

# *The Worlds We Live In*



## UNSPOKEN LOVE

The sun has risen into the late morning sky. Fog gently lifts from the distant hills. Two wooden chairs rest upon the hillside, paint peeling from them, leaving the impression that they are without love. A small slanted table, splashed with the prettiest blue paint anyone can imagine, nestles between the chairs.

I stand behind the chairs. A smile forms on my lips, parting them slightly. I walk to the back of one chair, reach my arms over the top, and bow my head. I am hungry for companionship. I gracefully walk to the front of one chair and softly sit on its rough surface. I curl into a ball, extend my arm, and rest my hand upon the small table. I close my eyes.

Moments have passed and a scent drifts past me. I breathe deeply, tasting it as it passes. A hand touches my hand...a large, soft hand. I open my eyes to find my long lost love, kneeling before me. The wind has carried him to me; I am sure of it. My other hand runs along his cheek. I have to be sure it is him. I rise and look deep into his misty brown eyes and catch my reflection. His hand never leaves mine. His other arm circles my neck...a gentle hug. He stands, still holding my hand. We walk down the hill and fade behind the tall pine trees that clutter the valley.

*Rebecca Mzik*

## MY TRIP TO THE OPTOMETRIST

My trip recently to the optometrist was like taking a trip without taking drugs. On the day I had to go to the eye doctor, I did all of the necessary things that I had to do to get ready. As I was preparing to leave, my husband asked me if I wanted him to go with me. I told him, "No, thank-you. I will be fine by myself." The only challenge I would have (according to the Receptionist-Pastor of the church) would be to climb up a flight of very steep steps.

I made it up the steps and gave the Receptionist-Pastor my relevant information and waited for the optometrist. When my turn came, the optometrist introduced himself as, "Dr. Durner, which rhymes with Turner." He gave me the standard eye exams and checked my eye pressure. When he gave me my examination, I knew I had made a mistake coming alone. He told me that he had one more procedure to do. This was when the fun began.

Dr. Durner told me he had to dilate my eyes so that he could check for glaucoma and any other problems I might have. I knew I was in trouble. I did not know beforehand that he was going to dilate my eyes. So instead of saying, "I will come back at a later date because I am alone," I let him put the drops into my eyes.

Dr. Durner told me to relax and to let the drops do their job. He left and came back about ten minutes later and checked my eyes with the microscope. He finished my eye exam, and I picked out my frames and left his office. I remembered that I had to leave his office the reverse way that I had in getting there. I had to go back down the same steep flight of steps.

When I finally got to the bottom of the steps, as I opened the door to go out to the street, I hit a homeless man in the back. I didn't even see him. He jumped up and apologized for sitting on the steps. He said, "I was sitting here trying to get warm since the sunshine was so warm,

pretty and bright." I felt so embarrassed. I didn't even see him! I apologized to him and found the way to my car. The sunlight was brighter than I had ever experienced. It was blinding and very big. Everything was extremely pretty and very, very intense. It would have been more so if I could have only kept my eyes opened long enough to see things better. It was so hard to keep my eyes open. I wanted to keep closing them, and I knew I could not drive with closed eyes.

I sat in my car for a few minutes trying to decide whether I was going to try and drive home by myself, or if I was going to try and make it to a telephone and call my husband to come and rescue me. I told myself, "Self, quit being a baby because you know that you can do this, so drive yourself home." So, I drove myself home, but I decided to stop and get a newspaper on the way. When I was in the store, it seemed like everyone was watching me, and I felt paranoid. I felt like they were watching to see if I was doing something wrong.

I got back into my car, then came to a conclusion. Since I could not see very clearly, but I could see colors, especially red, I decided to follow closely to the vehicle in front of me, paying attention especially to the brake lights. Every time the car in front of me hits the brakes, I told myself, I'll hit mine. I hit my brakes a lot of times. I looked in the rearview mirror, and I could see the cars behind me. They stayed way, way in back of me. What should have taken me about ten minutes turned into 20 minutes or maybe more!

When I finally did get home, my husband was on the porch looking for me. He said that he was sorry that I had to drive home alone, and he was very ashamed of himself for not going with me when I had my eyes examined, especially with the colors being magnified the way I described them. I told him that I did not want to go on an eye dilation trip by myself ever again. Good riddance to them.

So, the next time, if I, or you, or even someone you know has to go to the optometrist, get someone to go with you. Do not go alone or you will have a Dr. Durner, which rhymes with Turner, dilate your eyes and you will have to drive home alone on a trip all by yourself.

*Patricia Shields*

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## MUSIC IN MY LIFE

**M**usic is my food, my water, my addiction...

**U**nbelievable to imagine living without it!

**S**ometimes I wonder how sad the world would be without music.

**I** love music, I breathe music! It feeds my spirit! It makes me powerful!!

**C**astles of dreams in my mind are made and destroyed by its rhythm...

**I** can go wherever I want. I have no fears. I can win battles, all my battles.

**N**othing scares me! Nothing gives me such strength, such energy in my life.

**M**usic is feeling, magic, fantasy, and always touches my soul deeply...

**Y**esterday, today, tomorrow, forever and ever...

**L**ove, emotion, caring, affection, tenderness and inspiration...

**I**nspiration for love, inspiration for peace, inspiration

**F**or remembering you, and for loving you wherever you are.

**E**specially because you are no longer here anymore...

*Altair Costa*

### THREE WAYS TO CHANGE A TIRE

I want to teach you how to change a tire. Now, this is very different for different folks. For instance, for most men it isn't that hard of a job. But for some, who don't know the workings of a car or truck, it might be a real trip, to say the least.

For the adult man, the directions are pretty simple. First, try to find a hard, flat surface and set the emergency brake. It might take some time to find that emergency brake, especially on the newer models, but don't give up. Once it's set, get out the spare tire, jack, and lug wrench. Put the jack where the picture tells you to put it. Loosen up the lug nuts (why they call them that, I just don't know) and jack the car up off the ground. Finish taking off the lug nuts and remove the flat. Put the spare on, tighten the lug nuts and let down the car or truck. Put your tools, the flat tire, and the jack back in the truck, and you should be on your way.

For a woman to change a tire can be a real nightmare. This isn't a job for high heels and short skirts, but that might work to your advantage sometimes. Getting the spare, jack and lug wrench, and knowing what to do with them could be a challenge. My advice is: use your cell phone to call your husband, brother, or AAA for help.

Now, there are totally different rules for a twelve-year-old, whether a boy or a girl. Watching your dad change a tire, in a tux, while going to your aunt's wedding will be a real learning experience. You might hear words that you have never heard before! The best thing to do is to go to your local library and read a book on how to change a tire, so you will know a little bit about what goes on and then, maybe help a little bit, when you are older.

*James Prohn*



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WINTER AIR

The darkness comes quicker in winter.  
The days are shortened.  
Time seems to be cut in half.  
You get tired hours earlier.  
You hope you don't have to step out into the  
Blistering cold.  
And it is blistering.  
Your hair, if wet, will freeze in seconds.  
Your body will begin to shiver.  
Your ears and nose will turn red.  
Your fingers will become numb.  
If you step out into the winter air, the effects will begin.  
This is why you must stay in.  
In the house by seven o'clock.  
In the warmth, the light.  
Not *in* the cold darkness but surrounded by it.

*Marie Davis*

## LOOK OUT THE WINDOW

I live in Powell, Ohio. I have lived here since August of last year. I lived in a very hot country, Venezuela, most of my life. We had only two seasons -- one of them is hot and the other one hotter. Because of that, I think that everything here is amazing and new. The seasons are special for me.

The first season is spring. A lot of rain is characteristic of that season. All the trees and flowers need rain to grow up and blossom. Soon, you will see all the flowers blossom and the green leaves on trees. You will see the hills covered with a giant green carpet. Nature is wise!

Afterwards, summer comes and with it the heat. Many people say, "it's too hot!", but I think it's not as hot as in the Sahara Desert. In fact, you need the heat to tolerate the coming cold. All of life needs a little bit of hot, the trees, flowers, and people too. Also special, flowers blossom more beautifully, and you'll smell their wonderful aromas. The view changes, there are many pretty colors everywhere your eye can see.

Then comes the fall. It's my favorite season. The wind blows very strong; you can feel the wind softly touching your skin. Soon you can see all the trees become a mix of multi-colors. You can also see trees become completely red, brown or yellow. I had never seen anything like that, only in a photograph.

It's awesome when you see a forest covered with a cloak of red and yellow colors. The trees move softly, and the very high trees seem elegant. The wind touches them and takes one by one all their leaves; they fall onto the lawn as if they were dancing with the wind as a partner, kind and gentle. Now the trees are bald. You can see a dramatic

change in the view. But if you know that the weight of winter ice could break and cause some pain to them, then you'll feel better. You accept them as they are, enjoy the sight, and remember: Nature is wise!

Finally, the winter, cold arrives, the snow and the ice too. When it's snowing you can see peaceful delicacy of the snowflakes. They look like cottonballs. When you look out of the window you feel peaceful; everything is white and seems to be very soft.

The lakes freeze. It's amazing -- they look like a big mirror. You can throw a piece of ice onto the surface of the lake, and when the piece of ice is broken it seems like a lot of tiny pieces of glass moving along the lake. It's like those pieces could be alive....

Many people say, "I don't like the winter. It's too cold!" But I think the best way to bear the cold and the freezing wind is to think about the greatness of nature and all the gifts that she can give us to enjoy.

*Rita Perez Morales*

MY SEASON'S GOLD

Tiny little flakes so cold  
They twinkle like glitter and shine like gold

I love it when it falls so fast  
I love it more when it does last

It fills us all with joy and cheer  
Reminding us all that winter's here

When it appears outside I'll go  
Because you see I love the snow

*Heather Warner*

## MY FAVORITE PLACES

Two places around our old house are very special for me: the kitchen sink and the grass-covered backyard. I do not know exactly at what point in the last twenty years they became important for me. Maybe the kitchen sink was the first one. The backyard came later.

I think that my relationship with them is a strange feeling. It is some kind of affection. I know it is not love, but I know I do care for both, and occasionally I miss not having them with me.

I did not realize how important they were for me until we moved to another place. This new place has a nicer kitchen sink, but it is not as gracious as the old one. It seems to me that the new sink is not as friendly as the older one.

I like to spend time in the kitchen, enjoying all of those small things that kitchens usually have. I like to look at the various sizes, shapes, and textures found in kitchens. I love the countless aromas and flavors that by some magical chemistry become different when mixed together. Each time I discover new smells and mixtures of all sorts. I like the smell of fresh fruit and vegetables and the aroma coming out of the oven when some dish is being baked. It seems to me that during the night, in the darkness, the kitchen has kept and blended new aromas for me to enjoy the following day.

As for the sink, I can say it is my "thinking place." Many times, I do prefer to do dishes myself instead of throwing them in the dishwasher so as not to deprive myself of the pleasure of thinking and allowing me a time for myself, for me to be alone. Sometimes I do need only a few minutes at the sink to look inside me. It is like an interior mirror. I know for sure, that most of my best and worst thoughts have come out of my kitchen sink time. Although this new sink is not as friendly and sweet as my old one, I believe that someday soon we will become "friends."

My other long-time affection is the backyard of our old house. On sunny Sunday afternoons I used to grab a blanket and extend it on the backyard grass. It was so good to lay there facing upwards, staring at the sun, the clouds, or the intense blue sky. Other times, I just laid facing down feeling the grass and trying to catch the smell of humid, wet soil. If alone, I sometimes used to read; or if not, it was wonderful just staying there surrounded by silence, looking nowhere, just looking.

Occasionally, we were lucky enough to have a bright and clear night, with all the stars displayed as if on stage. In these rare occasions, my family and I would get our old plaid blanket. We would take it to the backyard and stay there for a while, facing upwards, enjoying stars, silence, and sometimes small fireflies, all of them embedded in an infinite sea of blackness.

As I write these lines I realize how much I do miss the backyard grass. One of these days, I might look for a house with a nice backyard and deep green grass. I also would like to meet a friendly sink. These too may deserve one day to be added to my list of favorite places.

*Monica Pazmino*

## FALL'S BLESSINGS

I see the beautiful changing of the color of the leaves.  
I feel the crisp cool air.  
I hear the rustling leaves on the ground.  
I smell the baking of apple pies and cider.  
I say that fall is my favorite time of the year.

I see the orange pumpkins in the fields.  
I feel the cool of fall in the air.  
I hear the squirrels gathering food.  
I smell fresh baked pumpkin pies.  
I say Jack Frost is nipping at our nose.

I see the beautiful nature of the world around me.  
I feel the warm sunshine upon my face.  
I hear the waters flowing down the streams and water falls.  
I smell the dew upon the lilies and wild flowers.  
I say we are blessed with the nature of this world we live in.

*ABLE Class – Terry McMillan, Vickie Hargraves, Art Massengill  
Live Oaks*

## HOBO

The steel rails ring as the iron  
Pony rolls along, putting miles between  
Me and my troubles but yet bringing  
Me closer to my problems.  
As the box cars settle to a  
Stop I slide the door open and  
Quickly hop. The rail yard's busy  
With old black men, breaking back  
Labor till the day's end.  
With campfire crackling I make  
My bed and on God's earth  
I lay my head.

*Charles Ladd*



## JOURNEY TO AN UNKNOWN PLACE

When I came to Ohio on August 11, 1999, I was impressed with this beautiful state. Although my country of Colombia has beautiful mountains, a lot of vegetation, and fauna, I just said, "This is an amazing place!" The different sorts of flowers in the summer and the colorful trees in the fall make these seasons unforgettable.

Everything was strange to me: a different country, weather, people, and their customs. Despite my husband's support, and his family being very close to me, there were many sad moments. One of them was when I got sick. I could not express my feelings very well, and also was very frustrated in my daily life because when somebody talked to me or asked me questions, I was unable to answer anything because I did not understand.

Although the meals and supper time are also different, it is not a big deal to me because I can cook whenever I want. The food here is good, but some kinds are very spicy to me. Desserts are really delicious, but I am not very fond of sweets. In my country, we don't have many choices for breakfast like here, and I think they are delicious.

Customs are different here, too. In my country we have many parties to enjoy our friends or families. Even on vacation, we like to go in groups because we can have more fun. The people here are more serious and spend a lot of time working. Obviously, they don't have time to socialize.

I will not forget my country and the friends I left behind, but somehow I fell in love with this state and its wonderful people. To learn English has been one of the biggest challenges in my life. I feel very proud of myself and very thankful to my teachers because I can understand 80% and read 95%, as well. I look forward to further improvements. I have met many generous people with great values. Consequently, it makes my life better and gives me hope for the future.

The winter doesn't get along with me, but I will try to make it my friend because the snow is the winter's decoration. I could not believe my eyes when, for the first time, I contemplated the powerful magic of the snow. It seemed to me that everything had a cotton covering on it, and it brought back memories from my childhood when my grandmother showed me pictures in fairy tales. But this time, the tale was real. And as fairy tales always have happy endings, I really know the reward for me will be not far away when the birds announce to me that spring is here!

*Emily Nutter*

## MY MEMORY OF THE LIBERTY CITY

Nightlights covering the high tall buildings.  
The voices of every culture surrounding the city.  
Enormous amount of traffic that never ends.  
Movie theaters in every part of the Bronx.  
The most delicious large slices  
of pizza I have ever come across.  
Food stands in every corner during the hot summer days.  
Open water pumps wetting everyone  
and everything that passed their way.  
Never, ever to hear complete silence.  
A small rubber ball always getting  
slammed against this tall brick wall.  
Swings that I thought could go as high as the sky.  
Beaches that look like there were no end to them.  
People knocking on doors, always having something to sell.  
Using stairs in the winters to go sled riding instead of hills.  
Feeling that night and day were one in the same.  
Hearing this unknown voice on television  
counting down from 10 to 1 every New Year.  
Waking up every morning knowing  
that there was so much to do.

*Frances Dillon*

SOUTH KOREA

Calm round mountains on the horizon.  
Pine trees all around.  
Winding roads in the countryside.  
Peaceful lakes give us pleasure.  
Kind people greet us wherever we go.

*Eunjung Kim*

## MY KENTUCKY MEMORIES

My favorite place to visit is my family's farm in Kentucky. This farm can't be reached by any means of travel. It can only be reached if I think back on all the wonderful memories of my family and my childhood innocence.

If I sit and think long enough I can picture the main road that runs through a small town. If you look away then look back you will have missed the town. It's so small. As you come into the town on the left you will see Shoemaker's General Store. If you come during the summer, you will see all the lush produce sitting on the front porch of the store waiting to be taken home and enjoyed. On the right you will see the post office that also serves as the local jail and courthouse and blacksmith's shop. A few miles out of town, just before you get to the cut off that leads back to our farm, you will pass Harlan's Auto Repair Pool Hall and Bar where you can get your car or truck worked on and get drunk at the same time.

Now we come to the coal field cut off. Which way do you think we should go? If you go left you will take an old coal-hauling road that leads back to the old abandoned coal mine. So we want to go right, and in my opinion going right is the closest you can get to heaven without dying. If you have reached this spot at the fork you are on your way to the Hopper Family Farm where our motto is, "A stranger is just a friend of the family we haven't met yet." After a few minutes on the road you will see a big hill off to the left. And as we come closer to the crest of the hill, you will see a black and rusty iron fence that has kept people out and many generations in. You might be thinking, "What is he talking about?" When you get to the top of the hill you will see what I am

talking about: big black words that say cemetery. By now we should be at the top of the hill, and all you will be able to see is beautiful farmland in every direction you look. My people call it God's country.

As you come down our driveway you will see fields of corn and beans on both sides of the road as far as the eye can see. Now we have come to the end of the road, and ahead you will see a big farm house that looks like the whole state could live in it. All told there are thirty-some rooms in that house. As we get out of the car we will be met by an old man with a weather beaten face, salt and pepper hair, wearing a pair of faded overalls with patches on both knees and an old coal black pipe clenched between his stained teeth from years of chewing tobacco. This man would be my great-grandfather, Zebulon to the bank, Zeb to family and friends, and Paw Paw to the grand kids. The old lady with the stern look on her face wearing the old gray summer dress with the black stockings and the old-time lace-up lady's boots would be my great-grandmother. She was called Annie at the bank, Aunt Annie to family and friends, and to her grand kids she was Nan Nan. By looking at this little old lady you would not have known she had twelve kids. Don't be afraid of the mangy old hound dog. She's harmless. She doesn't have any teeth. By the way her name is Daisy.

If you look hard enough you might see one of the farm hands hard at work plowing the field or maybe milking one of our twenty-six dairy cows. There used to be seven farm hands, but now there are only six. The seventh was an old man named Mr. Jed. He was a kind old man. He had worked for my family for years, and one day while working on the old tractor that poor man died of a heart attack. My grandparents thought so much of him that they had him buried in the family graveyard.

Who knows, the rest of the farm hands might get buried on Hopper Hill.

Well, it's just about suppertime. We best get in there and wash up for supper because in our family, if you're late for supper you might just be eating with the hogs. As you walk through the big oak front doors, off to the left you will see the library. There are so many books in there it would take you twenty years to count them. Some of the books are over two hundred years old. Off to the left is the parlor. If you look on the walls you will see pictures of many of my late family members. The big picture over the grand fireplace is of my great-great-great grandfather, and if you are wondering why there is a black cloth draped over the top, it is because he gave his life for his country in the great Civil War. Straight ahead you will see the dining room. Off of that is the kitchen. By now you should be able to smell that big kettle of Nan Nan's famous soup beans and her big pan of corn bread, and if you listen you can hear the sizzle of the taters frying in her big old cast iron skillet. This will be a supper you will never forget for the rest of your life. After dinner, because Nan Nan always made so much, Paw Paw and I would climb into his old I.H. that he bought new in 1928 and take it to town to give everybody some of Nan Nan's home cooking.

After supper we'll sit out on the back porch and watch the sun go down and then turn into bed because 5:30 in the morning comes early for someone who is not used to it like you. We get to help with the morning chores. Ah, the feel and the smell of the fresh country air. Look, there's Paw Paw out there feeding the stock. That can be an all-day job because we have thirty head of hogs, two hundred head of cattle, and a handful of chickens, goats, and sheep. Who knows what else is around there? The old man out by the small barn on the

left of the big one is Ed. He is turning the tobacco that is hanging there to dry. The other big barn is where we keep all of the farm equipment that we need to keep this farm going. Over there in the high weeds is what to most people would look like a big pile of rusted metal, but to us is what is left of the some of the first farm equipment ever used on the farm. If Paw Paw had his way about it, he would still be farming with a horse and plow.

Well, after we eat lunch we will pack our things, say our goodbyes, and be on our way. This is the part that pains me so much, that I have to leave the place that I have loved for so many years. Now I have to leave my cherished memories behind and come back to the real world, but I know that when I want to go back the only thing I have to do is sit there and think and dream of a simpler time in my life. That, you see, is why my family's farm in Kentucky is my favorite place to visit.

*Jesse Wilson*



## MY WORK EXPERIENCE ACROSS THE OCEAN

I was getting ready to leave on my first trip across the ocean. It was all the way from Seattle to Alaska. I wasn't traveling for fun, even though I had a lot of fun. I was among 200 employees who were assigned to work on a ship in Alaska. I could imagine how much it cost people to ride through the ocean so they could enjoy the attractions of the sea. I could even see the beautiful tourist ships cruising by and people taking pictures of us. But, for us, it was different. All the trip expenses were on our employer, even the food. We felt very lucky.

We leaned over the deck rails as the ship sailed smoothly. We watched in fascination as a group of humpbacked dolphins leaped above the water. We started telling strange tales about them and how they are as smart as humans and a lot kinder. We were watching the dolphins all evening until they all disappeared in the darkness of the sea. As we stayed out on deck we laughed and joked.

Then, for a moment, I was afraid when night came and it was too dark to see far. The world stretches far across the sea to where the ocean tide begins to lap back. I had to be careful. If I forgot that I was on board a ship, I could slide from the deck rails to the icy water. I shivered, then laughed at myself. "I had better get inside," I said.

Over the days we saw more and more fascinating creatures. As we sailed along the Canadian shore we saw dolphins, sharks, and gulls.

After five days of pleasant atmosphere, we bumped into rough weather. People started to get seasick. I saw some of my roommates throwing up and moaning. I tried to go to the galley to get some drinks for my roommates, but I staggered like I was drunk and couldn't move forward. It was miserable. All the happiness that was glistening in our faces faded slowly.

When we reached Dutch Harbor, Alaska, our final destination, the crew manager gathered us for a meeting. He gave us a brief explanation about the job. He told us that our pleasure trip was over and we should be ready for work beginning the next evening.

The next evening, when we started the job, the electricity went out. It was black. You could not see your hand in front of your face. We were reticent for a second with shock, then screamed and yelled, "Titanic! Titanic!" Some of us cried. We thought we would end up in the frozen sea. We were very scared. About 15 minutes later the lights came back, and we all cheered with ecstasy.

On the ship we processed fish and crab. We had to work 18 hours every day. People did different jobs. I was assigned to inspect fish fillets for worms, parasites, and bones. I stood next to the fast moving belt the whole 18 hours. I had to work fast; otherwise the defective fillets would pass through. It was a very challenging job. Every day we saw some people packing their stuff and going home, while others teased and made fun of them.

Even though we continuously worked most the time, we had some rare gaps between shifts due to the weather conditions. When the small boats couldn't bring the fish to us, we had a couple of hours or a full day off. We used to stay out on the deck to watch the sea and its wonderful animals that gathered to feed on the food remains we threw into the sea.

When I was about to finish my contract, which was four months long, I got a bad cold. The worst thing that can happen to you when you are in Alaska, and on a ship, is to get sick. There is no doctor to see or clinic to visit. Besides that, the managers never let you take one day off to get rest. I was feeling bad day after day. Then, one day I ignored all the rules and went to the safety manager's office. He had some basic first aid medicines. After a couple days, when I had already used half of the medicine, I noticed the date on the container had expired. I went back to him and told him

about it. He told me it was OK; everything they had was expired, except the fresh fish we processed on the ship. I tried to go to my manager to tell her what happened, but the safety manager who gave me the medicine snatched it from me. When I mentioned it to the biggest boss on the ship, she replied, "Medicine never expires." There were a lot of women on the ship and one of the ladies from Ethiopia made me a homemade remedy of honey, lemon and hot water. After a couple of days I felt better, and I could continue my contract.

After all these experiences I consider my work across the ocean a wonderful experience.

*Farhan Farah*

LIFE

Cold morning, Warm colors

Hard ground, Trees, Fragile sprinkles

Feel the throb: Nature

*Hiromi Nabeshima*

## THE CAMPOUT WITH MY GRANDSON

My name is John; I am the grandfather of Daniel. He is in the first grade, which brings many new things like Cub Scouts, which teaches things like camping and working for pins, badges, and patches.

My grandson had an overnight camping trip October 17<sup>th</sup>. His father was unable to take him, so his parents asked if I could take him. I said, "Yes," not knowing it would be the coldest night of the month.

As we packed up the car the day of the campout, the day was sunny but cool. We were getting a late start because he had school that day. We left for the Cub Scout camp about two hours before dark to meet the other young men and their dads. We arrived at the campsite about one hour before dark and still had to put up the tent. We could tell it was getting colder. We finished just before dark.

Then it was time for food, hayrides, and singing around the campfire. As bedtime grew closer, the air was getting quite cool, but the campfire felt good.

About 9 o'clock we went to bed; by this time it was getting quite cold. We got in the tent and into our sleeping bags to get warm. We called my wife and then his parents to tell them goodnight. As we lay there, teeth chattering, trying to go to sleep, my grandson exclaimed, "Papaw, if I'd known it was going to be so cold, I wouldn't have come." Daniel scooted down into his sleeping bag where I couldn't even see his head at all. Suddenly, I heard a noise. I said, "Daniel, Daniel," but he was asleep. The sound I heard was coming from him. He was snoring. He slept well that night, but I tossed and turned all night.

The next day I got up early and ready to go, but Daniel slept until I woke him at 8 o'clock a.m. It was time for breakfast, then off to earn a badge. First he did archery, then air rifle, rock climbing, nature trail, and then a demonstration on dogs trained in hunting.

Then that afternoon, after a time of fun, he received his badge. It was then time to go home. We had fun and learned something new that weekend. This was my first, but hopefully not my last, campout with him.

*John Berling*

### MY FAVORITE TIME OF DAY

My favorite time of day is the morning. I like to walk along the lake in the park in any weather. Throughout the year, I never go out without sunflower seeds. I feed squirrels in the park. They know me and run towards me. I meet lots of people with their dogs in the morning. I know them, their names, and their dogs' names. We often stop and talk.

I train my brain by translating Russian jokes into English and telling them. The people I meet walking like my jokes and laugh a lot.

When I became a citizen, they gave me a gift. On Easter they presented me with a bunch of pussy-willow flowers. These flowers are a tradition for our Russian Christian Easter like you have Easter lilies for your Easter. When they don't see me some days, they worry and ask where Alla is. I like them very much. These Americans are kind souls, well meaning and friendly. God bless them!

*Alla Pilipenko*

## FROM TOP TO BOTTOM

Some people crave wealth, prestige, and fame,  
And their ambitions are difficult to tame!  
Some of them eventually achieve those things,  
Honestly or unjustly they satisfy their hankerings.  
Wealth, prestige, and fame are blessings sent  
From God alone, and they're temporary advancement.  
Some people can't handle or mismanage their success,  
By excluding God when he chooses to bless.  
Immediately by Satan they're snatched then led,  
And suddenly success goes to their head!  
They become conceited, snobby, selfish, and foolhardy.  
Some will isolate themselves and others excessively party.  
They become spoiled, promiscuous, vindictive, and boastful.  
Some of them become addicts while being social.  
They abuse their authority over others boldly  
And treat their relatives and friends coldly.  
Some of them achieve a big promotion  
And sadly believe they need no one.  
Soon, all that they've achieved has crumbled.  
Afterwards they are awakened, bitter, or humbled.  
Soon they are painfully forced to choose,  
Pleading help from those whom they previously misused.

*Marie Young*



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## HAVING GRANDCHILDREN

Does anyone know what it is like to have a child you can't  
see--  
wondering if this child is ever thinking of me;  
being a grandmother of an unwed son,  
when your so-called daughter-in-law thinks keeping him away  
is so much fun?  
I never even know if he could recognize me.  
Does he even know that we are always praying for him and  
Jesse?  
It is not fair the way the world is today  
because who in the long run is going to pay?  
Every child deserves all the love,  
and every grandparent can give him a hug.  
If my child made this baby,  
why can't I have rights to him, lady?  
I want to see my flesh and blood, too.  
why do I always have to be blue?  
There are laws that say I have rights,  
but I don't want to put Garrett through this fight.  
Just let me see him once in awhile,  
and then those charges won't have to be filed.  
I don't want any problems with anyone;  
I just want to see my grandson....

I love you Garrett Gillispie  
From Grandma

*Carol Helton*

