

Written by Jason Rabotnick in partnership with Slow-Motion Magic

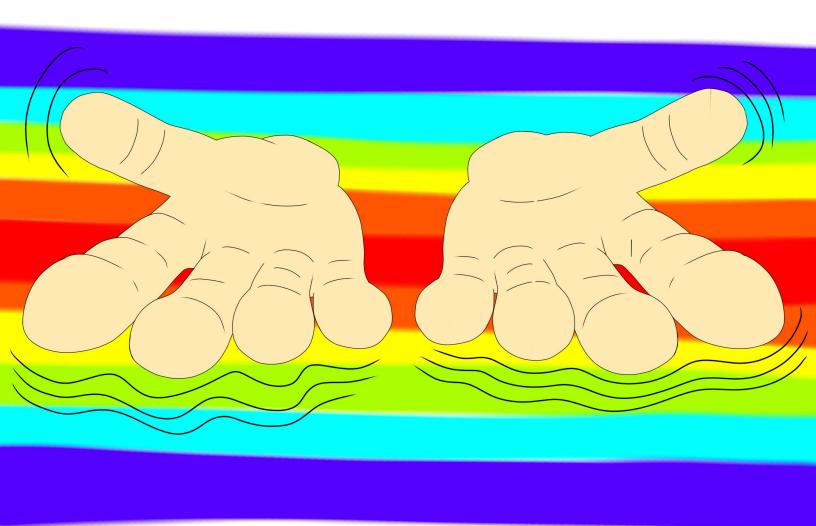
Someone I love was having a hard time moving. They really tried! But their body wasn't approving.







Their hands were shaking and awful lot.



It looked like their fingers were a little too taut.

I asked what happened because I wanted to help. They said "I went to my doctor but he just said 'welp'..."

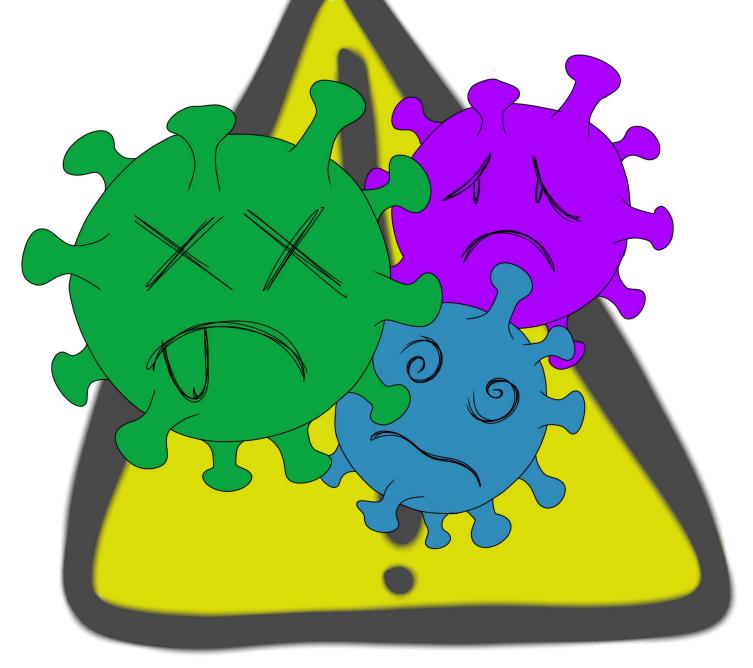


They went to a neurologist (noo-rah-lah-jist) who calmly said "Oh geeze".

But after some tests,

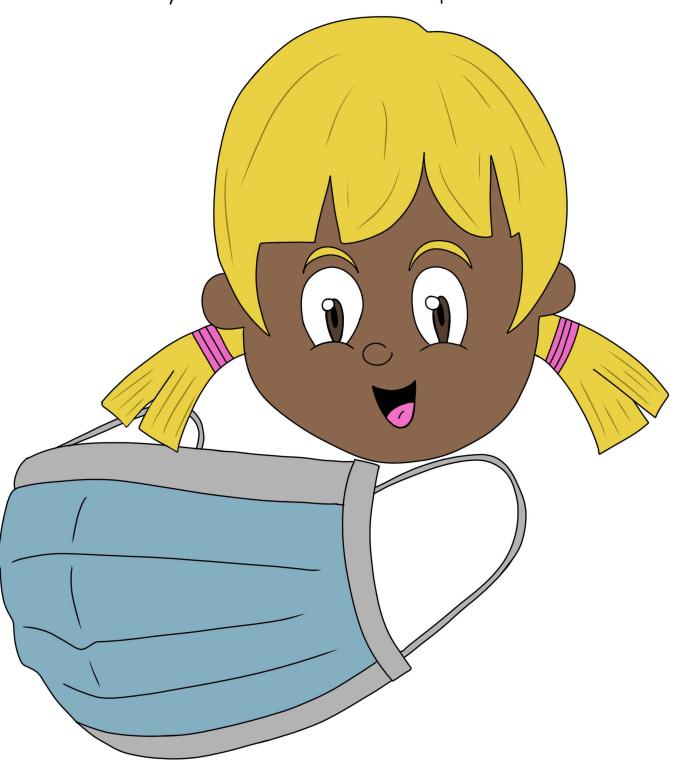
"she told me I have something called Parkinson's Disease."

I heard 'disease' and asked, "Is it like the flu?"

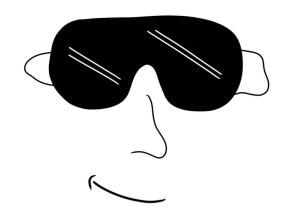


They said "No, it cannot jump from me to you."

I sighed in relief and took my hands off my face. They had me sit down, to explain the whole case.

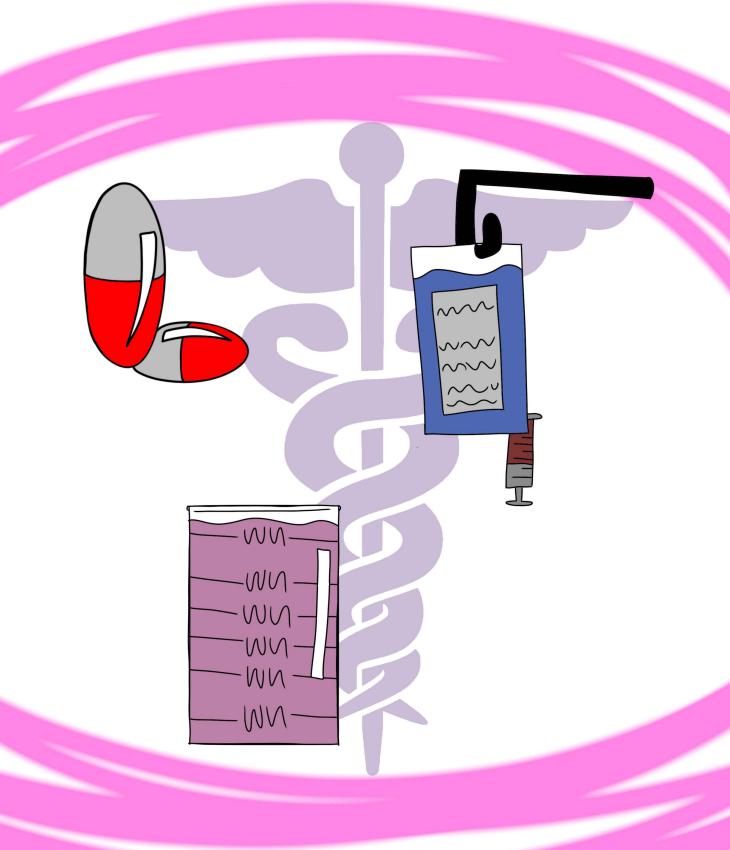


I learned a lot from this person you see. And I'll tell you too because awareness is key.





We don't know why people get this kind of sick. But there are scientists, working toward a fix.



We don't have medicine to make it go away. But we do have some that can keep the problems at bay. There are plenty of big words that really confuse me. Like Levodopa, dopamine, and neutral anatomy.







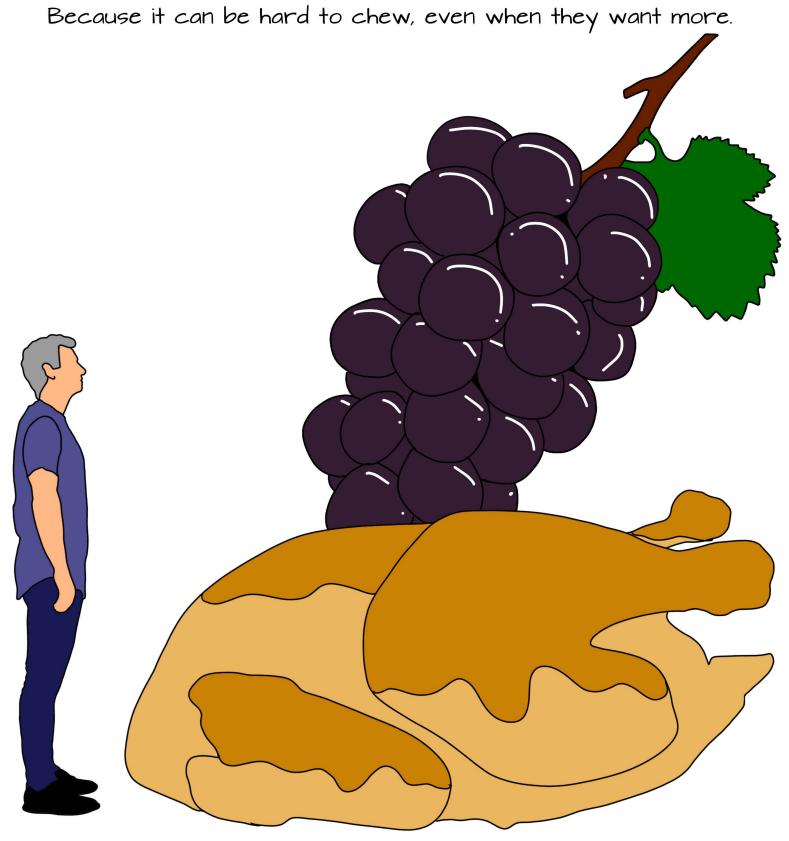


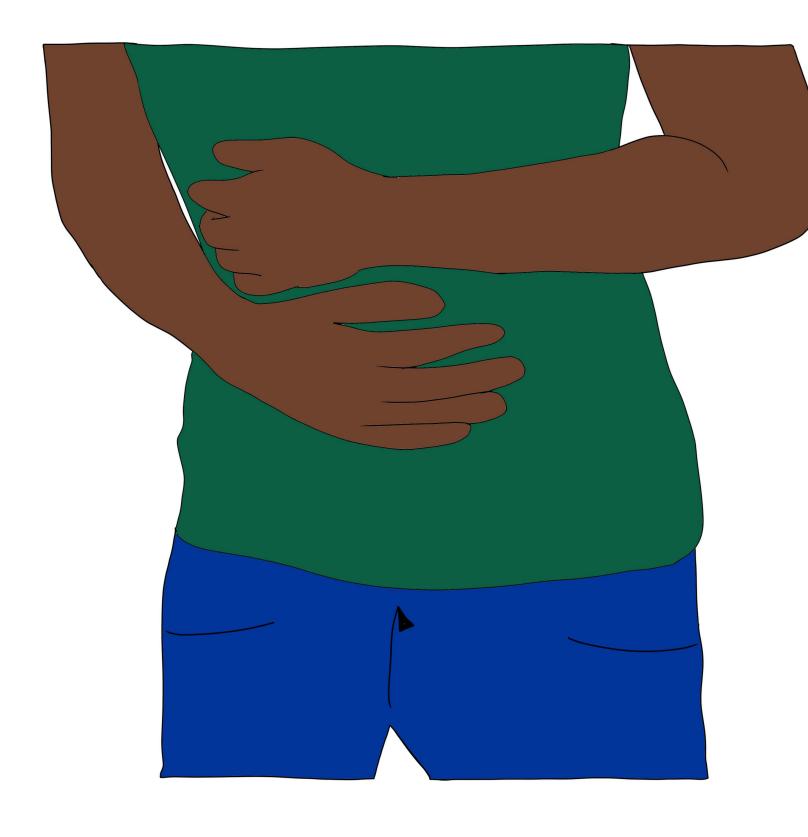
But now 1 know that they're not always sad; sometimes their faces just don't feel so slick.

They takes lots of pills that can taste super yucky. But having medicine that works makes them really very lucky.



Even eating can become a big chore.





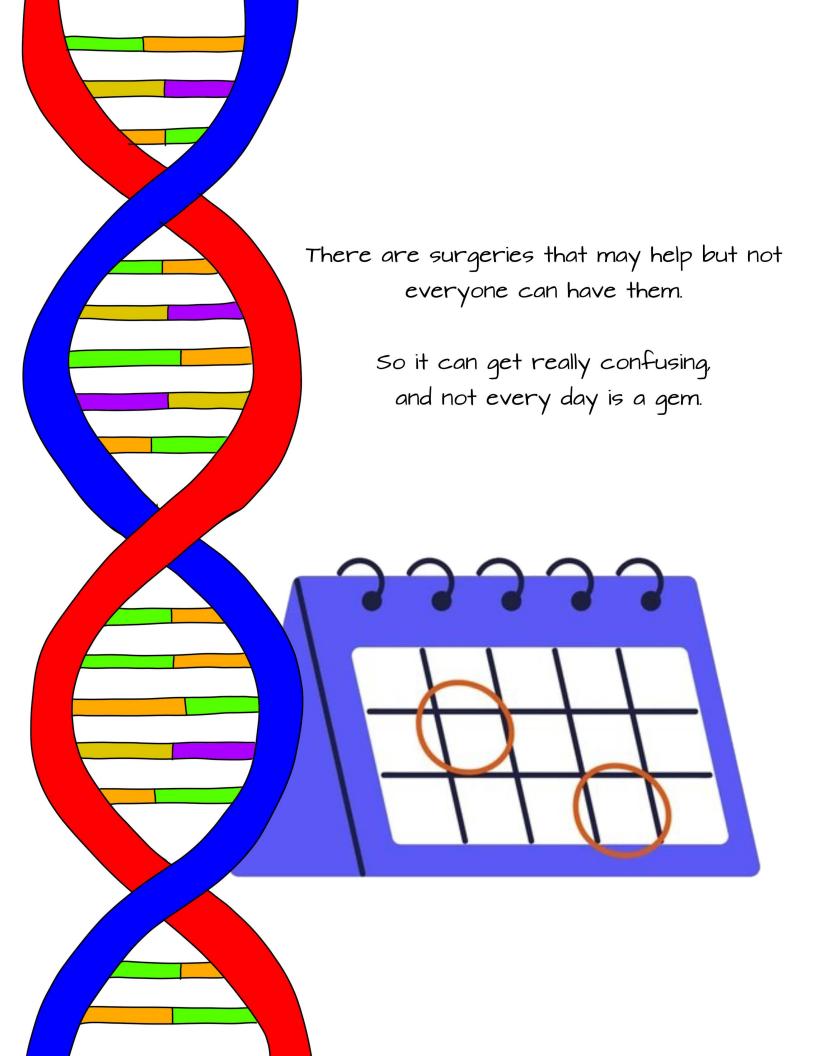
they may use the potty often, and take a long time because muscles near the tummy are out of their prime.

These are my chances to show that I am good at waiting. I play by myself and I steer clear from blaming



People with Parkinson's may talk funny, too. Like they are trying to speak, but they forgot to chew.



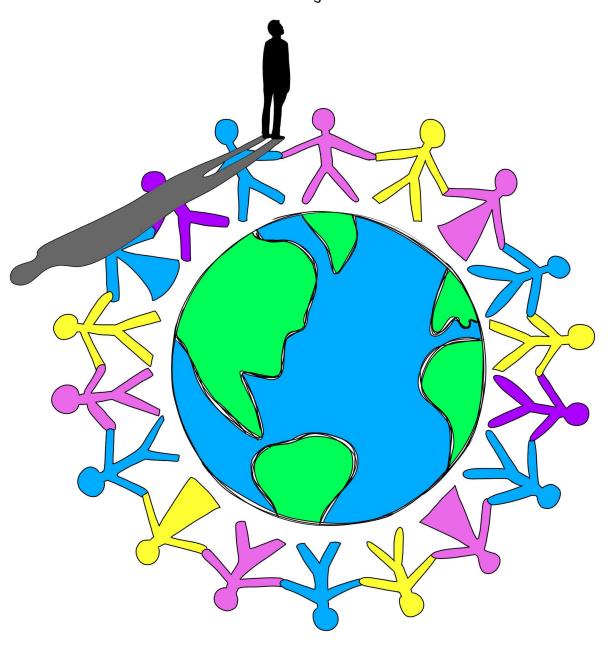




Some days it can feel lonely to love someone so ill.

But there's a whole world of friends we can talk to,

and we just need the will.

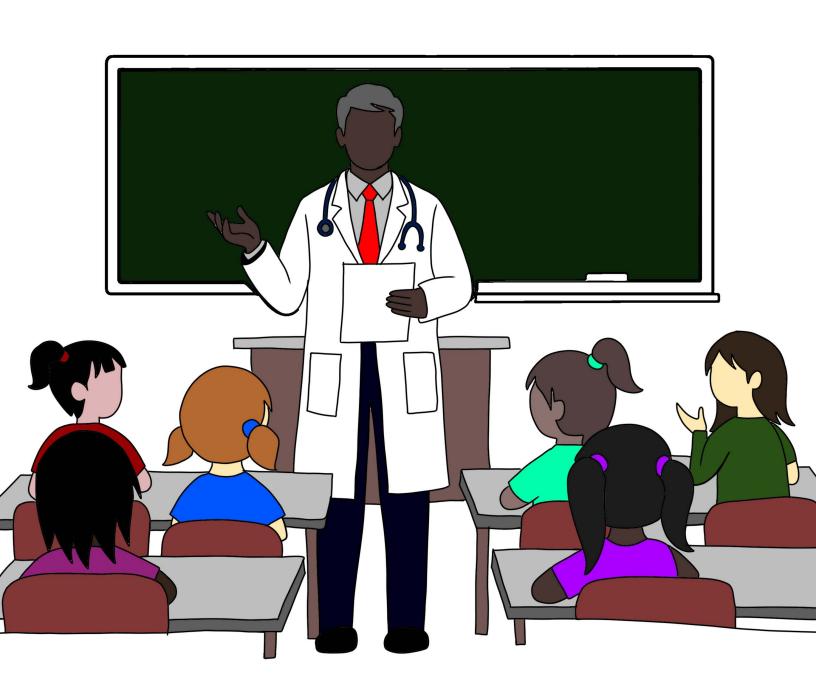


At the end of the day (and some days are very long), I know that with friends and family, we all belong.

Last but not least when we see someone struggle, we just give them support and maybe even a snuggle.



aAnd if I'm ever confused and want to know more, they're happy to tell me, so I'll have knowledge to store.



And if I see a person being treated not very nicely, I tell an adult who can help (and I tell them precisely).



So you see, Parkinson's Disease had a lot of scary lore.



But we love the person just same...

... if not a little more.

