down in a nearby pew than the man he apparently came here to see cautiously approached him. Ignoring the director’s stare, Bedřich stood upright but said nothing, surveying the other man’s face. Intrigued by such apparent lack of emotion, the director nodded. His right hand went to his breast pocket; these pockets always seemed to be tailored to hide things rather than hold them for one’s convenience, and the item the director removed didn’t seem to belong there. At first glance, it resembled the notebook ladies carry pinned to their waists on the dance floor. It was indeed a notebook. Bedřich didn’t object when the other man opened the cover and started writing something down. Things went well as long as he could read the lines, but his main concern was not to let strangers know there was something wrong with him. And just as the musician was coming to terms with someone else’s presence, the thought struck him. How did he know?

At first, it was strange to watch the pieces of the puzzle falling on place. As he read the lines, Smetana felt his eyes growing big. Impossible! It could not be happening. This man knew everything. The fact that he was writing instead of talking in his impeccable polished Czech proved it beyond a doubt. Bedřich’s heart felt ready to explode. Maybe then his lips would move in unison, spitting, screaming out the burning insides. What a relief it promised to be.

But there wasn’t an end in sight. Maybe if he’d dared to yank the paper out of the other man’s hand, stuffing it down his throat, it would’ve helped.

And all the time, he’d known it was pointless. All because of what this dreadful man wanted. Heaven knows, there was nothing terrible in the piece of paper lined with the very legible handwriting. The only thing illegible was his, the formerly great musician’s, own soul.

A crooked smile turned up the corners of his mouth as the musician continued reading. “Bedřich, you old coyote!”—who else would address a celebrity that offhandedly? “Don’t take me for a fool by appearing busy. Your stomach is growling. Follow me; we’re going to talk after you finish eating. The monks in this place know me well; the lay brothers will happily feed you for a free pass to any concerto of your choosing. They are making you a deal, mind you! Come, and let’s be quick about it!”

The invitation sounded sincere. It would be only natural for a great maestro to join the circle of his admirers. Nothing to admit, nothing to regret. As simple as that. Bedřich was about to open his mouth. But should he have succeeded, nothing would have come out of it. He didn’t know when his panicked brain stopped rejecting the written words. Making sure his eyes weren’t deceiving him, Bedřich finished reading. Impossible. His first impulse was to scream right into the other man’s face. “I’m deaf!” Don’t you get it, I’m deaf?” Maybe it was fate punishing him for arrogance. The offer to conduct the famous orchestra once again was made surely in jest. Then it struck him. The theater had burned down months ago, and the director of a sorry burnout was appealing to a human burnout with a strange request.

Not only did the city want to organize a fundraising drive for the theater, they also expected his name to draw the crowds. The musician barely noticed the moment he said “yes.” The rehearsals were half-intuitive, half-desperate. It was more of a miracle: the orchestra played in support, struggling to find the right notes, to perform without the firm hand leading them. But they were eager to get it over with. They did it to help their dying orchestra, but also for the sake
Play Even If Your Aorta Will Burst (continued)...

Continued from page 20

of their deaf conductor. If you don’t understand these things, then your heart lacks compassion. What is music for you, then?

This day will remain in the history forever. A homeless orchestra played, obeying the hands of a homeless deaf conductor. The spectators ignored the occasional false notes. They just didn’t wish to notice them. Or maybe all these people heard the music beyond their human perception. A huge turnout had promised to secure the sum necessary to save the theater. Smetana did his duty. But no one was able to anticipate the finale.

Never, not even in his prime, had a musician seen the whole city standing before him, applauding in a frenzy. There was no roof overhead, so the skies had become the limits for his music. In the morning, the newspapers proclaimed him to be the greatest musician alive. Later, when the newspapers from all over the world had reprinted the extraordinary news, many thought it was fake. But an unknown poet wrote a poem about it. The magazine that published that poem was censored by the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The few surviving lines spoke about “a wonderful devil” who “had to continue playing even if his aorta would burst.”

So he played along, this wonderful devil. Even if it was his heart that burst in the end…

Elena Kras was born in 1964. Though her deafness had followed almost immediately, it didn’t make her look for a special path. A university graduate and member of the National Writers Union, she enjoys being bilingual. Her poems and essays have been published in her native Ukraine as well as her adopted country, America. Her email address is kras@netscape.com.

Westerns On My Mind (continued)...

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But I did know. It was the specter of Saturday nights past, when I stood at the margins of parties, full of angst and foreboding. When that particular show first aired, I probably hadn’t understood a word.

And now there were captions. My tears flowed from a mishmash of sudden, unexpected feelings: distress, relief, resentment, gratitude.

That night is a moment frozen in time. I never again reacted so primally to captioning on television. Today, my attitude is probably just like yours: I expect perfection and am annoyed by recurring typos or when captioning lags behind. And when there are no captions at all, I get upset and may raise a fuss.

But I’m not likely to forget how fundamental captioning is to my sense of wholeness, community, and belonging. I watch television with my hearing family and friends, and we laugh and say “Omigod!” at approximately the same time.

I’m done with Westerns, though. Now how do I get all those theme songs out of my head?

“…Natchez to New Orleans…Living on jacks and queens…Maverick is a legend of the Wessst…”

Condensed from TDI World, Summer 2010. Bill Graham is a co-founder of ALDA and inveterate mischief maker. He was laid off from two very nice jobs in his native publishing profession and as a result founded SpeechText Access (STA), a CART/captioning company that assists in training people with disabilities and military veterans to become caption writers and then employs them. He can be contacted at bill@speechtextaccess.com.

A Musician Relearns Melody (continued)...

Continued from page 16

nonprofit organization that provides instruments for disadvantaged kids. Two of her compositions have been used for soundtracks in videos for cochlearimplantonline.com. She is an active cochlear implant research participant and has done work at Northwestern University in Evanston, IL, Arizona State University in Phoenix, AZ, and Vanderbilt University in Nashville, TN.
Diana Fanuel tells us, “I’m thrilled to be welcoming a new daughter-in-law in September, when my son Daniel marries Dawn Kowalski. My five-year old grandson Drake Fanuel and four-year-old granddaughter Grace Richards will be in the wedding party as well as my daughter Danae Richards and my son Douglas Fanuel. “

Marty Mattox is excited: “I have new family members! On Feb 6, my son Will and his wife Lovanna Nimmo welcomed twins! Their names are Carter and Ainsley Nimmo. This makes five grandsons and my first granddaugh-ter.”

Cindy Dixon sends accolades for ALDA and some great news: “I’m a recent ALDA member, and so thankful to have found this wonderful organization! The Deaf community didn’t quite feel right for me, but ALDA does. Communication is never an issue in the meetings, and the kindness and patience of the members are so encour-ag-ing.” Cindy published her book of deaf/hard of hearing short stories on January 28 as an eBook (Kindle), but it will also be available soon in print form. Titled 4 Ears, 4 Eyes: Misadventures in Deafness, it uses humor to educate about hearing loss.

Send your personal news to Ann Smith at fabsmith@att.net. Deadline for the next issue is May 24.

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One’s destination is never a place, but a new way of seeing things.

– Henry Miller
Your support is essential to help TDI maintain its advocacy work in our nation’s capital, Washington, D.C. Here are some of our goals!

- Current Bills in Congress on Internet Access (HR #3101 & S #3304)
- Mandate for Captioned Telephone Relay Service
- Relay for Deaf-Blind Users
- Universal TV Captioning at All Hours
- Captioning at Movies, Live Events and Online
- National Broadband Plan
- Modernized NG-911 Services
- And much more...

Join TDI as a member and help us fulfill our mission for accessible telecommunications, media, and information technologies!

Contact TDI:
Phone: 301-589-3786; Fax: 301-589-3797; Video: 301-563-9112; TTY: 301-589-3006
info@tdi-online.org; www.tdi-online.org

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I. King Jordan Award for Distinguished Achievement
Nomination Form

This award will be presented at the discretion of the ALDA Board of Directors, but never will there be more than one recipient in a given year. The award will be presented to a late-deafened person who has (a) had a successful and distinguished career in his or her chosen field of endeavor, (b) made significant contributions to their community, profession, and/or nation, (c) served as an outstanding role model for late-deafened adults everywhere, and (d) clearly demonstrated to the hearing community that a person’s competence, integrity, and human worth are not necessarily diminished by the fact that he or she is deaf. Recipients will be chosen by the ALDA Board of Directors. Nominations for the 2013 award should be submitted by August 1, 2013, to:

Mary Lou Mistretta
I King Jordan Award
C/O ALDA Inc
8038 Macintosh Lane, Suite #2
Rockford, IL 61107
Email: president@alda.org

Name of nominee ________________________________________________________________

Address_________________________________________________________________________

City/State/Zip: __________________________________________________________________

Phone___________________________________ Voice __   TTY __   Captioned phone __   VCO __

Age of onset of deafness ______Title /occupation _________________________________________

Is the person you are nominating aware of the nomination?  Yes___    No___

Has the person consented to having his/her name place in nomination?  Yes ___    No___

Name of person making this nomination: _________________________________________________

Phone: ________________________ Voice __    TTY __    Captioned phone __    VCO __

Email: __________________________________________

Please provide the following information in a narrative attached to this form:

1. What are the nominee’s significant accomplishments in his/her field of endeavor?
2. What significant contributions has the nominee made to her/his profession, community, and/or nation?
3. In what ways has the nominee been a role model for late-deafened adults?
4. How has the nominee demonstrated to the hearing community that a person’s competence, integrity, and human worth are not necessarily diminished by the fact that he/she is deaf?
TDI-ALDA 2013 Joint Conference
"Working Together For Access"
October 16-20, 2013 • Albuquerque, New Mexico

Reach Your Target Audience at the TDI-ALDA 2013 Joint Conference

TDI and ALDA continue to “Work Together” to ensure that full access to telecommunications, media, and information technologies is being provided across America to citizens who are deaf, hard of hearing, late-deafened, and deaf-blind. We invite industry and government supporters to become sponsors of this historic “First of its Kind” joint conference.

We expect around 500 participants at this year’s conference!

TDI-ALDA Sponsorship Opportunities Now Available

TDI-ALDA offer a variety of conference sponsorship packages in which companies, organizations, and other interested parties can participate. We are open to discussing changes to these packages as requested.

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<tr>
<th>Package</th>
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<tr>
<td>White Sands</td>
<td>$20,000 and above&lt;br&gt;Includes: Two booths&lt;br&gt;Three combo tickets&lt;br&gt;One full-page advertisement in the program book&lt;br&gt;Large corporate banner hung in a visible place at the conference&lt;br&gt;Corporate name and logo in the program book</td>
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<td>Carlsbad</td>
<td>$15,000-$19,999&lt;br&gt;Includes: One booth&lt;br&gt;Two combo tickets&lt;br&gt;One full-page advertisement in the program book&lt;br&gt;Large corporate banner hung in a visible place at the conference&lt;br&gt;Corporate name and logo in the program book</td>
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<td>Santa Fe</td>
<td>$10,000-$14,999&lt;br&gt;Includes: One booth&lt;br&gt;One combo ticket&lt;br&gt;One full-page advertisement in the program book&lt;br&gt;Medium corporate banner hung in a visible place at the conference&lt;br&gt;Corporate name and logo in the program book</td>
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<td>Sandia Peak</td>
<td>$5,000-$9,999&lt;br&gt;Includes: One half-page advertisement in the program book&lt;br&gt;Medium corporate banner hung in a visible place at the conference&lt;br&gt;Corporate name and logo in the program book</td>
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<td>Taoq Pueblo</td>
<td>$1,000-$4,999&lt;br&gt;Includes: One quarter-page advertisement in the program book&lt;br&gt;Small corporate banner hung in a visible place at the conference&lt;br&gt;Corporate name and logo in the program book</td>
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FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT:
Claude Stout, Executive Director, TDI
8630 Fenton Street, Suite 121 Silver Spring, MD 20910-3803
E-mail: Executive.Director@TDIforAccess.org • Phone: (301) 583-9112
We Want Your Creativity!

2013 ALDA Reader
Call for Submissions

You have a story to tell and we want to hear it! Whether it’s an adventure you began when your hearing loss hit (and haven’t we all been on an adventure?) or the journey of your loved ones’ acceptance of that hearing loss, it’s your story to tell.

Won’t you share it with us? We want to hear...uh, “read,” what you have to say. So please, send it on in!

The ALDA Reader is the official journal of the Association of Late-Deafened Adults’ annual convention. Conference attendees always look forward to receiving the Reader in their tote bags.

This year’s edition will be extra special as ALDA and TDI (formally known as Telecommunications for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing, Inc.) will be co-hosting a historic “first of its kind” joint conference in Albuquerque. We’re excited to share the Reader experience with others!

Although the crux of the Reader is its articles, we are also looking for and excited to see your hearing loss-related artwork, cartoons, jokes, captioning bloopers, photography and poetry!

If you have something creative that will add spark, educational knowledge or personal experience to this year’s edition,

please send it to us right away!

Send your creative work to Belinda Miller at BelindaMiller@windstream.net or by snail mail to 2888 Highway 332, Hoschton, GA 30548

Before August 31, 2013.

Either way you send it, she’ll be sure to let you know it was received.

If you’re unable to attend this year’s joint conference, don’t worry. As a contributor, you’ll still receive a complimentary copy of the 2013 ALDA Reader!

Please share this “Call for Submissions” with others who have a hearing loss or an experience with someone who does, because we want to hear from them as well!

Happy Creating and Thank You!
TDI-ALDA 2013 Joint Conference

"Working Together For Access"

October 16-20, 2013 • Albuquerque, New Mexico

MAIL/EMAIL REGISTRATION FORM

+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++ ORGANIZATION STATUS +++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

☐ Check here if you are a member of TDI, but not ALDA, Inc.
☐ Check here if you are a member of ALDA, Inc., but not TDI
☐ Check here if you are a member of both TDI and ALDA, Inc.
☐ Check here if you are NOT a member of either TDI or ALDA, Inc.

+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++ CONTACT INFORMATION +++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

Your Name:__________________________________________________________
Company or Government Agency:________________________________________
Street Address:_______________________________________________________
City, State, Zip & Country:_____________________________________________
Phone:_________________________ ☐ Voice ☐ TTY ☐ Captioned ☐ VP
Fax:_________________________ Email:_______________________________
Emergency Contact Name:___________________________________________ Phone:_________________________

+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++ REGISTRATION FEES +++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

* In order to qualify for the following “Consumer” rates, you must pay registration fees with personal funds rather than a company, agency, or organization check, credit card, or purchase order.

** Membership in ALDA, Inc. is NOT the same as membership in an ALDA chapter or group. You must be a member of ALDA, Inc. to use the ALDA member rate for the Joint Conference.

*** If you are currently not a member of either TDI or ALDA, Inc., and want to save a few dollars, you can become a member of either organization and be eligible for the discounted “Member” rates. Simply go to either www.TDIforAccess.org or www.ALDA.org, complete the membership application, submit the membership application with the appropriate fee, and then later complete this Registration Form as a “Member.”

Full Registration Combo Ticket (Provides admittance to the Wednesday Evening Presidents Reception, Thursday Boards & Presidents Luncheon, Friday Sponsors & Exhibitors Luncheon, Friday Evening Banquet & Entertainment, Saturday Awards Luncheon, Saturday Evening Karaoke Party, Sunday Farewell Brunch, all Plenary Sessions, all Workshops, and the Exhibit Hall)

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<tr>
<th>FULL REGISTRATION COMBO TICKET</th>
<th>Early Bird Ends 5/31/13</th>
<th>Regular 6/1/13–9/1/13</th>
<th>Last Minute After 9/1/13</th>
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<td>Consumer* (TDI or ALDA Member, Spouse, or Companion)**</td>
<td>$250</td>
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<td>$525</td>
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<td>Veteran (Regardless of TDI or ALDA membership status)</td>
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Three-Day Registration (Provides admittance to all Plenary Sessions, Workshops, and the Exhibit Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday)  

- Consumer (TDI or ALDA Member, Spouse, or Companion)** ($165)  
- Consumer (NOT a TDI or ALDA Member, Spouse, or Companion)*** ($215)  
- Corporate or Government Representative ($400)  
- Veteran (Regardless of TDI or ALDA membership status) ($140)  

One-Day Registration (Provides admittance to all Plenary Sessions, Workshops, and the Exhibit Hall on selected day)  

- Consumer (TDI or ALDA Member, Spouse, or Companion)** ($60)  
- Consumer (NOT a TDI or ALDA Member, Spouse, or Companion)*** ($110)  
- Corporate or Government Representative ($250)  
- Veteran (Regardless of TDI or ALDA membership status) ($55)  

For One-Day registrants, please indicate which day you will be attending: ○ Thursday  ○ Friday  ○ Saturday  

Exhibits Only Registration (FREE every day for everyone, but you must register to enter the Exhibit Hall)  

- I only want to visit the exhibits  

A La Carte Special Events (For anyone, paid at any time, but may be unavailable if requested on-site)  

- Wednesday (10/16/13) Presidents Reception ($50)  
- Thursday (10/17/13) Boards & Presidents Luncheon ($50)  
- Friday (10/18/13) Sponsors & Exhibitors Luncheon ($50)  
- Friday (10/18/13) Evening Banquet & Entertainment ($70)  
- Saturday (10/19/13) Awards Luncheon ($50)  
- Saturday (10/19/13) Evening Karaoke Party ($30)  
- Sunday (10/20/13) Farewell Brunch ($30)  

Total Special Events = $______  

GRAND TOTAL DUE: (Add Registration or Partial Registration and/or A La Carte Special Events) = $______  

For questions concerning registration, send an email to executive.director@TDIforAccess.org.

METHOD OF PAYMENT

Check One: ○ MasterCard  ○ Visa  ○ American Express  ○ Check  ○ Money order (Payable to “TDI-ALDA Conference”)  

Card Holder’s Name:_____________________________  
Card Number:_________________________________  
Expiration Date (Month and Year):_________________  
Signature:_____________________________________

O I wish to use the Conference EZPay Plan to pay my Full Registration Combo Ticket fee. I enclose an initial payment of $100, and I will make monthly payments of the remaining balance. The final payment is due by October 1, 2013.
++++++++++++++ SPECIAL NEEDS INFORMATION +++++++++++++++

- I have the following special dietary needs:  ○ Vegan  ○ Vegetarian  ○ Gluten Free  ○ Kosher  ○ Diabetic
- I have the following food allergies:
- I need an ADA in-room accommodations kit (TTY and visual/vibrating door knocker, alarm clock, and fire alarm)
- I need the following interpreter for the blind:  ○ Tactile  ○ Close Up
- I do NOT have a T-switch (T-coil, telecoil, telephone switch) on my hearing aid and will need to borrow a receiver with headphones in order to benefit from the hearing loop (Audio Induction Loop) systems that will be installed in the conference meeting rooms.

*** NOTE *** For more information about telecoils on hearing aids and cochlear implants, go to http://www.hearingloss.org/sites/default/files/docs/HLAA_Telecoil_Brochure.pdf, or consult with your hearing instrument specialist. For more information about hearing loops, go to www.hearingloop.org.

*** NOTE *** Sign language/Voice interpreters, CART (Communication Access Realtime Translation), and assistive listening systems will be provided for all conference plenary sessions, workshops, and meal functions.

++++++++++++++ ADDITIONAL CONFERENCE INFORMATION +++++++++++++++

- Check here if you are a “newcomer” who has never before attended either a TDI or ALDA conference.
- Check here if you wish to be assigned a ‘buddy’ who has been to one or more previous conferences in order to help you enjoy the TDI-ALDA 2013 Joint Conference. The amount and kind of interaction that you have with your “buddy” is completely up to you.
- Check here if you wish to be contacted by the Roommates Coordinator about a possible “roommate” with whom to share hotel expenses during the Joint Conference. Determining whether to room together and share hotel expenses, as well as making room reservations, are responsibilities of the persons considering becoming roommates.

++++++++++++++ NAME BAGE POLICY +++++++++++++++

Everyone that attends this conference must complete a Registration Form and obtain a name badge, even if all you plan to do is attend the free exhibits. You will not be admitted to any conference activity without a name badge. A separate Registration Form must be completed for each person attending the conference.

++++++++++++++ REGISTRATION REFUND POLICY +++++++++++++++

Refunds and registration transfers will be given only for unique circumstances, such as illness, hospitalization, or a death in the family. Requests for a refund (minus a $25.00 processing fee) will be honored until October 1, 2013. Contact the chair of the TDI-ALDA 2013 Joint Conference Planning Committee, Claude Stout, at executive.director@TDIforAccess.org to request a refund or arrange a registration transfer.

++++++++++++++ COMPLETED FORM +++++++++++++++

Mail To: TDI-ALDA 2013 Conference Registration
8630 Fenton Street, Suite 121
Silver Spring, MD 20910-3803
(or)
Email To: conference@TDIforAccess.org
The mission of the Association of Late-Deafened Adults (ALDA) is to support the empowerment of late-deafened people.

Late-deafened adults are people who have lost their hearing in any degree after having acquired spoken language. ALDA members may or may not use hearing aids, may or may not use assistive listening devices, may or may not use cochlear implants, and may or may not use sign language. What ALDA members DO is “whatever works.” This is the philosophy that keeps the doors to ALDA wide open to anyone who is interested.

ALDA is committed to providing a support network and a sense of belonging to late-deafened people, sharing our unique experiences, challenges, and coping strategies; helping one another find practical solutions and psychological relief; and working together with other organizations and service providers for our common good.

ALDA provides networking through local chapters and groups as well as our annual convention (ALDAcon). We offer social activities, advocacy, peer support, up-to-date information on new technology, and guidance for late-deafened adults, their families, and their friends on ways to deal effectively with the difficulties arising from losing our hearing. ALDA is inclusive, never exclusive. Members find themselves part of a family, with emotional and social support, and, above all, acceptance.

Membership in ALDA provides support for outreach: newsletters, brochures, mass mailings, public presentations, and participation in local and national events to spread the word about ALDA to the more than 31 million Americans, and other late-deafened people worldwide, who would benefit from our organization. ALDA also assists chapter leaders and regional directors to expand ALDA through more chapters and groups and increased membership.

You can join ALDA via the form in this issue, or go to www.alda.org or contact ALDA, Inc. at 8038 MacIntosh Lane, Suite 2, Rockford, IL 61107, 815-332-1515 V/TTY. Membership entitles you to receive the quarterly ALDA News, which spotlights personal experiences of late-deafened people, and to attend ALDAcon at the lower member rate.

If you are interested in learning about ALDA in your area or seeing ALDA become active there, please contact your regional director (contact information is at “Contact Us” on the ALDA website).
JOIN THE FAMILY.....JOIN ALDA!

Your membership in the Association of Late-Deafened Adults connects you with ALDAns throughout the world. Don’t miss our informative quarterly newsletter, ALDA News. Check our chapter directory at www.alda.org to find a chapter near you. Our fully accessible annual convention is a must for newcomers and old-timers alike.

To join or renew using credit cards on our secure site, go to www.alda.org. To mail your membership, please complete this form and send with check payable to:

ALDA, Inc., 8038 MacIntosh Lane, Suite 2, Rockford, IL 61107-5336

I’d like to: □ Join ALDA  □ Give a Gift Membership to:

Name ____________________________________________________________

Organization: ______________________________________________________

Address __________________________________________________________

City __________________________________ State: _______ Postal Code: ______ Country: ______

Home Phone: __________________ TTY □  Voice □  Cap Tel □  VP □

Work Phone: __________________ TTY □  Voice □  Cap Tel □  VP □

Fax ______________________________________________________________

E-mail _____________________________________________________________

URL/Website Address: _____________________________________________

ALDA Chapter (Name/None): __________________________________________

Gender: Male □  Female □

Hearing Loss:
Late-Deafened □  Hard of Hearing □  Deaf □  Hearing □

Newsletter preferred format (select one):
□ Electronic (Email)  □ Paper (U.S. Mail)

□ General Member, Age 61 or under......$30.00
□ Senior Member, Age 62 or over.........$25.00
□ Veterans Membership $25.00..............$25.00
□ Business Membership.................$50.00
□ Tax-Deductible Donation..............$ _______
□ New □ Renewal

If paying by check or money order, payment must be in U.S. funds and drawn on a U.S. bank. If paying by credit card, complete the section below or Renew online by going to:


For Credit Card Payment by Mail:
□ MasterCard  □ Visa

Amount ____________________________

Account # __________________________

Expiration Date ______________________

Signature ____________________________

(For Credit Authorization)

ALDA’s Mission Statement:
To Support the Empowerment of Deafened People.

✓ Education
✓ Advocacy
✓ Role Models
✓ Support

ALDA provides networking opportunities through local chapters and groups as well as at the annual ALDA conference (ALDAcon).
Make a Difference! Become a Lifetime Member!

Why a Lifetime Member?
A. ALDA and the work it does to support the empowerment of deafened people means a lot to me; I want to support ALDA financially
B. I don’t have to worry about forgetting to renew my dues
C. I plan to live to be at least 130 years old; think what a bargain Lifetime Membership will be!

Ann Smith, Lifetime Member

Lifetime Memberships may be tax deductible and can be paid in three annual installments by check or credit card.

Lifetime Membership Tier
- **Bronze** $500 - $1,499: receive a personal letter from the President, bronze plaque
- **Silver** $1,500 - $2,999: receive a personal letter from the President, silver plaque and priority seating at future ALDAcons
- **Gold** $3,000+: receive a personal letter from the President, gold plaque, priority seating at future ALDAcons and complimentary registration to a future ALDAcon.

Contact ALDA treasurer: treasurer@alda.org or visit www.alda.org