



## FACILITATED ENROLLMENT APRIL 2009

*“Though April showers may come your way,  
They bring the flowers that bloom in May.  
So if it’s raining, have no regrets,  
Because it isn’t raining rain, you know,  
It’s raining violets” Al Jolsen*



It is finally Spring. Spring in the Brady family is celebrated when the parachutes appear over our home. This year, Spring officially arrived on April 14 – not a particularly pretty or nice day. In fact, it was overcast and dreary. But those bright nylon parachutes elevated our spirits. Then, my spirits plummeted when I noticed the deer had eaten the tops of my daffodils for the 10<sup>th</sup> year in a row. Such is life.

Last newsletter I indicated that I would explain the stress reducing techniques associated with a 90 gallon fish tank and Christmas cards in March. My husband, bless his soul, decided he needed a bigger fish tank. This involved selling our piano, getting the tank in, getting the proper ecological tank filler to go with the plants, hoping the giant tank doesn’t leak, and transferring the fish from the small 25 gallon tank (now the hospital tank – yes, I laughed out loud). How is this stress reducing for me? I get to look at a happy contented man with his fish. Not my idea of a pet, but it was also stress busting watching him get aggravated.

I made my Christmas cards the day of the last snowstorm. It was exhilarating as the pressure to make 80 homemade cards in the fall is gone! It is my therapy to craft things out of scrap paper. I only have to deal with the wedding now....um, yeah, stress reducing.

This will not be a long newsletter. There are program changes, which you have already been mailed the new forms. I have requested additional applications from the NYS warehouse. I have not received a response as to whether they have the applications or not. If you need applications, please do not wait until you have one left. We will make color copies for you and drop them off.



### **Eligibility Worksheets**

By now, you should have received the new Eligibility worksheets. The only change is to Question 3. A question has been added to address Unemployment. Remember, we cannot count the additional \$25 stimulus that a family receives as income.

I am noticing that a family's name is not listed on the eligibility worksheet. You must put the family's name on both pages of the eligibility worksheet. Two of our counties do not want the applications stapled; therefore, if a paper clip gets lost, the pages could fall apart. We need to be able to link the worksheet to the application.



### **Declaration of No Income**

Two lines have been added to the Declaration of No Income. The family must complete these two lines.



### **Increase in Expansion Premium Level**

Effective July 1, 2009 the premium levels of \$20, \$30, and \$40 will increase to \$30, \$45 and \$60 per child (family maximum is still 3 children). All applications begun after May 21, 2009 must use a new desk aid.

Families currently in the \$20, \$30 or \$40 premium category will be notified by their health plan. These families will also have to pay the increased premium. These families must be notified by June 1 of their new premium cost.

A copy of the ADM#56 describing the changes is attached, as well as Attachment A (new desk aid). Nothing has changed except the cost of the premium - the income guidelines remain the same.



### **Inspiration Piece**

It's called Red Marbles - I have a thing about marbles!



### Section C, Question 6

This was discussed in the last newsletter and is also being discussed again. You must pay attention to this question. If a family has lost their job, if some one is retiring, and they had insurance at that job, the question has to be answered. Please pay attention to this.



### Sloppiness

Please, please, please take your time! I cannot tell you the sloppy condition some of these applications are in. Cross outs, circles, arrows – UNACCEPTABLE. Please be considerate not only of Vivian and Jennifer (who review your applications) but also of the plans and local districts who receive the applications after us.



### Time Off

Lynda will be out of the office from April 22 through May 4. I will return on May 4<sup>th</sup> to begin my 11<sup>th</sup> year at MISN. I have seen a lot of changes in the past 10 years. I have seen amazing growth in the FE program and am pleased to have been a part of it since its inception. I will be refreshed and relaxed upon my return.



### Interesting book

I stumbled across a coffee table book while reading the Sunday Times Herald Record a few weeks ago. The author/photographer resides in Monroe. I ordered a copy of the book as a portion of the proceeds benefit the not-for-profit Scenic Hudson. The book is beautiful. I have ordered copies to give our West Point cadets as a graduation gift – something not so military to remember their time “up on the hill” as my family refers to the Academy.

The website for the book is [www.gregmillerphotography.com](http://www.gregmillerphotography.com).

Have a good rest of the month – I’ll see you in May!!!!

## RED MARBLES

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes. I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

**"Hello Barry, how are you today?"**

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good."

**"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"**

"Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time."

**"Good. Anything I can help you with?"**

"No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas."

**"Would you like to take some home?" asked Mr. Miller.**

"No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

**"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"**

"All I got's my prize marble here."

**"Is that right? Let me see it" said Miller.**

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

**"I can see that. HMMMMM, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?" the store owner asked.**

"Not zackley but almost.."

**"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble".** Mr. Miller told the boy.

"Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, "There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store."

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles. Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket.

Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes. Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from

those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

"Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim "traded" them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size....they came to pay their debt."

"We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho " With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband.

Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath.