

Much ado about nothing: when your wheels go wonky

Shelburne, I have another reason for applauding my favorite little town. It's a good story!

I was coming home from a meeting at Trinity United Church, it was warm, late in the evening, still daylight and all was peaceful. Or so I thought!

Without notice, without warning, the right front wheel (of my wheelchair) ceased up, stopped functioning simply refused to go further. The chair was going around in circles. I felt rather foolish, I stopped.

I turned off the vehicle and in that moment discovered why I should own a cell phone. I needed help.

From out of nowhere, a gentleman appeared. Traffic was whizzing by and Terry (that was his name), a man I'd never met before calmly and quickly determined without discussion, that I must be removed from the road ASAP . Terry did not know my electric wheelchair weighed 400 pounds and I weighed...pounds. A task he handled smoothly.

It was one of those impossible moments that you hear about. Magic. Extraordinary strength.

He then loaned me his cell phone so I could call for help. My caregiver at the residence was available.

Luckily it was June. June was always cool and calm under pressure. After hearing what had happened, she quickly determined a manual wheelchair would be required and in the wink of an eye she appeared with blanket and new chair.

By this time, Terry had disappeared. No one knew who he was, but I will never forget him.

Terry if you're out there, I'd like to thank you, meet you over a cup of coffee, no strings attached.

My name is Debora and you can find me through the March of Dimes of Shelburne, please do.

Okay, back to the story, daylight had all but disappeared and so had Shelburne, a very typical small town with old world behavior.

Now all we needed some major strength to move me and my disabled wheelchair. We needed first responders. Shelburne has the best police and ambulance service.

A group of concerned townsfolk gathered, just checking to see if I was all right. One brought a bottle of water, another a blanket and everyone brought their concern. I love this town, it's cozy and familiar.

In no time at all, two police cruisers and two ambulance vehicles arrived and I was gently and cautiously carried by two officers and placed into the manual wheelchair. Where is the camera when you need one! It took four men to carry the empty 400 pound broken down wheelchair and place it in the ambulance as it was a wounded wheelchair that required a great deal of care.

So the entourage was ready. And it was quite the sight to behold ? two police cruisers, two ambulance, one vehicle for June and me (I was being pushed by an intern quietly), no sirens, no flashing lights just peacefully traveling on the main street and finally home. An event, a sight no one ever witnessed. No news or photos, no interviews from bystanders nothing on the local TV station, no statements by the first responders. Finally nothing from me. I was home, in bed and sleeping safely and silently.

This has been much ado about nothing.

By Debora Ellis

