

“Otkryti Mir” (Open World, The)  
Inter-Regional Public Organization of Wheelchair Invalids

“Kovcheg” (Ark, The)  
Vladivostok Public Organization of Wheelchair Invalids  
(Vladivostok)

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# Reaching Impossible

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## Injury

Vladivostok. The city where I was born. The city where I would live for my whole life if all the things that have happened to me could not exist. Thirteen years ago, a driver who's car I was driven in, lost control of the car and as a result I injured my spine and became an invalid. I spent long time in the resuscitation department, (I do not remember it myself), and when I came to I could hardly talk. I was just laying and looking at the ceiling. I was thinking about my childhood. How I was playing hockey with my friends and how I was the best goal-scorer in our city. I remembered how I was running on my healthy legs. Remembered how summer began and we ran to swim. Summer was always warm and humid and everyone found something new in summer rain's freshness. Sensations returned little by little. At first I felt only my head, like there was nothing below it. Then the sensation of the body returned but not the whole and not at once, but very slowly and by parts. Return was painful and unpleasant. Even worse than just unpleasant. When I was massaged it seemed to me that this part I felt, but that one I did not. The most pleasant was the feet massage. I just purred like a cat laying in the sun during the procedure. It was the best I felt then. And I had to feel a lot. My pelvis ached very much. I've already begun to believe that some small creatures lived in it and sawed, sawed and sawed it.

I didn't enjoy my first conversation with my doctor at all. It rather just killed me. Understanding that at 20 you wouldn't have an opportunity to walk any more was very painful. How is that? I had so many plans, so many ideas. And where was that all? What would happen to my life further? What?

The doctor tried to calm me down, told me some stories about people who could walk in time. I hardly believed him. I knew that as a result of injure my blood vessels somehow had clogged up, and it's not possible simply to surge me and clean it out. In the hospital they told me that they had tried to surge one patient in such way but he only felt worse. Moreover I understood that it was not the main reason.

– Doctor, why don't I feel my legs?

– It's difficult to explain. Because the current in your spinal marrow doesn't reach your legs. And perhaps the main reason is your injured spine.

– Doctor, will I walk?

– Maybe.

I was thinking on this “maybe” for a long time. I dreamed about the accident, or rather its pieces, which my memory snatched out, or my childhood and playing football with my fellows. These dreams didn’t give me any joy, I woke up in tears. There was no desire for living.

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The doctor raised my hand and told me “hold up”. And when he released it, my hand plopped down on my face leaving a bruise. The doctor frowned and kept silence. I began to heave the dumbbells to learn how to use my hands. All these trainings were very hard for me. But I began to succeed in holding them. At the same time such trainings taught me to hold a spoon and eat. Before it my mother and sister had to feed me.

My friends came. But I felt like guilty. They were looking at me, tried to cheer me up, but only compassion was read in their eyes.

I didn’t feel depressed, talked to them, said that I would walk again soon and even made plans about our future trips to the islands of the Japanese sea. They listened to me, nodded but then ran away to do their own businesses. And I left face to face with my pain, with distressing thoughts and implacable whiteness of hospital ward.

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I spent 2 months in the hospital. I sustained a surgery, which was to help me. But no miracle happened and they told me to go home.

At home, lying in bed I was thinking what to do. We had no money, and the medicine expenses ate up all our savings. Some money my farther brought. He worked on a ship for a half of a year than came back home for three days and then left again. This money was enough for several months. Those times my mother worked in a kindergarten and when father’s money ended she hardly made ends meet. And I just lay and didn’t know how to help her. It was necessary to do something, but what?

Nothing had changed during the 4 months which I spent at home. Friends brighten up my sufferings, came to play chess and to talk to me. Honestly speaking, monument should be build to everyone who came. How much have they done for me: they’ve helped my Mom to clean the house, have done everything we’ve asked, and haven’t let me shrink into my shell – ant it’s very important.

Also I want to thank my neighbours – they haven't left me. They brought us vegetables, fruit and berries – their gardens' and vegetable gardens' harvest.

All days I spent lying in my bed. Suddenly I understood that while lying my muscles could atrophy. Just something clicked in my head. I began to look for a place where I they could help me and finally found “The Sad-Gorod”, which is the eldest mud cure resort in Primorskiy region. It was situated in Vladivostok suburbs, on the Amurskiy bay shore. The fact sheet said that: “The basis of its medical treatment is silt mud from the bay, sea-water baths and mineral water “Shmakovskiy Narzan”. Here You can take a course of mud cure, different baths, hydro-massage, manual therapy, electro light cure, laser therapy, acupuncture”. All that made me interested and I made all efforts to get there.

There was an effect. What is “was”? I was happy as a child when I was taught to move on my knees. I could MOVE again.

My mother and sister emptied a room for me and left only a bed there. Every morning I crept from my bed to the linoleum and slowly moved from the window to the door and back. Right in those times I decided that “I will walk!”

But only a wish was not enough – I began to look for the answer. And where to look? Who could tell me about a magic pill which would make me free of my problems? And I had many problems, for example I couldn't control my urination. You want to pee – but can't make yourselves do it, or you don't want – but pee. The same was with my bowels. Strange things happened to my body. I didn't feel my skin. As if it exists, you look at it – of course, here it is; but you do not feel it.

So, I began to look for the answer. I understood that I needed to communicate with clever and competent people. And where could I find them? Everything turned out very simply.

– Artyom, why are you lying and lying, read something.

– What for example?

– I don't know – something you like to read, - mother frowned.

– Try something medical. Maybe you'll find something interesting.

I began with alternative literature, because it seemed that classical medical books wouldn't give me any true knowledge. And I knew for sure that I should dig in other places.

1. The first thing I've read was a book by Fereydoon Batmanghelidj “YOUR BODY'S MANY CRIES FOR WATER”, from “Health and Alternative medicine” series. Some parts of this book I remembered for my whole life: “Your organism needs minimum six-eight glasses of water a day. Alcohol, coffee, tea and other bev-

erages containing caffeine do not replace water. The optimal time for drinking water (as a result of patients having stomach ulcer clinical observation): one glass half an hour before the meal (breakfast, dinner and supper) and one glass in two hours and a half after the meal. This is the minimum of water your organism needs. After a hearty meal and before sleep it's recommended to drink one more glass of water."

2. I don't remember who has recommended it to me, but I had a book "Forever You" by Lobsang Rampa. To be short, there are thirty lessons of mental development, taught by Tibetan lama, a great master of occultism and wonderful author. This book is about things, often called preternatural. I'm not speaking about aliens or Voodoo magic. I tell you about karma, aura, astral and understanding of who you are and what is your subconsciousness.

3. Levshinov Andrey "Stomach is life. Lessons of health." How is it possible to cure many diseases sitting at the dinner table? How to strengthen your family knowing your "taste of love"? How to become rich using the rules of meals? Harmony – this is the main theme of this book. Physical and spiritual food turns out to be inseparably linked, and body and soul support and heal each other.

4. Luule Viilma "A Teaching of Survival". The author of series of books, many years experienced specialist in medical and spiritual practice, tells about her doctrine. Its main idea is that after learning to think in right way and to forgive yourselves in the widest sense, a person finds health, happiness and peace of mind.

5. Arthur Freeman, Rose Dewolf "The 10 Dumbest Mistakes Smart People Make and How to Avoid Them: Simple and Sure Techniques for Gaining Greater Control of Your Life". This book is a real treasure. As the authors think, there are ten main mistakes that people make:

– Syndrome of a Little Chicken. There is a fairy tale: a nut fell down on the Little Chicken from the tree but Little Chicken thought that the dome of heaven fell down on it. People often draw a disastrous conclusion, not thinking if they appraised the situation right; fear often petrifies a person.

– Thought-reading. This mistake includes two parts. At first, we are often sure that can read other's thoughts. Secondly, we are sure in other's abilities to read out thoughts ("She (he) might have known it!")but the person himself can even not

think that we are waiting for some special movements from him, and his “wrong” (from our point of view ) behavior leads us to a deep disappointment.

– Propensity towards taking everything as referring to yourself. Many people are ready to bear personal responsibility for everything that happens around them. When something goes wrong they naturally become very sad.

– “Confidence in your press secretary”. Rest on one's laurels, excessive optimism, which turns into a self-conceit. Confidence that success in one sphere automatically makes us successful everywhere without any efforts.

– Confidence in critics. It is to take seriously any criticism concerning you, without thinking if it is true.

– Maximalism (perfectionism). It's a desire for perfection in everything, excessive self-exactingness.

– Painful comparison. It's paying attention only to those differences which are not in your favour.

– “What if....”. In this case a person is worrying about something that maybe doesn't exist at all (or the probability of it is very small).

– “You must!”. If you use it to yourself too often it's a mistake.

– “Yes, but ....” Searching around for some negative aspects that outweigh the positive. Rejecting any proposals leading to the way out from a difficult situation. Writing of fantastic excuses for any negative consequences. More about these mistakes in the book.

6. Robin Sharma “The Monk Who Sold His Ferrari ”. “This exciting book delights and teaches at the same time”, - Paulo Coelho about Robin Shurma's book. I can only agree.

7. Bodo Schafer “Money or The 1x1 with the money” (original name Bodo Schafer Money, Oder 1x1 des Geldes). It is a manual, which tells how to become rich playfully. Money or the 1x1 with the money is written in form of a

story. Lessons from “The path to financial independence” were also used there. The story describes problems encountered along the way, and what comes out of it. Money - it is a talking dog, who teaches 12 y.o. girl how to deal with the money. And Kira doesn't only learn how to deal with money, she also helps her parents to get rid of financial difficulties. What will you get from reading this book? If you already learned “The Path to financial independence”, Money will extend your understanding of a problem. Perhaps you will find new targets (and old ones). But what is more important, you will be able to look differently at your problems, to find new, creative solutions or even to take benefits from it.

8. Leil Lowndes “How to Make Anyone Like You. Proven Ways to Become a People Magnet” This book taught me to understand clearly what is friendship, and what is love. Just read it.

However, as you know, reading all these books does not make you a demigod and superman. Firstly they are just tips. Enough right and smart tips, I have to notice. And, nevertheless, it is aware that this is only one, of course, the right way to understand who you are, and how to act in any situation. The choice is yours. To be more clear, I will give a Zen parable.

Lying on his deathbed, the Zen teacher called his closest apprentice, and took a book from under the pillow. Everyone was wondering what kind of book it was because teacher has never allowed anybody to look into it. Sometimes the students were peeking into the keyhole of his room when he was reading it at night.

Teacher has never left his room opened and never allowed anybody to come into the room without him. So no one saw what was written in this book.

So he called his closest apprentice, and said:

– Keep this book. There is everything I taught in it. Keep it like, as you've seen, I kept. My teacher gave me that book. Now I give it to you.

This book is a heritage.

The apprentice took the book and threw it into the fire. The others couldn't believe it. They were amazed. But the teacher put his hand on his apprentice's head and blessed him. He said:

– You've understood. If you kept this book you wouldn't be my follower. There was nothing in this book. It was fluff. You threw it away – you were right. You've understood my apprenticeship: you shouldn't follow somebody.

Everyone should go into his own soul's depth. I want to say that you should firstly focus on yourselves. Everyone has his own way and some knowledge can

help you but other spoil everything. So just read these books and take something useful for you, how I've done. And the results didn't keep me waiting.

Moreover one case influenced me much. Before I went to "Sad-Gorod" for the second time, once in a warm and rather calm evening I decided to go outdoors. I've been there so long ago, I haven't been outdoors since the moment I returned from the rehabilitation centre. My sister helped me to get to the bench and evening noisy city opened to me. I was in dim feelings at that moment: the happiness of being outdoors, and the sadness about all evenings I spent with my friends long ago, and even a shock because I saw so many people around me, people whom I missed so much. They were going to their own businesses, some went home to their sofas and TV-sets, others from home to have rest and walk. My peers "captured" the benches and the entrances to the houses, joked loudly and laughed.

"How much is around me" – I was thinking. But I'm alone and no one feel sorry for me. Only mother and sister, but they are my relatives and they always will love me and worry about me.

Stop! Why they should feel sorry for me? I'm healthy normal guy. Yes, I can't walk now, but it's temporary. Yes, there are many people like me in the world, and there those who feel worse than I, but life doesn't stop it goes further and further. And it throws away those who always cry and whine. And it's not a display of cruelty, but on the contrary it's a stimulus to stop and think of what wrong you've done. When I was lying at home for some reason I was thinking that the whole world has stopped and was just waiting for Artyom's signal to start up again. But no! The speed of our life never goes lower and, though, never goes faster. And it is normal. I wanted to live fully so much. I wanted to communicate with people, to go to the cinema and theatre. I lose so much when I fence myself off everything.

– Olga, – I commanded to my sister, – we're going home. That night I promised myself not to whine at all. And if it'll be sad or anxiously – I'll struggle with it immediately.

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I always thought that if one method doesn't work, it may not be true that another one will. But it's necessary to try this "another one".

Someone has told me that there was an old man living somewhere in our region. People always come to his place and he cures them. And all his medical tools were – herbals and prayers. They said that there were always crowds of people at his place and though he dealt not with every illness but tried to help the most part. He didn't take money on principle, only food or sometimes asked for help.

In early Saturday morning, when the sun beams haven't touched Vladivostok yet, we went to the old man's place on our friend's car. The road was long and rather unpleasant. Parts asphalted, parts forested it always shook and tossed us, and when I already had no believe that we would come, we drove to a small deserted village. As we were promised, there were crowds of people near the necessary house, so we had to wait it a long line and only after it to come in.

The old man received us normally. Not very good and not bad, just usual and calm. He showed the door to my suit, he set facing me on a chair and began to question me what and how, what my name was and how I got into the accident. After talking to me for about ten minutes the healer stood up, went to a dark corner of the room, rustled there with something and then gave me several ointments of grey color and a bag with herbals. After giving me instructions to drink 3 times a day the first and to prepare decoctions for inhalations with the second, he told me to go home for two weeks.

I've done everything how he told me to do, but there was no outstanding result. Yes, it became easier for me to fall asleep at night, I didn't cry while sleeping no more, my appetite became more or less stable, but I didn't stand up.

In two weeks I met my doctor from the village again. He complained of my difficult case, and reminded that he has promised me nothing, because everything is in God's will. He presented me scores of different herbals and told to go home again. I didn't go to this old man, but the healers began to come to me. I didn't go to this healer more, but the other healers began to come to my place. Rather quickly I began to differ those who could and wanted to help from those who just came to make money on Artyom Moiseyenko. Those who really were of benefit to me, often spoke little, behaved modestly and didn't fawn upon me. The effect from these meetings undoubtedly was, but if it made me closer to my aim to stand up on my legs, it was too slowly. On the other hand, if I didn't cure at all, it was much worse.

Sometimes the healers told me honestly: "Sorry but only you can help yourself", and didn't cure me. In any case, I stayed in good and friendly relations with many of them. I remember how the said, leaving, that there was a fire in my eyes and it helped not only me, but stirred up a wish to live an active life in others.

I understood that I needed to try other variants. That's how I began to practice yoga. A spiritual teacher Aleksey came to my place and we mastered different techniques remade special for me. Particularly, I mastered a wonderful manipulation called "Prakshalana Kriya". It's main idea is that you should serially, litre by litre pour 5 litres of water into yourselves. It's recommended to do it with a

helper, in case of unexpected desire to go to the toilet. This cleaning treatment, though painful, promotes health improvement very good.

It was not easy to go deep into the theory and rules of yoga. For a half a year I have not only enriched my vocabulary, but achieved such amazing results which as Aleksey said, people achieved for years. I did everything exactly how he told me to do. I trained and trained every day until I had no more power.

I parted with my teacher very easily. His way continued in other directions, but I with a persistence of a bull butted the bounds of my possibilities further, to widen it. My desire to live only became stronger, and after yoga I felt only better, calmer and more harmonious. Every night I had a good sleep, so my neighbours had, whom I tormented much until my condition stabilized.

The walls in our house were very thin, and my shouts filtered through them very easy and spread all over the house lightening the windows. It was good that people displayed understanding and patience towards it.

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Continuing to advance on all fronts, I did not refuse the classical treatment. A few months after the first trip I went to the «Sad-Gorod» again. Counting on a positive effect, which was in the first time, I was determined very positively and confident, but just in vain. The hospital didn't help me. I came home upset because the doctor «delighted» me the news that the bedsores needed to be cut on the hip and elbow. Where did they come from? After all, I tried to move, yoga... As you know, I could not refuse the surgeon, and soon the white walls of the chamber changed my home wallpaper. Removal of bedsores is not easy, and I realized that everything will be under anesthesia, so that when I wake up, then everything would be done.

It was impossible to postpone the surgeon for a long time, and in three days after I went to the hospital, the drove me to the operating room. A breath and...

When I woke up I was afraid to open my eyes. I decided to lie a little bit and to get used to new sensations in my body. I thought that even if my hip and elbow wouldn't ache they'll smart. But I felt quite different. A strange lightness occupied my body. Exactly strange because I felt not my body, but this strange lightness. I tried to move my hand and I did it. I raised my hand and opened my eyes at the same time, and I hardly didn't shout because of what I've seen. My hand was absolutely transparent and I saw the chamber through it. I drew a conclusion that I either died or I was close to it. Continuing looking at my hand I noticed a light fume which drifted from the hand to the place where it was ly-

ing before. And at that moment it dawned upon me. Of course, it was my astral body. But why has it separated from my physical one? I did nothing for it.

When I was studying yoga we practiced astral walks with my teacher. Their main specialty is that astral body (transparent body or so called soul) is connected with the physical one by a thin silver thread and if you try to disconnect these bodies you can leave your physical in one place and walk with your soul not only in this world, but in the others, while being unnoticed by other people. I don't advice to practice it yourself and without proper knowledge, because the invisible world is inhabited by different creatures which might be dangerous. I did such "sallies" only under Aleksey's attention. There is a number of methods how to separate the body and soul and each person prefers his own.

While I was thinking of all that, my astral part began to raise from the body itself. When I was already soaring in two meters above my body, I was looking down and saw that besides the silver string connecting me with the body, a thin trickle of smoke went from Artyom to me. It became very well in a minute. So well that my head went round and I felt with my back how it pulled me away from the body.

Meanwhile, down there were worried doctors who so only that there were no pulse and if to delay a little bit more, Artyom Moiseyenko would continue his way but not in this world. Immediately they connected the body to the defibrillator, the command "clear" and... and suddenly I felt how it became hard. The air was filled with the smell of clay, dampness. Like in a time magnifier reverse the smoke stretched back down and with it I also was sucked down. I opened my eyes. Frightened faces of the doctors. White walls. A bright light of the lamp over my head. How do you feel? What's your name? How old are you? – there were so many questions and I could hardly answer them. I remembered everything very clear, I knew everything, but my tongue didn't obey, my body ached, and I wanted only to sleep, sleep, sleep.

When I woke up after the surgery, I told the doctors everything. I thought they wouldn't believe me, but as far as I saw such stories were quite usual for them, because they only congratulated me with the second birth, because they hardly saved me.

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At home everything was as before: empty hall prepared for the exercises, my sister ready to help, and my mother who was sadly looking out the window.

There were so many reasons for sadness: mother's salary, father's and friends' financial help were not enough. We had money only for bread. We economized

on everything. We decided to boil disposable catheters and after the third sterilization like that, the material which they were made of, just crumbled. Then came the days when only salt and cereals left. Sometimes it came to that some people brought us food left from their meal, but we were happy to get it.

So it continued, from day to day. It's painful and unpleasant for me to think of it, but maybe it were the ordeals which trained my will and desire to live in spite of everything.

There were so many thoughts in my head, so I didn't even know how to realize them all, and at first I was afraid to make them into actions. But to be successful you should not only plan, but realize; and then I got down to business.

## **Business**

I always liked energetic people. Those who didn't care how they would achieve their goals. And those who just knew what would happen tomorrow. Because even if it were a flood they wouldn't refuse their plans, it seemed like the column "force majeure" which is so often written in the contracts worries them very little. Maresyev always was and always will be the standard of courage for me. In March 1942 his plane was shot down in a battle, and he, being wounded very hard, made a landing on the enemy territory. He reached the front line on hands and knees for 18 days. And after the amputation of both legs he didn't give up, but mastered the artificial limbs and by personal request was referred to the 63rd Guards fighters air regiment in June 1943. He shot down 7 enemy planes more in air battles. Maresyev's feet of armes is described in the book "A Story about A Real Man" by Boris Polevoi (in the book his last name sounds like Meresyev).

The youth of Jack London was in times of economical depression and unemployment, economic conditions of his family became more and more unsteady. By the age of twenty three he had changed a plenty of jobs, had been arrested for vagrancy and statements at the socialist meetings, had been a gold digger in Alaska during the Gold Rush. Learnt points of view of K. Marx, G. Spencer and F. Nietzsche, London had created his own philosophy. Being a socialist he decided that while the capitalism it's easier to earn money by writing, and beginning from short stories "Overland Monthly", soon he conquered the literature market of eastern coast by the stories about the adventures in Alaska. An author-fighter, the innovator of the theme and shape, London did much for consolidation of the realistic traditions in the modern American literature. One of the beginners of the

proletarian literature in the West, London won the worldwide acceptance, and his books were translated in many languages. And all that he reached himself.

One more person, whom a memorial could be built to, is Lee Lue. Miao (hmong) by nationality he was a leader of a specially prepared hmog-pilots, used the planes of Laos's Air Command, but didn't depend on this structure. They were based in Long Tieng, where the headquarters of the hmong's forces Commander in Chief Wang Pao was situated. From there Lee Lue made operation flights on a light piston attack plane T-28 against the forces of Northern Vietnam and Pathet Lao.

The American military air gunlayers, who were also working there spoke of Lee Lue like of the best battle pilot they've ever met. Lee Lue made up to ten operation flights a day and continued to fly in spite of overstrains and illnesses. His motto was "Fly until you die", and he followed this motto till the end: on July 12, 1969 Lee Lue was shot down and died. Major Lee Lue was awarded posthumously a military rank of lieutenant colonel. During his flight career he made more than 5000 operation flights i.f. established a new world's record, twice excelled the achievements of the famous german pilot Hans-Ulrich Rudel.

The stories of these people inspire the descendants for self identity, desire for the goal achievement, and they encouraged me also not to give up and to continue working on myself.

When I felt a desire to earn money, first of all I asked my mother to find me a newspaper where the advertisement was printed. I read it again and again until I came across an advertisement about a container sale. I've already read somewhere about a container... Oh, here! "Buy a container". So, one sells and the other buys. I already could hold the items, so I immediately phoned. On this deal I earned not much, just bought (I had to borrow some money) and my natural skill to talk to people let me sell my just purchased property little more expensive. How happy I was to get those first money! Because they were earned by me – Artyom Moiseyenko, the wheelchair invalid, who has hardly not died lately.

So I began to bring people together through buy-sale. I had to buy containers and garages very often and an idea to prepare them for the sale came into my mind. We bought an old container, then a welder came, welded it, and after that my friends came to help: sometimes they, sometimes even my sister colored the containers and prepared them for the sale.

I wasn't mean and thanked my friends with money and gifts how I could. Of course they took it not always, because they thought that a help to me was something like nobleness and support; but I think that if they help me and I have an opportunity (I earned money on that), I'll help them.

When the container was ready for a sale, and a customer was ready to buy it, a question of delivery appeared. Naturally, we had no crane, so we invited a crane operator with his own equipment. A crane operator, like a usual builder didn't want to do everything paid only for one. So either pay or do it yourselves. And then my sister, who was a little girl yet, climbed on the container and hooked it up the crane.

She just amazed me, not only because of her wish to help, but because of the self-importance and responsibility with which she acted. Judge yourselves, we arrived to the port on taxi, where our container stood, I stayed in the car, and she went to meet the customer. Then, easily maneuvered in the corners of the port, she found the container, and after customer's approval, commanded the workers and managed the process of dispatch. In the very beginning none in the port liked it. And who'll like when a school girl pokes her nose into adult's business? But after looking carefully how easy she deals with people and how she saved her and other's time, people began to respect her. I was proud of her.

Once I asked her: "Olga, why do you help me? I understand that I'm your brother, but you do it not because of this fact, I see that you do it because of other reasons." She looked at me carefully and said: "just because I love you". I was very ashamed because I haven't seen it and because I was thinking about something different. I'll never forget her gaze at that moment, she was looking at me top-down and answered my question in such way like the children who ask stupid questions are answered. Olga always protected me from everything bad. It seemed like I was an elder brother and it was my duty, but...the destiny was such that I got into an accident and from that moment my sister was always with me. In the periods of anger she was like a panther ready to seize someone who looked at me in a wrong way by the throat. I'll always be thankful to my mother and father for my sister.

I and my sister worked every day. She was trying to do everything herself and leave me just to lead, but there were deals where I was to be present. We ordered taxi to our house, and my sister with her friends took me by the hands and brought to the car. I would say, it was not easy to do, because my weight was not small. All this trips were not easy for me. Though at home I looked at myself and was terrified. A day spent in a car resulted in that my 'soft place' appeared bleeding sores and in addition my pelvis began to itch. At night I cried while sleeping again. We made a decision to give the reins of government of a "container business" to my sister and I began to look for other variants, which will let me to have business at home. Then in ten years I understood that I did everything right. I tried to wider

the fields of activity, and if something didn't make progress, another succeeded for sure. And in those days I again took a newspaper with free advertisement, but paid my attention to nonmaterial. Building was very successful in our city, but I couldn't even imagine how to enter this business. But after attentive analyse of the advertisements in the newspaper I understood that there was a demand for finishing works. I couldn't do it myself, my sister was very busy with the resale of containers and garages, and our mother was simply afraid to take part in all that – she has been working in the kindergarten for a long time, and a change of profession seemed something inconceivable.

Suddenly one advertisement caught my eye, it said that some team of workers would make any kind of building and finishing jobs at your place. I phoned them, got acquainted and explained that I would look for customers for them, but keep some percent for the research. They agreed. Mother helped me at home. We took Whatman paper, lined columns on it, and so we got a distinctive week which we fulfilled with calls and plans. On another Whatman a list of telephone numbers of different important people stood conspicuously. So I had a kind of study not leaving which I decided all the issues. I did so many calls so my hands swelled for want of habit. I interrupted only for meals and toilet. And if the food didn't bother then the needs of another type irritated. In those times I haven't learned to control the process of urination yet and all that exasperated me, and the energy, even negative in any case is strong by its nature. So I guessed to make a slit in my bed and lying on my belly I could satisfy the demands of my organism. Moreover the patients with problems of spinal marrow are told to lie on belly. Later I patented this invention. It was funny that this technology was very simple but nobody guessed to use it. At least there was no fight for this patent.

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Business was going well. There were more and more orders, the operating schedule became more eventful and we had to sign up people for several weeks further. Many people didn't like it. They phoned, argued, and I caught most of all, because I was a kind of manager of the works for them.

We needed to look for second team of workers, because this one couldn't do job in time already. But why should one look for a team if he can create it? I looked through the newspaper which has already became magic, and wrote down very carefully the advertisements where people offered themselves as house-painters, plasterers, plumbers and other building-household roles. A card index appeared. And then a team. I had many workers so we did all the orders successfully. And if

someone suddenly became ill or went on a spree it always was a substitute. Nevertheless I told the negligent workers goodbye very quickly.

I couldn't continue working in former conditions any more. After long resistance mother finally agreed to incorporate the company on herself. We rented a basement in the same house where we lived. Reconstructed it a little bit, and made an office, where we could invite our customers. When my mom told that she "has been working in the kindergarten for her whole life and what kind of businessman could she become ", she layed it on thick. Because she edged her way into the work as accurate and responsibly as my sister, who has already developed our business so much that we could buy in home some equipment, make a small renovation and eat normally. It was so pleasant to eat food on which we earned ourselves.

The first order of our company was glazing, and we succeed in it. Everything was done easy and quickly those times. We hadn't have a computer yet, all the contracts were handprinted, and the only advantage were six telephone lines, which I've installed, when one line was not enough. Because from the very beginning all our businesses were by the phone, and one line which was installed at home, in a month couldn't cope with all amount of incoming and outcoming calls.

Soon our company became so large that it was not imposing to invite our serious customers in such a small office. Then mom found new premises and this time with its reconstruction we coped more than responsible. Its rebuilding, removal of the soil to magnify the height, decoration: all these took us a year and a half. The results impressed: people, who entered our new office just opened their mouth. The magnificence of its decoration was the best example of our opportunities.

From the first office we made a shop of audio and video, but it was not successful and we decided to close it. As I've already said, not everything works, but if not to try to develop yourselves, nothing good would come out of business. And the most important is to keep all your ideal in mind and not to tell anyone, because good ideas can often be appropriated. Honestly speaking, they can not always realize them, because for the author it's a result of long deep thought and counting and for the robber it's just a good idea.

And, following my rules I didn't tell anyone who I was and what I was doing. By the phone I introduced myself only as my mother's, Vera Zakharovna's, secretary – I didn't want to attract too attention. I didn't need fame. I just wanted to live in a proper manner with my mother and sister, and, finally, to go to Moscow – to visit famous centers of rehabilitation. But business absorbed me so much that I had no time for training yoga or doing the exercises about which I've read in the books.

Of course everything ran good and smoothly, but sometimes problematic situations happened too. Sometimes the customers just turned to be unfair people. They bought a container and after that came gunmen and took away all money for it. And what could I do, on the other hand? An invalid even who's hands didn't work well. Such situations, of course, happens not often, but took place. In time I began to recognize those who could be trusted and those who were to be checked. All those events hardened me and I learned to prevent such situations in different ways, and gradually reduced them to minimum. There is no victory without struggle.

We advanced in all fields. We bought the building materials in large building shops, and mother has already got acquainted with everybody there. As a result – good discount, delivery and many other pleasant opportunities. When the customers ordered some defined work, we immediately offered them building materials: it was cheaper, and more convenient and the need not to go and take them – the workers delivered them to the object themselves. Worth saying that it made the customers free of unnecessary headache and so they agreed without hesitating. And we found friends who recommended us their relatives and acquaintances.

Mother plunged into building, sister continued working with buying and selling, not forgetting to help me and mother. And I was at a crossroads and decided to try anything else. I haven't have my own car yet, all money were involved in business development. And I had to use taxi which took me a lot of money. Those times there were only three taxi companies in the city and it was obviously not enough, to satisfy the people's needs who were ready to pay money for comfort.

So the company "Taksi – servis" ("Taxi – service") appeared, my new enterprise which I tended and cherished, growing up really good and reliable service. And "the child" legitimated all my expectations, because right there I earned money for my first special equipment – crane truck. Getting ahead I can say that all these businesses exist today only empowering and become transformed in time with the rhythm of modern life. The building company now has a full vehicle fleet of special equipment, with which we already built small objects.

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I've always loved the Sea of Japan, the green spaces of Vladivostok, fresh air. When I was lying at home I used to dream how we would go to the country and fish there with my friends. I even promised them that someday I would ride them on a launch. I talked about it, but I hardly believe it myself. Sometimes my friends went to fish and of course invited me with them. But I always refused because of feeling bad or being busy, but honestly speaking I was just ashamed. If

I accepted the invitation, I went with them without a wheelchair, which I never liked, and there I was sitting in a rolling chair or lying on a beach, doing everything so other people couldn't even suspect my disability. Now it just makes me laugh, how I worried about it. Because then I didn't understand that life gave me a chance to reconsider all my values, to sift out everything unnecessary and to be able to master not only body but my soul.

With the lapse of time I bought a car. Then one more and after that a third one. All those cars were big and comfortable. From the very beginning it was important for me to arrive to the business meetings not by taxi, but by my own car. And besides that I planned trips to the country on a comfortable off-road vehicle with a conditioner and pleasant music inside of it.

After cars it was a turn to buy a launch. I've been dreaming about it for a long time and finally I could afford to buy this wonderful equipment. Now with a big company of friends we could voyage to Zaliv Petra Velikogo (Peter's the Great Bay).

Zaliv Petra Velikogo – is the largest and picturesque bay in the Sea of Japan. The banks of the bay, indented by numerous creeks, stretched from the mouth of the river Tumannaya (Foggy) in the West to cape Povorotniy (Turning) in the East. The length of the coastline of the bay including islands is about 1700 km. In its scope there are many islands and separately sticking out of water rocks (kekurs). The biggest peninsula of the bay – a peninsula of Muraviev-Amursky – divides the area of water of Zaliv Petra Velikogo in two big parts – the Amur and the Ussuri bays. Several big rivers (Tumannaya, Razdil'naya) and many small rivers and streams flow into the bay. The mouth parts of many rivers in recent geological past were flooded by the sea, and as a result of it several bays of second order appeared here – Amurskiy, Ussuriyskiy, Vostok, Amerika. Likely that the bay of Posiet has the same origin.

Usually we moved along the coast from the south-west border of Zaliv Petra Velikogo to the north-east to Vladivostok and then to the south-east to Nakhodka. Different pictures went by in front of our eyes: waterlogged aligned spaces with lagoons and relict lakes, rocky cliffs, sandy beaches, numerous islands, spits and piers.

This beauty charmed and entranced at the same time. Once we were admiring all that so much that have gone in the wrong direction. A boat went out to us, there was a person on the deck. We thought that he was selling the fish and went after him. It was early in the morning and darkness hindered our vision. The seller showed me a bay where we were to moor to the pier. Suddenly I felt that

something was wrong and refused to make asked maneuver. The man showed his “passes” and turned to be a worker of fishing control. He was driving as to a corner, thinking that we were promoting the development of poaching and specially went to restricted area. After telling us to look into the maps more carefully he saw us off till the border of the area and went back to the creek.

There were many interesting and funny situations with us, but my thoughts were busy not only with rest.

I clearly remembered what I’ve seen while visiting “Sad-Gorod”: terrible ruin, lack of attention and wheelchairs for the patients. All that was still worrying me. When I was going from hospital to hospital to get medical treatment I was terrified not because of the appearance of the places where the ill people were, but because of doctor’s attitude to them. Undoubtedly some of them are payed very little there, but they were not made go and work as doctors. I was quarreling with them for many times, and I was shocked by their carelessness and devil-may-care towards their patients’ problems. And none wanted to invest money into hospitals, to invite worthy specialists, to reconstruct the building. With the development of business I had enough money for living and I began to help the center myself. I bought the wheelchairs, solved the problems with repairmen, but unfortunately it turned out to be “as usual”. The head doctor of the center has decided that Artyom Moiseyenko wanted to crush down “Sad-Gorod” and he began to struggle with my good intentions in different ways. I haven’t given up. It didn’t work out with this hospital – let’s build our own. We had to appeal to city’s administration, to make them help me to build my own rehabilitation center on the sea side. They promised to assist, but finally it didn’t work. While helping the others I stopped working on myself. But I needed attention too. Mother and sister were tired after work so much that they returned home “without legs”. I was joking that in those moments they were like me most of all. In the morning they left for the office, to the objects and bargains and I stayed alone. Three years have passed after the injury but I still needed help. Then I took a newspaper again and began to look for those who could help my at home and with other spheres. There were many volunteers so I made something like a casting. With some I parted in three days, with the others we collaborated much longer; all those people were like slipping through me and I didn’t remember neither faces nor names. Though I remember one person till now.

A girl came to my place, she was from a category of girls whom you won’t notice passing by in the street. Our interview began as usual; what was her name, where did she study, whom did she worke as. But soon the talk turned into

another sphere. Question by question, and she already told me about her problems and sorrows and so sensory like she wanted to ease her feelings for so long.

I have listened to her till the end without interrupting and then I didn't contain myself:

– If you are such a “crybaby” – go home. I'm not cruel, you want it yourself. All the world for you consists of problems which needed to be solved, but you don't solve them, and think about them not like about an opportunity for developing, but like about a hard struggle. If you are afraid of everything – hide yourself. But for how long will you be sitting there? How long? – I breathe out, made a pause and continued, – look at yourself. Here, here is a mirror on the wall. What do you see? Probably there is a grey, tear-stained face with dark circles under eyes and sadness in the eyes. But now look at yourself in a different way. You are beautiful! Can't you see? How can you take care of me, love me, if you don't love even yourself? She burst out with tears and began to ask me questions. I advised her to read books, to practice autotrainings and generally pay attention to herself – to look at her appearance from an outsider's viewpoint.

Someone rang our doorbell in two months. A beautiful effective woman with a basket of fruits was standing in the doorway. I didn't recognize her at first, I thought that a person had rang the wrong door. But it was she. The girl who wanted to be my helper. It turned out that I have urged her on so much in life that she seriously paid attention to herself. And her second coming she explained like a wish to thank me. At first I wanted to refuse, but then I changed my mind. Good intentions of people should be accepted and awarded with attention. If she does it with her heart why shouldn't I open my own to her?

After that many people told that communication with them charged them with some magical energy which urged them on resolute steps which they were dreaming about for a long time. What was interrupting them before – was incomprehensible, what were they waiting for – was not clear.

Invisible chariot of time was running, absorbing days, weeks and months. While I was helping people and dealing with business, the time didn't have coffee breaks, but just moved the clock hands indifferently. I understood that I needed new methods of rehabilitation because the old were not effective any more. Last time before my trip to Moscow I refused even the cup of Esmarkh. This painful and excruciating treatment has exhausted me and its effect was only at the very beginning.

I made a decision – to go to treat myself to Moscow. Money for a trip I've already had, and a thought 'I'll stand on my legs' burnt with a new power.

## Moscow

Moscow met me with very high prices for treatment and with such a variety of hospitals and healers that I've lost my head at first. From the beginning of my new way 13 years have already passed, but only 2 in my head. I was 22 again, and I didn't know what to do again. I had money for treatment, but where to go with them I couldn't even imagine. Of course when I was going to Moscow I knew that I would in any case visit Kachesov, whom I knew from his books, and Dikul'. But in the capital other variants appeared, and again, like after my leaving the hospital 13 years ago, I had to search, choose, try and treat myself.

I was alone in this big city. But in the beginning my cousin Aleksey helped me, but he had his own family and job, that's why he couldn't give me maximum of time. A question of finding a helper appeared. Valentina became such a person for me. At first I communicated with her son but then exactly she became my devoted companion during my life in Moscow. Valentina had no experience of a nurse, but it didn't hinder her, MOTHER in nature, to be very attentive to my problems. All in all, I think, I was very lucky to meet those people who surrounded me after the injury. Friends cheered me up during the first time after hospital, and later helped in business questions. My mother and sister constantly walked with me in this life, and without their help I wouldn't do anything. And my daughter who is thirteen now, was always with me since she was three. She was and always will be proud of me, because "dad is always merry". Many of her girlfriends even envied her, because their fathers even walking with their healthy legs on this planet, but do nothing, but drink alcohol, quarrel and shout on their children.

When Anuta (it's the name of my daughter who was born a little bit before the accident) was three one story has happened, which has strongly shake me up. It's not pleasant for me to write about it, but in those times I couldn't control my urination, so it was necessary to help me on time. When it happened, we were alone with my daughter and this little three-aged creature with big eyes has guessed itself to put a bedpan under. I was looking at her and crying. Everything have mixed in my tears: and love and pride, and compassion to myself.

All that was in my head but I didn't stepped back from my goal. I had to rent a flat, what was chipper than a hotel, and to choose where to go first. I came back to early plans. Dikul' or Khachesov? Khachesov. Doctor Khachesov was

famous at first because of his books. He has 4 on this moment. Before the trip I looked through the internet carefully looking for opinions, because a book is one and practice is something different. Generally the results of search didn't gladden me. There was much criticism in doctor's address. But more than a half was unreasonable. Of course there will be a result like from another methodology, but what? I found also gratitudes to doctor. Maybe because of that I went. He worked with me for 2 months, but finally I didn't get anything.

He had good methodology, but maybe they were not for me, or they needed to be combined with other. Generally the result appeared, but a small one, and I went to Moscow of course not for that.

Now I wasn't in a hurry to visit Dikul'. In advertisement I found a guy, who came to my place for two months and made me massage. With him I also did therapeutic physical training. I thought that now I was to choose a doctor more carefully. And in two months I finally decided. If I was going from the very beginning, I would go.

The biography of Valentin Dikul' was always surprising me. I've read about him on the internet, learning more and more new details. This person always seemed a "constructor" to me, another words, a person who constructed and made himself. I'll tell a little bit for those, who's never heard about him:

Dikul' was born in Latvia after World War II. His father was killed, mother died when he went to the kindergarten. Valya was living in a orphanage. Travelling part of circus was the only happiness in his life. Valya ran away from the orphanage to spent a whole day there. Very early he understood that he was to work in circus. He learned to juggle and studied acrobatics very soon, but finally became "an artist of trapeze". He was 15 when he did his first number.

And once a steel horizontal bar on which equipment and safety were fixed, broke. Valentin fell down from around 40 meters height, he had more than 10 fractures, including the spine fracture, which has paralyzed his legs completely.

The doctors' diagnosis was the following: "Compression fracture of the spine in lumbar part and cerebral injury. Valentin Dikul' will spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair".

He began to work with hard energy in the hospital. Doctors and patients asked him to stop wasting his time and efforts. But he didn't calm down, he picked up everything he could reach. He began experiments with weight lifting till complete exhaustion, at first in the hospital where none could imagine that he would have results and later at home alone.

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I relied on my first doctors, they helped me, but I didn't stand on my feet. After a time of intensive searches I came into contact with Central Clinical Hospital of Medical Rehabilitation which is located in the small town Goluboe near Zelenograd.

I liked this place immediately. Clean air, huge territory, attentive relation of doctors to patients. I was ready to take treatment here. It's not easy to get to such places, so many visitors! But still, I managed and I'm immensely glad, because a new stage of my life has started from here.

### **The Open world**

Here I finally seriously took good care of myself. Besides remedial gymnastic about which I had already spoken well, I began to develop my sport skills. Basketball and table tennis are not only helpful but also fascinating.

For wheelchair-bound disabled person is important not the therapeutic exercises itself, but understanding that soon he/she can go. It's important to know, that it's not just rehabilitation, but preparation for standing on feet. And there are lots of train apparatuses and treatment modes to support belief. For me, orthoses became one of the most perfect appliance, they are made of thermoplastic, so they are very flexible and comfortable. Orthoses support any parts of the body, and it is intended for fast bones knitting (for people who has bone fractures) or for facilitation of labour of a person who has an injured extremity. In my case, orthoses help me to stand firm and to make steps. In this way from one end of a hall to another I learned to walk over again. And the most important thing is that I knew what would be the next stage, in other words I got a purpose. Looking at those, who already has enough strength, and they move to bars, and there, holding (hands) on the wooden sticks, they go without the orthoses; I was admired. After a while and soon we can not distinguish their walk from the steps of healthy people walking the streets.

During rehabilitation period besides the ortheses, I like very much to use a parapodium. I think that use of a dynamic parapodium during rehabilitation period is necessary, because people who uses it can go without others people help and even do almost any domestic chores. In my opinion, if you want to stand on feet and go without assistance – it is an excellent incentive.

One of my favourite apparatuses is an exercise bicycle (both electric and mechanical). Their main difference from each other, that the electric bicycle whirls pedals for you, and you only train the feet to such movements. And mechanical bicycle will not do anything itself, so you have to weigh upon your knees and whirl by yourself.

It is right in CCHMR I learned about Rollerball (training of hands – it is very useful for disabled people with spinal cord trauma in the cervical) and tried out a large number of different massage appliances on myself. This is a massage jar, and squid, and roller with spikes (for conductivity and sensitivity stimulation).

All these methods seminally influence on health. And such rehabilitation increases chances to rise on feet soon. And of course, you shouldn't forget about such a useful things like a swimming pool, countryside walks and rest.

Mention a theme about useful and pleasant procedures, I will tell you about what I do regularly. It's obligatorily to read books – head must work, I don't want to be a plant, I want to be a clever and quick-witted man. In due time, yoga also presented me meditation and relaxation exercises: before going to sleep I imagine myself running a big green field or I'm sitting along huge ocean shore and waves slightly touch my feet. Seeing such pictures usually I fall asleep. And by the way, I sleep very well. Point of this exercise in calming your body and your head for a sleep. Besides, remember that the more often you imagine yourselves on healthy feet, the closer you become to realization of your desires. You simply «draw up» result to yourselves.

In addition to the meditations, I write notes in a diary before going to a bed. There I describe all actions, which in my opinion I have made good on that day. Also, I observe my state. All these things allows me to understand on what stage of the track I am and what direction I go. And if it becomes hard for me to make any decision, I just reread the diary, and having read how many things I could do, I am filled with confidence. In addition to the diary you can just praise yourself, as I do. Don't think bad, my selfishness is the most possible, healthy. Just, if you'll praise yourself for good deeds from time to time, then you would see how happy your body will ready for action. You'll be less tired, and on the whole, things come out on top. You'll see. It's really nice to talk to oneself, if you are not ashamed (but you must not be ashamed by), or aloud: «Hurrah! I won». That makes laugh, especially it makes you laugh, and once again, charges. And the laughter and energy – is an excellent replacement of a weekly pills portion. Joke. Yet, in every joke there is, as you know ...

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Over three month that I have spent in the hospital, I made the acquaintance of everyone. I had a lot of ideas and a huge experience baggage, because I really wanted to share all this good, and I was looking for listeners. I saw on people's faces that, particularly, they did not believe me. Apparently, everybody reasoned thus: the guy came from Vladivostok and spoke about how and what did he achieve, and he looks like a bag. Really, when I got to the Hospital of Medical Rehabilitation, I looked not very good. I kept a diet not so long ago, the trainings weren't regular, and what are the exercises – at home and only on training apparatus. But over three months, I really became stronger. Also advantage is in care of Valentina and her son Roman, who watched my diet and taking medicine in time, that is certainly important.

After that period of time, I grew to look more confidently. At that time, people seemed to consider to my opinion. Exactly at that time I became good friend with Nikolay. Kolya, probably, was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. If after crash I was pointed to fast convalescence, but my friend did not. Nikolay was born in Khimki in 1982. At first school, then technical school. The young man didn't burden himself with problems and had an idle and light life style. But one day, life played a nasty trick on his simple life style. Nikolay dove from a bridge and touched down to shallow water.

If nobody were there, Kolya had drowned for sure. But he was rescued and pulled round. He was in the Sklifivskiy hospital for three month. And then he tried for a long time to get to Central Clinical Hospital, and he did. The case changed him a lot. He /became think more about his health and other people. And in support of this, Nicolai doesn't keep still/get itchy feet/ has ants in his pants, he keeps occupying himself hard going in for fencing. And life rewards him for his efforts. So Nicolai became a champion of Russia and won the third place at a world championship. As he said: "You can't get by on rehabilitation, you should make your way through a life".

Since that time when we became friends, Kolya suggested me doing something together, his cup of ideas was overflowing, but that's all wasn't right and considerable. I always thought that the idea at the first place should bring kindness, it must help people. Everyone will feel good, and any certainly initiative will be successful. For a long time I thought over about it and one day called everyone together. Everyone who listened to my stories attentively and who was spiritually close with me.

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– Artem, what do you suggest? – Sveta interrupted me. – Do you want to create a social organization which will take care of disabled people?

– Half and half. I will explain you. As you know, there is such organization as “All-Russian society of disabled people”, which looks after all disabled people of Russia. And do you understand how many are there in all? Amputee... And if speak honestly: I don’t perceive/observe their help, I achieved everything by myself.

– Artem, for sure, you did well, but... – Kolya looked away, – How do you want to cut a piece from disabled people society, they have their own goals and they exist for a long time.

– Don’t you understand, – I slowly began to get worked up, – I don’t want to compete with them. We simply will work together, and will make their job easier. We will look after wheelchair-bound disabled people.

Well, but where do you find money? – They asked almost in one voice.

Money. Everything is hampered by money. Let us suppose that I have some. And how many we need? I estimated quickly – it turned out rather much. Registration, office equipment, making and promotion of our own website. And added to everything else, I told not the half of it to my friends.

– Listen, that’s not half of it. I want we to go on/make a tour in August. I have three cars, among us there are drivers, of course, and the only thing for us is to go off from Vladivostok to Kaliningrad.

Everyone kept silent. From their eyes size and width of opened mouths, I deduced that they hadn’t expect. And I was going on.

– We will stay in large cities, deal with authority, disabled people, journalists. Then we’ll attract attention to us, and then somebody maybe appropriate money, and on these money we’ll help. Many disabled people have not enough money.

My friends still were keeping silent. That evening I spoke a lot, made plans, but they only nodded and curtly agreed to me. When I was used up, we wished each other beautiful dreams and departed.

Next day was real furor – news spread all over the hospital, and first volunteers appeared. Some wanted to join the organization, another wanted to start rally, and the third wanted to subscribe for both events.

To consolidate success we went to the Cathedral of the Redeemer. Though it wasn’t rally, but I organized this trip and found a bus, this case obviously added me advantages.

When we arrived, we thoroughly got to the point. We made registrations and put passports copies and disability certificates together. Literally in a few days, we understood, that we hadn't enough people. I made a compulsory decision to go to searches in other hospitals.

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One sunny morning in July I got into the car, and the four of us went on a visit to disabled people of Moscow hospitals. My brother drove, he lives in vicinities of Moscow, that's why he orientates on capital roads very well. Igor and Nicolai made themselves comfortable in the backseat. Kolya took his medals with them to show people (example of) that they mustn't give way, but on the contrary they must improve themselves. Igor record our trip on video, dictaphone, made photos and notes.

We arranged about meetings straight as our trip goes. The Dikul station staff and patients were ready to welcome us in the Department of Internal Affairs. By the way, they received us well. They explained rather fast and detailed where we could speak. And now, there are few people were ready to listen to us.

There were two Frenchmen among listeners. A girl and a boy. The girl's name is Magalil, she doesn't know Russian language at all. And the question arose, how to make essence of the problem clear for foreigners/ inform foreigners about the essence of the problem. Lucky for us, Igor speaks English and interpret the meaning to Frenchmen. They nod with understanding and say that they would like to start rally with great pleasure, but! – next year. Unfortunately, they have to go back to France, and therefore they refused to go this year. But they like the idea very much, and next year they will try to involve French television.

The rest listeners are Russian, so I explain them everything simply and quickly. Men support the idea, we exchange phone numbers and they promise to fax necessary passport copies and disability certificates to create the organization.

We rush on. We must do so much. Everyone in a good spirit – nineteen hospital is next. Running ahead and comparing it with the Overcoming, I'd like to note appearance. Terribly old repair, dark corridors, anguish is in the air. In spite of everything, doctors thought sensibly about our idea and told where listeners are.

In the hospital for disabled people with spinal cord trauma in the servical there are two floors: the second and the sixth. On the second floor we met only one man – Belikov Uriy Mikhailovich, fortunately for us, he turned out to be interesting and outstanding personality. Having mentioned that he doesn't trust

journalists, though he agreed to be photographed and wasn't against camera. Uriy Mikhailovich is 17 years experience disabled person. And during this time he had time to visit Italy, Turkey and other countries. He supported our idea and promised to help us. In general our talk/conversation was interesting. On the sixth floor such activity wasn't. The single ward, in which few sleeping men were and women near each bed. Substantially women asked questions, only in the end of talk, men also took an interest. Writing their numbers down, we wished them rapid recovery and went on.

The day changed into evening, when we were on the threshold of "The Overcoming" centre. It's not an outpatient department, it's in-patient department. Having used the offer to make an excursion, we went on a centre, looking into wards, gym and swimming pool. To say that the centre is made for people, it will mean nothing. Perfect conditions, attentive staff, smiling patients indicated that this place is really wonderful and amazing. In this case we won't say about prices, but for the present time, in our country everything is organized so, that the quality of a place depends on amount of money for medical treatment. By the way, "The Overcoming" was created purposely to show an example of good rehabilitation centre, hoping for opening similar centers in the country.

These examples demonstrates us, that the decision to create organization is right and our goal is to obtain rehabilitation accessibility in such places. And now return to "The Overcoming". As I already said they had been welcomed us with great pleasure.

Assistant director of social work Kurbanov Ruslan Saidovich showed us all the particulars beauties. Besides, he uncommonly turned out to be very hospitable boss. He attentively listened to us and completely support. He also complimented the name. The open world? It's nice and clear/understandable. It's mean, that the organization goal is to create the whole world for wheelchair bound disabled people. Ruslan Saidovich nodded his head for a long time and complained of a system of nurse labour remuneration. He wants to promote the system into the law. Also he mentioned people who hasn't relatives and whom usually church members help. But their resource has a limit. He told us about other counties experience in this question. For example, in USA there is a whole teaching system of people who nurse disabled people.

Keeping the purpose of our visit in our minds, we moved to a conference hall, where listeners had been already waiting for us. 20 different sex and age people listened to us attentively. And when we finished they bombarded us with

questions. Well, we were ready for it. By the way, people paid our attention to other 2 problems. The first: to make a free of charge hot line, to everyone could call and not only to tell about their problems, but even get support. And the second: to make the internet more accessible for disabled people. cost, popularity and training is important thing in this case. So the idea of making a common website for disabled people, where they could communicate and share information with other people arose. Running ahead, I'd like to say, that now we have such portal. People can make friends and acquaintances, ask questions, seek help or offer their help. Also we could put the latest information about legislation related to us, and modern methods of treatment. And this is especially important for wheelchair disabled people.

In a word, go on [www.kovcheg-vl.ru](http://www.kovcheg-vl.ru), and we can unite in one great community.

Nicolai, who usually doesn't speak a lot, found worthy listeners at this portal. He spoke a lot about sport. He told that in Russia only A and B category people (people who undergo amputation or people who has diseased back or lumbus) take part in fencing competitions. And decision about inclusion of C category was made not so long ago. Some people listened to him, others argued with him, but at the end everybody agreed that in Russia there are only few sports societies for disabled people, where they can study and train. It is good, that Moscow government help to develop sport, because in other cities there isn't any government support.

We had a very sincerely farewell scene. There is no denying, many of these people honestly kept their word and sent the documents copies.

Having returned in Goluboe, we made a conclusion. People completely support our idea – isn't it a answer for the question about necessity of creating this organization?

The main tasks are:

- \* to make a nurse labour well paid;
- \* to pay attention to the internet accessibility and popularity among wheelchair-bound people;
- \* active agitation and support in sport development
- \* Building of social dormitories for disabled people.

We have faith in ourselves and it's most important. Usually people loose, because they yield more often than they are defeated. But we can say about bravery if a person, in spite of horror/ terror and fear of failure, anyway keep going on. I'm right the same person. I don't know when I will go by myself. I don't know how it will happen, but I know for sure, that soon it will. I am so unflinching on my track to the goal, that for 13 years I never gave way. I stopped, took breaks, but I always remembered, that anyway I must go on. Many people tried to lead me astray. Sometimes I wanted to yield, but something inside didn't let me to lose hope.

Moreover, I want to help not only myself, but other people. From this book you got to know how I lived for last 13 years and what I had done to rehabilitate. Some things helped me, another didn't. Some people gave me support, others, on the contrary, dug me deeper. Thanks to this book, you know where you should address, but you choose the way. Only your inner mood, your every intention to be strong one day will put you on your leg, make you breath more air than usual, and decide for yourself who you are and what you want from life.

14.08.08

Inter-regional social organization  
of wheelchair bound invalids “The Open World”  
Social organization of “Kovcheg”  
(Vladivostok)

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