

***Little Squeaks* -- Tim Morrison "Dr. T"**

Tim Morrison a.k.a. "Dr. T" is Pastor of the Pilgrimage United Church of Christ and has a clown group that visits Kennestone General in Marietta, Georgia and Scottish Rite Children's Medical Center.

Here is *Dr. T's* classic squeaker routine that is great for working those busy waiting rooms. Enter *Dr. T* who blurts out "Is this the bus depot?" Speaking boldly catches the people off guard, so many responded seriously! "No, no, not at all." Very quickly *Dr. T* quips, "Oh, then that means this must be the surgical waiting room." Suddenly the folks realized they had been had and laughter breaks out.

Dr. T keeps a small squeaker in the pocket of his white doctor's coat. "Did you hear that?" A patient responds, "Hear what?" "That noise!" responds *Dr. T* urgently crossing the room to a nurse or patient. "Don't move. Don't move! Did you hear that?" He then moves an arm or wrist and it squeaks. If the person plays along, he continues "Boy, are you in luck. Don't worry, *Dr. T* can fix this." He turns to his medical bag and pulls out a big red plastic balloon pump with a needle nose tip on it "Aren't you glad that this needle is not for you!" The patient laughs and agrees! With that he blows air all over the "faulty" joint, proclaims it fixed and flexes the joint to prove the squeak is gone. He mops his brow, "Wow that was close!"

[Editor's note: In a waiting room Shobi Dobi will often take out a pink feather duster and ask "Who's been waiting the longest!" Everyone likes to complain! She then proceeds to dust off people "Yes, you certainly have been waiting a long time, look how dusty you are!"]

***Warm Fuzzies* -- Vickie "Sweetie Pie" Hogan**

"Sweetie Pie" works at the hospital with *Dr. T*.

"What does the term 'warm fuzzy' mean to you? Was it, or is it, a special blanket, a cozy place, or a pet? I would like to explore what a warm fuzzy might mean to each of us and how we can pass our warm fuzz on to others.

"Well, have you thought of it yet? I would like to say as I was growing up my warm fuzzy was my dog Candy. She wasn't your ordinary kind of dog. I'm not even sure that Candy knew she was a dog, she was part of the family. She would go anywhere with me, and love to ride in the car. Candy even slept with me, under the cover with her head on the pillow. She always knew exactly how I felt, and knew just what to do when I felt bad.

"It has been six years now since Candy has passed away, but her memory still brings a smile to my face and a warm feeling to my heart. I believe that our warm fuzzy is not only something to hold but the feeling it creates inside of us. It creates images in our minds that make us laugh, and smile; succeeding to take our minds off of whatever is troubling us, and/or giving us a story to share with others.

"As clowns we all hope to relieve a child or family with a smile, something to look back on and laugh about, or a funny story to tell a friend. It makes us feel good also to be able to momentarily take a child's mind off the reason he or she is hospitalized. When we went to Scottish Rite Hospital last month, I was amazed to see so many patients and staff members still wearing the stickers we had given out three or four days earlier.

"Now, what I would like to suggest is that the next time you see a clown, ask them to give you a warm fuzzy. Maybe it will be a hug, a sticker, a story, or a joke. Keep the feeling safely tucked away in your heart, so the next time you need your warm fuzzy all you have to do is think about it. As you are thinking about it be aware of the warm feeling in your heart, then the smile on your face. Then when you see someone who needs it, remember first the feeling, then the smile, and pass it on! They may even ask you why you are smiling and you can tell them, "it's just my warm fuzzy."

***A Small Warm Fuzzy* --Shobi Dobi**

Something inside of me told me that there was an elderly woman that needed this cuddly white stuffed bunny rabbit. I looked around and saw a darkened room with the door open. There was a woman seated on a chair in the corner next to her bed. As I approached to ask her permission to visit, she said in a very gruff voice "No, I don't want any, I'm too sick . . . too sick!" Normally that would have been enough for me to back out of the room, but again, I just had this feeling about it. I extended the bunny rabbit out in front of me and, in character, tip toed up to her. "It's for you!" She looked at it and then at me, and then at it again, as her jaw dropped, and with it the grumpy expression. "For Me?" I slowly backed out of the room as the woman gently rocked holding the bunny to her chest. I went to another floor and never saw her again.

YOU NEVER KNOW

You never know when someone

May catch a dream from you.

You never know when a little word

or something you may do

May open up the windows

Of a mind that seeks the light --

The way you live may not matter at all

But you never know --it might.

And just in case it could be

That another's life, through you,

Might possibly change for the better,

With a broader and brighter view,

It seems it might be worth a try

At pointing the way to that light --

Of course, it may not matter at all,

But then again -- it might."

--Helen Lowrie Marshall¹