

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

As a parent of a special needs child, I fight for him all the time. I know he's a wonderful kid, with amazing gifts. Most of the world though sees him as the kid who doesn't fit. No matter how tolerant our school is, the outside world is not.

I cannot even begin to describe what it's like to watch your child, who has no short-term memory, sign an entire song, with pure joy on his face. Or to watch him dance and sing in a group, which I knew was a dream of his that I thought would never be fulfilled.

To me, you had a show that celebrated differences. How very special to a mom who looks at her child who doesn't fit, and sees instead how his differences make him one of the most amazing people I know. You allowed my child to shine in his own small way, and for that I thank you.

I'd like to say that my objective with the show was as lofty as yours. Mine however was much more simple. And selfish. All I wanted, was to watch my child be special. Not special needs. Just special. You gave me that opportunity.

He said, over and over, after the show, "You know the best part? When they all clapped for us. Mom, they all clapped for us!"

Thank you for allowing my child to stand on that stage, hear that applause, and know that he is worth clapping for.