



## POINTS SUMMER BOOK CLUB

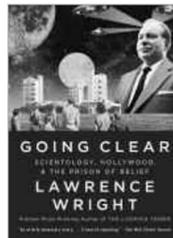
For our eighth annual Points Summer Book Club, we've selected *Going Clear: Scientology, Hollywood & the Prison of Belief*, by famed Dallas-raised author Lawrence Wright. Now's the time to start reading so you can debate the book with us.



**Sunday-July 19:** Join our weeklong blog discussion of the book at [dallasnews.com/bookclub](http://dallasnews.com/bookclub).

**July 20:** Attend a special forum at UT-Dallas with the author. He'll share his thoughts, take your questions and sign books. RSVP at [dallasnews.com/psbc](http://dallasnews.com/psbc).

**Have questions?**  
Email [rwatkins@dallasnews.com](mailto:rwatkins@dallasnews.com) or call 214-977-8152.



## I'm thrilled Cleveland is the winner

Sorry, Dallas, but we need GOP convention more, says transplant **Harold Gaar**

These past few months I found myself in the odd position of rooting for Cleveland to land the 2016 GOP convention, even though I lived in Dallas for 50 years. Not only did I live in Dallas, I also worked for *The Dallas Morning News* for the better part of my career and actually worked on the 1984 Republican National Convention in Dallas. At that time I was *The News'* marketing director, and we saw this as a huge opportunity to showcase Dallas as well as the quality of the newspaper's coverage. I know what a big deal it is to host a national political convention.

When the 2016 decision was announced Tuesday, I was thrilled for Cleveland and didn't shed a tear for Dallas.

Why in the world would I feel this way? After all, my son, daughter-in-law, mother, sister and many friends are all in Dallas. What will they think of me? Heck, I even know the mayor, and Mike Rawlings is tough. Don't want to make him mad.

There are a couple of reasons for my turncoat behavior.

This past December, my wife, Marilee, and I decided to make a big change. We moved to Akron, Ohio, where I joined a local accounting firm as CEO. Akron is about 25 minutes south of Cleveland, and the two are considered one market. Our firm has offices in Cleveland and Akron. Here we've discovered a new world. Friendly people much like Dallas. Cold winters (not like Dallas). Mild summers (not like Dallas) and, I'm told, beautiful falls.

The national image of Cleveland has largely been formed by its past. Industrial heartland that turned into an industrial wasteland. Fire on the water. Mistake by the lake.

The reality couldn't be more different.

Cleveland has reinvented itself. Civic and business leaders have worked hard over the past several decades to invest in infrastructure and create favorable conditions to attract business investment. And it's working.

Downtown is alive. There is a renaissance in manufacturing driven by technology. The Cleveland Clinic is world-class, as are the Cleveland Orchestra and the Cleveland Museum of Art. Between Cleveland and Akron is the Cuyahoga Valley National Park — 33,000 acres of recreational paradise accessible to all. In addition, a series of Metro Parks connect throughout the area, offering hundreds of miles of hiking, biking and just plain fun.

Great Lakes chefs are nationally recognized. About half the population of the country is within a 500-mile radius, so weekend trips by car or plane are easy. Toronto is closer to Cleveland than Lubbock is to Dallas. This is a terrific place to live and work and travel from.

The Cleveland area is one of the best-kept secrets in the country. And that's the problem.

Cleveland needs some good PR, and there's nothing like a national political convention to provide that kind of focus. Said simply, Cleveland has more to gain from hosting the convention than Dallas.

Dallas is blessed with a strong economy and great people. I know firsthand. When people think of success, they think of Dallas — a booming population, corporate relocations, opportunity and, of course, fashion and Neiman Marcus.

Dallas has great press, and deservedly so. Dallas doesn't need the PR. Cleveland does.

Cleveland will reap short-term rewards from hosting the convention, but the real value is showcasing the city. Providing us the opportunity to reintroduce ourselves, a blend of the old and new, to the nation. We'd like to let the rest of the county in on what's happening here.



Harold Gaar is the CEO of Apple Growth Partners, a regional accounting firm in Cleveland/Akron,

Ohio, and may be contacted at [hgaar@applegrowth.com](mailto:hgaar@applegrowth.com). He lives in Akron with his wife, Marilee.

# Slow dancing in their dreams

Tragedy is no match for the Winspears, writes **Gordon Keith**

After meeting her at a dance his senior year of high school, Don calls Ellen and asks her on a fancy date. Ellen agrees. During the romantic paper towel lunch at Bump's BBQ, Don and Ellen ease into one another's world. Longnecks loosen the small talk, and their infatuation sizzles.

That summer, the teenagers fall for each other in powerful ways and begin a slow dance toward lasting love. Most relationships forged at 18 don't last to 19, but some first dates never end.

After college, with a ring paused at a tiny knuckle, Ellen and Don say old magic words. In good times and in bad. In sickness and in health. Until death do us part.

But life finds a way to test old words. Tragedy is like summer lightning. It may seem mindless and random from afar, but it feels specific and mean up close. When Ellen is diagnosed with breast cancer, Don bolsters her and watches the tiny woman put on big-girl armor and fight a mean battle. She wins.

Married for 25 years, with a cancer battle behind them, Don and Ellen hope that their portion of serious storms is weathered. Not even close.

Right before Christmas of 2012, Don and Ellen are in another wedding. Their older son, a soldier, is getting married in North Carolina.

As he floats around the ceremony taking pictures, Don feels a stiffness in his back, a tingle in his toes. Middle-age men and irritating aches aren't exactly strangers, but this feels different. Don mentions it to Ellen.

The next day, Ellen observes Don and says, "Honey, you're walking funny." His pain is getting worse. After nightfall, in immense discomfort and disinclined to trouble anyone, Don takes his rental car and drives himself to a community hospital ER.

After the first MRI, he calls Ellen and tells her to come. After the third MRI, Don gets up from the examination table and begins to walk back to the protocol-mandated wheelchair that will take him back to Ellen in the ER. He stumbles. The nurse says, "Whoa." Don just thinks, "That's weird."

It would be the last time Don walked. Forty minutes later, chatting with Ellen from his gurney, Don says, "Honey, I just tried to uncross my feet, and nothing happened."

For the next three hours, Don and Ellen hold hands and pray as paralysis moves up his body. Finally, the diagnosis comes. Acute transverse myelitis. Rarer than being struck by lightning. Don's body is attacking itself, a disoriented immune system chewing its way up his spinal column, stripping it of the myelin needed to signal the body for walking, chase a son's errant throw or sway to a power ballad.

The cause of Don's TM is unknown. Only 2 in 1 million people contract transverse myelitis. Of those who get it, only a fraction get it as bad as Don.

"Your husband is a very sick man. And this is a very aggressive disease that's caught him. He may not survive the night." Ellen notes that the doctor is speaking as if Don isn't there.

Finally, about 48 hours after it began, the attack stops. Don's heart lies just beyond the front line. He's alive, but paralyzed. He does not respond to plasma transfusions. He becomes, and remains, a



Don and Ellen Winspear fell in love as teenagers — a love that buoys them amid afflictions.

T4 paraplegic.

There's a good chance, if you drive through downtown Dallas, you'll see Don's last name on the opera house. His father, Bill Winspear, was a hard man with a soft spot for music. Bill died when the opera house was a concrete hull in shifting Texas soil, so Don, the quiet son, stepped in and did his part in guiding it into existence.

Don doesn't seek out spotlights. In fact, he kept his paralysis private, but this week he hosted a public event to raise money for TM research. Don was front and center at the Kessler Theater, smiling, shaking hands and being on his non-preferred side of the lens.

"People always ask me if I'm angry," Don says. "There are times I have felt something like that. But it is much closer to frustration than it is anger."

Frustration comes naturally when once easy things now take five times longer and demand five times the energy.

"But neither of those are my biggest emotion. My biggest emotion is guilt." His eyes get glassy and his words get caught. He taps the arm of his wheelchair belted up to his kitchen table. "Because Ellen doesn't deserve this. She deserves a husband who can do all those things I used to do for her. She's sweet and tells me I shouldn't feel that way, but sometimes it's hard not to."

Ellen walks into the kitchen, and Don looks at her

with adolescent infatuation. Ellen lost her father, her mother and the life she had with her husband within two years' time. She is seasoned by hurt, but she is strong.

When asked her greatest difficulty related to Don's paralysis, Ellen doesn't mention the loss of travel, the why-me quagmire or the unending role of caretaker that she now holds.

"Becoming anonymous," she says, her composure fleeting. "Six months ago, I had another cancer scare and underwent surgery. They said if cancer was in the walls of the muscle, I would go quickly. Fortunately, that didn't happen. But in those months I was down in the bed, the question I would get most, 'How's Don?' That kinda hurt."

Despite constant neuropathy, Don Winspear insists he sleeps very well. "In 99.9 percent of my dreams, I'm not paralyzed."

If he ever regains the use of his legs, what would Don Winspear do first? He has a million second-place answers, but his first answer is the same as it's always been:

"A close, slow dance with Ellen."



Gordon Keith is a Dallas writer and broadcaster whose columns appear regularly in *The Dallas Morning News*. He may be contacted at [gkeithcolumn@gmail.com](mailto:gkeithcolumn@gmail.com).

## President must focus on America's children

Border crisis siphons funding and attention from reality of poverty and violence at home, says **Keli Goff**

Incensed by President Barack Obama's plan to deport thousands of immigrant children who have arrived in the U.S. illegally in recent months, activists have taken to the streets to chide the president. One recent protest sign read: "No deportation of children fleeing violence and poverty."

I, too, care about children facing violence and poverty, and that's why I support the Obama administration's plan to expedite deportations.

Last weekend, 82 people were shot in Chicago, the president's hometown — 16 died. Most of the violence was concentrated in the city's South Side, which consists predominantly of black people, including plenty of children.

Don't feel bad if you didn't know this. Recent media coverage of the child border crisis has dwarfed coverage of many of the very real problems Americans are already grappling with, particularly low-income Americans of color.

While the Obama administration has made enormous policy strides for some disenfranchised groups, it has struggled to address the policy and economic needs of poor black Americans.

Gay Americans have benefited from his commitment to seeing the end of "Don't ask, don't tell" and passionate support for same-sex mar-

riage. Young Americans who have spent their lives living here illegally, known as Dreamers, are benefiting from the work permits the president authorized. But even with the recent launch of Obama's My Brother's Keeper, the administration deserves criticism for its lack of specific initiatives that were targeted toward improving the lives, particularly, of African-Americans.

Why has not more been done? The most common answer is limited capital, both budgetary and political.

So why should the president expend his limited capital helping children who are not his responsibility at the expense of children who are?

President Obama requested \$3.7 billion Tuesday to address the immigration crisis. While much of the money will be spent on border security and deterrence, at least \$1.8 billion will be spent on caring for the children here illegally. That number is only to cover the needs of children temporarily. The costs would skyrocket if they remained here permanently.

Although there is a great deal of hyperbole and exaggeration often used in discussions of the costs, it's clear we are talking about billions of dollars. And that money could be used elsewhere, including to help American children already living here who are facing violence and poverty daily, such as those facing staggering violence in Chicago.

A 2013 survey of law enforcement found

that an overwhelming majority of agencies believe that their efforts have been hampered by federal budget cuts. According to the findings, "Not only have programs been reduced or eliminated, but many respondents reported reduced staffing levels and pay or hiring freezes."

"Sixty-four percent of law enforcement agencies reported reductions in staffing due to the cuts, while that number climbed to 65 percent for juvenile justice and prevention programs and 72 percent for corrections departments." The survey also found that 43 percent of cuts to the programs of those surveyed were in the double digits.

Yet despite the fact that our government is struggling to fund initiatives that could protect children already in this country, the president is still being pressured to take responsibility for the futures of thousands of additional children. That isn't fair to the president, and most of all, it isn't fair to our children.

If we are complicit in allowing thousands of additional children to remain here, soon we will not be able to provide any resources for Dreamers or any other American children, and that would be irresponsible and un-American.



Keli Goff is special correspondent for *The Root.com*. Follow her on Twitter at [@keligoff](https://twitter.com/keligoff).