

## Halloween

Halloween night came to the door this year and found Corban and me at home with a big cauldron of candy at the ready. I support Halloween, but this year didn't think walking Corban around the neighborhood would be as much fun as answering the door...that almost sounds believable, right? Anyway, we were at home, porch light and pumpkins lit up when the first of many doorbell rings chimed across the living room.

I invite Corban to come to the door with me, which he eagerly agrees to do, and as the door opens we hear, "trick or treat". I tell Corban to give them some candy and in goes his hand and out comes, usually one, sometimes three pieces of candy and he drops it into their bags. Now, I've got nothin' at this point. I mean, what a night for kids right? You get to dress up or not and go around with a bag or pillow case and ask people who you don't talk to all year to give you something...for free. So I'm just a 40 somethin' white guy passing out candy and that's about as animated I get at Halloween. But Corban...that's a different story. The trick or treaters are having to wait for this kid to pick the right candy and put it in their bag. Now, he's fast but not as fast as I would be. But then my delivery method would be to chunk handfuls out the door and let them go get it. Not Corban. He picks a candy and looks for the open bag, drops it in and yells "Yeah!" at the same time thrusting his right arm into the air. Not once mind you but every time he gives a piece of candy. Three kids at the door, three "Yeah's!" and so on. Then after all the "Yeah's!" are given out and the kids are walking away he starts squealing and clapping and as we turn and push the door shut he continues down the hallway clapping and cheering.

I've got to think, I want to think, that my Abba is like that. He is choosing what to give me, looks for the opening, drops it into my life and then cheers at the prospect of what is to become of that gift. I know that he gets strange looks from me as I stand at the door and witness his cheerful giving, wondering why he should be so excited about something so ordinary. But there is something more than the ordinary going on here. His continued cheering as he heads back down the hallway gives me courage and strength in the days when I wonder if the gift was enough.

It is enough.

*Corban is eight years old and has hemiplegia. He enjoys riding his three-wheeler around the neighborhood. He's been a brave survivor of two brain surgeries to stop seizures. He loves life and has so much to share with us all. Corban's dad opens his heart and share his faith.*

You can email Corban's dad, Brian at [bherrian@sbcglobal.net](mailto:bherrian@sbcglobal.net)

To learn more about hemiplegia, hemiplegic cerebral palsy, or hemiparesis, visit the [Children's Hemiplegia and Stroke Association](http://www.chasa.org) website at <http://www.chasa.org>

To read more of Corban's stories, visit the Hemi-Kids support group website located at <http://www.HemiKids.org>