

A low-angle photograph of a bamboo forest. The bamboo stalks are tall and slender, reaching towards the top of the frame. The leaves are a vibrant green, and sunlight filters through the canopy, creating a dappled light effect. The overall atmosphere is serene and natural.

Is there light at the
end of the tunnel?

Alexander's Story



Jane very aptly details her experiences as a loving, and at times exasperated, mother of 7 year old Alexander, who struggles through his school life until he is correctly treated for visual dyslexia.

She leaves no stone unturned in her search for help for her son and is surprised at the little help offered from professionals and the hostile attitude of the school authorities.

A story to which many mothers of those "learning delayed" as she calls it, will relate to with great empathy.

Jane's searching is not however in vain, there is an Angel out there. . .



Jane is an inspiration! She clung on, not letting herself be defeated by the lack of understanding and support by those surrounding her.

Thanks to her determination Alexander and her family can now live their lives normally.



Alexander's Story

Dear Mrs Lawson

This is a short history of my journey with my son.

I am certain you have heard it all before, however if this can be of assistance to any other family struggling with a child like Alexander then I am happy for you to pass on the information.

My search to find an Angel like you was long and at times emotionally draining but I am eternally grateful that I stayed firm in my belief that someone, somewhere had the answer to what I was searching for.

With my best wishes for the future of your revolutionary program. I will be forever indebted to you for your help.

Jane



My heart broke every time I heard those words...

At the end of Kindergarten Alexander said to me *"the words wobble on the board"*. This was the first sign that something was not quite right. It was also however a sign of Alexander's great intelligence to be able to actually explain what he was seeing and to identify that what he was seeing was different to what everybody else saw. He had not really grasped the concept of reading at all and having already two other children I was acutely aware that reading should be well underway by the end of Kindergarten. For Alexander it was as if the whole year had been a waste of time.

He had difficulty in other areas as well such as

tying his shoelaces,
remembering the alphabet,
clumsiness,
very poor handwriting.

His handwriting was so poor in fact he would form the letters starting from the bottom rather than the top.

Alexander's struggle with reading became so tiring at times he would rub his eyes continuously, he would cover one eye to read, he would move his head around and headaches became a regular event. He became very self-conscious of his reading difficulties.

He would say to me *"I'm not as smart as the others, they can read" or "I don't want to go to school, the work's too hard, the teacher yells at me because I can't get it finished."*

As a mother your heart breaks every time you hear those words and I was hearing those words on a daily basis.

I could not believe what I was hearing...

The teachers and school professionals had little to offer in the way of advice. They were unable to give me any name for what Alexander had. He was put into the general classification of *"slow learners"*.

They did not want Alexander to be aware of any problem so therefore we were not encouraged to try to find an answer. They wanted to use a wait and see approach. In the meantime they would *"tailor"* the work to suit him. In other words, he would not be on the same learning curve as the other children, the others would advance while Alexander would work at his *"own level"*. This strategy distressed me and kept me awake most nights.

I then embarked upon hours of Internet research, I borrowed every library book that ever existed about learning difficulties, I purchased various computer programs and reading aids. From my research I discovered a name that I thought fitted Alexander perfectly. That name was *"Dyslexia"*.

I excitedly told his teachers that I thought I had the answer. I was told that there was to be no *"labelling"* of his condition. Dyslexia did not exist and these sort of children were simply *"learning delayed"*.

I could not believe what I was hearing.

How could they ignore all the other signs and symptoms and simply put Alexander into the same category as other children who may not have those specific symptoms.

These children become delinquents because they are bullied. . .

Surely in their years of previous teaching experience they must have had a child like Alexander.

Surely they must have directed that child to a professional that could help. Surely they must have had feedback on what works and what doesn't.

The one thing I have learned from this experience is that teachers are there to teach a curriculum.

I was completely wrong in my assumption that they would know what to do.

The professionals will just keep pushing the child through the curriculum with a load of remedial work and that is their answer. Alternatively there are always drugs for ADD and this seems to be the only other option considered by the professionals.

Somewhere in High School when these children become delinquents because they are bullied, lack confidence and cannot keep up with the work, the children are then placed into a specific school for the difficult children.

The only piece of advice I was given was to have Alexander tested by a school counsellor and she would then make recommendations as to any further investigation.

I clung on to the hope that perhaps the school counsellor must be the person with all the answers.

Deflated but not to be defeated. . .

After the testing process however, I was told the same message again. Alexander had difficulty processing things, his visual processing skills were poor, his memory was poor, his reading was very bad, his handwriting was bad etc etc.

I had heard it all before.

Again I mentioned dyslexia, again I was told I was not to put that label on Alexander.

So what was the answer?

I was told to seek occupational therapy.

Excitedly I booked in.

It was clear after only a few sessions that the aim of the occupational therapist was to get Alexander to hold his pencil correctly. Some other exercises were recommended so that Alexander could learn to “cross the midline” but these, it appeared, did little even after following the routine for a number of weeks. The occupational therapy was certainly doing nothing for his reading difficulties.

Deflated but not to be defeated, I continued on my journey, unconvinced that “dyslexia” was a myth.

I didn't like his diagnosis. . .

My journey took me to the following places:

1. A **Behavioural Optometrist**
who recommended a light box be used for a number of weeks. He provided no guarantee of anything except that even after using his program Alexander would need extensive further intervention. After paying **\$350** in tests and reports I decided I needed confirmation from someone else before releasing further funds.
2. An **Eye Specialist**
was consulted to confirm that visual training was necessary. Surely I thought he could confirm whether there was a problem with Alexander's eyes. I was told that Alexander's eyes were perfectly healthy. He provided no explanation for Alexander's reading problems.
3. I then visited a **Paediatric Educational Specialist**.
Again I was sure that consultation with a specialist would provide the answer and lead us on the right path to whatever needed to happen. After all are these people not highly qualified and trained?
After a day of testing and another **\$500**, I was told there were indeed problems, *Alexander was ADD* and would need remedial work and *failing that there would be ADD drugs*.

I was sceptical however this Doctor was a Specialist, a very expensive one at that, I didn't like his diagnosis but at least I had a diagnosis.

... more money and time was wasted.

4. I enrolled Alexander in an after **school remedial class**. Unfortunately however, whilst as ever Alexander had difficulty focusing, he was not retaining anything he learned so more money and time was wasted.
5. I took Alexander to a **cranial osteopath**, desperate to try anything however strange it sounded.
6. I looked at the **Dore program** but it seemed a year or two of exercises was a long time commitment and if that did not work another year or two would have been wasted along with another **\$5000** or so.
7. Alexander attended several sessions with a **Davis facilitator** where he would build words out of clay. This was initially helpful as he managed to learn the alphabet. I am sure, however, if I had sat down for three solid days and concentrated solely on the alphabet I could have achieved the same result. The remainder of the program was to take two years, again for Alexander it was a time factor, I was not sure he had that amount of time to waste if at the end I found the program had not worked.

*The amount of funds I expended on the **Davis program** amounted **\$700** and would have ran into **\$1,000's** had I continued.*

... "cure" a word I'd never heard before.

Remarkably I then heard of two people who had been to **The Allison Lawson Clinic** with *astounding results*.

Unfortunately this was not a widely advertised program as I had never come across it throughout all of my Internet searching.

The program was short, the cost was not excessive and although the travel was extensive, it was not forever.

So we began.

Suddenly I was hearing someone talk absolute sense and Allison was calling Alexander's problem Dyslexia, a word that had been cast aside by many professionals.

Allison was talking in terms of a "cure", again this was a word I had never before heard.

... feeling like the worst mother in the world.

We started attending twice a week much to the dismay of Alexander's school.

Soon after discovering I was seeking alternative help for Alexander outside of the school system I was called to a meeting with the **Principal**, the **School Counsellor** and the **Special Education** teacher.

No words of encouragement were spoken during that meeting but rather I was told

- not to expect anything,
- to be careful where I was spending my money,
- to not label Alexander,
- not to have him believe he has a problem,
- that I should leave his problems to the school system.
- They were of the view that they had adequate resources to cope with his problems.

I enquired as to whether they could provide visual training.

They could not.

That however, was not their answer.

Their answer was that, given time, a number of years and possibly into High School, Alexander would improve.

His type did not improve at any fast rate and he would need extensive on-going remedial work.

I left the meeting feeling like the worst mother in the world.

Was I just on some sort of wild ...

Was he really that bad...?

goose chase, trying to find help for my child that didn't exist?

Was he really that bad that he would never amount to anything without on-going, constant monitoring?

I clung to the distant hope that I was somehow on the right path, even though it seemed nobody else agreed.

It did not take long to notice a difference.

After only a few sessions with Allison *Alexander's reading became faster*, words that he had *not previously been able to spell were suddenly being spelt correctly*.

It was as if *he had the information already stored away* and that information *had been unlocked from the dark hole*.

After about five sessions and after hearing Alexander *read incredibly well and fast*.

I said to him *"What is it that you see now when you read? Compared with how you used to read?"*

He said to me *"Before when I read my eyes would not move fast enough to the next word. Now I can see the next word."*

He is only 7, he does not make up stories.

He is and remains, incredibly perceptive and intelligent.

... now he can move forward, instead of standing still.

From my journey I have discovered that:

there are many programs that may or may not assist children like Alexander.

There are many people claiming to have the answer, but many who are also charging ridiculous amounts of money and offering programs that take months, in some cases years to complete.

Allison targeted Alexander's problem precisely with a program that was nothing short of miraculous.

I wonder why on this earth there are not others who do what Allison does.

I wonder why there are so many so called "Professionals" who are highly qualified, who do not have the answer.

*I wonder why, in a system filled with children who can only function on **Ritalin**, somebody has never looked beyond the cloud of toxic medicine to find an alternative.*

That Angel is . . .

The answer is right in front of them all.

I believe that there are many varying types of children who are learning delayed.

I also believe however that a large majority are just like Alexander.

They are not stupid, unfocussed or in need of drugs.

They are simply in need of eye therapy to co-ordinate the part of their brain that has to date been uncoordinated.

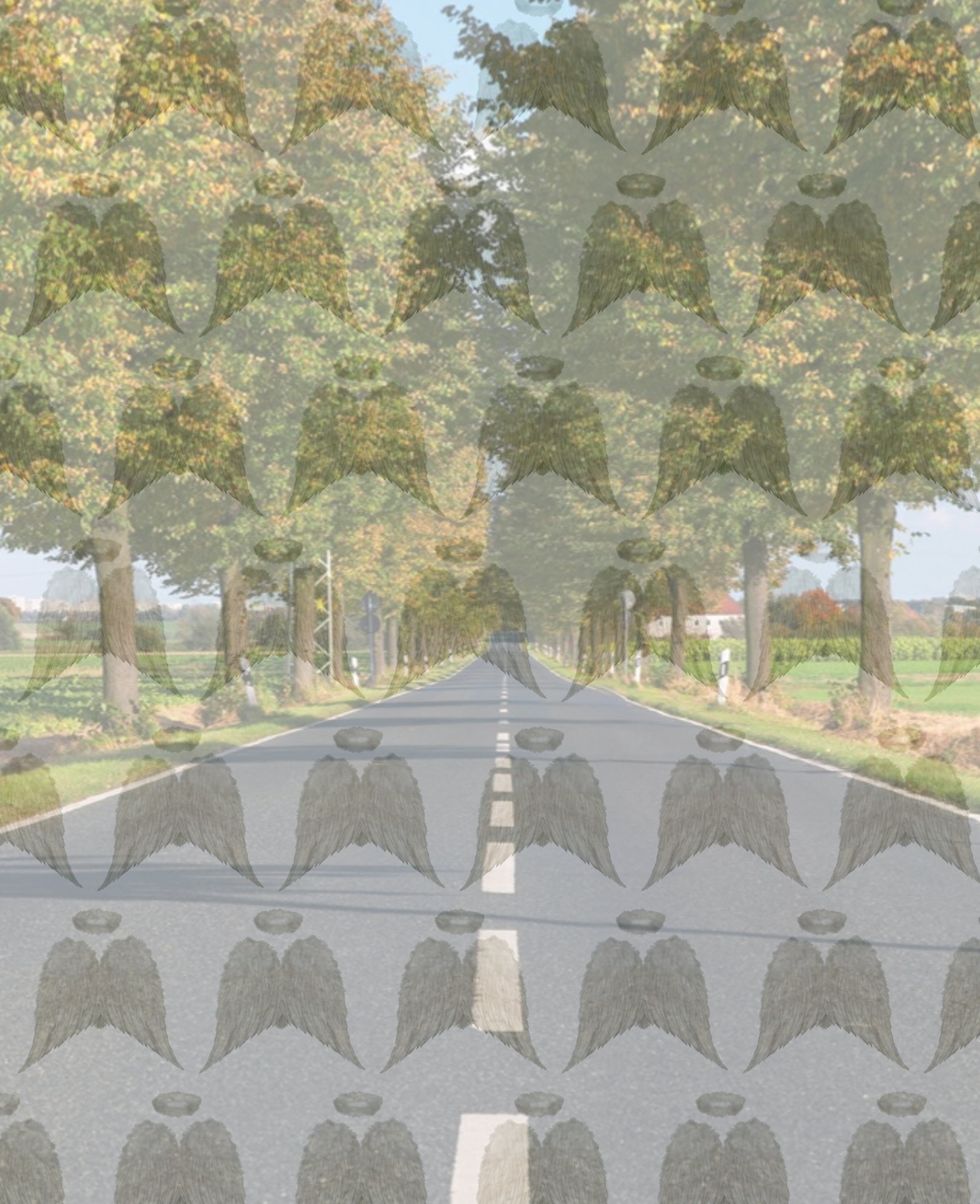
It is now an absolute pleasure to hear my child read.

I love hearing him read because now he is actually reading and not just sounding out each and every word.

He does not struggle, he does not throw the book on the floor in frustration.

He reads like an Angel now because he was taught by an Angel.

That Angel is Allison Lawson.



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