











# VICTORY

(Continued from page 1)

ers in order to help them receive freedom. The "going price" for a prisoner was around \$2,000, but the price for Wurmbrand was \$10,000.

Rev. Richiard Wurmbrand and his wife emigrated to the U.S.A., and in May 1966 he testified in Washington before the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee and stripped to the waist to show 180 deep torture wounds covering his body. This story was carried across the world in newspapers in the U.S.A., Europe, Asia, and Australia; therefore, the Communist regime of Romania decided to assassinate him. Wurmbrand was warned in September 1966 about that plan, but he did not remain silent in the face of these death threats.

For me, Rev. Wurmbrand is a symbol that shows how the love and spirit of Christ can defeat the power of evil. My family had had the privilege and the honor to meet Mr. Wurmbrand while he lived in Romania. Since my childhood, my parents told me about him and about his courage to face the Communists' tyranny. I did not realize at that moment the effect that his example would later have on my life. This example and his trust in God united and strengthened us, the Christians of Romania, and encouraged us to raise higher the flag of our belief.

The case of Rev. Wurmbrand is not the only one that occurred in Romania under the Communist regime. Thousands of Christians suffered and even paid with their own lives for their trust in God.

I understand today, three years after the Romanian Revolution that overthrew the Communist regime, that our belief in God and in freedom was stronger than the Communists' atheistic ideology, stronger than the venom of the K.G.B. and the cruelty of the secret police. For 2,000 years dictators, philosophers, and atheists have tried to destroy the Christians and to erase their name from the surface of the earth. They did not know that they fought against God Himself. Empires and dictators have passed away, but God's Church is not only alive, but she overwhelms the entire world. From the time of Jesus Christ until today, millions of martyrs like Wurmbrand have proved that no one can destroy or take away from Christians the things that God Himself has given to them: love, peace, patience, faith, and hope. I have great admiration for Rev. Richiard Wurmbrand and for all who were ready to accept sufferings instead of shame and dishonor. Their example of bravery and self-sacrifice for the cause of their faith has made a great impression on my life; therefore, since my early childhood I have decided to enlist myself in the Great People of God and to be part of this Glorious Army whose weapons are not guns, tanks, and torture, but love, kindness, and faith. They are not afraid to put their lives in danger for the purpose of their victory.

Such men have fought for the gospel in my country, but they have also fought for the liberty of their precious land.

Rev. Richiard Wurmbrand was the hero of my childhood, for he set the fire in my heart to fight for what is true, right, and noble. Therefore, I will remember always that if it will be necessary to pay the price of my faith through suffering, I will be ready to do it because my final victory is guaranteed by God Himself.

# An Exciting Career Change

by Judy A. Bitner

Two years ago my husband was told he had cancer throughout his body. He was placed in the hospital for a series of tests. No cancer was found, but the tests and X-rays continued for over a year. The doctors, which were many, decided he has a rare disease called multi-lymphangioma. During this time of testing, questions kept entering my mind. What am I going to do? How am I going to support my family? What are these doctors talking about? My husband's illness had a major effect on my career change from a domestic engineer to a radiology technician.

One reason for the career change to radiology was the realization of becoming the main supporter, or only supporter, of my household. My husband's rare disease could re-occur anytime in a vital organ, which would mean possible surgery or chemotherapy treatments. If this disease re-occurred, we would not have to worry about his job if I were able to work and support the family.

# Childhood Memories

by Tereza Garcia

The person who most influenced me as a child was my grandmother. She taught me how to be independent and adventurous and how to maintain a clean and orderly home.

My grandmother and father, who was seven at the time, came from Mexico with a few personal belongings and very little money. At that time, she spoke Spanish only, but she managed to support herself and my father by selling food at a nearby laundry. My grandmother became a naturalized citizen when she was in her late eighties; this was a very significant event for her. As she became older and her health faltered, my father constantly urged her to move in with us. She was always adamant with her reply and said she could manage on her own.

I always enjoyed the time I spent with my grandmother because she and I would either walk or catch a bus to go downtown and browse. It was during this period of my life that I was exposed to segregation on buses and at lunch counters. On one occasion, we walked to a mill where fresh corn-on-the-cob was sold. At first I watched,

# My Hero

by Chad Tidwell

There are many heroes in the eyes of the people of the world, but to me there is no one like my dad. My father had big dreams for himself. Sadly, his dreams were cut short by a little mistake in his life.

My father is someone who works hard and stands for what he believes. He coaches baseball at Bolton High School, and coaching has been a part of his life for fourteen years. Coaching is what he does best.

Although coaching in my dad's strong point, playing baseball is something that he would rather be doing. Playing baseball has been his life-long dream ever since he was a child. He has carried this dream over into my

My career change to radiology would also help me understand the tests that might be given to my husband. When the doctor explains the diagnosis, I would not be frustrated with the doctor's medical terminology, and I would be able to ask the appropriate questions. Because of the lack of knowledge in this field, we both experienced a great deal of anxiety during this time.

This event also helped me come to a decision about becoming a radiology technician because I was already searching for a future career. My daily contact with X-ray technicians helped me make my decision in this career change. A career in radiology would give me much gratification.

My husband's illness has helped me decide on changing my career from domestic engineer to radiology technician; this decision has been both beneficial for my family and for my self-esteem. I am pleased to say that my husband is doing well, and I am excited about my new career change.

and then I helped her shuck the corn. Later, at home, she would grind the corn to make fresh tortillas. Another memorable adventure was when we took a trip to Monterrey, Mexico, on a bus. The scenery, culture, and food were a great experience for a seven-year-old.

The differences between my grandmother's home and ours was like the difference between night and day. Since there were twelve children in the home and since both parents worked at menial jobs, our home environment left much to be desired. By contrast, my grandmother's home was always neat and orderly. Since both my parents worked, I would go to my grandmother's house, and it was there that I learned to write. At home, I seldom worked on any school assignments.

In summary, I will always be grateful to a lady who took time for one of her many grandchildren. When you're one of twelve and life is tough, there's seldom anyone to make you feel special. However, my grandmother made me feel that I was special, and for this and her other contributions, I thank her.

In addition to passing along his dream to me, he has also given me his habit of working hard and a don't-quit attitude.

My father loved his dream of playing baseball, but this ambition was cut off by a mistake early in his life. When he turned twenty-one, he was about to be married and become the father of twins. He has regretted this mistake, but he says that love got the best of him. He has tried to make sure that I did not make the same mistake as he did.

My dad still hurts today from his mistake, but I am hoping I can carry out our dream. My father has greatly inspired me. He has taught me to let nothing stand in the way of my dreams. Above all, he is my dad, and I would like to see nothing more than him smiling when I pitch my first professional baseball game.

# PURCHASE

(Continued from page 1)

had no typing experience at all, I decided to go back to school and learn the keyboard. I registered at McLennan Community College as a part-time student and enrolled in Keyboarding I for the fall semester of 1990. It was a strong experience being back in school, but my focus was on learning the keyboard, which I did with some degree of difficulty. After finishing Keyboarding I in December 1990, I was ready to proceed with my original plan, which was to learn to operate my computer.

Although I did not seek counseling, I concluded that my next step should be Introduction to Microcomputers. This course was a real learning experience and gave me much of the basic knowledge that I needed to begin to work my home computer. I did surprisingly well in this class, considering that I felt that my typing speed was a bit lacking. After I had finished Introduction to Microcomputers, I was still uncomfortable with my keyboard speed, so I decided to take a summer class.

In the summer of 1991 I enrolled in Keyboarding II, mainly for the purpose of improving my typing speed. The course was gratifying in that my typing speed improved while I was obtaining valuable knowledge of the typewriter and its functions. After I finished Keyboarding II, my focus was returned to learning more about the computer in the fall semester.

Beginning WordPerfect was the next course I enrolled in during the fall of 1991. I found that the many word processing features offered in WordPerfect caused me to put away my typewriter, which I also had recently purchased. I even went out and bought an Epson printer to add to my home computer. After finishing Beginning WordPerfect, I was informed that I could no longer be considered a part-time student and would have to declare a major if I wished to continue my education. I decided to make Computer Data Processing my major. Then I took a course in Program Design, in which I maintained a B+ average, but I still needed to take the TASP test. Being somewhat rusty in writing and math, I came up a bit short on those areas of the test.

I think that failing the writing portion of the TASP test is probably the best thing that could have happened at this stage of my life. I enrolled in a remedial English course that I feel has rekindled my lost abilities of communicating properly in the English language and has awakened new aspects of writing. This course has also changed my outlook in furthering my education and has changed my priorities for the future. If I had not acted on my sudden interest in computers by purchasing one, I obviously would not have had any interest in being back in school and in continuing my education. This facet of my interest in computers has impacted my future and will continue to influence the rest of my life.

Bits and pieces

By  
Entertainment Editor  
MIKE MELTON



Recently, I had my faith in humanity restored only to be slapped in the face with the realities of a constantly changing world.

After a careful re-examination and final analysis of the issues at hand I was called cynical and irresponsible by someone with the maturity of a green tomato. A fried green tomato. What the heck am I talking about?

Last week I went home to eat lunch between classes. When I entered my driveway, I noticed something peculiar on my front porch. It was an acoustic guitar leaning against the brick wall under the doorbell. This produced a strange smile on my face. My most prized acoustic was stolen some time ago. Had the one who had done the dirty deed had a change of heart? I thought to myself there just might be some hope for this society. This produced a wonderful warm feeling and an abundance of hope in my day.

When I returned to campus, I decided to get a soft drink before going to class. I passed by the open doors to the CSC gymnasium. I graduated from Waco High School in the late 1970s and curiosity prompted me to walk in and take a look. I bumped into a worker who told me MCC was going to tear the gym out and make a two story office out of it. This knowledge shocked me and seemed to tear at my heart. The worker said he would be back in a few minutes and left.

The warm feeling of humanity escaped me with the speed of lightning. I visualized my faith in humanity falling to earth like a sack of refuse tossed out of a space shuttle. It's quite unpleasant to be a grown man and feel a tear emerge from behind your eye and feel it stop, contained by the sad truth of the matter. Here, on this stage, I had played my second money paying "gig" as a rock guitarist. I had just witnessed humanity change it's heart and return my acoustic

guitar. Now for that price I would have to give up the physical manifestation of a beautiful memory. That's one heck of a trade off, all in the course of one hour's time.

As I stood alone on the stage, I realized that I had experienced a Deja Vu of temporary euphoria accompanied by a fleeting glimpse of hope. The silence of the gym echoed with memories. Shakespearean drama festivals, basketball games and 110 db's of rock and roll past played themselves over and over in my mind like electronically recorded ghosts. I remembered a special first kiss with a girl backstage. Loss of control, a single tear ran it's course down my cheek like a river to the ocean.

Time marches boldly forward. Don't get me wrong, I want a degree from this school's journalism program. The reason I'm here is because a few instructors in my chosen field have a vast amount of experience and knowledge. I intend to absorb it all. MCC strives to serve it's community. Maybe a little too much. I'm a home owner and taxpayer and this sort of thing miffs me off. Why not utilize the gym in it's proper perspective and build an office somewhere else? Why provide a program for WISD students with disciplinary problems? Of course, to better serve the community. Don't forget about the percentage of possible future tuition to be gained, not to mention the increase in crime and theft.

Why not donate the use of the gym to a good cause? Wake up and smell the coffee, MCC. You don't have to make a buck or a new office out of everything. You could actually do something for the better of humanity without making a buck. Memories are like shadows of a passing cloud, they quickly disappear. They are akin to mountains gone, turned into stones, then to sand, only to be washed away by the next rain. Thanks a lot. See you next semester.



photo by MIKE MELTON

"DANCE MACHINE" OPENS TONIGHT AT 8 P.M. and runs through Dec. 6. "Visually it is stunning", said choreographer Jerry MacLauchlin. The production encompasses dance styles that include blues, jazz, rock and classical motifs. For more information or reservations call 750-3500.

Weekend amateur artist is also devoted to teaching English

By MELANIE GERIK  
When students hear the name Travis Loooper, they think only of the English teacher.

But Loooper also has a deep, artistic side. He describes himself as a "weekend, amateur artist." He first discovered the art world while he was earning his teaching certificate many years ago in New Mexico where he was required to take three hours of art.

Looper said he did not pursue it any further until 1980 when he and his wife were vacationing in Colorado. His wife had brought some art supplies, but she hadn't used them. Suddenly, he had an urge to go outside and draw the mountains and trees.

When he returned to Waco, he enrolled in art courses taught by Barney Fitzpatrick and John Chatmus. "I think I have a minor in art now," Loooper said. "I've

taken about 15 hours or so."

Looper says he likes working with what he labels "dry media," especially pastels and charcoal. He also has tried watercolor and oil paintings, but he could not get the results he wanted. Before becoming involved with pastels and charcoal, Loooper was an avid photographer with his own darkroom at home. Loooper hasn't done much photography lately because he says it "takes too

much time."

Although he recently bought a piece of representational art, Loooper is most intrigued by post-modern and surrealist art. He likes what he says his wife calls "bizarre," dark, somber colors and objects.

Looper had a graphite and pastel work entitled "The Squeeze" on exhibit at the Art Center through Nov. 29. For Art Center info call 752-4371



photo by MIKE MELTON

THE U.S. AIR FORCE BAND entertaining a small audience Nov. 19 in the PAC building. Ensembles played selections ranging from renaissance to classical to an audience of only 15.

Project Angel Tree

(Continued from page 3)

Dec. 13 at Jim's Cycle Shop in Axtell. Proceeds from the hog raffle will be donated to Project Angel Tree. For more information on raffle ticket purchases call 829-1204.

Pritchett said, "As a former graduate, I think MCC students need to go out and get involved with the community they live in. Jumping in and helping the community is part of growing up, just like education. Students are fortunate to have an education and should share some of that good fortune. Some of those children don't even have food, a pair of shoes or a warm coat."

Eads said many people are hesitant to take the angels off of the tree that contain expensive gifts such as coats and bicycles. Consequently, they are Project Angel Tree's most needed items.

Many families contain teenage members who need coats and clothing with the same urgency as their younger siblings. Medium and large men's size coats and ladies size 10, 12 and 14 are the sizes generally required for teenagers who want to feel the same joy at Christmas as their

younger brother or sister.

Many families are in need of food at Christmas and Eads encourages the public to consider food donations as well. Businesses or people wishing to donate food or special gifts are encouraged to call 753-5441.

"I'm asking everyone to think of their own family. Someone has probably been touched by some type of tragedy. Whether they've had a family member go to prison or be killed in an accident, they have children that have been left behind. Those children are not responsible for what has happened. I would like to ask you to please come help us take care of those children. They need to be taken care of at Christmas. It's not a wonderful thing when you walk into a home and you see little children who have no shoes and no food," Eads said.

Project Angel Tree provides inmates with hope and the children of inmates the chance to experience the joy of Christmas and turn their lives around in a positive manner with Christian fellowship and love.

Waco Civic Theatre presents the play "Cinderella" Dec. 4

By MIKE MELTON  
Kathryn Berryman, daughter of tennis coach A. Carmack Berryman, student Gary Lassiter, and voice teacher Lise Landsfeld will take the stage tomorrow night in the Waco Civic Theatre's production of "Cinderella." The play runs Dec. 4-13.

Lassiter will keep the laughter and frivolity going in the audience as well as the cast on stage as the court jester. Landsfeld will portray one of the enchanting "bird people," and Berryman will be one of the beautiful "ladies in waiting" who all want to dance the last dance with the prince at the ball.

Also providing support from our campus will be the inter-

preter training department. The Waco Civic Theatre and Kestner's Department Store will present a free performance to the hearing impaired and their families on Saturday at 10 a.m. The hearing impaired are encouraged to attend and see the beautiful story as told by the interpreter training department.

This special performance will have no admission fee for the deaf, but the Waco Civic Theatre will ask the hearing patrons for donations to the Central Texas Council for the Hearing Impaired and the Waco Civic Theatre.

Admission price is \$5, all seats will be assigned and reservations will not be taken over the phone. For more information call the Waco Civic Theatre at 776-1591.

Career workshop today in SC

By IVONNE RODRIGUEZ  
The career workshop will be held today from 5-7 p.m. in the conference room of the Student Center on the first floor.

This workshop is for students who wish to look for a full time job and for students graduating in December.

During the workshop the participants will be able to construct a resume which will be critiqued by Sandra Jones, the director of the workshop.

She encourages students who will be graduating to set up a placement file in the career services office.

For more information call Sandra Jones at 750-3504.

Mexia Area Bikers present Toys for Tots Auction and Dance

By MIKE MELTON  
The Fifth Annual Toys for Tots Auction and Dance will be held Saturday, Dec. 12 4 p.m.-1 a.m. in Mexia.

The auction and dance is presented by the Mexia Area Bikers and will be held in the National Guard Armory 500 E. Tyler & Bonham. The band "Southbound" will perform from 4-6 p.m. and the auction, which features door prizes and a trophy Longhorn steer to be raffled off, will be from 6-8 p.m. The band "Last Minute" will play for the dance which is scheduled from 8 p.m.-1 p.m.

Admission to the event will be \$10 or a new unwrapped toy. The Mexia Area Bikers also welcome other donations such as old blankets or coats. For more information call 562-9248.

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# 'Our Dreams and Ambitions, Our Aspirations and Plans'

Special section to The Highland Herald

McLennan Community College, Waco, Texas

Dec. 3, 1992

This semester MCC ENG 301 students participated in an essay contest in which they entered papers, written in their lab, either examining their goals, ambitions, and plans or discussing the heroes who have influenced their aspirations. The winning entries follow:

## Childhood Dreams

by Mike Noel

Light trickled off the T.V. screen as the lonely gunfighter stood his ground. A moment later and it would be all over. Marshal Matt Dillon would have brought justice to Dodge City once again. Sighing over the call for supper, I pressed my tiny thumb desperately on the once colorful picture as it turned into a thin line and then disappeared into a small dot. I did not realize then that my hero of the Wild West would inspire my goals and influence all of my future years, but, basically, Matt Dillon changed my life.

Never once did I doubt Marshal Dillon's ability to win a gunfight or to figure out who murdered the owner of the General Store. He was my hero, my idol, and no matter what outlaw would try to stop him, he would always maintain justice; Dodge City was in good hands. How much I wanted to be like Mr. Dillon and protect the city

of Dodge with a bright, shining star pinned proudly over my heart and a shiny six-shooter anchored around my waist. I was bound and determined: I was going to be a lawman.

To this day I still look back on Mr. Dillon as my hero. Others grew up with Superman or Captain Glowman—that's fine. Not me; I grew up in Dodge City. I may not turn out as much of a hero as Mr. Dillon, but I will stick to being a lawman, and that's what I attend school for. It doesn't matter if it's high noon or not or if it's horses or cars—it's all the same. But when the day comes and I strap on my gun, that old feeling and cool wind that once chilled Dodge City will fade away with the memory of Matt Dillon.

Psychologists tell us that childhood heroes are instrumental in shaping our goals and dreams. Thank you, Marshal Dillon; my dreams are big ones.

## The Victory of Faith

by Andrei Racoti

I don't know exactly how to define the word "hero," for I feel that the explanation given in the dictionary is not sufficient. For me, a hero is not only a brave person, courageous and dauntless, but he or she is also a saint. I learned this conception of a hero from a man's life that shone like a star in the middle of an evil world during the time of a painful religious persecution that took place in Eastern Europe under the Communist regime.

The Reverend Richard Wurmbbrand is an evangelical minister who spent fourteen years in Communist imprisonment and torture in his homeland of Romania. He is one of Romania's most widely known Christian leaders, authors, and educators. In 1945, when the Communists, supported by the K.G.B. and Russian tanks, seized Romania and attempted to control the churches for Communist purposes, Richard Wurmbbrand immediately began an effective, vigorous "underground" ministry to his enslaved people and the invading Russian soldiers. He was eventually arrested in 1948, along with his wife, Sabina. While his wife was a slave-laborer, Richard Wurmbbrand spent three years in solitary confinement, seeing no one but his Communist torturers. After three

years, he was transferred to a mass cell for five years, where the tortures continued.

Due to his international stature as a Christian leader, diplomats of foreign embassies asked the Communist government about his safety, but they were told he had died in Romania. Secret police, posing as released fellow-prisoners, told his wife of attending his burial in the prison cemetery, and his family in Romania and his friends abroad were told to forget him since he was now dead. But that was not true: he was still alive. After eight years, he was released and promptly resumed his work with the Underground Church. Two years later, in 1959, he was re-arrested and sentenced to twenty-five years in prison. Rev. Wurmbbrand was released in a general amnesty in 1964 and again continued his underground ministry. Realizing the great danger of a third imprisonment, Christians in Norway negotiated with the Communist authorities for his release from Romania. The Communist government had begun "selling" their political prisoners in countries like the U.S.A., France, Great Britain, and Germany, countries that fought for "The Man's Right Association" and were ready to pay for prison-

(See "Victory" next page)

## The Not-So-Well-Known Hero

by Lisa Turner

Being a youth in today's society is not easy, but having a hero to look up to and learn from makes life a little easier. My hero is Pastor Vernon Apple, leader of Thorndale Lutheran Church. I admire Pastor Apple for many reasons such as his wonderful ability to listen with an open ear, put others before himself, and encourage youth growth and involvement in the community.

Pastor Apple has an open and understanding ear for any problem one might have. The best thing about telling problems to him is that he doesn't pass judgment. He makes the person feel relaxed and not ashamed of or embarrassed about the problem. All the person has to do is tell what is on his or her mind, and Pastor Apple will discuss and analyze the problem. Then he lets the person decide on which option to choose without trying to influence the decision. He is a man who truly listens with an open heart.

Having an open ear is not the only asset of this man; he is also an unselfish person. Pastor Apple has put himself and his family in the background when it comes to problems of his friends and church members. For instance, he was teaching an evening adult confirmation class in which I was enrolled. We had been discussing a topic which heard all of the class members; it was death. This was a very unknown and misunderstood concept to many of us. Pastor Apple must have

sensed this, so he took an extra long time going over death. He made each of us understand that it was nothing to fear. Through his teachings and knowledge, I began to understand the whole concept of life and death. Now I do not fear dying and what will happen to me. Thanks to Pastor Apple, many minds are at ease. He unselfishly gave us his free time to be sure we understood.

Also being a hero to me means interacting with the youth of the world. Pastor Vernon Apple is always challenging the limits of a youth. He is a strong figure in youth organizations and youth-related activities. He was strongly influential in creating the Lutheran Young Fellowship, which is directed at teaching young people the different components of being a good person. This organization helps young people to be involved in a worthwhile project, and at the same time helps them become better people. Pastor Apple is trying to help teens find a place in the world and then help to make it better.

In conclusion, I believe that Pastor Vernon Apple is a one-of-a-kind person with a special quality that he passes on to each person he touches. Through his ability to listen and put others at ease and by his involvement with the youth of the community, he has made Thorndale a better place. Likewise, he has made me a better person and has equipped me with his knowledge of life.

## The Computer Purchase

by Solomon Loughridge

Today over twenty million computers are used in businesses, schools, and homes throughout the world. The ability to understand and use the computer is rapidly becoming an important skill. I first became interested in computers approximately three years ago when I saw a movie about computers called *Paper Chase*. My interest really started to peak when my place of employment began to use computers throughout its system. I was fascinated and amazed to observe the operators and clerks store and retrieve information and data with so little effort. I became so enthusiastic that I decided to look for a personal computer to purchase at a reasonable price. Little did I realize at the time the impact and changes that purchasing a computer would have on my life.

My search for a reasonably priced

computer lead me to my next-door neighbor, who just happened to own an IBM personal computer. He demonstrated some of the features of programs that he had on his computer, many of which were foreign to me at the time. My fascination and curiosity intensified even more after the demonstration. He said that he was in the market for a later model computer, so when the next week came, we made a deal. I was confident that I had found the bargain that I had been looking for in a computer, considering my neighbor said that he had paid \$3,000 for the computer two years earlier and then sold it to me for \$700. After making the transaction, I realized that I needed to learn to operate the computer but had no knowledge of the keyboard.

Since I was keyboard illiterate and  
(See "Purchase" next page)



# Dreams and Ambitions

by Otong Otong

All people have dreams of what they would like to be in the future. When I was a small child, I wanted to be a fisherman, sailing around the world, fishing in the middle of the ocean, and enjoying life on the high seas. But after I finished elementary school, my parents guided me toward their business step by step. My brother and sisters had moved out of the city, and my parents had no one to help them manage the store. My mind was to be changed from fisherman to businessman.

The first day, the only thing that I could do to help my parents was clean

the store furniture. Although that was the easiest job, after I finished the cleaning, I felt tired. I realized that this was the first time I had worked. The next day, the job was more difficult than what I had done the day before. I cleaned the store furniture, I cleaned the commodities which had dust, and I stayed almost six hours in the store watching consumers that came in. To these people I offered customer service; this proved the most difficult part of my job because every customer desired something different. Day by day, I got experience from serving in the store and eventually really enjoyed what I was doing.

I helped in the store for the next six years until I finished high school. Due to my six years of helping my parents manage the store, my dreams had changed from fisherman to businessman. Finally, I decided to come to America to continue my education because English is very important in international trading, and I would like to be an international businessman.

My future looks bright if I become successful in business. In my country, Indonesia, international trading has incredible potential because, commercially, Indonesia is strategically located between the Pacific and Indian Ocean, and is between the continents

of Asia and Australia. This location has caused businesses in my country to become prosperous; moreover, Indonesia is close to Singapore and Hong Kong, and these cities are the largest trading centers in Asia.

To dream is easy, but reality will reveal what one's true path in life may be. For example, I dreamed about being a fisherman when I was a child, but reality did not agree with my dream. It is impossible to sail around the world and fish every day in the ocean without money. Once my dreams of succeeding in business come true, perhaps then I can spend time relaxing and fishing.



## How My Son Changed My Life

by Vickie Rhoades

Before I had my son, Jason, I thought I was content with the way my life was going. I had a wonderful husband, a beautiful daughter, and a good job working for the Post Office. But having my son and coping with his sickness have caused me to turn my life around.

When Jason was born, he had what the doctor called a reflexive stomach. he could not tolerate any formula at all. We went to the doctor so many times that first week of his life, but we could never find any formula that he could handle. Finally, one night his sickness was more than I could handle. He went through a whole package of diapers in less than ten hours, and he threw up so much that I ran out of sheets, towels, and clothes for him. We ended up in the hospital, where Jason was taken completely off of everything.

Sitting in the hospital with Jason, I learned to appreciate everything the nurses did for me and my son. Because Jason was off of everything except for his I.V., all he did for twenty-four hours a day was scream at the top of his lungs. Every one of the nurses on that floor was so wonderful.

They all were gentle with Jason whenever they were with him, and they always held him and loved him just like I did. Sometimes Jason's screaming would get to me, and it seems that the nurses knew this was happening and would come sit with him so that I could get away for a few minutes.

After several weeks, Jason was released from the hospital. However, he still has to see the doctor every two weeks. The nurses in the doctor's office treat Jason so special. Everybody takes the time to speak to him and to try to make him laugh. Nancy and Sherry, two of the doctor's nurses, always fight to take care of Jason, and he loves the attention.

I had to quit my job to be with Jason because I could not find a day care for him because of his reflexive stomach. Since my grandmother agreed to watch my children while I was in class, I have decided to go to nursing school. Maybe I can help someone else the way those nurses helped me through our ordeal. Because of my son's illness, I have changed my goals in life and now will become a registered nurse.

# The Person I Most Admire

by Ish Wonthors

The person I most admire is my mother. Even though she died in 1975, I feel so close to her that sometimes it seems she is with me still. The love that mother bequeathed me gave me a foundation to withstand life's difficulties. The qualities I hope I inherited from her include love, kindness, self-sacrifice, and bravery.

Mother was the kindest person I ever met, and she had a genuine love for people. To my knowledge, she never said an unkind word about anyone. She always looked for the good in people instead of the bad. Whomever I have always been shy when around someone I do not know, mother was an extrovert and was at ease with everyone.

Self-sacrifice was a way of life for mother. She was always willing to help in any situation with whatever resources she had. When Dad had to shear sheep or goats, she would not only get on a horse and help him round up, but she would also come home and prepare a huge meal for all the shear-

ers. Mother did without many material things so that her children could have more. Even though my parents weren't wealthy, they were willing to send me to any college I desired, even including the University of Hawaii.

Mother was brave in all facets of her life, including death. She had to spend much time alone on the ranch with no car or telephone. In 1974, mother had surgery for colon cancer; then in 1975, she had surgery for lung cancer. She knew she was going to die, and her last words to us as she was wheeled down the hall on the stretcher were, "Take care of Daddy."

I consider myself very fortunate to have my mother as a role model. My hopes and aspirations in life are to exhibit just some of her sterling qualities, including love, kindness, self-sacrifice, and bravery.

"Turning Negatives into Positives" by Pam Wood

Following a catastrophe is one's life, the future may seem bleak, but I am proof that, with sheer determination, the negatives can be turned into posi-

tive results. The catastrophe in my life was the murder of my father; this event has influenced my personal, family, and social lives. Only now can I see the importance of living each day to its fullest.

Dad's death made me realize that my personal life could be greatly improved. Prior to that, I existed from one day to the next with few highs and lows. Now I attempt to live each day as if it might be my last, trying to overlook the small difficulties of daily life and starting to enjoy every detail of day-to-day living. Learning to laugh again was most difficult for me because I didn't think that I would ever feel happiness again, but after several months passed, the pain started to subside. Once again, I could see the small wonders of each day.

As a result of my improving personal life, my family life also began to strengthen. One of my greatest fears was that my children would be devastated by this tragedy, so I decided to help them make a few wonderful family memories by spending more time

with them at home and school and on weekend getaways. Taking the time to listen to the children became easier, and I soon found myself being more patient and understanding. Hopefully, those happy memories will overshadow any of the unhappy ones.

After realizing the importance of my family life, I, in turn, began to examine my social life and decided that my social group probably would be an important link to regaining normalcy in my life. My family's friends included us in many of their holiday and social gatherings; those friendships helped us return to our usual way of life, and the devotion of our friends has been one of the main factors in our recovery.

With improvements in my personal, family, and social lives, I have begun my journey into a new world in which my father only exists in my heart and memories. The catastrophe which I went through strengthened my personality and will now enable me to set newer goals for myself, for now I feel that if I can survive this, I can conquer anything.

# A New Life after a Death

by Rhonda Luedke

When I was young, my only goal was to become a wife and a mother and to live happily ever after. However, one day my life took a turn for the worse. That day my husband went to work as he did everyday. Shortly after he had left, someone knocked on my door. When I answered the door, I saw a woman in a blue uniform with a deep, sad expression on her face. I asked her, "May I help you?"

The woman replied, "Are you Mrs. Luedke?"

I said, "Yes."

The woman then said, "Mrs. Luedke, your husband has been killed in an automobile accident."

The day I became a single parent, I realized that I need to educate myself

better so that I can be financially independent and an inspiration to my children.

When my husband died, I was not financially secure. Therefore, I couldn't even provide the basics for my children. Consequently, I was forced to separate my children among family members until I was able to provide them with a home. Eventually, I was able to get governmental assistance that provided an income, home, and a program that is helping me with an education. When the government provided me a home, my children and I were reunited.

Even though the government has helped provide the basics for my children, I would like to become finan-

cially independent so that I can provide more than just the basics. For example, my daughters want to take music lessons, but on my income I can't afford them, or sometimes I go grocery shopping, and I see things that I would like to buy for my house but can't afford. By breaking free from the dependence on the government's assistance by completing my education, I will be able to provide for the wants and needs of myself and, more importantly, for those of my children.

Finally, I want to be an inspiration to my children by completing my education. For example, since I have started college, my children are very excited about their mother attending school. When I get up every morning

excited about going to school, my children see my excitement, so they also are excited to attend school. My children like to study when I'm studying. Before I started school, my son didn't like going to school. He wouldn't do his homework at all. By attending school, I have been a great influence on my children.

When that terrible tragedy befell my family, a new goal was set in my life. Consequently, that event has made me stronger and more determined to complete my new goal. Now my family can look forward to a new and better outcome when I complete my education. Through all of this, my family has learned that education plays a big role in their future.

## Mom, My Hero

by Leah Gerik

Psychologists tell us that childhood heroes are instrumental in shaping our goals and dreams. As we grow from young children to adulthood, we are influenced by many people, some even fictional characters such as Superman or Batman and Robin. However, my mom has given more values to me through the way she has lived her life. Her strong Christian beliefs have made Mom a beautiful, loving person, the hero I admire the most.

Ever since I can remember, my mom has always gone out of her way to help others. Her acts of kindness know no boundaries. Once, an elderly lady lived next door to us, and Mom would help her do the yard work. If a family member became ill, Mom was there, lending a helping hand, cooking, cleaning, or babysitting the kids. Mom is always canning or baking goodies, which she shares with family and friends.

Every employer would love to have an employee like my mom. She always arrives early to work in case she

is needed, never takes more time than given for breaks or lunch, and stays late until the work is completed. Mom, who is sixty-three, can work circles around the younger employees. I know; we worked together for a year and a half.

My mom is rich with good qualities and moral values. She has much self discipline. I believe that is how she is able to accomplish so much. To this day, she works a full-time job, attends church regularly, bakes, spends time with grandchildren, takes care of a dear friend who lives at the Rogis by taking her shopping or to the doctor, has two cats and a dog, and is continually helping others.

My dream is to be more like my mom. She is a very happy person who always has a smile and never complains or has a bad word to say. Everyone adores her. She hasn't spent her whole life going to church every Sunday, but she has lived Christianity to the best of her ability. What a better world this would be if we could all do the same.

## A Self-made Man

by Michael Maxwell

In retrospect, I would be very difficult to assimilate a single event or person who has somehow influenced me to aspire to the human being I have become. I only see the thousands of unnamed faces who fill my thoughts, who have touched me to some extent, along my path of life. These countless individuals have, by their own faith and perseverance, guided me in such a way to give me a direction by which to travel. In no way can I give credit to one person but only to the many who have ensured that I stay on the path. Each one, in a small way, has given me a part of their personality, humor, and values.

A self-made man is a statement that could never be further from the truth. No individual can claim a single accomplishment; only the multitude can mold and make a man's character by in some way giving of themselves. Simply stated, the seed is planted. The soil nourishes. The sun provides warmth. The early morning dew brings relief to a thirst, and somewhere through all of this, God reaches down to touch a petal.

So is it with man. The grandparents plant the seed. Parents provide the nourishment throughout a growing process that in actuality never ends. The countless number of friends provide the warmth of friendship that shapes a delicate being. Educators quench the thirst of knowledge to ensure that the desolation of illiteracy does not exist. And finally, through all of this, God looks down and reaches out to touch.

Association with others is what makes a person unique. The only true gift that we may provide in payment for our fortune is to pass a small part of ourselves to others. By doing this, we give through ourselves the most important gift of all, the gift of life.

# Childhood Heroes

by Michael Wesley Herring

Who was your childhood hero? Maybe it was Batman or perhaps John Wayne. We have all had someone who we looked up to or wanted to be like. Even if you would not admit it, someone influenced you somewhere along the way. My parents influenced me, each in his or her own way, by using their combined talents to raise me the best way they could.

My father dropped out of school in ninth grade. He couldn't help me much with school matters, but he could teach me what school could not. He had an ability to explain things in a way that would keep my attention. He could also take a old, run-down house and fix it up into a nice, ready-to-

move-in home. Although it probably slowed him down, he took the time to teach me how to do every chore he did. He implanted in me the ability to see the end product mentally rather than look at the ugly mess in front of me. One of the most useful lessons he taught me was to work together for the same goal rather than for two individual goals.

My mother is a college graduate, so in her hands sat the nearly impossible task of teaching me basic academics. She had the patience to teach me at home what I refused to learn in school. While mathematics came fairly easily for me, reading and writing I found difficult to handle. Through numerous hours of practice and studying,

she helped me learn. Although I disliked school work, my mother showed me how those things went hand in hand with the things we do everyday in life. If it were not for her persistence, I would have undoubtedly dropped out of school.

Along with academics, my mother also made a point to teach me all the things a person should know to run a household. Among those were how to cook, clean, pay bills, and do laundry. She made it clear that a person needs to be able to take of himself because there may be times when the spouse is unable to help.

Together my parents were well-rounded role models to admire. They made sure to back each other up in the

things they taught and were very careful not to undermine the other's authority. They worked together as a team to reach a goal, that goal being to raise me the best way they know how. Every opportunity they had they would express their love for me and to each other. Whether they know it or not, I may never know, but they even taught me how to love and care for my wife by the way they loved each other.

A role model's influence does not end with a childhood hero. Even to this day I am still learning from my parents. They both worked very hard to raise me right, and I know it was not an easy job. I only hope that I can someday raise a child of my own with as much love and understanding as my parents had for me.