

# Side Effects 7: New Supplies, Turkey Dinosaur, And Powerful Ninja

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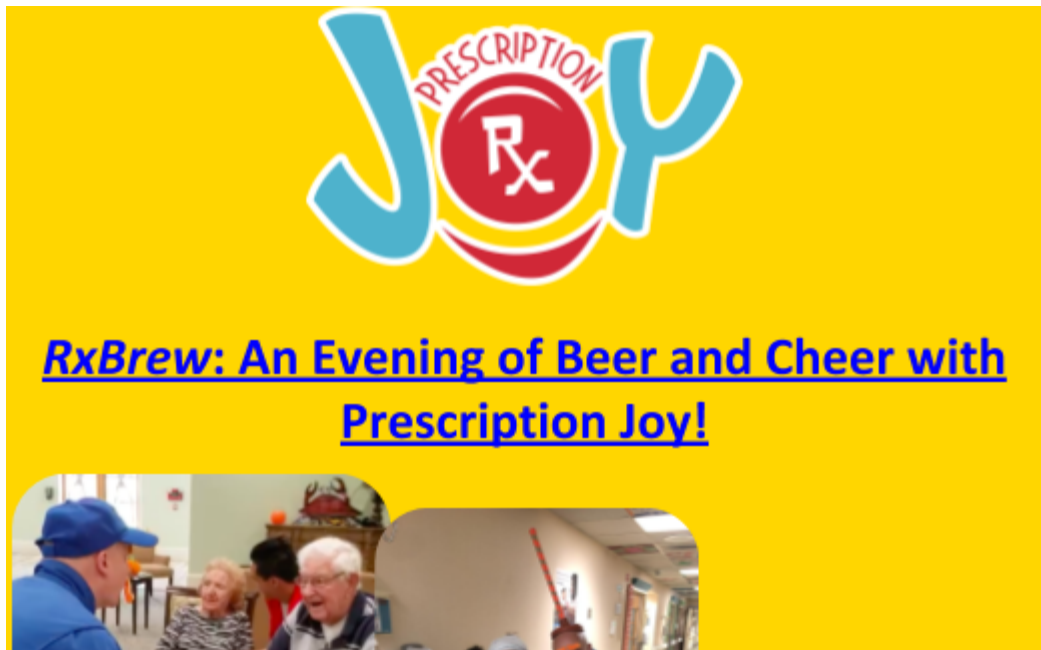
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## SIDE EFFECTS

May include: New Supplies, Turkey Dinosaur, and a Powerful Ninja





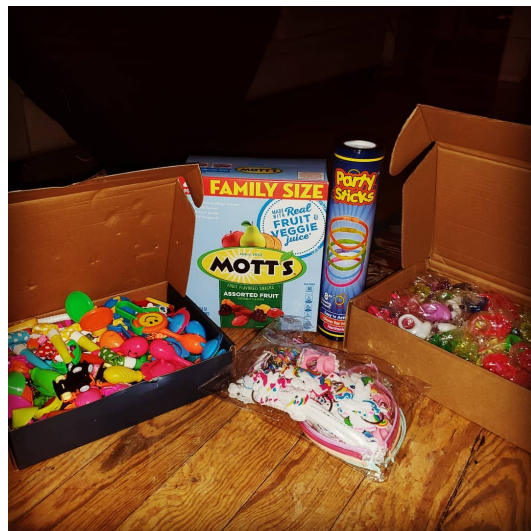
**\$1 of every pint you buy is donated to Prescription Joy (that's a win-win-win!) Help us raise Funds and Friends with every glass! Wednesday, November 6 at 7pm At Urban South, 1645 Tchoupitoulas**



Prescription Joy is a nonprofit healthcare clowning organization. All donations are tax-deductible.

[www.PrescriptionJoy.org](http://www.PrescriptionJoy.org)

This is where the fine print goes.



### New Supplies!

Clown supplies are funny things. Well, Ok. Funny in two senses. Aside from the obvious (fart noises and plungers) there's a lot of particular things that healthcare clowns use to achieve their mission (healing through humor and play) that aren't on a 'normal' person's shopping list:

- Energy Stick for detecting super powers, and for connecting whole families and staff in a big ring of love and care (and electricity)
- Stickers for patients and siblings for having amazing names, helping our clowns figure out the name of that thing over there that you can see through (it's a window BTW)
- Mustaches for Joe (to look debonaire and dashing)
- Glue for aforementioned mustaches
- A myriad of small party-favor toys for distribution to rehab patients to enhance their dexterity exercises and aid in physical therapy
- Bubbles (because BUBBLES!)
- The letter 'P' (you'd be surprised how much mileage a wooden letter will get you)
- and many other small things and gags collected over the years to bring out giggles and bring together hearts and souls

Recently, as friends on social media probably already know, the janitor cart and more than half of the clowning supplies Joe and Goe use for healthcare clowning disappeared one evening from the truck used to transport them. Since the cart has wheels, we know it didn't "grow legs".

Comedy=Tragedy+Time in that old overused proverb. But for clowns, the formula is a bit different. Tragedy+Clowns=Opportunities for Joy. While it was a challenge to work around and recover from the loss of the cart and much of its contents, thanks to the AMAZING generosity of the community and friends of Prescription Joy, not only have the clowns managed to recoup their losses, but have discovered hilarious new jokes created from necessity, and proved that making connections and joy in hospitals can happen without physical gags.

Prescription Joy would like to take this opportunity to again thank everyone that has contributed to helping recoup their losses, and all the incredible encouragement we've received for what we do and how we do it. Words cannot properly express how powerful the local, and national community is, and how much joy they can help bring to our hospitals! It felt as if you all were there with us in the hospitals.

Thanks to all of the help we introduce...(drum roll) **GarbaGio**, Prescription Joy's newest member! Imported straight from Italy (or just from the back of an Italian restaurant), this trashcan is truly deluxe. Only the finest for Joe and Goe! To our surprise, the Child Life Department at Children's Hospital even made a logo for him! We are so excited to journey the halls with our new friend!



A major thank you to The St. Bernard Volunteers for Family and Community for helping support our work at the St. Bernard Village retirement home. Joe and Goe's bosses, Alex and Becca, borrowed their plunger and underwear to go speak to this amazing group. [Click here](#) to learn more about SBVFC and hear about all the wonderful ways they help their community.

## A Powerful Ninja

“Uh, Goe, I don’t think I see anyone in there,” said Joe sadly.

## Turkey Dinosaur

Sometimes, everyone just needs a few bubbles in their life.

“Ah! Wait! There’s two friends now!” touted Goe enthusiastically.

Boy, are the janitors glad Goe caught a glimpse of some awesome people in the Physical Therapy room at Children’s Hospital! What came of their visit was a day to remember!

The two trundled GarbaGio into the room and were greeted by a pair of wonderful humans and their warm-hearted caretakers, all ready for a day of workouts and therapy to help make their muscles strong, build fine motor skills, and more.

Bubbles became the immediate order of the day! Everyone had so much fun popping the iridescent floating globes, using all their muscles and fingers to catch every last one before they hit the ground. Gotta say, the kids were a pair of pro-popping champs in the room that day! One even decided to get right into her scheduled workout for the day, exercising just an arm to grow its strength and dexterity! Soon one-handed pops were her specialty!

Eventually, it was really time to get down to business! Their friend needed to place her right arm in a fancy long, solid glove so she could really rock her exercises with her left. It was bright pink and SO COOL, the janitors couldn’t wait to see how great it looked on her! Even though it was a little uncomfortable, she finally acquiesced to the eager cleaners and

“So our next patient is having a hard time adjusting to the hospital” the clowns’ Child Life leader at Ochsner advised “It might be best for y’all to just say hi from the door. But it’s important that we can normalize folks coming into his room.”

“Bubbles?” said Goe to her mustachioed muchacho.

“Bubbles!” said Joe to his bespectacled bestie.

Goe started by hiding behind the doorway’s open curtain and broadcasting her best bubbles. Light, soapy spheres meandered their way into the patient’s room, alighting on surfaces and politely popping before becoming a nuisance.

Equip with their rubber chicken, Joe managed to find himself behind Goe and in sight of the room’s mirror. He could see their new friend in his chair, noticing the bubbles, first with curiosity, then with a little something more. The rubber chicken (of its own volition, mind you) peeked ‘round the curtain and started popping bubbles (the audacity!)

“Dinosaur!” chanted the boy.

“Turkey-Dinosaur!”

Goe and Joe slowly eased their heads around the curtain. “That’s his name! How did you know?” Goe said. “Would you like the bubbles to be closer?” quizzed she, softly. A nod and a hand wave brought the janitors into the room! What luck!

donned the mighty gauntlet.

Goe had an idea! She was certain that such a fascinating garment, even though uncomfortable, would make her POWERFUL! Fortunately, the clowns come equip with a “secret power detector” (aka their Energy Stick which lights up and makes noise when held in both hands)!

Lights were lowered, stakes were raised, and everyone held their breath —would she be endowed with magical abilities via the pink-power-cast? Would the Energy Stick, while dormant in others’ clutches, give up its energy and light up while playing it’s triumphant tune?

With her left hand, she reached out, and ever-so gingerly gripped the Stick and then....

*Dazzling lights played upon everyone’s faces! A bright melody piped from her hand as the Energy Stick emphatically confirmed what Goe knew all along: the kiddo was magical thanks to her fancy pink glove!*

“Again! Again!” came her voice! “Ooooh” offered Joe, and a collection of “Ahhhs!” followed from the rest. Our heroine continually showed off her powers lighting up the detector, much to the delight of her congregated friends and some scattered onlookers. She practically radiated joy and power!

Soon after, Goe proffered a finger-puppet for her to practice small,

into the room. What luck.

The duo (well, trio) approached the seat where the kiddo sat, mom by his side.

“Hi there, my name is Joe,” said Joe softly. “And I’m Goe, with a ‘G,’” Goe added gently as more bubbles poured into the room. The five (Turkey-Dinosaur included) quietly popped bubbles while our friend gave soft giggles and made small conversation about school and the rubberiest relic from the Triassic period amongst them.

Soon “I’m tired,” came from their newest friend in a small voice. “Oh, me too,” said Goe, “I think Turkey-Dinosaur is too. We should sing him a lullaby.”

The clowns started on their sweetest rendition of *You Are My Sunshine* and he piped up “I know that one from school!” “Sing it with us?” asked Joe. Slowly the turkey dino-dozer fell into a slumber in Goe’s arms. Stickers were distributed from Joe for doing such a good job popping bubbles and helping Turkey-Dinosaur slip into its dreams.

Quiet goodbyes were exchanged so their friend and their resting raptor could settle in for a bit. The Janitors felt like they’d just gotten a good dose of sleep themselves once they left the room.

Later on, the two were offered a wonderful report! The kiddo was up

detailed movements with her hand. “Honk, Honk!” called the newly enlivened puppet, now named Bobby. All enjoyed inventing new games to meet the physical challenges.

Oh, yeah—it also turns out she was a secret Ninja. (NINJA, you say? Well of course, we say!) We moved on to the next exercise, which entailed great, big “Hiiii-Yah!” chops at a big bouncy ball. Unfortunately, Joe found himself in the path of the careening missile, on a crash-course! The ball, propelled by unparalleled power, blasted him across the room and onto his rear-end!

Joe got a little cocky at this point and started to ‘taunt’ our ninja-warrior. “Oh, that was a lucky shot. Betcha can’t do that again!”

Big. Mistake. Many more ‘attacks’ followed, each stronger than the last, even catching Goe (an innocent bystander) in the crossfire! Our ninja friend was truly a force to be reckoned with, and all the while made great use of her exercises and her drive to see the janitors turn turtle in the face of her onslaught.

Finally, the two were offered respite by way of a truce. They said goodbye to their friends, Bobby the puppet, and the wonderful therapists and made their way out of the room with warm thoughts and a healthy fear of giant bouncy balls. “You guys should come to every therapy session!” one nurse said as goodbves were

and about, playing with his own supply of bubbles and beginning to enjoy himself in a way that he hadn’t seemed to for his entire stay in the hospital before. Mom was brought to tears, not from stress and worry for her child, but of relief and happiness in seeing him shift for the better in his new temporary space.

Not every visit is about laughter. Sometimes we just need a quiet moment with some whimsy to remember that it’s gonna be OK. You’re surrounded by people who care about you and are there to help you feel better, and that maybe it’s not so scary. It was an incredible feeling to know the two had helped nudge the patient towards that feeling, even if just a little.

A big thank you to Child Life Department for caring so much for their patients. They are certainly in good hands.

exchanged. What a kind thing to say!

The folks at CHNOLA (and every rehab clinic for sure) do an amazing job incorporating play into sometimes difficult therapeutic exercises and tasks. What an honor to be a small part of that work!

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