



Day by Day Living With **EPILEPSY**

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DAY BY DAY LIVING

with

EPILEPSY

A BOY'S ENCOUNTER WITH AN EPILEPTIC SEIZURE

I can remember one day when I was 12 years old. My father and I were riding down the road in his car when, all of a sudden, I heard him cry out as he fell over and into my lap. The car crashed into a ditch, and with my young boy strength, I pulled my father out from the car to safety.

I grabbed my leather wallet out of my pocket and tried to put it in his mouth, because I had seen my mother and sister do this when he would have a seizure at home. They told me that this would stop him from biting his tongue.

His body felt stiff at first, and then his arms and legs began jerking uncontrollably. I tried to hold him down but I was not successful. This phase lasted for about 30 seconds before he started breathing normally again.

After the seizure, I asked him if he knew what had happened to him. My father was confused and acted as if nothing had transpired, then asked for the keys to the car. I explained to him what had occurred and told him to relax, and that I would take care of him. I was afraid of driving him home because he kept saying, "Stop the car and let me drive." I was also afraid that this could happen again, as he would have another seizure.

SEEING MY SON HAVE A SEIZURE

The first time I had seen my son having a seizure was shocking. They called me from work and said that I needed to come home. When I got to the apartment complex, there was a nurse who lived there, and she was helping him. She gave him to me and I took him inside my apartment.

I asked his mother what had happened and she said they were riding in the car and she looked in the front mirror and saw him shaking in his car seat. She stopped the car and began to talk to him until he came out of the seizure. She knew not to put anything in his mouth and to turn him on his side, and put something soft under his head.

Then all of sudden as we were talking it happened again, he started to have a seizure. I knew in my heart that he would be all right but at the same time it was a weird feeling. His mother was terrified and began to cry, so I tried to comfort both of them at the same time.

I had to take a week off from work to make sure that he was okay. When I got ready to take him to the doctor it happened again. This time it was different because he knew something was going to happen, so he began to cry. The hardest part for me was watching my son lose his body unwillingly and not be able to do anything.

I learned that no matter how much you know about what to do when someone is having a seizure, when it's your own child and you're the parent, it's a different feeling. The reason I say this is because for the past two years I have been to a camp for kids who suffer with chronic illnesses. I worked as a counselor for one week without