

Living' With Parkinson's Disease.

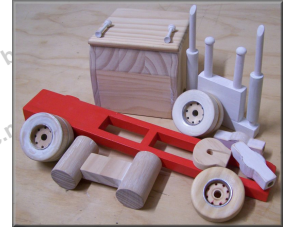
And Tryin' To Make Wooden Toys For Kids.

Like many blokes I have in my workshop various tools for many different jobs and like many I always didn't have enough and wanted more, my health had since 2010 had been up and down and while I had problems with a serious spinal and nerve injury from some years back I started to notice little things like a slight tremor, unsteadiness with my balance and the odd little bit of soreness in me muscles and joints which I put down to old age creepin' up on me. It was me darn little tremor that drove me nuts because at times when I played with me table saw and other tools I'd struggle to hold things steady, even daily things I did I struggled with, like pickin' up a cup of coffee I'd tremor slightly and spill the darn stuff or grab hold of something and shortly after it would drop from me hand.

The craziest thing that happen to me in the early stages was on the evening that our new tractor had arrived at our property, the truck driver and his off sider didn't arrive until late from inter-state so we put them up for the night in our spare bedroom. The truck Driver was having a shower, the wife was in our kitchen putting the finishing touches to the evening meal while the truck drivers off sider and I sat at the table talking. I asked the truck drivers off sider if he'd like a can of coke so I got up and got two cans from the fridge. My little tremor was makin' the job of opening the can a little tricky, upon opening it my bloody right arm suddenly went into a violent movement with coke bein' flung all over the table and down the front of the poor bloke sitting across from me. The poor bugger sat there wide eyed lookin' at me and wondering what in the hell I was doin', and believe me he wasn't the only one because I sure as hell didn't have any control over what I had just done.

Over the next 12 months things were gettin' a little crazy as me tremors increased and other issues started to effect me, I was now gettin' a little embarrassed with me crazy actions so I started stayin' home on the property away from the general public and my friends. I had brought a lot of wooden toy plans from off the internet so I started building a reasonable sized toy truck, a Cabover Road Train Unit. It would require 68 wheels so I decided that I'd do these first, the thing I learned pretty darn quickly was that the tremors and sudden uncontrolled violent movements don't go well with a wood lathe. Many times I'd end up pushin' the chisel into the spinnin' wheel and have the chisel pulled from me hands and flung to different parts of the shed.

I'm not sure if I was havin' bouts of depression at this time but I wasn't a very nice person to be around as I tried to achieve what I wanted to do. I'd get the wheels for my truck done eventually and while many of them needed a lot of sandin' I did the best I could. As I moved on with me build a hell of a lot of time was spent remakin' over and over the parts of the truck unit that I was stuffin' up and my waste timber bin was fillin' up quickly. When I was finally diagnosed with Graves Disease I thought that I'd now be able to control that which tormented me but for some unknown reason I was just startin' out on what I can only describe as a long apprenticeship to something else that I had never thought I'd get. I was standin' at the table saw one mornin' trying to cut out some timber to place on the trucks cab above the sleeper section when me right arm throw it's self without warnin' out over the spinnin' saw blade and suddenly my legs began to spring up and down. With my left hand that was about the only bloody part of me body that wasn't goin' crazy I hit the saws kill switch and yellin' as loud as I could to get the wifes attention I headed to the house takin' small springin' steps.



For over half an hour I sprung around the floor of the house, I tried sittin' down but my legs just kept springin' up and down, I kept tryin' to walk around the house in the hope that I'd stop springin' and all the wife could do was watch as I struggled to try and gain control of me self. As quickly as it had come it all stopped and other than a slight right hand tremor I was again back pretty much to normal, if there is such a thing. The wife rang the quack and an appointment was made for early the next mornin', my quack was away and after the locum read me files the only thing she could say was Duhhhhhhhh! 'I don't know why your body acted as it did'. It was now that I decided that I'd pack all of this truck build away before I was bitten badly by one of me power tools.

I had some years ago carved leather makin' all sorts of leather goods from belts, womans handbags, wallets, stubby coolers, guitar straps and the odd gun holster, so I unpacked it all from the boxes it was stored in and decided that this might be a lot easier to do than wooden toy makin'. I don't know what I was thinkin' but with a body that I now had my tremors were not goin' to allow me to do leather carvin' again so back in the storage boxes it all went and back on the shelf.



I have always tried to do my very best when it came to things I made and expected to sell to others, I've always said proudly to people this is what I have made, you may find better else where but I'm proud to offer you this. The top left image shows my very first carved stubby holder that I made for me self in the late 1980's, it's about thirty odd years old, never been cleaned and today sits proudly in our china cabinet for all to see. It was always in my hand carryin' a can of coke, when people saw it I'd end up takin' an order to make them what they wanted. The other images are of stubby coolers that were made for people who requested them. The requests ranged from NRL Football Logos, Favorite Beer Logos and even some designs that are too R-rated to be shown here, the boys in a fishing club I was a member of had me make them stubby coolers with the Clubs logo on them as seen on this Tag Gun Holder that they put on their belts when out fishin'.

Take Care, Stay Safe and Travel Safe
Hooroo
Key (The WIZARD of OZZ).
2017.