



The tale of Rosalka, from Boleslaw Prus's short story "Antek", which became an inspiration for our site

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Rosalka got sick. Everyone tried to help her, but the disease would not go away. The fever continued to increase, so she was put on several Hale Maries in the oven. Maybe when she gets warm, the fever would go? It did not go. Rosalka died, although everyone had good intentions. Everyone loved her. This is the story described by Boleslaw Prus. Ovens really existed. I remember my terror 40 years ago, when I read every word of this story. And the relief that I live in times, when nobody puts sick children to the ovens.

But the ovens are there. Only their shape changed. Sometimes this is an equipment designed to correct deformed legs... spasticity or devices for verticalization, crawling, walking - despite the fact that the nervous system is not ready for this. I also saw a collar filled with sharp spikes to help the child keep his head upright. The collar woven from fear and love. These "ovens" are the result of helplessness. Helplessness and medicine and rehabilitation in situations where the child's brain is damaged.

Professor Jan Talar writes in his textbook for students: "We save people from road accidents, and then we pass them on to their families, and we do not offer anything. Neurological rehab does not have effective tools for help." *

These tools are and have always been there. They were discovered and described by Moshe Feldenkreis. It is an aware movement as a code of access to the brain. Movement and touch to insert new information about yourself into your brain... About yourself and your possibilities. Learning instead of being treated.

Where this site will lead us, I do not know... children and their parents have invented it. As a place where they can talk about their journey through various methods in search of salvation. Maybe someone at the other end of the world can recognize his daughter in Andrew's history... so that parents can help themselves. Children are not sicknesses, but they are little people who want to be effective. They have the experience they want to share with others. They write lessons to help other children.

Simon, Andrew, Danya, Olaf, Seva, Jora, Tanya, Taika, Tamerlane, Vova... maybe they're just able to quench these ovens.

People who create the site:

Children and their parents and therapists who agreed to share their experiences with us.

Besides:

Oleg - is our translator: Ukrainian, Russian, English and Polish. Oleg sometimes ceases to be only a translator and shares his feelings and thoughts. Because here you can not to be just an observer.

Malgorzata - personally, my sister and my guide in the world of disability. She is with us to help understand the children and their needs. For you and me, dear parents, so that you could ask someone. Our hotline. Because it's sometimes easier to ask anonymously.

Alan is my teacher and master. Helps me all the time and teaches me ...

I asked him to continue helping me still, but this assistance was not limited to me ... so that everyone could use his advice ...



A part of the short story „Antek” by Boleslaw Prus, published in 1880.

He was ten years old when one of his eight-year-old sister, Rozalia, got terribly ill. As she laid down in the evening, it was almost impossible to wake her up on the next day. Her body was hot, her eyes were unfocused and she was raving all the time.

Mother thought at first she was avoiding work and gave her a couple of nudges. But when that did not help, she wiped her with hot vinegar, and on the second day she gave her vodka with wormwood. Nothing helped, or even worse, because the girl got blue stains after the vodka. Then the widow tapped the rags that were in the chest and in the chamber, found six groszy (cents) and called Grzegorzowa, a great medicine-woman, to rescue.

The wise woman watched the sick carefully, spat on the floor around her according to custom, smeared her even with fat, but - that did not help.

Then she said to her mother:

- Burn in the bread oven. The girl needs to have a good sweat, and then it will go away.

The widow burned the fire in the oven as she looked and grabbed the coals while waiting for further orders.

“Well, now,” she said quickly, “put the girl on a pine-wood plank and put her in the oven for three Hail Marys. She will heal in no time!

Indeed, Rozalia was placed on a pine-tree board (Antek looked at it from the corner of the room) and was put in front of the oven.

The girl woke up when she felt the heat.

“Mother, what are you doing to me?” She cried.

“Quiet, stupid one, you’re going to be healthy.”

The women had already put the child in half; The girl began to tussle like a fish in the net. She hit the medicine woman, grabbed her mother with both hands and screamed,

“You’ll burn me up, mama!”

She was put in on a board and the women began to say three Hail Marys ...

- Hail Mary, full of grace ...

- Mom! My mother! “Moaned the poor girl. - Oh, mom! ...

“The Lord is with you, blessed are you among women ...”

Now Antek ran to the oven and grabbed her mother by the skirt.

- Mom! “He cried and weeped,” she’ll die there to death! ”

But he only got a punch in the head so he did not interrupt treatment. Suddenly the girl stopped hitting the board, tussling and screaming. Three Hail Marys had been spoken and the board was taken out.

In the depths of the oven, there laid a corpse with red skin, frayed in some places.

- Jesus! Shouted the mother, seeing the girl in this condition.

And the grief overwhelmed her that she barely could move the corpse to the bench. Then she knelt in the middle of the room hitting her head against the floor, she cried:

- Oh, Grzegorzowa! ... What have you done!

The medicine woman was sad.

- Hush! ... Ye better be quiet ... you think the girly got so red because of the heat? It was the disease that came out, a little too quickly, so it made her dead. It is all God’s will, after all.

In the village no one knew about the cause of Rozalia’s death. The dead was girl – it happened. It was ment to be this way. A child or few died every year in the village, and yet the children always got born.