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Remember a few years ago in Memphis, I told you that at a time in my life I cried when I couldn't find the tuna fish in the grocery store....well several years later, I cry when I can't find the tuna fish, the salsa, the cottage cheese or anything else. Please bear with me, as I am going to get through this without tears. Frank Mallon was comforting me as we were sitting through the introductions and he told me to stay calm and just tell it the "Hauser Way".....so that is what I am going to do.

I cannot thank everyone but I would like to recognize my family, who has openly supported me in my career and in the profession. My husband, Pat, aka, The Mayor, who for the last thirty-six years funded my PT school tuition, tutored me through Physics, counseled me on business decisions, and can almost outdrive me on the golf course. Also my two precious sons, Gus and Seth, who through all the years of their time at home, put up with my hectic and frazzled attempts to be there for them whenever possible, yet always understood when I had to give to my association and to my business. They both have taught me a lot....I could tell you exactly how to hold a football for place-kickers....yep, tilt the ball, roll the laces away and close your eyes when that cleat comes at your face....but they taught me mostly about being fair and honest with people....and never compromising on ethics when they become inconvenient. They still call me "Conan," a name they blessed me with when they were in high school.....in fact in one of the high school yearbooks; one of their friends willed Seth a party without Conan.

As I thought about this speech, I very much wanted it to reflect what the profession has meant to me and that what I say comes from my heart. I want you to know a little about my background, so you can understand how the stories I tell have molded who I am:

I grew up in East Tennessee, and my brother and I were raised by a single mother. I will have to say that anything good in me, I owe to her. She always told me the importance of getting a good education and being able to be independent. I still remember her words about surviving out in the world, "Connie, you can outwork them, out plan them, outlast them, and if you can't outsmart them....hire someone to do it for you." We lived with my grandmother and fourteen aunts, uncles, and cousins in a four bedroom farmhouse, so we knew the meaning of sharing. I was raised with all boys, so nonetheless, I was a tomboy. They allowed me to be the test pilot for their go-carts, especially the ones without brakes, as well as tolerated me tagging along everywhere they went. I never thought it would be possible to go to college; my dream was to graduate from high school, work at the Tennessee Eastman and buy a 1965 Mustang. My mother had enough money for me to go to East Tennessee State for one semester, so I thought I would try it. When I got there, I loved it, so I worked on campus and at a local country club to earn money to continue. I graduated as an elementary teacher and didn't enjoy teaching, so a friend of mine on the faculty at East Tennessee State guided me to physical therapy.

I want to tell you three brief stories about three people who touched my life and who will always be part of my heart. I want to frame these stories around the book Tuesdays with Morrie, which I am sure many of you have read. It is by Mitch Albom and tells the story of his former professor, Morrie Schwartz, who was dying of ALS – and Morrie talked about the importance of having a meaningful life. He said:

- Devote yourself to loving others,
- Devote yourself to the community around you, and
- Devote yourself to creating something that gives you purpose and meaning.

To me, purpose and meaning include being fulfilled personally with what you do, but also making a difference. Our profession has given me just that. Throughout my career I have tried to be observant of people, to listen to my patients and colleagues and constantly question the value of what I am doing. I met an older gentleman over twenty-five years ago. He attended my church and was a successful business man in the community who owned a local company. I became friends with him and grew to admire his business sense. After approaching him several times about doing some industrial work for his coal company he finally agreed, but reminded me that the coal his company worked was 24-inch underground seams of blue gem coal, and that the minders didn't like women to go underground, as they thought it was bad luck. It took me a few times to gain their confidence, but I took care of his minders and did the industrial work for his company for twenty-five years. I asked him once to advise me on how to get a contract with another company. He told me very wisely, "Connie, when you go in that meeting, listen to everyone, and then watch the person that speaks least and listens the most, then ask for his or her opinion. That person will have heard everyone's thoughts and ideas and not just their own." I have remembered that advice for many years and it has served me well.

Morrie stated, "Devote yourself to your community." I have come into contact with people from all walks of life and each has taught me valuable lessons. Someone who made an impact on me when I was struggling to pay college tuition was a gentleman who gave to his community with his heart and his resources. His name is Dr. Douglas Crockett of Johnson City, Tennessee. He was one of the founders of the Johnson City Eye Hospital, one of the facilities that initiated some of the many surgeries that we now think of as "commonplace." You remember I mentioned earlier that I worked at a country club when I was in college. Well, I actually grew up around the game of golf. When I was a kid, I had four uncles that were golf pros, so I would often go to the courses with them as they went to work and stay all day, cleaning up around the pro shop, cleaning clubs, and stacking Coca-Cola bottles in their wooden crates. Well, during my freshman year of college, I worked for one of these uncles in Johnson City and also did some caddying. This is where I met Dr. Crockett. I would often caddy for him on Saturday mornings. He was most generous with paying me, as well as giving me a handsome tip after each round. One day toward the end of that freshman summer, he questioned me as to why I was always there working. I told him that I was a student at East Tennessee State and earning money for my tuition. He asked me to come by his office that week and speak with his office manager. Later that week, I went by his office and his business manager handed me an envelope. She said, "Dr. Crockett has a scholarship fund for students to East Tennessee State and he would like to give you one of those scholarships." Dr. Crockett not only touched my life, but he touched many other students' lives through his generosity and his belief in devoting yourself to your community. I still correspond with Dr. Crockett. He is now 83 and has retired, but in his last letter to me two months ago he told me to quit thanking him, that he merely made it possible for me to make a difference in many others' lives. This truly is devotion to your community and making a difference.

Lastly, Morrie said, "Devote yourself to loving others." I have celebrated throughout my clinical practice the joy present in touching others' lives. A good friend of our family, Steve Skidmore, taught me the value of this statement. He was a golfing partner with my husband and worked in the coal business for many years. He recently had retired and was ready to enjoy the fruits of his hard work. He called me one day in early January and said, "I have had this cough for three months and have been on antibiotics and nothing seems to help." Well, you probably know the diagnosis. He went to a specialist and yes, he had lung cancer, already in Stage 4. While he was in the hospital in Lexington, he asked me to come up and put him on an exercise program, so of course I told him, "Sure." That Saturday, Pat and I got in the car and traveled to Lexington, stopping by Best Buy on the way in to pick up a portable CD player and some Jimmy Buffett music. Steve was a Jimmy Buffett sort of guy. I walked in the hospital room with a

clipboard filled with exercises, and a grid to check off when Steve did them. He looked at me and said "Do I really have to check that off when I do them....what is wrong with you, and don't you trust me?" I responded, "Not really. Remember, I have played golf with you." I did tell him that when he finished, he could listen to the Buffett music as a reward. When he came home, I would go by his house and work with him, sometimes only walking from the study to the front door to look at the dogwoods blooming. When he was hospitalized toward the end, I would go see him, most times early in the evening. He would always be waiting for me, teasing me that he didn't feel like getting up or exercising, but he always did. On one Saturday evening, I went by to work with him and he could no longer talk, nor assist himself to sit, and I said to him, "Hey, are you ready to get up on the side of the bed?" and he smiled and shook his head yes. His wife, Janey, and I lifted him to the side of the bed, I pulled a chair around in front of the bed and Janey stood behind him, and he rested his head on my shoulder and I kissed him on the forehead and told him I would see him in the morning.....and he smiled again. That was the last time I saw him alive. Steve taught me many things, but most of all he taught me about loving others.

So I close with the words of Morrie Schwartz:

- Devote yourself to loving others,
- Devote yourself to your community around you , and
- Devote yourself to creating something that gives you purpose and meaning.

Thank you.