One of my heroes and teachers is a boy named Billy. Billy had been a thalidomide baby, the birth defect caused by a drug some pregnant women used in the late 50’s. Billy was born with multiple physical handicaps: he had no arms, except for the hook placed on a small bone on his shoulder which functioned as a hand. He also had club feet and a hare lip.

When he was nine, Billy joined the camp for physically and mentally handicapped children where I worked as a counselor. In the six weeks he was a camper I was welcomed to wonderful wisdom from this young philosopher. Perhaps the wisest statement I ever heard was spontaneously shared one summer day when Billy and I were walking together. Billy saw Tony, a muscular dystrophy child confined to a wheelchair. Billy looked up at me and declared, "I feel sorry for Tony because he can’t run and play like we can!" That comment gave me a perspective into my own life that has been invaluable. If Billy, who I felt had every right to lament his state in life, could celebrate his gifts from God, so can and must I. . . .

~~ John Wenger
Anderson (IN) Church of the Brethren