



There are no schools and there are no certificates for the kind of work that I want to do. It's a demanding kind of job, which takes a special kind of person. The alcohol worker I'm talking about only lasts about three years. Then he gets burned out. If you love people, you'll do anything, anytime, over and over again. And when they slap you in the face, you're right back again. That's the kind of worker you have to be.

I don't think that I'm a disabled Indian anymore, because I know what I can do, and I know that I'm useful. But something should be said for my brothers across the country, who maybe haven't been as lucky as me. There's a great need for education, not only of the Indian people,

but of the non-Indian people. We have to learn to accept one another as we are, not as we'd like each other to be.

You know, I have come home and the people here realize that, yes, he went out there and he has made it. And he's back home again. Isn't that wonderful. You see, I've got a lot more respect from them and from myself. They know I care, and I know they care.

One of the biggest problems, however, is the attitude of the public. I think the public puts disabled people in the background, because they honestly believe that they couldn't do anything. I am blind, and if I force someone to talk to me, they shout at me as if I was deaf. You want to talk about generalizations,

okay, there's generalization. They probably expect me to hobble away on crutches, too.

I am blind, but I see all too well what's wrong with public attitudes. They're ignorant, not bad, just ignorant. They need to be trained. You know, I stand on a corner, waiting to cross the street, and some good person just grabs me by the arm, rather than just offering help. But I'm not a rag doll, and I don't like to be dragged around. If you offer me an arm, I can move just as fast as you, and go wherever you want to go. It's ignorant not to be sensitive, and there's no excuse for it.