Opening the Window on Communication

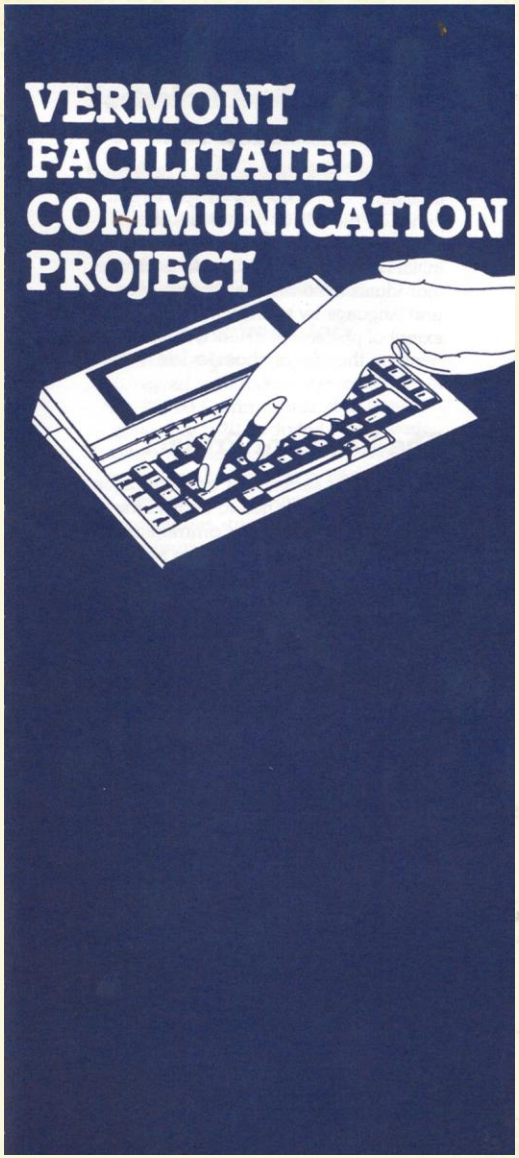


The Power of Communication is Rooted in Relationships

Introduction to FC



I was one lucky man to meet Alan Kurtz in1990. Alan was motivated to unlock my wisdom. He treated me to intelligent conversation. Alan picked up on my eyes grazing on morsels of typing in magazines and the local paper.



I was one of the first people in my Green Mountains of Vermont to be treated to this life changing mode of communication. I was 23.

Alan unlocked years of pent up chaotic thoughts. My intelligence was masked by autistic looping of hurtful labeling.

Early Supports

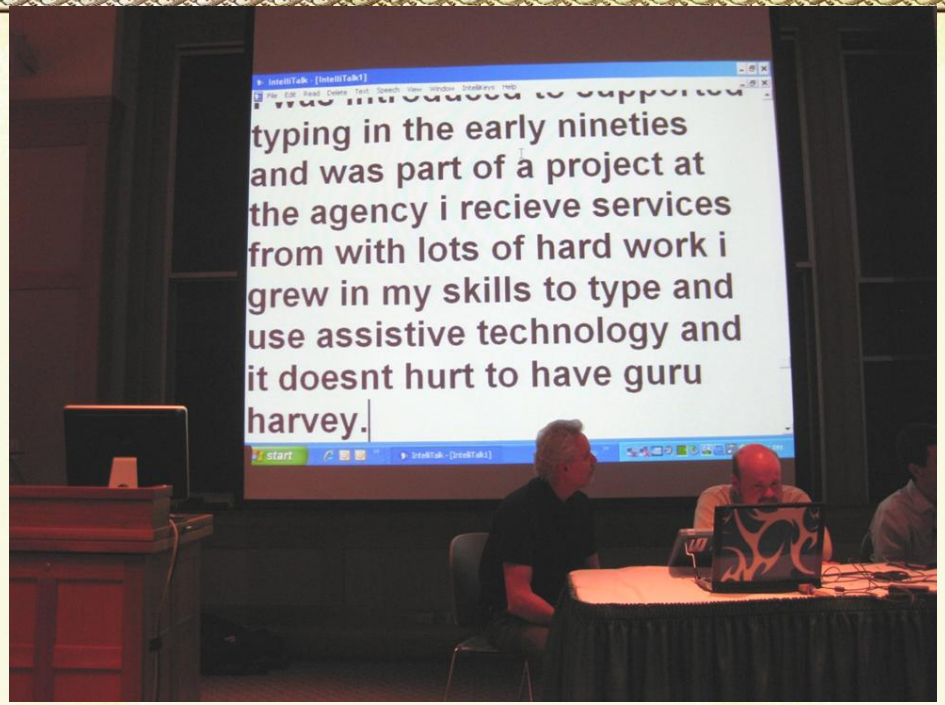
I had my job coach Donna. Donna was kind and gentle. I liked her. Her support for typing limited me to Kinney's work. It takes time to build foundations of trust and to build connections. Alan presumed my competence. The feeling of being spoken to in an intelligent manner was exhilarating. My inner thoughts hid in my mind looking for light like trees needing to flourish. My true communication jumping out on thin strips of paper was like first steps, shaky building of freeing my mind.



The torch of my fiery need to have a communication partner passed from Alan to Harvey Lavoy.

Looking into my dark deep chaos was like unlocking madness. I held many hard grudges toward a label of retardation. The looping replay was non-stop with no way to talk or vent to Mom or a friend. Using miserable behavior is release of the locking in of intelligence.

I had lots of my pre-scripted looping thoughts coming through my typing; things like radio and my local news station WCAX. My inner thoughts got masked in too much of holding on to my autism. I did not know the term proprioception then. Lack of knowledge of my own body ticked me off. My movement looked like no control in the beginning. Harvey had many arm wrestling contests with me. Ha-ha.



I have high tone. Connecting to old memories pushed up my anxiety making tough work for my facilitators. I need much support to get organized in my typing movement.

I have proprioception challenges; I do not always know where my body is in space. I go too fast and pound out automatics that are not my intelligent thoughts. The same is true for my speech. My yes is mostly unreliable. However, my no is reliable.



The experience of the world looks different from my experience. Most people take their ability to talk for granted and I take my inability to talk quite seriously. I live with it everyday – it is always there each time someone wants to read my thoughts.



Not being able to express myself was like being in a world of silence. I couldn't tell people what I liked and didn't like. People thought I was retarded, that I didn't understand what was being said to me. It was frustrating and made me angry and I withdrew.

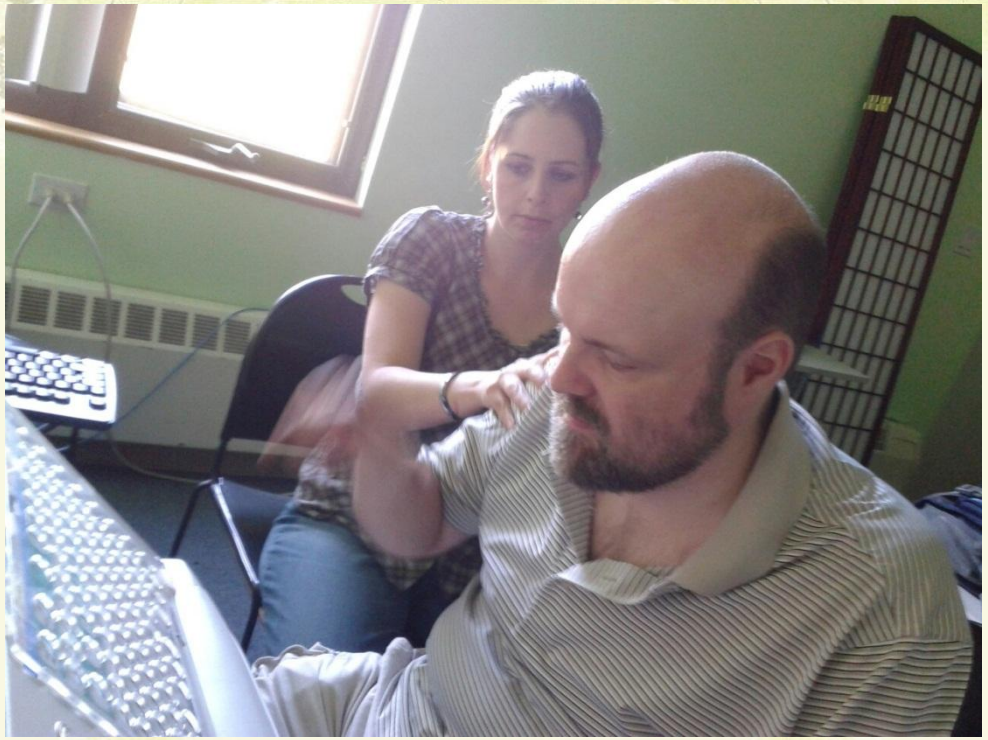


So much of my time is spent in silence listening to others stories and lack of speech traps me in with raging thoughts. Learning to speak out first and foremost is done with a desire to change the world and my voice may not sound like others but the desire is 100 and 10 percent there waiting to fire things up.

I now have three facilitators who I work well with on fading support. They are all now giving me shoulder support. My goal, of course, is independence. It is my commitment to the fading process and I will be receiving proximity support in the very near future.



Harvey is a man of calmness in the ocean of chaos; smoothing out the rough edges with his support. Watching his grace under fire of seekers of communication is how I have grown to relax in a crowd. Our relationship is one of mutual respect and honesty.



My case manager, Rachel Perkins, has a fiery passion and respects my typing. She has been my leading lady for many moons, closing in on ten years.



Jeanette is my pea in the pod. I mean the thinking never stops for high energy Jeanette. We work well together because I trust in her commitment to my work.



Typing has opened the window to building friendships. Living my dreams is now possible. Like I typed in the old Kinney's footage, I like talking to people and other FC users will too. Persevere to make your dreams known. Typing gave me hope and proved my competence.