

Hello!

Sorry for not using the correct title, but this is an letter that I am sending to many. I am sorry I cannot attend on March 30th.

I am writing about my thoughts on Dyslexia.

I am a person that has Dyslexia. I finally have to come to this revelation, not from a Doctor but from a lady that works in the field. I learned this at the age of 70. I do not feel I need a diagnosis nor do not know where to obtain this. Plus it is a little late in life to go to this expense, but I can help others.

Now for my story. All my life, my parents, teachers, and all those that know/knew me felt that I have brain issues. I cannot follow directions and cannot pronounce words correct. My mind seems to always be ahead of others. They told me that I was different, could not learn easy, had so many things that were a learning issue or was different than others. I always did things different. To a small respect I was a problem, because I was shy due to the reprimands, I survived. Some feel intimidated by me, not for any other reason than they do not understand I am trying to do what they are doing, this is confusing to me. I feel I have to apologize to others.

These issues were predominant in my entire schooling years, though I was always top in class, but not the very top. I seemed to be able to get what I needed by working very hard and trying to go beyond the negative issues of the teachers and family, as they did not know why, it was like I was living in a closed capsule though I knew I was smart, but others did not. I can still not pronounce words correct, yet know the meaning and use of the word. Now when I am told I am smart by others, I can believe and feel it is true because of the freedom that the lady gave me. I also have had the opportunity of speaking to strangers and relating to this and it feels so good to be free as I have understanding. I am telling you this, as this is not just me that feels like this, but many other people feel this loss of their life like I do. **I feel that if this is not taught to the teachers as to dealing with this, many people will suffer.** I feel that many with mental issues deal with dyslexia and all we do is put pills into their body and lose these valuable intelligent citizens. We seem to address other issues but ignore these.

Though I had these unknown issues, I worked with children with Dyslexia, for some reason this was a satisfying factor to me. I was able to help teachers in my son's 2nd grade class, not his but at his school. I have always been very interested in reading, eye hand coordination, and motor aspects of the body. Because of this interest and seeing the need I volunteered with my children's schools through their schooling. I worked full time as a volunteer. At some time, I was even given a class of teenagers to work with them in a class I designed. I am not a graduate of college, but have taken some.

My biggest honor was working at the elementary level and finding children with dyslexia, helping the teachers and lessening their disruption of their classes. Beings they were not trained to understand this deficiency in children, so they felt these children were a problem, the children were passed as very negative, all feeling things unfair. This was over fifty years ago and it still

is a problem in our schools. I recently spoke to a lady that her mother works in Salem schools and has big issues with children with Dyslexia.

I worked with one young girl for a year and she improved, so it is not a hard issue to help one with, but not being able to understand hurts the teacher and the child. I worked in the Davis, CA school district and they were a very respected school district in CA.

Thank you for listening and I truly hope I have enlightened you is making sure our Teachers are current in their knowledge of Dyslexia.

Sincerely,  
Joann Rossi  
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