

Ann Post



I was born June 16, 1942, in Levelland, TX (about 30 miles west of Lubbock). In July of 1946, polio attacked my spine, right arm, and leg. Hospitalized in Lubbock for 10 days and bedfast at home for 6 months, I was supposedly cured and was a “passer”, even though I couldn’t do as much, as good, as fast, etc. as others. My mother’s favorite saying to me was, “you’re just lazy, not trying hard enough.” (Sound familiar to anyone?)

The main thing I enjoyed and excelled in was playing the piano and organ. When I was 13, I started teaching beginning students. I also started playing the organ for our church. I continued to teach for many years; I still love to play the piano.

I married in November of my senior year in high school, stayed home and graduated while he went into the Air Force. That proved to be the best six months of the marriage. After I joined him, I endured the abuse he dished out—both physical and emotional. Our daughter, Judith, was born in March, 1961, and I really believed things would improve (naive 18-year-old). Of course they didn’t; and when he started in on the baby, I finally realized it would only continue to get worse with time.

So, I took my one-year-old and left him. Just to prove that my divorcing him was the right thing to do, he showed up shortly after with 3 friends, and they tied me up and took turns with me. No worries about my turning them in, as he assured me that all 3 of those guys would swear that I was an unfit mother. Seems that more than one of us PPSers have been like a magnet for mates who are abusers, doesn’t it?

It wasn’t all bad; one of the two good things I got was my wonderful daughter. I also came away from that experience knowing exactly what I wanted in a life mate and what I would NOT accept again. Never again would I allow anyone to beat me or my child. Never again would I be part of a marriage in which the husband was unfaithful.

We moved back home with my parents, and I went to college part time and taught piano and organ lessons part time.

I got my BBA, 1969 and MBA, 1971; both in Business Education from Texas Tech in Lubbock. I started teaching at Cisco Jr. College, in Cisco, TX in 1970, and met the love of my life, Tom. I was teaching ½ time business courses and ½ time private piano and organ lessons to the music majors. That's how I met Tom. He was a sophomore music major, and I was his piano teacher. Long story short, we fell in love without ever being on a date, alone together, and without ever kissing. He asked me to marry him before any of that took place. Yep, it really happened that way.

He proposed in May, and we married in August. I was 29, Tom was 20, and Judith was 10. We celebrated our 32nd wedding anniversary in August, 2003. And everyone said it wouldn't last. Tom has been and will always be my true love. He came into the marriage—a 20-year-old with a 10-year-old daughter. There could never be a more loving, gentle, understanding husband and father. I am very blessed.

The first hint of PPS symptoms flashed in 1973, when my lower back went out for no apparent reason. Of course, I know that from looking back at the progression through more often. Finally, my back was going out once every week or two.

By that time, the other symptoms had come to stay: the fatigue, muscle weakness, muscle soreness, arthritis, carpal tunnel, sleep disturbance, morning headaches (that sometimes lasted a week), brain fog, depression. I had every PPS symptom except breathing problems.

By the time I discovered PPS, I had already reached the point where I thought I was going insane, or lazy, or having a nervous breakdown, or all three.

I was diagnosed with PPS in 1997 and retired in May, 1998, after having taught at Tarleton State University in Stephenville for 18 years. They allowed me to continue teaching 2 days a week; I retired completely in May, 2002, and was approved for disability in February, 2003. Even though the PPS continues to weaken my muscles and cause pain and fatigue, my quality of life has vastly improved since that time.

Tom and I both love crafting, reading, traveling, being together and doing things together, and music, music, music.(I play piano and he sings) He is also my biggest supporter traveling down this sometimes bumpy PPS road.

