



Allen Schaben/Daily Nebraskan

Randy May works on his specialized IBM computer keyboard arranged conveniently in his Selleck room.

# May succeeds despite physical handicap

Randy May is not helpless. The 27-year-old University of Nebraska-Lincoln political science major sits buckled to a blue-covered seat atop a battery-powered cart, whirring across the paved paths on a windy campus. He presses two metal pedals at the foot of the cart to manipulate his direction.

At the center of the handlebars sits a ram's head, a hood ornament placed there by his grandfather.

Randy's verbal skills are limited. He has cerebral palsy acetoid, which limits speech and movement. But a pink and silver sign hangs from the bars, greeting friends and strangers.

"Hi I'm Randy."  
A smile and a hello from a stranger get a toss of his head and a wide smile.

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The southern lilt of Loretta DeVore's voice coos through the phone lines as

she talks from Silom Springs, Ark. Randy is her baby.

The day of his birth remains forever etched in her memory as any mother's memories of her child would be.

She hesitates; her voice trembles slightly.

"The doctor, the nurses, told me they didn't expect him to live," she says.

When Loretta went into labor, she was administered a drug commonly called "twilight sleep" which put her into a semi-conscious state in order for the doctor to deliver the baby.

Her body reacted adversely to the drug. The contractions stopped.

After 12 hours of labor the doctor finally pulled the child from her womb with forceps.

He weighed 8 pounds, 3 ounces.

He didn't breathe for 32 minutes. Randy suffered a severe concussion. His head and shoulders were scratched. Randy lived in an incubator

three weeks after his mother left the hospital.

Loretta, her parents and members of their church prayed.

"I always believed he would live," she says. "My mother did also."

But if it was in her power Loretta says she would change that day.

"It was negligence on the doctor's part," she says. No lawsuits have been filed to this date.

"Every day I would worry about him," she says. "I would think what can I do for this child."

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There's little now Randy doesn't do for himself.

Birth injuries destroyed all movement of his lower body and much of his upper torso. He often has difficulty controlling the movement of his head, and movement of his arms and hands are limited.

Sydney Meidell, also a UNL student and one of Randy's aides, can easily lift him from a car seat to his cart seat like a child.

But Randy's dependence ends there. He doesn't think twice about motor-ing more than 35 blocks on Vine Street to K-Mart.

Or about entering a biology course requiring hours of lab work.

Or jumping on a bus with Syd to head for Minneapolis for a George Michael concert.

He is quick to give credit to those who surround him daily and to those who are located miles away but have contributed to his well-being in some shape or form.

"People have been so good to help me beyond the call of duty," he says. Randy spells out his sentences by dragging his index and middle finger across a black board painted with white letters

See RANDY on 4