

Eustacia Cutler Author of “A Thorn in My Pocket”



Eustacia Cutler is the mother of four children. Her oldest child is Temple Grandin, who has become a successful person with autism in the world today. Eustacia is a graduate of Harvard. She has been a band singer at the Pierre Hotel, New York City, performed and written for theatre and cabaret, and written for major television networks.

Her current book, “A Thorn in My Pocket” describes raising Temple in the conservative world of the 1950’s..

Eustacia was one of the first to tread new water as she overcame the difficulties of “challenging the system”. Like every parent and teacher, she wanted the best for her child. She understands the myth, reality, angst, and guilt a family experiences in society. She is where you will be in the future: looking back on the things you did to help you. When the “system” is not meeting the needs of your child, you must be creative and design your own program. Piece by piece, you and your child can develop

a meaningful, interrelated reality.

Eustacia will inspire you to reach beyond your current resources and make it work for you and your child. “There was no magic, there was just doing the best I could... and never letting go of hope.”

The following excerpt from her book gives insight into what Eustacia felt as a mother.

‘I’m practicing Bach at the piano and Temple, now perhaps 2 1/2 but still not speaking, is on the floor beside me, absorbed in crumpling a newspaper, humming to herself, squeezing the paper, watching it slowly spring open, shredding it, gazing at the pieces that float about her. I try to entice her with colored plastic cups and spoons, but she won’t look at me.

“See the bright colors? See how the cups fit together? Now the spoons. Isn’t that fun?” She stares for a moment and returns to her newspaper. I tell myself that children find their own playthings and don’t have to be entertained with what we think of as toys. But she looks so forlorn, sitting there absorbed in her tattered plaything, sooty with newspaper ink. Like a slum child nobody cares for. My pretty baby with her blue eyes and blonde curls. She who would prefer me to leave her alone. The snub cuts deep. Eerie in her calm refusal to engage, she’s closed the door on me, polite but firm. And so with the best intentions we each neglect the other. Isolated, numb, we play it safe, I in my world, she in hers. But what is her world? I turn back to the Bach. I’m not very good at it, but it’s better than nothing. She hums. She’s humming the Bach.’