

AND THEN THERE'S LAUGHTER:

A BETTER STORY

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One day, in the liquor store, I found myself juggling more bottles of wine than I could manage. Nice Man came to my rescue. He swooped in and grabbed the bottle wobbling its way out of my left hand. However, the Parkie brain is a funny thing and often there is a disconnect between one's intention and the message that miscreant neurons send to the rest of the body. It's called dystonia and it is not cool. Instead of letting go of the bottle, I clutched it dramatically to my chest. Nice Man, and dear heart that he must have been, looked a little perplexed but hung on, still determined to save both me and my wine, despite the fact that his hand, my hand, and the Ehrenfelter were slammed perilously close to my left boob.

"I have a thing," I stammered. "Just give me a moment."

And he did.

I try to speak nicely to people, even when I am upset, and my wayward body parts deserve the same courtesy. After all, they really aren't in control. Nothing is in control. That's the nature of the beast.

"Hand," I silently pleaded.

Big breath and then another. "Hand, you can let go now."

My hand relaxed. Nice Man saved the bottle and we walked side by side to the till.

"Thank you," I said. "I have Parkinson's Disease. It can be weird."

He smiled and went back to complete his shopping. I walked home, just a few short blocks but long enough to give me time to decide whether to laugh or cry.

It makes a much better story if I laugh.

