



SOLO PARENTING ON WHEELS

By Gabriella Carafa

I always seem to run into people I know. It never fails. I know it probably has something to do with me using a wheelchair, like a magnet or something, and then people think to themselves, “Hey, I know her!” Running into someone usually goes one of two ways:

1. I don’t actually remember this person, but I will try to pretend to figure it out.
2. I do remember this person and wish they did not see me.

I’m just kidding. Sometimes, I run into people that I like and remember who they are!

Things are a little bit different when people recognize me now. Normally, I’m nicely dressed with perfect hair, usually holding a coffee and my phone. These days however, I am rolling around with a smile on my face, either holding a baby, or interacting with one in a car seat. Instead of my perfect hair, I have a bun. And no more fancy clothes – just comfortable attire.