

# **Someone Is Watching Me!**

By Doug Simon

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# **Someone is Watching Me**

By Doug Simon

## **Prologue**

This is a story of my life with Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy, often confused with Multiple Sclerosis. This is my struggle through many hardships and my growing closer to God. WebMD defines Duchenne Muscular Dystrophy or(DMD) as the most common form of muscular dystrophy in children, Duchenne muscular dystrophy affects only males. It appears between the ages of 2 and 6. The muscles decrease in size and grow weaker over time yet may appear larger. Disease progression varies, but many sufferers need a wheelchair by the age of 12. In most cases, the arms, legs, and spine become progressively deformed. Severe breathing and heart problems mark the later stages of the disease. Sufferers usually die in their late teens or early 20s.

This is a story of great love, heartbreak, and my struggle to live I thank my parents, friends, and most of all God for helping me through tough times and for giving me good times.

## **1. My Life Begins**

I was born on March 11<sup>th</sup>, 1979 in Lansing, Michigan and seemed to be a healthy baby boy not knowing then that anything was wrong. I went home with a very loving family of three brothers and one sister to a country house near Lansing. The oldest was my brother Troy, followed by my brother Dan, my sister Sandy and my brother Paul, and my parents Norbert and Darlene Simon. My Dad was a Millwright for General Motors, Mom stayed home and took care of us. We were a Catholic family who went to church every weekend.

It was great living out in the country with lots of space to move around {ten acres to be exact}. My brothers could deer hunt. We were able to have a big garden and it was peaceful. We even had a go cart and a four wheeler. During the winter we had snowmobiles. I couldn't have been more happy.

## **2. Diagnosis**

My Mom noticed things such as gagging during breast feeding, walking late and not wanting to climb like my brothers. I would also walk on my tiptoes and my calves would get big. Then, when I was walking, my legs would give out on me and I would fall without warning. This was all mistaken for clumsiness. Then, when I was five, one of my teachers asked my Mom to take me to a doctor because I took a long time to walk upstairs.

So Mom took me to a doctor who ran some tests and decided to take a muscle biopsy to find out what was wrong . A muscle biopsy is when a doctor takes a piece of your muscle to have it tested .First they thought it might me Multiple Sclerosis. But the test proved it was Muscular Dystrophy. This was discovered on my sixth birthday. It was all a big shock.

We all didn't know what this meant to us. Mom asked the doctor what medicine I could take to get better. Then we found out that there wasn't a cure for M.D. There was nothing they could do to help me. My parents were told that I would soon be confined to a wheelchair and probably not live past twenty. I was too young, and I didn't understand what this all meant and it scared me.

### **3. Education**

I went to school in a small town about five miles from my home. For the most part I wasn't picked on too much by other kids. Of course there were a few who called me names. But I didn't let it get to me much. Of course it was hard not being able to do what everyone else could. I did have a few friends and I was very grateful for them, they would stand up for me. When I got into Middle School we even formed a circle of friends which included staying after school playing games, watching movies, and talking. I really enjoyed being able to talk to my friends about anything.

Mom had to fight the school a lot just to get an elevator, parking spots, and even a platform at the football field. They even wanted to put me in special education even though I could learn perfectly fine. One superintendent even told my Mom not to worry about my education, and just keep me happy. The school had to find aides to help me with using the bathroom and stretching. It was all made a little easier in Middle School with principal Jack Brown.

Jack Brown was a very unique man one who would go out of his way to make people happy. He made things a lot easier on me, just by being there. I felt like I could tell him anything. They often had something called Fun Night which was a dance after home football games. This was where he thought of a form of basketball where Jack would call out freeze and I could pass the ball to someone who would shoot. He also taught me Euchre. I was happy that he wanted to spend time with me so I didn't feel left out.

He also brought in a teacher consultant who would help get things around school that could help me, like getting a computer at home, and books in each classroom so I wouldn't have to carry so many. For awhile we also had a therapist come to work with me and her name was Donna. She got me involved in horseback riding which I enjoyed several years until I was unable to do so any more. She had horses that I could use to train with and to compete in 4-H. I enjoyed this even though I never got first place.

I met someone by the name of Bill who came to my school and built rockets with are science class. On some weekends he would get kids from the area schools and he would take us to Ann Arbor for the day and we would do hands on science and different projects, it was a lot of fun. I did this quite a few times. Bill operated a transportation service which I later used to get back and forth to college.

My friends were Bobby, Mike, and Ben. Bobby was a good friend I knew later in Middle School and all the way through High School. He was always there for me sticking up for me when I was teased, we always had a great time. Mike was my friend since Kindergarten thanks for being there. Ben was a good friend being considered different himself we got along great. I had quite a few more friends in High School including Denise who I kind of had a crush on. She was a beautiful person. I wish I could have gotten to know her better.

#### **4. Inevitable Happens**

There was really not much the doctors could do for me. What they suggested we do was wear splints on my legs which would help stop my legs from contracting and may keep me walking longer. They also had a clinic at Michigan State University to help us get whatever we needed. This included support groups and a summer camp for me.

When I was about eleven years old I started to get weaker, and would tire very easily. It was getting harder and harder to walk. This was very hard seeing my body get worse. I remember, before going into a wheelchair, holding on to a chair standing up and fighting the urge to sit down. Finally it was just too much for me. It was easier to be in a wheelchair. Being in a wheelchair was very hard, knowing I wouldn't be able to fit in with other kids. Why would God let this happen, and I would be angry, but I think God was there helping me all the time. This was a frustrating time watching my body get worse and not being able to do what I could before.

#### **5. Trips**

When I was a little kid we traveled quite often, mostly camping trips. One time we went to Disney Land. We had a pickup camper for quite a long time. I remember camping and we had squirrels that would come and take food out of our hands. We took a trip to Yellowstone when I was really little. We went to Arkansas a lot to see my Grandpa and Grandma. We had a good time at their house, they had a pond where we could fish. They even had chickens. I sure enjoyed camping. Just before going into a

wheelchair we took a family trip to Lake Powell on a houseboat. It was the most beautiful place I have ever been to. The thing I remember most about this trip was that at night the bats would come out and try to catch our bait on our fishing hooks.

Before we got on the houseboat we stopped in Colorado to see my Dad's friend from the Air Force. His name was Arty and he was a pilot, and he let us go flying with him. It was a little plane and after we took off I got to fly it. I had a great time until my turn was over then I got sick and we didn't have the gum to help with motion sickness. I was glad when we landed.

Then when my brothers and sister graduated and moved out we started taking trips with just the three of us. We went to the Grand Canyon which was fun. We got to take walks and see awesome rock formations. Then, when I was in a wheelchair, we had to stop camping because my Dad had to build a ramp and it was too difficult with the camper. So we sold the camper, we had to find another way to camp.

We started taking trips up to our friends cabin, up in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. We would sometimes go out to eat or see the locks at the Soo. We even got to see the big ships. Of course crossing the Mackinaw Bridge was always fun. Or when I got bigger the casinos. But most of the time we would stay at the cabin and play cards. Thanks Claude and Judy I always enjoyed it.

Then a year or two later we purchased a tent which we used for a year. But it was kind of difficult to set up and even more difficult picking me up to put in my chair. Then we bought a very old Coleman Popup Trailer. It was still in pretty good condition, and we used it for several years. One trip I remember, there was a big thunderstorm and I don't think it leaked once. In the morning people were getting water out of their tents. We were glad we had a camper.

We would often travel around Michigan seeing waterfalls, lakes, lighthouses, and coal mines. We would often take nature paths that weren't designed for wheelchairs. I really loved seeing the waterfalls and being so close to nature. When that trailer wore out we again had to stop camping. I loved being in the outdoors, being with nature, I loved the peace and quite.

When my care got more involved we kept searching for a new travel trailer. The new ones were too small. But finally we found an older one which we could use after my Dad configured it by building a ramp and taking things out we didn't need. We still use that trailer today.

## **6. MDA Camp**

When I first to went summer camp I didn't want mom and dad to leave me, but by the end of the week I didn't want to leave. It was so much fun when I got to go swimming, boating and arts and crafts. They had so many activities just for us and made it as normal as possible. I got to make friends. They even had prom, we could even have dates.

It felt good to know it wasn't just me with this disease it was other kids with the same problems. I was not alone. The people who volunteered year after year were great. It is nice to know there are so many loving and caring people. I also met a great friend. His name was Paul Keyser. He was a volunteer who had a cabin and we are still great friends. I was in Paul's cabin for at least five years.

They would usually pair us up with volunteers who would fulfill our needs for a week while Mom and Dad could get a breather. We would never get bored. They also had a camp doctor so we were very safe.

Here are some camp stories. One year we had a big storm and we were having prom that night and it got late but we couldn't go back to our cabins because of the lightning. Finally it calmed down enough, so they figured it was safe to go back. Just as I was put into bed the tornado alarms sounded. They pulled the mattress off the beds and dragged us to a safer place and put mattresses on top of us. I was so scared, but then the all clear was sounded. We weren't sure it was safe so we slept on the floor that night.

Another time some farmer brought his tractor over so we could look at it. The smell of ammonia was really strong and we asked the guy about it and he said that it wasn't leaking. He was going to keep it there for a couple of days and it was parked in front of our cabin. The smell got so bad that the cabin was filled with it so we had to sleep somewhere else. Finally they moved it far from the cabins

I have so many great memories, I would like to thank everyone for their help. I urge people to volunteer just one week of their time to do this. You will never forget this experience. The hardest part came at the end where we would all sit together with candles and we could talk if we wanted or just pass the light on. I will always remember being there when that circle of light was finished. I went to camp for about twelve years, two years past the age limit. I stretched it out as long as possible.

## **7. Research**

Just before I turned fifteen I was accepted into a study between Deflazacort and Prednisone. This was conducted at Ohio State and I had to travel there every three months. They would do tests and see how my strength was. They would also test my

blood and I was seen by a doctor. For three years I did not know which drug I was on. They would give me bottles marked A, B, C, and D. I had to take about fifteen pills a day. I liked feeling that we were finally able to maybe do something to help reverse this disease and this made me feel better.

During those years I didn't notice much of a difference. I felt stronger and I didn't get worse and the tests showed this. I feel this gave me more time to be alive I have no idea how much longer it gave me. At the end I found out I was on Deflazacort and that I could only get this in Canada or Mexico. It was too hard for us to get that drug so they switched me over to Prednisone. Then my weight shot up with it until I was over two hundred pounds I had to get of it.

## **8. Tumor**

In 1997 I started experiencing lower back pain so I started taking Tylenol and putting up with the pain. Finally in June, just before camp, the pain was just too much. I had to get it checked out. So I went to the doctor and they took an X-ray. Then, when they got the results, they told me I couldn't go to camp. I had to see a specialist, there was some kind of mass right next to my spine.

The specialist told us it was a tumor and he needed to run more tests. I would have to go to surgery and have it removed. So I had an MRI and a Cat scan. We got a call back saying that the test didn't turn out right and I needed to do it again. So the test went fine and Mom told them to notify her before lifting me. I guess they thought they could do it themselves. When they started to lift me I said, "Wait. It hurts. Something is not right". They lifted anyways and I heard a loud crack in my right arm.

I started screaming, I thought maybe it was out of joint. My Mom heard someone scream not knowing it was me until they rushed me past her, to the X-ray machine. My arm had been broken. So Mom went and called Dad and he came from work. I was crying and in a lot of pain. They had to get a doctor to get pain medication. Mom had to get me admitted because they couldn't take care of a broken arm. The thing I could not understand was that there was no apology, but I can see they were afraid I would sue them. They even went so far as saying my bone structure was the reason for the breakage when my Mom and Dad never broke any of mine.

They decided it was time to take me off Prednisone which was fine with me. I figured I had received the most benefits possible from it. But one doctor took me off it in five days which was the wrong thing to do. My body was dependent on this drug for four years. You cannot take it away that quickly and not expect consequences. I got very sick, throwing up every time I ate. I started getting better so I went home. Finally, I found a doctor to put me back on the drug and take me off it slowly, which took care of all the problems.



So finally a week or so later my back surgery was scheduled but my EKG was not what the doctor liked and he had to get more information to see if my heart could take it. So it was delayed a couple days but finally it worked out. The surgery worked but one of my vertebrae's could collapse. The tumor turned out not to be cancer but I had radiation just in case. I also could not be lifted without a lift. I was released after five weeks which seemed like forever. This was a very hurtful time for me because there was no apology and I felt ignored and betrayed by people who were supposed to help me.

My Mom wanted to talk to someone at the hospital about what happened and how we were treated afterwards. The hospital pretty much ignored us and treated us poorly. I see why people do sue. So my doctor was able to get us an appointment with the Vice President. At this point I had signed to get my records about a month before and never received them and for some reason the report on the accident was missing. They took care of most of my medical bills.

## **9. Prom**

During my junior and senior year I was able to go to prom, and I was able to go with my best friend Chrissy whom I met at MDA camp. Paul, also from camp, took us and he helped me in the restroom. I had such a great time knowing I probably wouldn't have gone if Chrissy couldn't come with me. I was so surprised how many people came to talk to me. Thank you Chrissy for such a great time.

It was exciting going with someone who understood I was a great person and me being lucky enough to have a great friend. We even danced, and I was so happy she was able to come with me.

When we went for prom pictures one year we found out they were upstairs and there wasn't an elevator. The man who was taking the pictures asked me if he should bring the camera down or if I wanted to be carried upstairs? I was so shocked I said you need to bring it down. I still wonder what he was thinking knowing what the liability would be if I had people carry me upstairs and I got hurt. So he brought it down and we got our pictures taken.

## **10. Graduation**

I was so happy when I graduated, because when I had that surgery I didn't know if I would be able to go back to school or if I would make it through my Senior year. But I was able to do so even having a scare. My back started to hurt that year so I went back to the doctor and we found out my vertebrae had collapsed and that my bone structure

wouldn't be able to hold plates and screws. So instead I used a back brace in my chair to rest against which really helped. It was so great to get out of school. The class of 1998.

## **11. College and Future?**

After High School I decided to go to a Community College. At the time I didn't know what I wanted to do. My choices were kind of limited because I really wanted to be a police officer. So I started with Business Administration for about three semesters. I did pretty well but I decided to try something related to computers. I was looking forward to going to college and that I was working toward a goal.

My Mom was the only person to help me at college. I had to find my own aide, which I did and we found a young lady to help me. This was not as easy as it sounded because they had to help me with the bathroom, lunches, coat, and make sure my bus ride showed up. We were able to pay them very minimal and Family Independence Agency did this. She was real good for awhile then she started showing up late when we were supposed to meet. It just got to the point where I had to let her go.

So my Mom took over again and we started searching again. We found one person who probably could do it. She did it two times and then, out of the blue, she called my Mom and told her it was too stressful. This coming from someone who wants to be a nurse. If she thinks I'm stressful just wait. What really hurt was she couldn't tell me herself that she wouldn't be able to do it, because the last time I saw her she didn't say anything.

Finally, I found someone to help me right under my nose. In one of my classes someone would talk to me and even help me. One day Mom asked me if I thought of asking him. I never thought of asking him before. So one day I asked him and he said yes he could do that. He didn't even want to be paid but I insisted because I had government help, that's what it's there for. We got along great and even took classes together. It was great and he was very dependable. Thank you for being there Mike, it made me feel more independent.

## **12. Breathing Problems**

In May 2001, just after my spring semester, we were getting ready for a June trip to Yellowstone National Park. We were going to take our travel trailer and the trip was going to take about a month. I had it all planned out what we would see, how long it would take. I started having trouble catching my breath which we thought had something

to do with eating, because to feed myself I would have to lean forward.

Then I started having trouble getting to sleep and staying asleep. So, not knowing what was happening, we decided to push the trip back. So we did, and we went to see the MDA doctor, who didn't even listen to my lungs and said I should take a small oxygen tank with us. Then, I was supposed to get a sleep test but I couldn't get in for at least three months. Finally, it got worse one night and I couldn't lay down. I probably should have gone to the hospital but after my rough time the first time I didn't want to.

The next day, I went to my family doctor who listened to my lungs and said I needed some tests the next day. But later that day Mom called back and said I was getting worse. He said to take me to the emergency room, he would call ahead so I would be seen right away. My brother Paul was home from the Air Force. So Mom had a quick dinner and was scared she waited too long. She asked if I was ready to go and I just sat there. So we started to get me in the van. I remember my reaction time was very slow I would think of saying something but it would take me awhile before I said it. I remember asking the same questions over and over again. I would get very panicky not being able to breathe and to take a deep breath and nothing I did would make it better.

So we got to the hospital and I was taken in right away. I remember them taking my vitals and putting me on a bed. Then I was out for awhile, I only remember certain times being awake. Once I woke up in a panic saying bad words and wanting to go home, Mom said a prayer and I calmed down. Another time my brother was trying to get me comfortable and I was frustrated because at this time I was on a ventilator and I couldn't speak.

I guess I was upset that the doctors weren't speaking to me since I was twenty two at this time. My Mom had thought of bringing me home to die, but they asked me if I wanted a tracheotomy or I wouldn't live and so I decided to have it done. After the surgery, my heart started racing and my blood pressure dropped. They had to use the paddles to get it under control. A lot of the time I don't remember people visiting until after the tracheotomy tube was put in. I thank everyone for there thoughts and prayers.

During recovery I developed pneumonia from something called Pseudomonas. I fought hard and got rid of most of it. I have fought this about four other times, sometimes in the hospital or at home. I am now on a ventilator or a Bi-Pap all the time. For awhile, I could just use oxygen. Now, anything that can give me the flu or Pseudomonas could finally beat me. I now have a port for taking treatments and for blood which is much easier for me.

I have signed a "Do Not Resuscitate" order which means if my heart stops again I don't want anyone to try and restart it. I do take pills to help control my heart. I was able to regain some of my voice which is pretty amazing. I have been told that being able to even speak at all is incredible. You have to listen hard because its not very loud. As of now I am fighting the Pseudomonas which I will never get rid of.

### **13. Magazine**

After coming home from the hospital I was given a chance to tell my story. In a magazine article. This was very exciting, I had always wanted to tell my story, it wouldn't be as long as I wanted but enough to maybe help someone else. We started to have a writer come in from Faith Magazine which is a magazine from the Diocese of Lansing puts out once a month. Nancy would come out to the house and take notes while we talked. For awhile, Mom would have to repeat a lot for me until Nancy got used to my voice. This happened for about a year and then the magazine with my story was published in June 2003 issue.

I got so many good remarks especially from my friends and family and my church. which also made me want to write my own book. I hope this article made a difference in peoples lives. It was great seeing it in print. Unannounced to me, it was entered into a contest and came in first. The award was for faith based articles. I am happy that the people who judged this were really moved. I still see Nancy once in awhile and thank her for her gift of writing.

### **14. Faith**

Being brought up in the Catholic faith helped me to accept what was wrong with me. Knowing that God would always be with me. I knew God had a plan for me. I look at it this way, I think maybe I am going through this so someone else doesn't have to . Or that people see how I deal with it then think if he can deal with that many problems mine are no big deal.

We went to a church in Lansing for quite a long time. We seemed to have problems every now and then. My Mom had to fight for an elevator there, not just for me but for elderly people. They would have lots of activities we couldn't get to. The priests really were not very approachable.

Then, when they got an elevator, they would have classes upstairs in a different building. This limited what time I could go to class. Then one time an usher wanted me to sit in front of the pew because he thought I was in the way. When my Dad said "No" he kept coming back. Dad finally yelled "We are not going to move and that's final". That usher was so mad because we didn't do what he said. They were handing out flowers to Mothers and when he gave my Mom one he said "HERE!"

After awhile we had enough, we didn't need to fight every time we went to church so in 1996 we started looking for a new church. We started to look closer to where we live and we tried a church in Dewitt. Then we went back again and Mom had a song called Peace is Flowing Like a River that she liked and they played that song. We decided that this was our church.

We were shocked how nice the people were, they would ask us where we wanted to sit. People would come up and introduce themselves, just a great atmosphere. Father Bernie was great and we had two priests following him. We liked them all because we could really get to know them. We now have Father Dwight and we really like him. He is so great to talk to and has been there for me and my family even when I was sick.

I even got to know a great priest at the retreat center, his name was Father Larry. He has lot's of animals that he takes care of. He likes Michigan State and I like Michigan so we tease each other whenever we get the chance. I enjoy his company very much even though he is busy.

I have so much to thank God for, I have survived and I made it until the age of 27 and hopefully a lot more. I am proud to be an uncle of five children and I love them very much. I am glad I am able to know them. God has helped me through a lot of hard times and has made a lot of happy times. Even when I have been sick, He has never left me. It is so great knowing someone can love you that much no matter what you do.

When we were camping we took a rough walk to see a lighthouse but we never got there so we decided to turn around, which turned out to be a good thing. When we got back, we discovered that my wheelchair had a flat. But thinking back what would have happened if I got stranded, but we got the wheel fixed before a guy left to go sky diving.

Another time I was racing my brother. I was on a four wheeler, he was on his bike. I took a corner too fast which got my body sideways. This made me lose control and I flipped it into the raspberry bushes. It landed on top of me but I wasn't seriously injured. I knew God must be watching over me. I could write another book about what He has done for me.

When I was taking I.V. antibiotics, I could feel Gods presence. Sometimes, I could feel Someone in the room. I would go from being unhappy to getting a sense of peace. I think this was when God was healing me because I haven't been that sick since then. You can say it was the medicine, but that's not what I believe.

When my vertebrae collapsed I was never in very much pain. Even going through all these problems God has never left me, and I would be honored when I see him in heaven.

## **15. Hopes**

I hope that they will one day find a cure for this awful disease so I can get out on my own. I want to own a sub shop and to have a long life. I know there is still a chance of stopping me from being a statistic, and pass away from this disease. That's why we need your support for the Jerry Lewis Telethon every Labor Day. I hope that people get to know Jesus and find out how great he is; that this book helps others to know that they can get through anything. And, I hope that the loving, caring people in this world stay that way. We all need a helping hand.

I hope abortions come to an end. No matter how small we are, we are still alive. You can say it's your right but who is going to speak for them. Adoption is not a bad thing. I hope that the violence in this world stops; that everyone in the armed forces comes home safe. And, I hope that Satan loses and the God of light wins.

## **16. Daily Life**

My schedule is so busy. I wake up between eight and eight-thirty and I take some pills and start my breathing treatment. Then I get dressed and get up. By this time, it is about ten a.m. I eat breakfast and go in my room and play Super Nintendo and use the computer, check email, and play games. Then, at twelve thirty, I come out to the kitchen and I have another treatment and read a book or play a game with Mom or Dad. After that, if the weather is nice, I go outside. After a late lunch, I use the toilet chair and also take a shower sometimes. Then I lay down and watch television until six o'clock and after another treatment I get up.

We have dinner about seven and afterward I use the computer again. Then, at nine I get ready for bed. I brush my teeth and take more pills. Then I go to bed and try to get comfortable. At ten I get another treatment and watch television until about a quarter after eleven. Then I try to sleep well.

That is a lot of what I do every day, not counting using the urinal or being suctioned. I need help with pretty much everything because I am unable to do it, which is hard for me. It has been very hard for my parents to get time off. When I was younger we were able to get people in so Mom and Dad could get time for themselves. They even had a hospice house where I could go for a weekend. Now we have to find help ourselves.

My nurse, Pam, comes every other week to stay on top of things and to find things to help me. She also has to flush my port and change my tracheotomy tube, which hurts a lot. I am glad she comes to see me and bother me about drinking Ensure. I get to pick on her and she picks on me. We all have a good time.

I am able to go places with a somewhat portable vent usually to take walks or go out to eat and things. When I am at home I am usually on a Bi-Pap machine. It is very hard to breathe by myself for very long. It probably won't get any better without finding a cure to reverse this disease.

## **17. Hobbies and Thanks**

I enjoy country music and I feel a lot better listening to it. My favorite group is Diamond Rio. Thanks for the great music. I am able to go to at least two concerts a year. I enjoy watching movies. I enjoy reading Harry Potter and those who think it's the devil's work have never read it. I enjoy watching football, and watching movies.

I would like to thank Gurpreet for taking care of me even when he was going to school to become a doctor. You were like a big brother to me someone who I could talk to and play games. My brothers are living their lives and I don't see them as often as I would like. So it was great when you could fill that void.

I would like to thank Ardel, Mary Jane, and Leslie for helping me at school it made it a lot easier to learn and not have to worry about what I need. I was happy that we could get along so well. You were great, just being there to listen. I would like to thank all my friends and family for being there for me, and Bonnie for being able to give Mom and Dad a break. For everyone I forgot to thank, I want you to know I love you all very much and will never forget you. You have made my life more enjoyable.

For comments please email at [simonfaithinme@earthlink.net](mailto:simonfaithinme@earthlink.net)

# Douglas Matthew Simon

## DeWitt, MI



Our wonderful loving son went to be with the Lord on February 21, 2007, at the age of 27. He was born on March 11, 1979, in Lansing. Doug graduated from Bath High School and attended Lansing

Community College. He was a member of the Catholic Community of St. Jude and the Knights of Columbus. He enjoyed camping, music, reading, computers and card games. He lived every moment of life to the fullest. Doug loved the phrase from the Bible "Don't worry about tomorrow, tomorrow will take care of itself." He was preceded in death by his grandparents, Victor and Adelvina Simon and Robert and Ella May Noel. Surviving are his parents, Norbert and Darlene; brother, Troy (Nicole), nephew, Clay, and niece, Madeline; brother, Daniel (Christine), and niece, Claire; brother, Paul; sister, Sandy (Dave), nephews, Taylor and Avery, and niece, Amber; and several aunts and uncles. **A Funeral Mass will be celebrated on Monday, February 26, at 11 a.m. at the Catholic Community of St. Jude, 801 N. Bridge St., DeWitt with the Rev. Father Dwight M. Ezop officiating. The Rite of Committal will be held in St. Joseph Catholic Cemetery Mausoleum, Lansing. The family will receive friends and family at the Gorsline-Runciman Funeral Homes, 205 E. Washington St., DeWitt, on Saturday from 6-8 p.m. and on Sunday from 2-4 p.m. with a time of memories followed by a Rosary Sunday at 3:00 p.m. Memorial contributions may be made to the Catholic Community of St. Jude Building Fund, St. Francis Retreat Center, DeWitt, or to the charity of one's choice. In thanksgiving to Father Dwight, his doctors, his homecare nurse, Pam, and also for Bonnie, Paul and Deb and all those who prayed for him.**