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ABSTRACT

This final performance report for the Pikes Peak Library District literacy project begins with a section that provides quantitative data. The next section compares actual accomplishments to the project goal and related objectives for 1993: to reduce obstacles to success of students enrolled in the Right To Read program through student participation in the publication of two editions of a magazine, entitled "OUR Magazine." Proposed and actual expenditures are compared. Topics covered in the following four student workshops are described: (1) "Let's Get Started on OUR Magazine"--where ideas come from, networking, keeping a journal, the project timeline, and assembling and publishing the magazine; (2) "How To Write for Publication"--sentence construction, choosing descriptive words, putting thoughts into words, how to edit and re-write, and developing characters; (3) "Putting a Magazine Together"--the layout and design process, how photos and art are incorporated, types of paper, and the printing process; and (4) "OUR Magazine Workshop"--an overview of the process of the first issue with special emphasis on areas that presented problems. The role of the library is discussed, and the impact of the project is considered. The two issues of the magazine are attached. (MES)

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**Pikes Peak Library District, Final Performance Report
for Library Services and Construction Act (LSCA)
Title VI, Library Literacy Program**

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**Final Performance Report
for
Library Services and Construction Act
Title VI
Library Literacy Program**

Part I: General Information

1. Name and address of organization receiving grant:
Pikes Peak Library District
Right To Read Program
20 N. Cascade Avenue
Colorado Springs, CO 80901

2. Name and telephone number of persons preparing this report:
Susan Hammond
(719) 531-6333, extension 2301

Jean Maio
(719) 531-6333, extension 2370

3. Grant Number: R167A20271

4. Grant Amount Awarded: \$6,876.00
Actual Amount Expended: \$5,445.73

Part II: Quantitative Data

Provide the following information about this project by filling in the blanks or putting a checkmark next to the answer that best describes your project. If any of the questions are not relevant to this project, write N/A.

1. What is the size of the community served by this project?

- under 10,000
- between 10,000-25,000
- between 25,000-50,000
- between 50,000-100,000
- between 100,000-200,000
- over 200,000

2. What type of project was this? (Check as many as applicable)

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Recruitment | <input type="checkbox"/> Collection Development |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Retention | <input type="checkbox"/> Tutoring |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Space Renovation | <input type="checkbox"/> Computer Assisted |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coalition Building | <input type="checkbox"/> Other Technology |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Public Awareness | <input type="checkbox"/> Employment Oriented |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Training | <input type="checkbox"/> Intergenerational/Family |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rural Oriented | <input type="checkbox"/> English as a Second Language (ESL) |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Basic Literacy | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Other (describe) _____ | |

3. Did you target a particular population? (Check as many as applicable)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Homeless | <input type="checkbox"/> Homebound |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hearing Impaired | <input type="checkbox"/> Seniors/Older Citizens |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Visually Impaired | <input type="checkbox"/> Migrant Workers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Learning Disabled | <input type="checkbox"/> Indian Tribes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mentally Disabled | <input type="checkbox"/> Intergenerational/Families |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Workforce/Workplace | <input type="checkbox"/> English as a Second Language |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Inmates of Correctional Institutions | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Other (describe) <u>Adult Literacy Students</u> | |

4. If this project involved tutoring, what tutoring method was used?

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Laubach | <input type="checkbox"/> LVA | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Michigan Method |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Orton-Gillingham | | <input type="checkbox"/> Other (describe) |

5. If this project involved tutoring, how was it provided? (Check as many as applicable)

- one-on-one tutoring small group instruction
 classroom instruction

6.(a) If this project involved tutoring, was the learning progress of the adult literacy students quantitatively measured? ___ yes no

6.(b) If this project involved tutoring, were qualitative outcomes of student progress documented? yes ___ no

All writing submitted for the magazine was edited and returned to the tutors to go over with the students. Second drafts improved as the suggestions offered by editors were incorporated into students' work.

The writing of students who submitted articles to both editions of OUR Magazine improved noticeably in the second edition of the magazine.

7. During the course of this project were any of the following items produced? If so, attach a copy to each copy of the report.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ___ bibliography | ___ resource directory |
| ___ curriculum guide | ___ evaluation report |
| ___ training manual | ___ survey |
| ___ public relations audiovisual | ___ newsletter |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> training audiovisual | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> other: 2 editions of OUR Magazine |

8. During the course of this project:

- How many adult learners were served? 65
Of those served, how many received direct tutoring service? 63
How many hours of direct tutoring service did they receive? 2 hrs/week
How many new volunteer tutors were trained? N/A
How many current volunteer tutors received additional training? 15
How many volunteer tutors were involved? 45
How many service hours were provided by non-tutors? 175
How many librarians were oriented to literacy methods, materials and students? 2
How many trainers of tutors were trained? N/A

Part III: Narrative Report

The goal as stated in the approved grant application was to "reduce obstacles to the success of students enrolled in the Right To Read program". This goal was to be accomplished through student participation in the publication of two editions of a magazine (OUR Magazine) -- one edition in May 1993 and the second edition in September 1993.

Adult literacy students in the Pikes Peak Library District's Right To Read program published two editions of OUR Magazine. The first edition was completed and distributed on June 10, 1993, and the second edition was completed and distributed on October 7, 1993.

Both editions of OUR Magazine exceeded the anticipated completion dates set forth in the grant by about one week. Delays were due to unforeseen problems encountered by the printing company and the publishing firm -- the printer for the May edition was unable to produce the cover as he had contracted to and had to send it out to another printing location, which added ten days to the completion date; the publisher for the September edition had equipment problems that led to a twelve day delay. The student/library staff OUR Magazine staff met all deadlines and planned for the completion of both editions to be on schedule. Delays in completion dates were beyond their control.

Measurement of the goal "to reduce obstacles to the success of students . . ." is subjective. Adult literacy students wrote all articles contained in both editions of OUR Magazine. They edited all the articles - sometimes two or more times. Students designed the layout for each edition of the magazine. They selected, and in some cases, produced all photos and art included in the magazines. Students visited, evaluated, and finally selected and contracted with printers for each edition. In the course of all of these activities, adult literacy students learned teamwork; the

importance of, and how to set and meet deadlines; how to contact and deal effectively and confidently with vendors; how to select materials and services; how to budget expenses and stay within budgetary limitations. Students who started out needing support and backup while doing these tasks, ended up feeling confident enough to carry out the tasks unassisted as the project progressed. It was clear that students who submitted writing for both editions of the magazine improved their work. One student joined the staff of the newsletter at the company where she works after her successful experiences with this grant project. All of the adult literacy students involved in OUR Magazine were very proud of their accomplishments -- giving copies of the magazines to family, friends, employers and perspective employers. One adult literacy student was interviewed by the local newspaper, *The Gazette Telegraph*, as a result of the story he wrote for OUR Magazine. Another student who had loved writing in her diary, published stories in both editions of the magazine. She commented that the project had changed her life, giving her the confidence to let others read her writing. Adult literacy students who participated in this project gained confidence and self-esteem. They improved writing and reading skills. They learned life skills, and they learned how to work as an effective team member with other adults. The adult literacy students involved with OUR Magazine also learned that things do not always go as planned and they learned how to confidently deal with the problems and disappointments that confronted them during the project.

Four workshops on different subjects relating to writing for publication and the actual publication process were presented between January and August 1993 Three of these workshops were video taped; copies of the workshop tapes were added to the Pikes Peak Library District's

Right To Read circulating collection. A fourth workshop was not video taped due to a schedule conflict with the video crew.

Staffing for this project changed due to staff changes at the Pikes Peak Library District. The project was coordinated through the Public Services Administration Office with the cooperation of the Right To Read Office.

Community support for the OUR Magazine grant project contributed to \$1,430.27 in unspent LSCA grant monies. The publisher and the printers involved in the project offered discounted prices for their services. It was their desire to contribute to the success of Colorado Springs' adult literacy students

Service	Projected Cost	Actual Cost	Savings
Printing (2 editions)	\$4,000.00	\$3,187.46	\$812.54
Publishing (2 editions)	\$1,476.00	\$1,092.00	\$384.00

LSCA Grant R167A20271 - Expenditures

Category	Proposed	Actual	Difference
Supplies	\$200.00	\$140.02	+\$59.98
Training	\$1,200.00	\$1,026.25	+\$173.75
Printing/Publishing	\$5,476.00	\$4,279.46	+\$1,196.54
Totals	\$6,876.00	\$5,445.73	+\$1,430.27

In December 1992 library staff involved in this project met with Bill Porter and Kathy Roe, the publishers of a local literary magazine, *Journeys*. Mr. Porter and Ms. Roe expressed interest in the project and volunteered time to plan workshops and solicit presenters for these workshops. Since they were involved in publishing a magazine, they were able to suggest several possible printing companies and desk-top publishers. A team made up of Mr. Porter, Ms. Roe, Jean Maio - PPLD Right To Read Coordinator, Sydne Caler - PPLD Associate Director of Public Services, and Sue Hammond (Project Coordinator) - PPLD Public Services Administration Assistant, created a timeline and planned workshops for the project. The workshops presented were:

Let's Get Started on OUR Magazine: Presented January 9, 1993. Presenters Kathy Roe and Mary Collier introduced Right To Read students and tutors to the OUR Magazine project and offered suggestions on how to begin planning for and writing for the magazines. They used visual aids and participatory exercises to present the following topics: where ideas can come from; networking; keeping a journal. The timeline for the project was explained, as well as the process for assembling and publishing the magazine.

How To Write For Publication: Presented February 20, 1993. Presenter, local author, publisher and editor, Jeanette Bogren (co-presenter, author and publisher, Jim Bixler was unable to attend, but Ms. Bogren had and presented his notes). Students and tutors were taught fundamental skills needed to write for publication through interactive exercises. Topics included sentence construction, choosing descriptive words, how to put thoughts into words, how to edit and re-write written work, how to develop characters in writing.

Putting A Magazine Together: Presented April 10, 1993. Presenters Gayle Niss, local publisher, Sarah McFarlin, local copy-editor (was unable to attend at last minute - her part of the program presented by Kathy Roe). Students and tutors became acquainted with the layout and design process. They learned how photos and art are incorporated in the magazine. Types of paper for cover and inside pages were shown and discussed. The printing process was explained. A tour date for the print shop was scheduled, as well as a date to visit the publisher and participate in the layout of the magazine.

OUR Magazine Workshop: Presented August 14, 1993. Presenters Jeanette Bogren and Kathy Roe. An overview of the process of the first issue of OUR Magazine. Special emphasis on areas that presented problems: proof reading, team work, putting ideas on paper.

The first 3 workshops were video taped by the Pikes Peak Library District's Video Studio staff. Four copies of each video were made. Two copies were added to the library's circulating collection and two copies were assigned to the library's Right To Read Office for staff and tutor use.

Student teams for editing, proofreading, layout and design were created. Students volunteered for the teams in which they were interested. Teams met weekly in the process of producing each edition of OUR Magazine. A library staff person attended all team meetings and acted as advisor to the students.

Printing and publishing of both editions of OUR Magazine were contracted out. Students visited and evaluated several local printers and contracted with the printer that seemed to them to offer the best in quality and price. A local publisher worked with the OUR Magazine project from the onset. She offered her services at a very discounted rate because she was interested in the

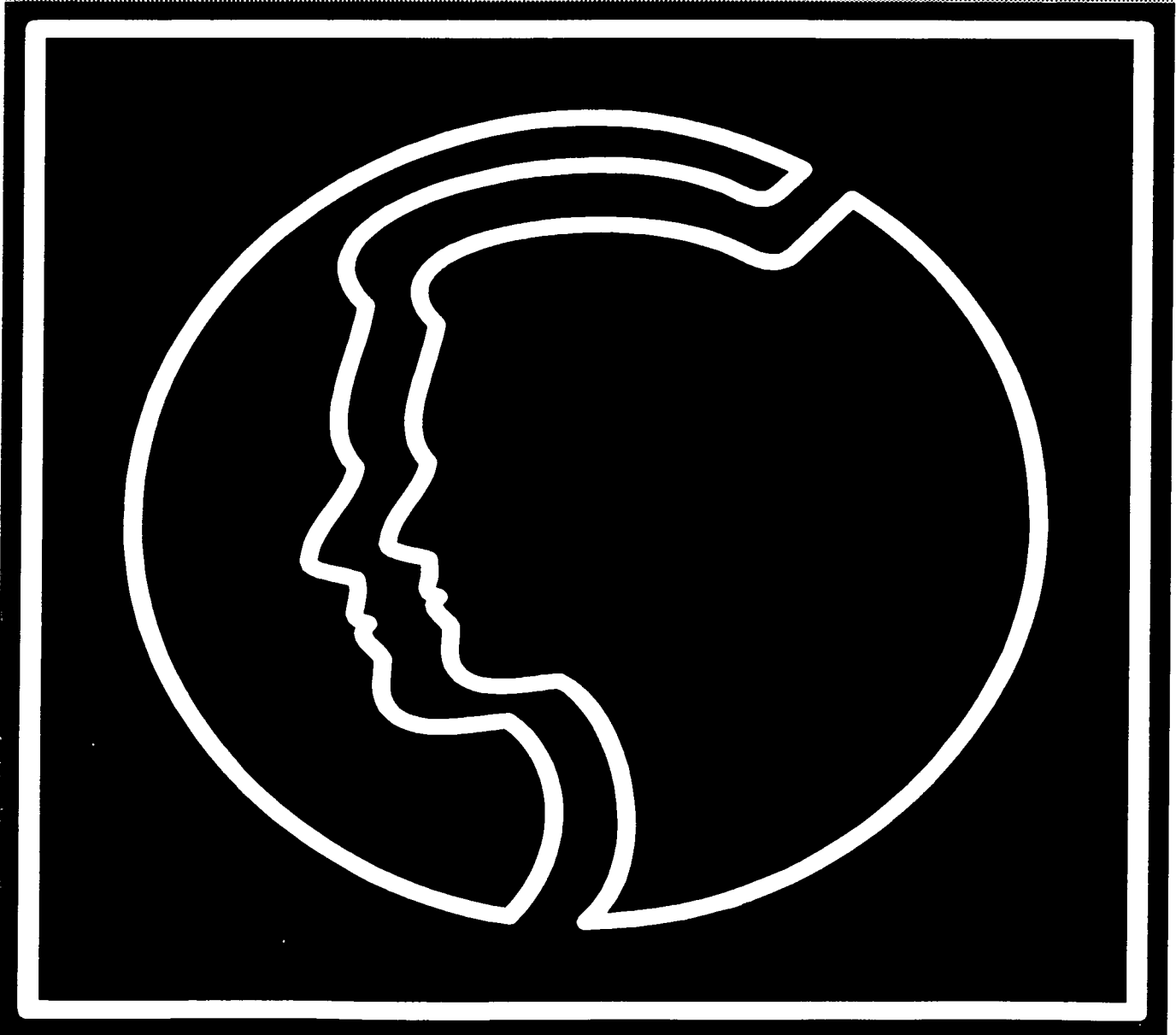
adult literacy program. When the students had determined the layout for the magazine, the publisher put the text on the word processor and made the magazine "camera-ready" for the printer. Both printers used for this project gave students tours of their facilities. 1,000 copies of each edition of OUR Magazine were printed.

The Pikes Peak Library District provided staff time and meeting rooms for the OUR Magazine grant project. The library's Public Services Administration office implemented the project, with library staff from the Video Studio, the Right To Read office and other areas of the library assisting.

The OUR Magazine grant project produced two magazines. These magazines will be used by Right To Read students and tutors in ongoing adult literacy activities. The magazines are written by beginning writers for beginning readers and therefore offer reading material that is of interest to and at a level that adult beginning readers can use and enjoy. The video tapes of the workshops in the circulating collection will continue to serve as a resource for adult literacy students who are interested in writing. Tutors who participated in the project will be able to use new skills learned in the course of this project to encourage future students. Students and tutors involved in this project have expressed an interest in publishing more collections of student writings -- perhaps on a less expensive/expansive scale. It has been suggested that the library Friends group be asked to fund the publication of an annual adult literacy magazine.

OUR MAGAZINE

Beginning Writers for Beginning Readers • Volume 1 • Number 1 • Spring 1993



A Publication of the Right to Read Adult Literacy Program • Pikee Peak Library District

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OUR Magazine is the result of a grant awarded by the United States Department of Education under the Library Services and Construction Act to the Pikes Peak Library District's Right to Read Adult Literacy Program.

This edition of OUR Magazine is the first of two magazines that will be published in 1993. Right To Read learners and tutors have worked together to produce OUR Magazine. A series of workshops introduced magazine contributors to writing, editing, layout and design, and proof reading skills. Work sessions for editing, layout and design and proof reading followed workshops.

Thanks and congratulations to OUR Magazine authors. Our special thanks to Kathy Roe who scheduled all the workshops and conducted two of them; to workshop leaders Mary Collier, Jeanette Bogren, and Gayle Niss; to workshop contributors Sarah McFarlin and Jim Bixler. Thanks also to Bill Porter for behind the scenes promotion of the project.

Pikes Peak Library District staff who have been involved in this project are Marsha Anderson-Smith, Sydne Caler, Susan Clifton, Sue Hammond, Jean Maio, Dave Rickert and Sherrill Wyeth.

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*Aspen Desktop
Publishing*

*1,000 copies
printed by*
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OUR Magazine is
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One day I was watching television and I saw a commercial on Channel 21. It was about a reading and writing program for adults who don't know how to read and write. They said not to be embarrassed or ashamed . . . please call this number . . . I was so excited! I said to myself, "I better call right now."

I joined the reading and writing program. I am very glad I joined this program. Hopefully, one day I will be able to read and write. Who knows, one day I might teach someone to read and write who doesn't know how.

I would like to thank this program for making my dreams possible. Also thank you for my teacher, Joan.

Ki Suk Nelson



Sarah, Plain and Tall **by Patricia MacLachlan**

Reviewed by Mi Hwa Deshetler

This is a story about a family looking for a new mother. Jacob Witting, the father, his daughter Anna, and his son Caleb, have felt lonely since the children's mother died. Life isn't the same as it used to be. Jacob advertises in the newspaper for a wife. Sarah Wheaton from Maine responds to his ad and soon comes to visit.

During her visit she experiences many new things and learns a very different lifestyle compared to what she is used to in Maine. This story goes on to describe the choice Sarah must make. Will she give up her familiar life in Maine and give herself to this family?

I liked this story because I think it is like the life of Jesus. He gave up his life for others. But could Sarah do the same? Life's choices are sometimes very hard to make. I predict you will enjoy this book and will want to find out what decision Sarah makes.

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Having and raising kids is very fun. At times it can be tiring, but to have and hold someone you know that will love you and be there always is a great feeling. Although I might miss out on a few things, it is well worth it.

Having kids at such a young age has made me grow up faster. There are a lot of things that I do differently than I would have done if I didn't have kids. For example, I wouldn't be in such a hurry to get into college. Before I had my girls, I never considered going to college, but I want to give them things I never had. I would like to give them nice clothes and rooms of their own and also some nice toys to play with.

The disadvantages of going to school and raising kids is that I have to take time away from them to go to school. And also it is very hard to do work with two kids always asking for things while I am studying.

The advantage of an education is I will be able to work at a job I like. I will also be able to afford nice things for me and my kids. It is very important to me that I'm able to give my kids nice things.

Kelly Sachs

Strolling Through the Garden Bed

Marie Feller

Geraniums are red
In my garden bed.

The sky is blue
As I wondered through.

Blossoms smell sweet
At my feet,

While strolling
In my back yard.

Rubies

R. Diane Willis

Empty moonscape
heated by noon sun
Dry brown earth
surprised by life
indian paintbrush
growing green
cool jewel
rubies in the rough

Tutor

R. Diane Willis

Ten years of waiting
delayed by entanglements
now free to follow a dream
to share time and love of the printed page
to receive the warmth of a human soul
wanting to be all she can be



By R. Diane Willis

Educational History of the Un-Learned

Floyd T. Finn

Our life history dates back to 1854 when our great grandfather, Michael Finn, was discharged from the U.S. Calvary at Fort Pueblo. Our grandfather's name was James Finn and our grandmother's name was Delfia Lopez. Our parents were Mike L. Finn and Marian Maldonado Finn. We were a very large family, which included fifteen brothers and sisters.

My brothers names are: Michael, Rudy, Frank, William, Tim, Tom, Leon. Sisters are: Marian (Delphia), Cecelia, Eleanor (Nora), and Mary Ann.

My education started about 1960 at Hyde Park Elementary. I recall attending Hyde Park on the west side of town for six months; I was six. During that time my brothers and I had a cart or buggy on which two wheels turned 360 degrees in any direction. There was no way to guide the cart. We'd pull the cart up this hill, which today seems like an ant pile. One particular day, all seven of us were riding down this hill. There was an IRON BEAM on the bottom of the hill. If you can imagine all of us piled up on this buggy that is 2 feet by 3 feet, stacked from the oldest to the youngest - the youngest being me. We started down the hill moving about what seemed to be 90 miles per hour,

everyone holding on for dear life. As we got close to the bottom, I could see the IRON BEAM and we were headed straight for that IRON BEAM. As we were getting closer and closer, the buggy got stuck in a road rut, throwing us off. I flew off and hit the IRON BEAM with my forehead, which knocked me out for a while. I was dizzy when I awoke and my brothers were all concerned about me. Our father was a strict disciplinarian and he used a tailor-made belt on us when we got out of line - that's what my brothers were more concerned about!

We had an aunt, uncle and their family who lived next to us. One of our cousins attended kindergarten with me, and as a rule, I was forced to hold her hand all the way to school. I didn't want to, and when they first had me do that on the very first day of school, I cried all the way. Eventually, I accepted it and my cousin and I became quite close.

My mom and dad decided we were to move back to Salt Creek, a Mexican barrio. They had rented the house out and the people who had rented it just about destroyed everything. When we moved back, my dad completely remodeled the four rooms. As we grew, my dad continually added more

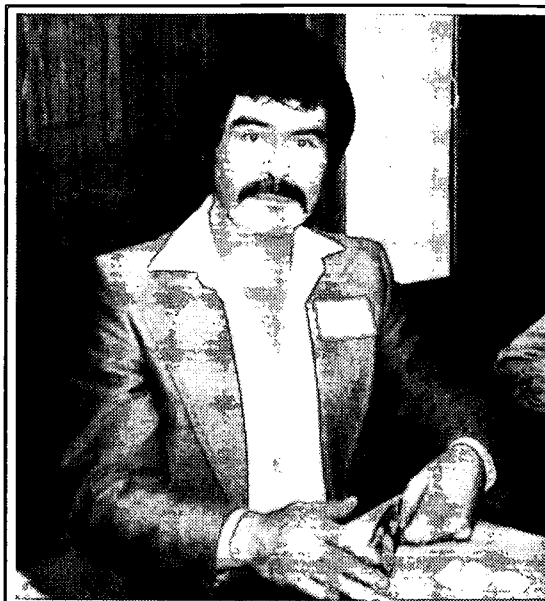
rooms, and before it was all over, the last three rooms were converted into the kitchen and dining room. Eventually he added a bathroom.

We had running water, but sometimes we had to carry the water about five blocks from our house. On the evenings before my mother would wash clothes, or give us baths, my father would have to load his Model 'A' pickup with barrels and fill them with water a bucket at-a-time. He had chiseled cut a Model 'A' Ford sedan into a pickup which he used for his trash route.

My father's main occupation was a construction hod carrier. Since he had no control of the weather, some days he would work more than not. On weekends he would remodel homes or do odd jobs. This was all done to make sure we had enough to eat and a roof over our heads.

I completed kindergarten at Folten Heights Elementary and from there was sent to Edison Elementary, about three miles west of Salt Creek. There were two reasons I was sent to Edison; I beat up a boy in the fifth grade at Folten Heights, and I had too many brothers there.

I recall doing chores with my brothers and sisters. Some of us had to chop wood, while others had to haul in the coal and many other little jobs. We had that responsibility before any school work could be done, and sometimes the school work was not done at all.



We were brought up Catholic and my father and mother made sure we attended church every Sunday. We had a lot of love for our parents. Our parents has some education; my father completed the fourth grade, and my mother completed the ninth grade. Education was one thing my father insisted upon. My mother, on the other hand, needed help from my sisters in washing clothes and many other chores. Therefore, education was secondary to her. However, she did help some of us with arithmetic and some spelling.

Of four sisters, only Nora received a formal education. Cecelia and Mary Ann could read fairly well, while Delphia, my eldest sister could not. Mary Ann graduated from high school.

I remained at Edison Elementary

up to my sixth year. I had started working while attending third grade at a place called Martino's Fruit Market in Blende. My earnings were \$1.00 a day plus any fruit and vegetables my parents may have needed.

Frank Martino's sisters, Lena and Mary had another fruit market located right across the highway and not far from my home. They also had a large holding shed or warehouse, and asked me to go to work for them at a higher wage. My duties entailed unloading semi-trailers, storing, stacking and bringing produce to the market where I began to sell produce. For me at my age of eleven, it was fun because I liked meeting and talking with people. It was an every day learning situation and it helped my parents.

My education continued at Corwin Jr. High School starting in the seventh grade. One day the office summoned me over the loud speaker to see the principal. I thought I was in trouble. The principal asked me to be seated, he started out saying, 'Ted, I've got something to tell you. First of all, I'm very proud of you, working at your age. Secondly, we have to fix this problem, you're going to have to remember your name is not Ted.' I looked at him as though I was being reborn. 'I want you to remember your name is Floyd Theodore Finn. So, for the next check you receive, make sure they make it out to Floyd T. Finn.' That evening after work, I asked mom and dad, 'What is my real name?'

Both were confused about my question. As you know, there were at that time ten older brothers and four sisters - there were so many of us they temporarily couldn't remember! I was baptized Felix Lloyd but my birth certificate reads Floyd Theodore. My brothers and sisters had called me 'Teddy the Bear' since I was born, and as I grew older, I was stuck with Ted. Even today, they call me Ted.

As time went on at Corwin Jr. High, my education was coming from a special education class. I feel that my abilities for learning are there and that the teachers before this period couldn't or wouldn't take the time to teach me correctly. I recall doing more coloring than English, math history or any of the required subjects.

While in junior high school, I went to work for John DeSanti, nephew to Lena and Mary. John's place was located on Twenty-Seventh Lane. John knew my abilities through Lena and Mary. My job consisted of loading and unloading semi tractor trailers in Colorado and then traveling to Nebraska. On one particular run, we stopped at each Gibsons store and unloaded watermelons and fruitage all the way to Nebraska. When we finally arrived in Nebraska, I was one tired individual, but it was a great learning experience. John and I also traveled in a bob cat to Grand Junction to load apples and peaches. In San Luis we'd pick up potatoes.

I also worked for Joe Panteleo. On

Saturdays and Sundays my father would take me, Leon, and my nephew Michael to the farms to find work. On one particular day my dad left all of us at Zinno's farm to work picking tomatoes. We worked well until around 10:00 A.M. The sun was coming up and we were getting in a silly mood; Leon threw a tomato at me and that started the entire episode. We ruined about one acre of tomatoes. My dad made sure I would learn a lesson I'd never forget the rest of my life - never to get fired again.

The one thing I do remember is not having much of a kid's life playing and other things kids do. I always worked and went to school.

As my education continued at Central High School from 1971 until 1974, my work consisted of various jobs. While working for Egan's Service Station I was in a cooperative education program where I earned a weekly paycheck. School officials made me and a cousin clean the auditorium, gym, paint and do other jobs throughout the school. Later, I worked at Twomblys which was a gas station and an appliance store. I fixed tires, serviced cars and delivered appliances. My entire work history has been nothing more than physical labor. My total learning experience has been through work and never a day of classroom instruction.

Today I still need to learn arithmetic and many other subjects. However, I graduated from Central High School

- today I still don't know how.

After graduation from high school I entered the work force starting at Alamo Liquors. Mr. Aguliar, the owner, talked to J.R. Smith at the City of Pueblo Street Division and after their discussion I was offered a part-time position - meaning I must pass a written test. My ability to operate any of the heavy equipment was excellent and I taught many other persons to do the work. They, of course, went on and passed the written test. I, however, never passed the test and was laid off six years later. I've asked myself many times why I couldn't pass the test - I had a high school degree.

I had other jobs after that. For twelve years I was a heavy equipment operator and was put in charge of setting up all sprinkler systems and many other tasks at Pueblo West Golf Course. While there, my invention of an automatic hydraulic timer system went unnoticed - my boss took credit for it. I got hurt while at Pueblo West and could not return to work. That is when I told my wife I need an education.

My goal in life is to become a certified plumber. My tutors have helped me reach a fifth grade reading level and it is my aspiration to become a fluent reader and to be able to pass any written test. I must give thanks to the Right To Read program and its instructors - many, many thanks because it has opened books and doors for me!



I was born in the state of Oklahoma, in a little town called Indihoma. I lived there for about two years. I have a younger brother named Amos. He lives in Leasburg, Montana with his wife, Ruth.

My wife, Priscilla, and I moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado from Amarillo, Texas in 1968. We moved here so I could find a job; also, because I like the beautiful mountains. I've made many friends and acquaintances here. My wife and I have lived in Colorado Springs for 24 years. We love it here! I chose the Right to Read Program because I only have a 5th grade education.

I want to learn to read and write, so that I can learn to write letters, read and understand my mail, read the newspaper, and read and understand the Bible.

In the future, I plan to take some art courses. Being able to read and understand what I read would be very useful for these courses. I want to become an artist.

Manuel Paul Brown

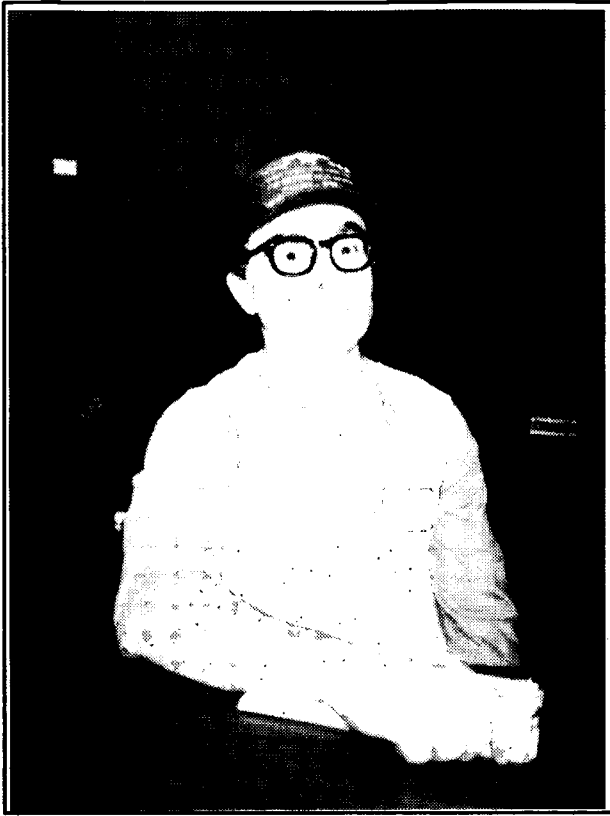
WOK BLUE GILLS

John Porter

1 lb. blue gill fillets
1/3 cup vegetable oil
3 ribs celery, chopped
1 small onion, chopped
1 cup chopped mushrooms
2 cups pea pods
1-1/2 tbsp. soy sauce
1/2 tsp. ginger
2 tbsp. sherry (drinking, not cooking)
1-1/2 tsp. cornstarch
hot cooked rice or noodles

Place oil in wok and heat to 350°. Add celery and onions and stir fry for 4 minutes. Push vegetables to the sides of the wok. Add pea pods to the center and stir fry for 3 minutes. Push the pea pods to the side, add mushrooms to the center and stir fry for 3 minutes. Push to the side and add soy sauce, ginger, and sherry to the center and blend into pan juices. Add blue gills and mix with the sauce. Cover wok, turn heat down and cook for 4 minutes until fish flakes when probed. Push to the sides.

Mix cornstarch with a small amount of water and add to pan juices. Heat until sauce is slightly thickened. Mix vegetables and fish quickly and serve over cooked white rice or noodles on a heated platter. Serves 4.



Schooling -n- Decisions

Jesse Cisneros

Summertime is coming on and there'll be lots of distractions from my studies. Only I have to think back on past situations where I was trying to get an education

and something would come up, like a really good job.

Sometimes there's a problem with good jobs, they regularly want you to work hours that interfere with your schooling. I've done this in the past. I'd put my education on the shelf, so to speak, and go for the job - it's fine, or so you'd think.

The problem is after awhile the bottom drops out and then there you are again, back to square one.

I've learned this lesson one too many times to go for it again. Sure it would be nice to have extra cash to do whatever you'd like, but if it's going to interfere with schooling, I'll pass. I think I'd rather work here and there, whenever I can, until I finish this time.

Even then, I'd really like to pursue it even farther (schooling). It just seems to me that it's really important to have a good education.

You may not always be able to get a good job with it these days, but it's something you can use no matter where you go, and it's something no one can take away from you - not like a job.

A Rainy Day

Jim Skinner

As I look out my window

I see the rain clouds building up over the land.

As the first raindrop hits my window the water runs down to the ground
it gave life to all things.

It rains all day and as the sun goes down, the clouds break up

And the last ray of the day comes through my window and a rainbow is in the
east and I knew all is well

A Man

Jim Skinner

A man can be like a ray of sunlight that lights up your world with
just a word or a smile or a hug. So if someone comes along like
a ray of sun through the window of life, enjoy it to the fullest. And
if you can hold on to it, do it. It will fill your life with warmth and
love.

Clocks

Elaine Hernandez

I would like to know who invented the clock.

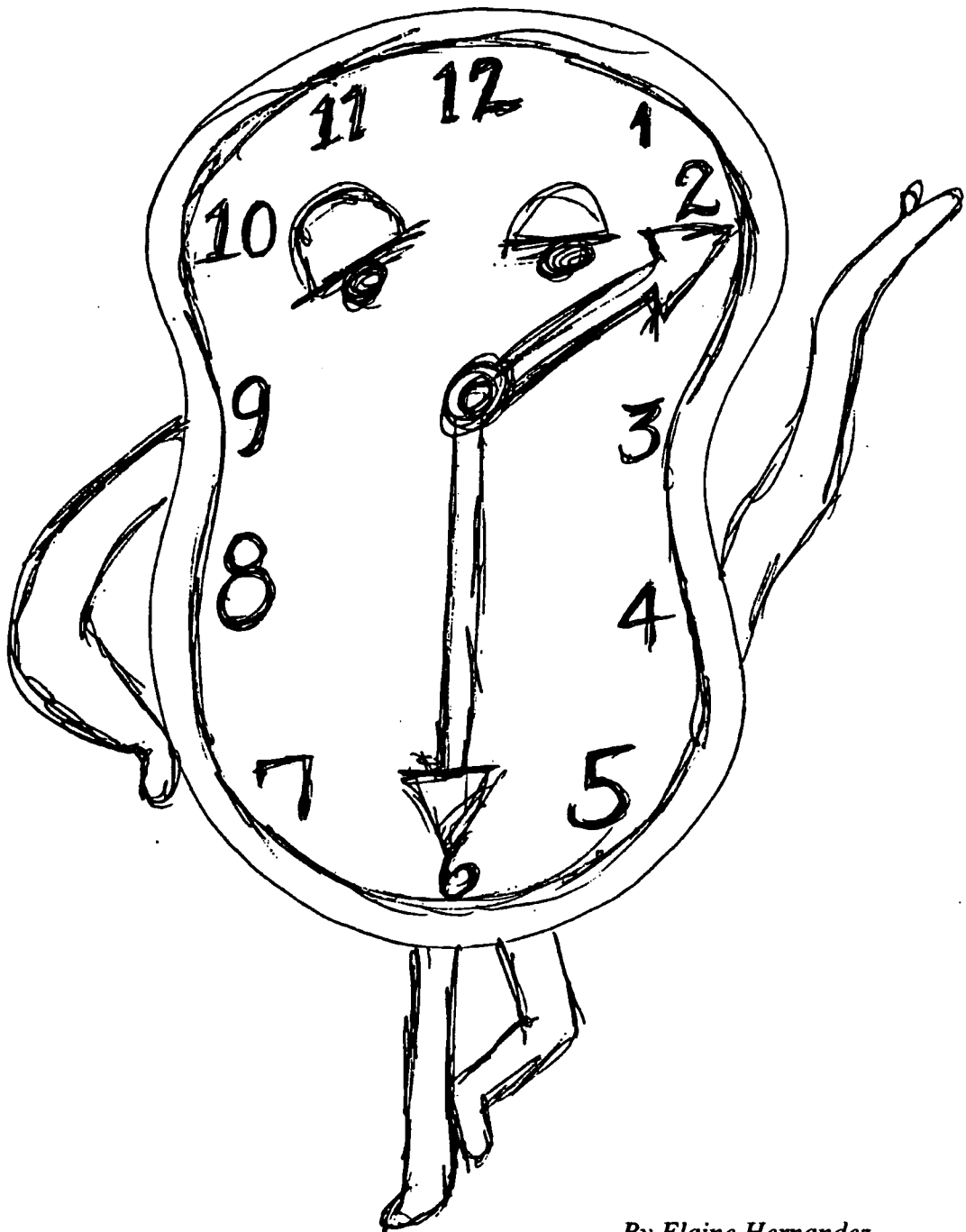
Could we live without them?

Why did he or she use twelve numbers instead of thirteen or even eighteen? Why twelve?

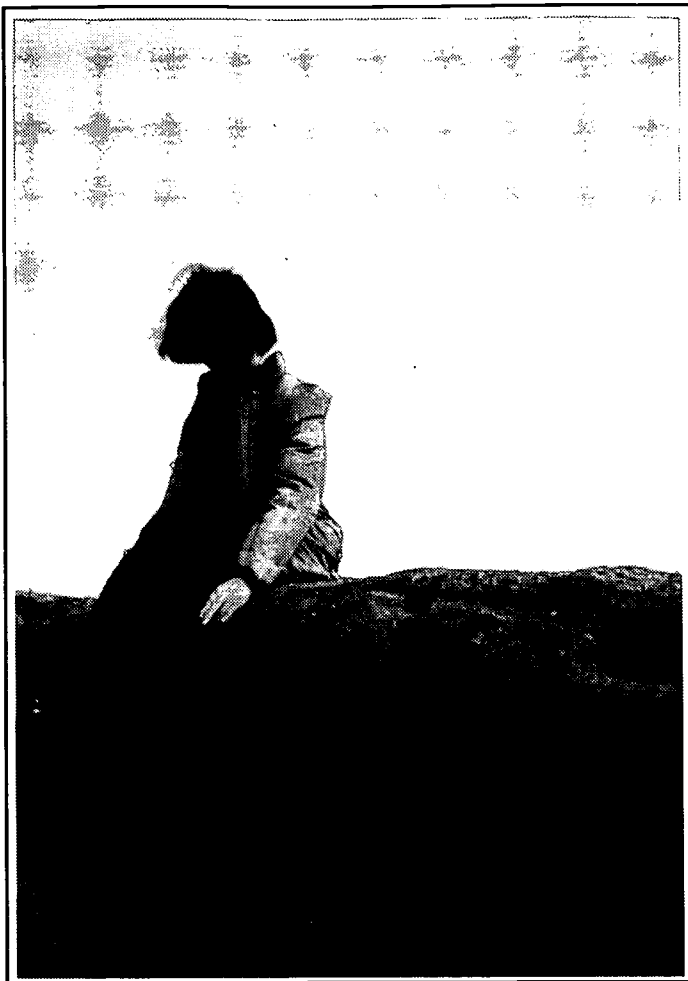
Well, I guess if he or she did not invent the clock, we would not know what time it would be.

I'm glad we have clocks. Clocks are so neat because we can now get them in all shapes and sizes, from clown faces to rock shapes and even large, beautiful wooden grandfather clocks.

Thank goodness for clocks!



By Elaine Hernandez



Pine Tree Life

Kum Ja Johnson

As I sit on my favorite rock at the Garden of the Gods, I cannot help but notice one little pine tree. It grows on top of a big rock with a little bit of dirt, but it still survives. That little tree has been in that spot for 15 years, and unlike the other trees, it has been the same height during that time. I look at that tree and ask it, 'How come you are here? How do you survive?' The tree is the same as the other trees around it which grow in richer soil. It receives the same amount of life-giving rain and sunshine. It is also exposed to the same harsh winds. Yet through it all, that tree has

stood and survived. The only thing that makes that little tree different is that it has just grown up in a bad place. It has been put in a bad situation through no fault of its own. But the tree lives with its roots planted in the rock. It has no support from the soil or the other trees, but it still survives. The tree continues to amaze me. Then I think about how my life is reflected in that tree.

Like that tree, I grew up in a bad situation. I was handed a situation I had to deal with. Like that tree, I had little support in my life. I came from a dysfunctional family. Yet also like that tree, I survived; I remained strong. However, I could not have done it by myself. Just as that tree needed roots, I needed a firm foundation. That is how I turned to God; He became my foundation. God's spirit helped me to overcome the trials in my life. With Him in my heart, I was able to cope with any and all kinds of situations. For example, God took away the hatred I had for my father for many years and replaced it with love. With God's love, I was able to finally forgive my father. There was no human way that I could have forgiven him after all that he had put me through, but with God's help I was able to. Anybody can make it in any

circumstance if they try hard enough. They need to also turn to God for help in those situations.

When I meet people who do not know God, I think of fish out of water. Fish out of water think that they can live without the water. The fish gasp for air, flipping around trying to survive, not realizing how important the water is. God is like that water for us. God is like the air we breathe, and He gives us life. He also gives us hope.

After hearing about how the Soviet Union broke away from communism after 70 years, I was deeply moved. The people there had been atheists for 70 years under the communist rule. But after the barriers were taken down, they were hungry for God's words. It was wonderful to see so many people desiring God's abundant love.

I cannot talk enough about God's true love. God's love helps us to deal with problems. He helps us to cope without hurting others. I can truthfully and honestly guarantee from my experiences, which no one can imagine, that God's words can help us to deal with whatever bad situation we are given. I received little education as I was growing up, but God has taught me a lot - to see the right way and the right things. Some people travel the rough road in life and blame everyone else such as society, but that is not the right way. God gives everyone a choice - a choice between good and bad, heaven and hell. It's up to the individual to make the right choice and not to blame society. If they choose the right way, that is good. It is just like the choice between being successful or not. I have accepted Christ in my heart and the fact that He died for my sins. He died for all our sins, and all we need to do is accept Him in our hearts and trust Him. My hope is that people can know God deep in their hearts.

I go to church every Sunday through rain as well as snow. Even though I am sick, I push myself to work hard, because I do not want to look lazy before God. If everyone's focus is on God, there would be no hurting. People should have God as their first priority, then their parents, family, friends and neighbors. Teenagers, not knowing this, often go astray. Parents should teach their children at a young age about God's words. Sometimes parents have to sacrifice a lot for their children, and they need to truthfully teach their kids about God's words at a young age. By knowing God's words, hatred, crimes and violence can be avoided. At one time or another, everyone is lonely and depressed, but people who accept God can cope whether they are rich, poor, old, or young.

The little pine tree at the Garden of the Gods is put on the rock, but it still survives. It uses its roots for support. We, too, need God for a foundation in this constantly changing world. I survived all my trials because of God. If anyone puts his trust in God, he can overcome any bad situation. God has a purpose in everything. He put that tree in a bad place, but He provides for it and helps it become even stronger after growing up in harsh conditions. God is so good, so perfect, so gracious, and so loving. I know God has a purpose for me as well. That is to spread His words and His love.

Golden Beaches

John Skinner

We will meet on the Golden Beaches.

We will walk on the Golden
beaches and watch the setting sun go down.

Soon we know we will walk together once more on the other side of
the setting sun, and we will walk and talk of days and times and LOVE.

The First Snow

Jim Skinner

The first snow has come to Colorado
From the lowlands to the highlands
The snow has come making everything become a winter wonderland.
Thoughts of a warm fire, good company
come to mind and the long days and nights fill with love.
So walk through the winter wonderland and dream of things to come.

The Setting Sun

Jim Skinner

The end of the day has come
the shadow grows long with the
bird going to roost and singing the last song of the day.
But we know the sun will be back and the bird will sing
the song of the morning.
So sleep the night away
for the sun will be back
for another day of song and
of Love.

Cottonwood Trail

Jim Skinner

I walk down Cottonwood Trail on a fall day. The leaves have
turned to Gold. The cool breeze makes them dance against the
blue sky. I watch one fall down to mother earth, where it will
become part of a new beginning. So walk with me on a fall day,
and you will see all the beauty too.

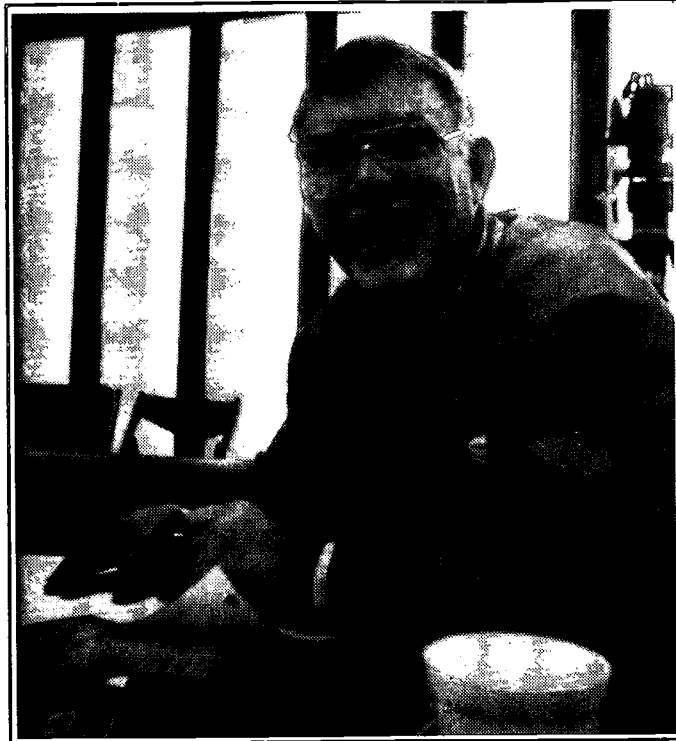
Skiing

Craig Erick

I like to ski. I go skiing at Copper and Monarch. Copper was my favorite. In January, I am going to Cuchara.

I am the second oldest child out of seven children. My dad died when I was very young. I was very young when my mother took my older brother and me out of school. Actually, I was six years old and in first grade. She took us out of school to help raise my other sisters and brothers. We both picked cotton from the cotton fields. When I wasn't out in the fields, I was cooking and cleaning. So, I never got to go back to school. Then I married very young and had my children. Now all of my children are raised, and my desire now is to learn how to read and write.

Mary Eisenman



Thanksgiving

John Hammel

November 26, 1789 was a day of thanksgiving set aside by President Washington to observe the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

When I was young my mother and dad had Thanksgiving. I picked one load of corn before dinner with my brothers. After I got married, my wife and daughter also went to my mother's for Thanksgiving. When our daughter was three, she climbed up on the table, grabbed the turkey leg and ate it. Ever since, she hasn't liked the leg.

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The Cars of the 1960's

Carol Lassé

While driving down a snowy, bitter cold country road, you see the taillights just glisten upon the six foot drifts that were encrusted along the sides of the road. The weather was sub-zero. Vermont experienced the most snow that year, ever. The motorists who were out driving in this frigid weather were people who owned 1960's cars. The classmates and their cars of the 1960's all met at the same exit, 210. They were all going to a thirty-two year high school class reunion.

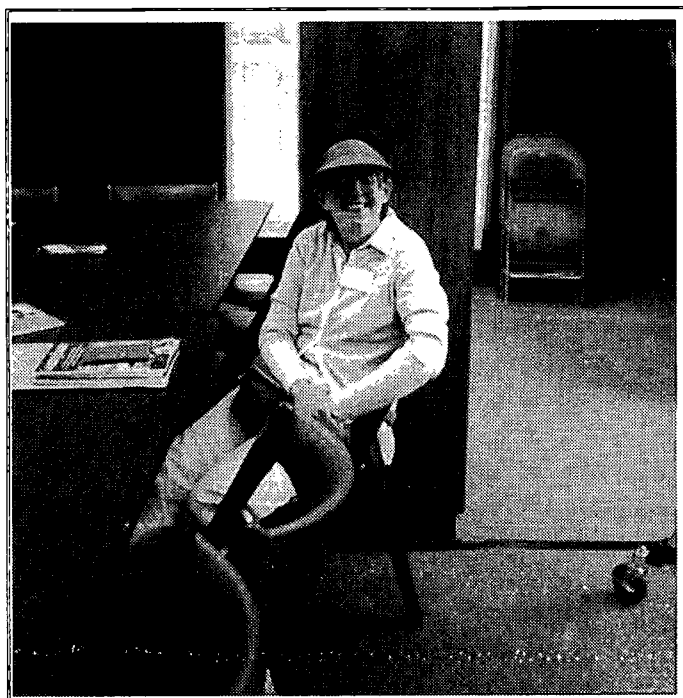
Each of the owners' cars had silver chrome taillights. Sir Charles Hamilton III drove his 1960 Crown Imperial Chrysler. This car had bold circle taillights that he lighted to show off in traffic to demonstrate the power of his car. In driving this car he portrays the horsepower this car has.

Charles and his classmates shared the same interests in music, and restoration of the cars of the 1960's, and they like owning classic cars.

These masterpieces had their own original features. The cars of the 1960's were unique and they had their own personalities.

Now I want you to meet Sally and her 1960 Dodge Polara. Sally purchased her car in her senior year. This car personified Sally because of its slender build that matched the owner's physique. Sally took her car. Next she went to a paint and body shop to polish the silver. The workers at the paint and body shop also work on polishing the chrome for accent. After all that work, the car looked stunning. It was fully loaded. Such as: power windows, power seats, automatic transmission, seats were convenient enough to reach all the accessories. Also, this car had swivel seats for the passengers to get out the door easier. I want you to know this car was ahead of its time.

This leads me to tell about Henry. He owns a 1960 Eldorado Biarritz convertible coupe Cadillac. He liked to wear bib overalls, smoke a corn-cob pipe and wear a straw hat while driving his Cadillac. Henry was a down-to-earth type of man. Even though he was a simple man, he wanted to show his friends the success he made.



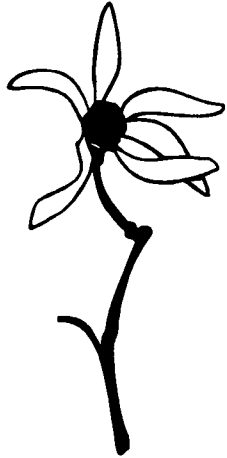
Henry, Sally and Sir Charles all finally united at their old high school parking lot where they attended high school thirty-two years ago. They were all thrilled to see one another. After thirty-two years the cars and the owners hadn't aged. Both the cars and owners were in good condition. Also, the proprietors and motor cars showed the benefits of their upkeep.

Why were they motivated to restore these unsurpassed relics?
Why did they keep the cars of the 1960's?

The answers to the preceding questions will be explained in the next sentences. Sally, Henry, and Sir Charles wanted to keep these cars of the past because they grew attached to them. Also, they brought back memories of their youth. These cars made them feel young again.

When they saw one another after thirty-two years, they were proud of their achievements - the cars and them still going strong.

In conclusion, Henry, Sally and Sir Charles said their good-byes to one another. They all got into their 1960's cars. The high school class reunion of 1992 was over. So, Henry, Sally, and Sir Charles filed out of the parking lot and left the same exit, 210.



Think About Our Daily Blessings

Dennis Schwed

We should count our blessings every single day in the United States of America.

I think that we take our freedoms for granted in spite of everything that is going on in our lives that very moment.

If our freedoms were taken away from us, I think that we would realize some things in our lives as human beings are very different than we thought before our freedoms.

We should appreciate our friends, family and other relationships in the world we live in today and into the future.

I have enjoyed the Right To Read program in our community and library. So, if you want to get better at something in life, practice it everyday to get better at it. Please get involved in a Right To Read program. Learn subtraction, fractions, multiplication, division. Use a computer in the labs with your tutor. Use words in a complete sentence and learn the meaning of them. Use a ruler, know fractions a lot better for baking, and measuring something like a picture frame.

Life As A Grandmom

Elizabeth McCarrick

It's a wonderful life being a grandmom because it is several rewards and some conflict to fulfill one's life.

The most rewarding is that it's like having your own child, but it's not. You receive love, affection, human contact and response from the child. Then watching him or her you get to feed him or her, teach him how to crawl, walk and talk. I haven't heard him say 'grandmom' yet, but I'm expecting it any time. It's a true enjoyment to watch a grandchild grow from infant to a child. No words can describe how it feels.

The biggest conflict with being a grandmom who has enough time to see her grandchild is you feel like you miss some exciting moments. The next step is the grandchild's mom and dad. You have to ask permission to see the child, what does he or she eat, and what to buy. In the grandmom role it's just the opposite from when you were the parent and you just went out and did all these things without asking anybody. There comes another problem, the parents of the grandchild have different opinions about these, and as grandmom it puts you in a pickle.

As days go by, I see the life of a grandmom is not always easy or comfortable, but I wouldn't change it for the world.

Why I Moved To Colorado

Paula Sanford

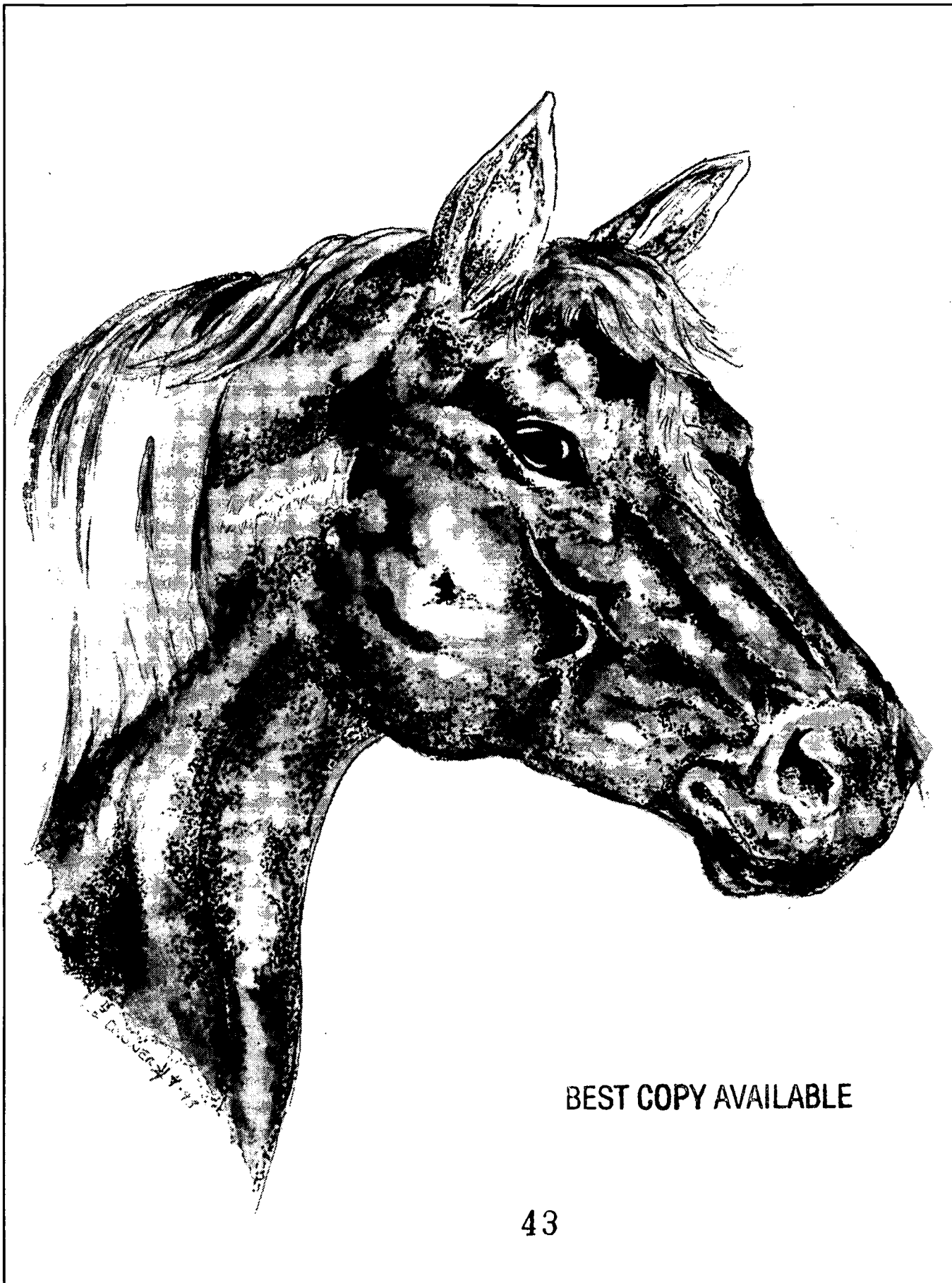
My name is Paula. I moved from Massachusetts to Colorado in September of 1991. I came out here to live with my son and his wife, and to also be reunited with my ten year old daughter Sandi. I had been through a lot of problems prior to this and felt I needed a change in my life. It was the best choice that I've made in my life in a long time. My son left to go to Korea and he's in the Army and his wife went to Massachusetts, so I had to get by on my own. I got an apartment and I'm living with my daughter. I'm a single parent. There are so many programs here for a single parent than there were back home. Since being here, I've gotten a job as a laundry worker at the Le Baron Hotel and I've also gone back to school to get my GED in hopes of being able to get a better job in the future.

***Guess What?
(A Riddle)***

Marie Feller

What needs a bed?
But doesn't need a shoe.
What smells sweet?
But doesn't chew.

Answer: Flower



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The Phantom Mare

John Porter

I was hunting elk in Sawatch Park in early November. It began to snow. I thought I'd better go back to camp. The snow began to get worse, so I stopped to rest. My feet slipped out from under me and I broke my leg. I could not get up. I heard a noise, so I tried to see what it was. It was a black horse, a mare, standing no more than two feet away. The mare put her nose in my face. I got up and grabbed the mare's mane and pulled myself up on her back. The mare turned and began to trot. The next thing I remember, I was laying in the snow in camp. The mare was gone. There were no tracks in the snow. Where did the mare go?

The last Christmas I had with my husband was 9 years ago this Christmas. We had a big Christmas dinner with my brothers and sisters. They knew he didn't feel good. The next week he was sick and went into the hospital. He couldn't talk, but when we would write him a note he would read it and smile. He was sick for two and one-half weeks before he passed on.

He enjoyed himself, but he said, "I won't be here for next Christmas," I said, "Don't say that!"

Now I am sad at Christmas because he isn't here.

Mary Hampton



A Watermelon Picnic

Marie Feller

I can recall a summer which I had spent with my mother and four brothers enjoying a home-grown watermelon picnic in the wilderness. The weather was beautiful and mother suggested we try out one of the watermelons in our garden. It was the size of a basketball.

One section of our hillside farm was fenced off as a wilderness. The pasture was as green, thick and pretty as a picture. For our lunch picnic we had started on our journey. Half way up, my brother, Henry, dropped it. Yes, we all ran after it except my mother who stayed behind to guard our food. It was known that the animals take food if left unattended. After recovering the watermelon, we finally made it to our destination. The area had a lot of pine trees and one flat rock that looked like a table, where we ate our lunch. The watermelon was ripe, juicy and tasty. Needless to say, there was none left over to carry home.

Laughter, fellowship and family in the natural surroundings set perfect conditions for a memorable day.

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One Eerie Mid Afternoon

Rodney Taylor

March 1, 1985 I had been on the police force for six months. Being in a small town, most of the calls my partner and I responded to were traffic accidents and domestic disturbances.

This day my partner had taken the day off and I was on patrol by myself for the first time. The morning had gone by without any major calls. Around mid afternoon, I received a disturbance call. The dispatcher reported the caller had been hearing screams coming from a house in her neighborhood.

Thinking to myself that this might be a disturbance call, I drove the ten miles to the location. I turned off the main highway and drove down a road surrounded by woods. As I pulled into the driveway, a young lady came running out of her house. The lady said she made the call and she had heard screams coming from the house across the road. The lady said you could not see the house from the road, but it was just a little ways in the woods. The lady then told me that a man and his wife and mother lived in the house. The lady said she had never met them, and they seldom left the house.

I then proceeded down the long and narrow driveway leading to the house. As I reached the end of the driveway, the house was hidden by two big oak trees. I stepped out of my patrol car and approached the house. I noticed an old piano which was on the porch that had been left to be weather-worn. I stopped a few feet from the house, which was small and built out of wood with a tin roof. There was no sound coming from the house. There were no cars in the driveway or anything indicating anyone was home. I approached the front door, which was open with the screen door closed. Through the screen door I could see a person lying on the floor face down. I pulled the screen door open and stepped inside. The person on the floor was a lady in her sixties with long gray hair, wearing a dress. From the long gash in her head, which appeared to come from an ax, the lady was obviously dead. I went back to my patrol car and called for an ambulance and a supervisor. I went back into the house and living room where the lady was lying on the floor. The only furniture in the room was a couch and end table.

A few minutes had passed since I called for an ambulance and supervisor. Neither ambulance nor supervisor nor anyone else had arrived. There was no sound of kids playing or dogs barking. As I was looking around I could see the kitchen through the hallway. At the end of the hallway was a room with the door slightly open. The door was covered with blood. Was this the blood from another victim or was it blood from the killer or killers? I looked back into the living room through the screen door and down the long driveway, still there was no car, no sirens or anybody coming.

I decided to check out the room. As I headed down the hallway, I placed my right hand over my gun. I stopped just short of the door and listened for any sound. Not hearing anything, I stepped quietly into the room. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye something was coming at me. I dropped to one knee. I frantically drew my gun only to see a curtain flapping from the air coming in the window. The room was torn apart. The bed was ripped apart and covered with blood. The walls and floor had been chopped up and also were covered with blood, but there was no body.

I heard sirens and could see that it was the supervisor. I met him at the front door. I showed him the victim and the room down the hall. We were in the room down the hall trying to piece together what had happened, when I looked out the window. Out back I could see someone lying beside a tree stump. We rushed through the kitchen and out the back door. We both rushed over to the body. We could tell it was a woman, but that's all we could tell, for she had been decapitated. I looked away into the field just past a barn. Suddenly I saw something move. The supervisor and I drew our guns and walked slowly in the direction of the barn. As we got closer we could see a man sitting on a log. We asked him to stand up and turn around, but he would not respond. We walked around the man. The supervisor and I looked at each other in shock. The man was holding the decapitated head of the woman.

It was later determined that the lady in the living room was the man's mother and the other woman was his wife. The man has not spoken a word - whether he killed his wife and mother or if someone else did. There was no evidence to suspect the man or lead to someone else. The man was committed to a mental institution. The case is still open today. Who killed the man's mother and wife, or if he killed them will always be in my mind.

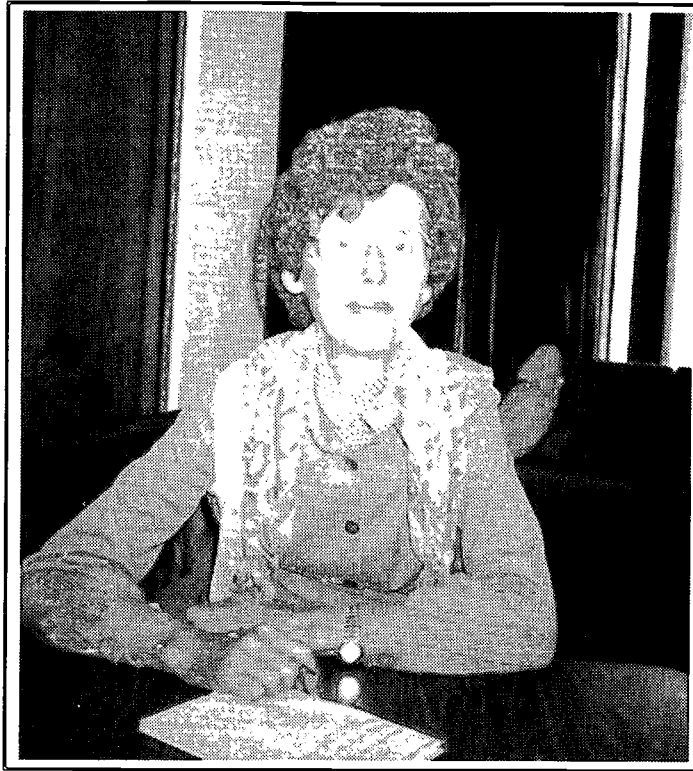
What Education Means To Me

Margaret Sanchez

I would like kids to know the importance of reading. I didn't know the importance until I became a mother. I had a hard time reading bedtime stories, filling out doctors' forms and helping with homework. I was embarrassed that I couldn't do these things.

I told my own children what it's like not having an education. With two of my girls, I used my job to help them see what it's like not having an education. I took one of them to work with me all day. I do housework. I had her do the hard things to clean. One day doing housework made her realize what she had to do. The thought of cleaning toilets, washing floors and picking up after people to earn a living changed her mind. She decided to go to college.

I took my own advice. I got in the learn to read program. I have accomplished a lot already. I am now working to get my GED.



My Christmas Story

Beverly Jean Barrow

I enjoy Christmas because you get together with family and friends and have a lot of fun together. You decorate the outside and inside of the house. You do a lot of baking, buy presents for your family and close friends, and send Christmas cards to family and friends and people who you love a lot. You spend Christmas Eve and day with family or friends. I have some friends that are like a family to me and I'm going to spend my Christmas with them. We will have a lot of fun I bet, because they are very sweet people and I care a lot about them.

I used to spend Christmas with my Mother before she passed away. She made Christmas so much fun. We would decorate the house up so pretty, and she would bake date nut loaf and fix a big Christmas dinner.

Christmas morning I would play Santa Claus and pass all the presents out.

Round Things

Vicky Sheridan

ACROSS

1. Small ball with a hole that can be strung with others
4. Disk to fasten together parts of an article of clothing
6. Dessert (can't eat in the library)
7. Device for absorbing a shock and preventing damage
10. Circle of metal
11. Organ of hearing
14. Reproductions of music
15. Small, short, sharp-pointed nails
17. They turn on a central axis
19. Made-up story that might bring a 'ho, ho, ho'
20. Bolt of metal used for uniting two or more pieces
21. Large-faced watch or clock
24. Hook that closes something together
25. Vacuum bottle
26. Organs of sight
27. Same as 3 Down
29. Tells time
30. Sources of illumination

DOWN

2. Helps to hold glasses on your head
3. Parts of the door used to open
5. Small rope
8. Reflects you
9. Simple machines that turn
12. Container made of interwoven, flexible material
13. Part of a telephone
15. Smooth piece of material fixed on legs
16. Metal money
18. Device for making a point
19. Correct eyesight
21. In art, a sketch of something to be executed
22. Associations like ideas or emblems
23. Bottoms considered as supports
28. Table support

ROUND THINGS

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				4										5
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By:
Vicky
Sheridan

ROUND THINGS

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	R							O		O	
	6 P	I	E			R		7 B	U	8 M	
	I			9 S		O		S	I		
	E					U			R		
	C			10 R	I	N	G		11 E	A	R
	E					D		13 R		O	A
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By:
Wally Sherman



Spring '93

The land was bare before
spring rains came and then
it became alive with colors
of spring flowers and green
leaves and grass. So time does
come to all things.

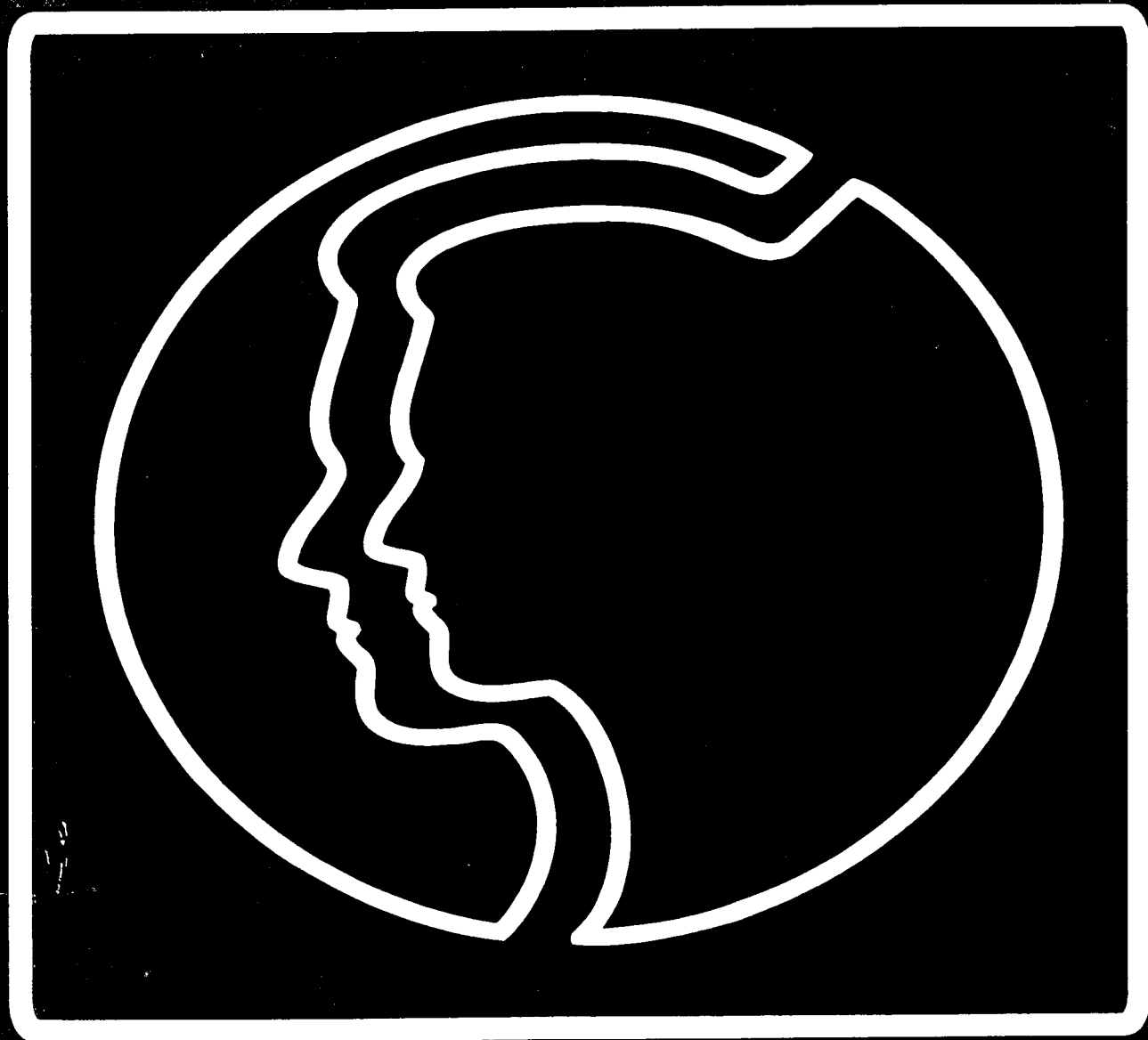
Jim Skinner

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OUR

MAGAZINE

Beginning Writers for Beginning Readers • Volume 1 • Number 2 • Fall 1993



A Publication of the Right to Read Adult Literacy Program • Pikes Peak Library District

OUR Magazine is the result of a grant awarded by the United States Department of Education under the Library Services and Construction Act to the Pikes Peak Library District's Right To Read Adult Literacy Program.

This is the second of two editions of *OUR Magazine*. Pikes Peak Library District Right To Read students participated in four workshops to learn and polish skills in writing, editing, and proofreading. They were introduced to skills specific to magazine publishing — cover design, layout, and printing processes. Students, working with their tutors, used these new skills to create the selections that appear in both editions of *OUR Magazine* and to design the layout for the magazine. Right To Read students visited and evaluated local printers, considering budget and quality in their selection of vendors for services needed to produce the magazine.

The debut of the Spring 1993 edition of *OUR Magazine* was a fulfilling experience for everyone involved in the project. The pride and sense of accomplishment that *OUR Magazine* imparted to its creators was incredible! One Right To Read student summed it up, "*OUR Magazine* has changed my life, thank you!"

Thanks to the Right To Read tutors, members of the Colorado Springs community and Pikes Peak Library District staff who gave their time and energy to this project.

Congratulations to the Right To Read students who made *OUR Magazine* a great success!

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Fall 1993**

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Is The Wild West Here?

Liz McCarrick

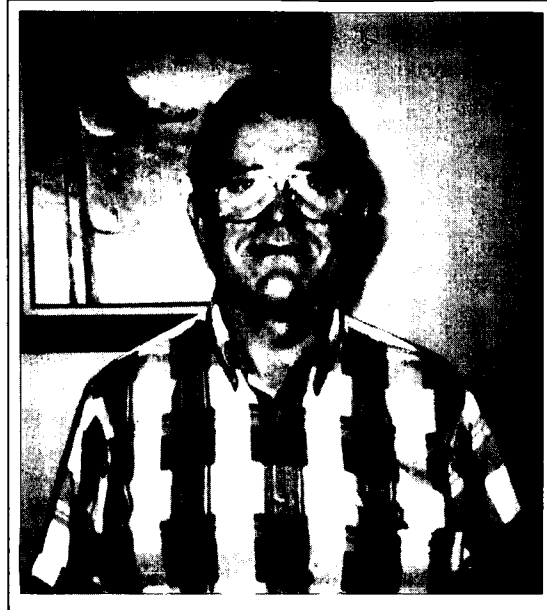
When I walk down Tejon Street on a sunny spring afternoon, I can see tall buildings, cars driving by, city buses dropping passengers off and the new building that has an ice skating area for all four seasons. I do not see any of the wild west anywhere.

For me, the wild west is in the people! I see it in the cowboy boots and hats. I see it in the square dances on hot summer evenings. I see it in Territory Days that open the summer months of the year.

I see the wild west in history books with Jesse James, the railroads, and cowboys bringing the cattle in from the southwest. I see it in the American Indians with feathers and buffalo. All of these things will be in my mind forever.



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The Right To Read Program

John Hammel

The Right to Read program changed my life. Entering the program and having great tutors does wonders.

Bob stressed anyone can read. Grace gave lots of patience. Try operating a computer and skipping words hard to sound — Sharon will not hear of it!

The Right To Read program has given me confidence to read.

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The Burrito Man

Frank Martinez

When I was a small boy I always felt in my heart that I was going to do something for God. I didn't know what, I just felt it.

In January of 1987 I was tired and angry with nowhere to go. My thoughts were about the people I had hurt in the past. I came to a park and lay down on the ground next to a small bush. While I was lying there hating myself and not being able to cry, I asked the Lord to forgive me of my sins. I was ready to die and really didn't care.

At sunrise I felt very warm. I knew I hadn't gone to sleep with anything over me, I thought I was in a dream and my body was somewhere else. For some strange reason I felt at peace; like someone was holding me in their arms. Then

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suddenly I realized I wasn't dreaming. I cried for a moment and thought I had died and gone with the Lord. To my surprise there was a blanket over me and beside me was a paper sack. In the sack there was a small Bible, an orange, two one dollar bills and a sandwich. I looked around but no one was in sight.

That summer I made an appointment with an alcohol program, I was evaluated. My counselor happened to be a Christian. "Frank", the counselor said, "Jesus is what you need in your life." He then gave me the name of a Christian home called Victory Outreach. I went home that afternoon and got drunk. With despair in my heart I got down on my knees and cried out, "Please Lord, help me." I reached in my pocket for the Christian home phone number and called.

One day at the Christian home I was reading a scripture in the small Bible when I called my friend Craig to come over. I asked Craig if he would like to read. He started to read when he got this funny look on his face. His face was as bright as a light. He just stood there as if the Lord were talking to him. I felt something too, and got goose bumps all over me. In a gentle voice Craig said, "I owned a small Bible just like this one at one time." When I explained how I had received it he started to cry. He looked at the back of the Bible and found his name. We both stood there and looked at each other. We both felt the presence of the Lord. Then he told me he and his wife were the ones who had covered me in the park that early morning. He continued, the Lord said, "Go and make this man a lunch and give him your Bible, but don't wake him." Craig had just bought the Bible and he asked the Lord if He meant this Bible. The Lord said "Yes."

We shared this testimony with everyone that came into the Christian home.

The Lord knew all that time what He was doing. I praise the Lord every day of my life.



Selling Your House

Rodney Taylor

Selling your house could be as simple as putting a sign up one day and selling it the next day, or as hard as spending every night until it sells cleaning, so that your house can be shown to potential home owners.

You have made the decision; the sign's up in the yard. People are riding by looking, taking a brochure from the box on the sign. You watch them closely as they take the brochure and look over the house. Could they be the new owners of your house? Will they take care of your house the way you have?

The phone rings, but it's not your mother, it's your Realtor. You have a showing between 4 and 6 p.m. You don't want to be there when they come, but the roast is in the Crockpot. Your kids' Legos are scattered on the floor. You put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher, but what if they look in the dishwasher? They won't. You push the Legos under the couch.

You're in the car, but where do you go? Your wife wants to go to Wal-Mart. The kids are begging you to take them to McDonald's. You remember the roast is in the Crockpot, so you head to Wal-Mart.

You return home with bags full of Wal-Mart things. You look around to see what's out of place. As you walk through your house, you open every closet door trying to picture what they had seen when they opened the closet door.

Finally, your Realtor calls. You have a contract on your house! The Realtor brings the contract over. Section 1, the owner will pay 2% of all closing costs. Section 2, the purchaser will pay for the appraisal and 1% of all closing costs. Section 3, you don't know what it is, but it doesn't apply. As you and your wife look at each other, you know you're both thinking, "Where do I sign?!"

The contract is signed, it's all over, your house is sold. But as you look around at your furniture and your pictures on the walls and all your little knickknacks, you begin to wonder how you are going to get everything packed and moved before your closing in 30 days.

Chicken-Broccoli Stir Fry

Aree Webb

1 tbsp. cooking oil
1 clove garlic
2 chicken breasts
1 bunch broccoli
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. soy sauce
1/4 c. water

Remove bones from chicken, slice very thin into 1 1/2 inch pieces. Wash broccoli, cut the flowers heads in half. Heat wok or fry pan to medium, add oil. When hot, add garlic, brown, add the chicken, stir 5 to 10 minutes until cooked. Turn to high heat, add broccoli and other ingredients, stir to heat. Remove from heat, stir until well mixed. Serve over steamed rice.

ENJOY!



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The Street Preacher

Barb Porter

How many times we heard his cries as we went about our business downtown, wondering why such a man would care whether we all went to hell or not. Why would he continue his relentless preaching about our poor souls heading straight for eternal fire and damnation?

Once he got me verbally in the heart of downtown as I was admiring the little shops. I am shy by nature and thought I could walk around the area in peace without drawing attention to my rather awkward self. All of a sudden, right behind me came a booming voice, "HELL IS WHERE YOU ARE HEADED, YOU JEZEBEL, AND ALL THE MEN AROUND YOU COMMITTING FORNICATION ARE HEADED THERE TOO!!" I tried to hide myself somewhere immediately. There were people all around and of course, many men. They all turned around to see who the preacher was directing his attention to. The people near me looked with a strange expression at the awkward person he was directing his

very determined verbiage toward. I never went downtown again to window shop without a quick look around to see if an angry young man was anywhere near whenever I heard a series of exclamations concerning souls headed for you know where.

He did catch up with me one day weeks later at the post office. He was just taking a break. All of a sudden, he started on me, calling me every kind of a sinner, telling me where I was headed if I did not change my ways. I turned around with my temper ablaze and attempted to counter his accusations to no avail. He out-yelled me and continued. I ran into the post office and asked the staff why it seemed to me that he only bothered women, especially me — it seemed unfair. I said I would get a false mustache and beard and glue them on my face then maybe he would leave me alone, thinking I was just a little man and harmless. The postal employees laughed and laughed — I was serious.



The next time I saw him, or rather heard him, you always heard him first, I was downtown going to the bank. I was prepared — I had a scarf tied tightly on my head and multiple jackets. He was quiet as I almost blew by because it was a windy day. He looked as though he knew me and understood what I was trying to do. He said nothing, maybe determining that I was certainly harmless and not a temptation to any man. After that I dressed quite simply with scarves and coats. He left me alone.

The next time I saw him, I flew past him with my head covered with scarves and a pained expression on my face. I was in

pain as I had not been well for a while. He looked at me, or rather through me, in the way he has of frowning and glaring. He did not yell at me about hell. I was grateful. He had been on TV the day before about his preaching to grade school children. But the parents raised a fuss, and he apologized. He did not look like the familiar yelling, harassing, angry young man that we saw everyday. He was attractive and soft-spoken.

The last time I saw him was outside the library where I am enrolled in the Right To Read program. He was quiet, but I thought I heard him say something nice like, "Someday you will be well." How could he know I was ill? Why would he care? I must have been imagining it because the wind was strong and I was in a hurry.

We have not seen our street preacher for a while. Somehow the streets seem a little lonely. Every now and then you will hear someone ask where he has gone. Somehow he is missed — or did he just leave us with a little bit of conscience?

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How I Saw The Pope

Marie Feller

I was watching the coverage on cable TV. The time had come after the long anticipation of the Pope's arrival. This took place at Cherry Creek Park in Aurora, Colorado. About a half million people had gathered to celebrate World Youth Day. It thrilled me to see the excitement and joy which electrified the crowd. By his actions, I felt that he was a kind, gentle, sympathetic person. The way the crowd was cheering, I could tell they respected the man. I felt as if I were there with him. It was so rewarding, satisfying and fulfilling to be able to see him on TV; I was grateful. The narrator was very informative of what was happening, as well as naming all the parts of the garments the Pope had on. He wore white with gold. A white and red carpet was leading to the altar covered with a tent. The choir sang continuously. The Pope spoke in several different languages to express how happy and grateful he was to see so many young people there — the children of the future. Sitting in my soft, comfortable chair, I experienced the joy of being there.

The Life Of A Country Girl

Jessie Maes

In 1946 a pretty baby girl was born to a couple, living in the beautiful countryside. She would be the sixth child. The oldest was a girl followed by four boys. When this baby girl arrived, she was a joy to the whole family, especially Daddy. She was the “apple of Daddy’s eye.”

Living in the country isn’t boring and there’s a lot of work. The oldest daughter, Marcella, had to help with all the boys. Now there was a baby too. She worked so hard but hardly complained. In those days wood needed to be chopped and fresh water hauled in buckets from the well. When laundry day came a large metal tub was filled with water and heated on top of a hot wood stove. Having such a large family naturally produced a lot of laundry to do. You prayed that you would be blessed with a beautiful day in order for your clothes to dry outside.

Marcella was blossoming into a beautiful young lady. She was 15 years old when she met a handsome young man. Actually he was seven years older. Anyway the young girl was falling in love. This man, named Modesto, asked for Marcella’s hand in marriage. In those days girls got married very young.

The day came for her wedding. She was given away by her brokenhearted Daddy. Her Mother was crying and crying because Marcella had helped her so much. But now Marcella had her own responsibilities. However Marcella’s Mother was happy that her daughter would be able to handle the hard work and raise a family.

The sad part about Marcella getting married so young was that she quit school. She didn’t realize how important a school education would be. Marcella quit school in her ninth grade and had a family of five sons. She raised her sons and now one grandchild. She has a desire to see if she can attend classes but something stops her — she doesn’t have confidence. Marcella does not give herself the credit she deserves.

Education is very important to survive in the world. God opens many doors for people to learn. God also blesses us along the way with people that care for us. Even when a person gets to an age that everything seems hopeless, there is hope! The special people that give unselfishly of their time are a big blessing.

Psalm 103:5 — Who satisfies your desires with good things so that your youth is renewed like the eagles.

Elk Hunting

John Porter

I hunted for elk with black powder in the Pinon Pass area during the last season. I killed a four-point bull elk. I bugled him in from about a quarter of a mile away. He had thirty or forty cows with him. I bugled four or five times. He ran around the cows to protect them. I snorted and he was ready to fight. He stepped out from the cows and walked straight towards me. At about sixty yards, I fired my first shot. I struck him in the brisket. He fell on his hindquarters, and as quickly as he went down, he got up. He walked straight towards me. I was nervously trying to re-load my weapon. By the time I had my weapon loaded, the elk started shaking and collapsed dead upon the ground.



Hunt Stew

John Porter

2 cups game meat scraps	3 tbsp. flour
1/2 cup chopped celery	1-1/2 cups stock from cooking meat
1/3 cup thinly sliced onion	1 tbsp. steak sauce
1/3 cup thinly sliced green pepper	3 egg yolks
3 tbsp. dry white wine	salt & pepper to taste
1/4 cup sliced mushrooms	cooked rice or toast
3 tbsp. margarine	parsley

Thoroughly cook game meat scraps in a large pot with enough water to cover, adding a slice of onion, celery leaves, a bay leaf and a beef bouillon cube. Remove scraps from the water with a slotted spoon and strip meat from bones. Cut meat into cubes. Strain broth and reserve 1-1/2 cups for recipe. In a frying pan, cook onion, celery, green pepper, and mushrooms in hot oil for about 7 minutes. Add flour and gradually stir in stock and steak sauce. Remove from heat and add a little sauce to the egg yolks, stirring them. Return the egg-sauce mixture to the pan and stir in thoroughly. Add wine and meat and check salt and pepper. Serve immediately on cooked rice or toast. Garnish with chopped parsley.

Sweet Lies

Jim Skinner

One night I was sitting at the bar and you came up and started telling me sweet lies. Oh how good those sweet lies sounded. Those sweet lies sweet lies sweet lies.

So hold me tonight and I will do the same. Oh sweet lies sweet lies. And the sweet lies will last all night. And we will hope the sweet lies will become sweet truths.

Take Me To The High Country

Jim Skinner

Take me to the high country to see the Master's handiwork. You can see the gold brush marks from the lowlands. I want to walk beneath the blanket of gold and amber colored leaves of fall and see all the beauty of fall in the Rockies of Colorado. And listen to the Aspen's song of fall. For the snows of winter are on their way and it will be a long sleep to springtime. So thank you, Master, for your lovely handiwork.

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The Gold Of Dusk

Jim Skinner

As I look west to the setting sun, the sunset is Gold and Gray and Blue. As I watch the sun go down, the Gold climbs high into the sky. My heart is warmed by the scene I'm watching. And it will be part of me forever.

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Education History Of The Unlearned: Part II

Floyd T. Finn

I was born in Pueblo, Colorado in 1954 in Parkview Hospital. My wife's name is Gloria Finn. She works for King Soopers. My daughter's name is Regina Finn. She goes to school at Carmel Junior High School. My boy's name is Floyd T. Finn, Junior. He goes to school at Centennial Grade School. His age is 9 years old; my daughter is 11 years old.

I have lived here in Colorado Springs for four years. My family and I have made a success here. I came to Colorado Springs because I got hurt on the job and my wife found a full-time position at King Soopers. That's when I joined the Right To Read program and I've made a success in four years. I work for Red Lobster on South Academy here in Colorado Springs.

We go to church every Sunday, or we try to go there. We're Catholics. We also enjoy activities other than education. My daughter Regina is an A and B student at

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school. She's improved through the years. My wife works from 11 a.m. to 9:30 p.m., so she doesn't have much time with our son. I try to help my son as much as I can and my daughter helps too. My son is like me, a slow learner, but with help he can improve. We all have to pitch in to help him because I want him to get a better education than what I got.

This is what my family has to say:

Regina: My name is Regina and my parents help me out with school. They love me and I love them. I help my dad and I am proud of him.

Teddy: My name is Floyd T. Finn. My teacher's name is Mr. Payne. I'm proud of my mom and dad. They help me out. I help them. I love them. They love me.

Gloria: I'm very proud of my husband. He tries to improve his reading skills. I want him to be independent, to be able to fill out an application on his own, and read a newspaper or a book. My son also wants to learn to read. He says, "Mom, I wish I knew how to read." It breaks my heart. So, I try to comfort him and tell him he will learn. He has gone to summer school for two years and there has been much improvement. I think he's proud of himself! That's what I want for my husband too. To be proud of himself and to get more involved in classes. Education comes first!

I found out today my family is proud of me. All and all, as a family, we help each other with all of our homework and we communicate with each other. There is a lot of love in this family. We just love living here in Colorado Springs. And, we just want to reach our goals and continue getting educated, which opens doors. I tell you what, without education, there is nothing out there.

Standing On God's Words

Kum Ja Johnson & Chi Suk Ha

Real good Christians do not need to be afraid and do not need to worry. They just need to know God's words and be strong. By keeping His commands, we can go to heaven and He will judge. This earth is a temporary home. On this earth, we are tourists and just passing through. So why would anyone want to be bad and hurt each other? We should spend a little bit of time to help each other and do as much as we can to show love for others. It is hard to work together sometimes, but that is the only way to accomplish anything. Each person should think about what they have been through and what they say and do to others. We should not always be complaining, but be thankful for the blessings. And when we do something wrong, we must face the consequences. With a little bit of sacrifice now we can reap the rewards in heaven. People must open their hearts, their minds, and their souls. Some people cheat and abuse me, but that does not matter to me. It may hurt at that particular minute, but then I look at God's words and everything is okay. God's love is true love. When I feel rejected or disappointed in anything, I just look at Jesus Christ's picture which has been on my wall for seventeen years. I look at the depiction of the pain which He suffered for me, and I feel comforted. Jesus came here 2,000 years ago and died for our sins, and nobody accepted Him. Even Peter, one of His close disciples, rejected Him, and I ask myself, how about me? God is indeed loving and He teaches me every day. His love is true love and each day I stand firm on His words.



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Gone Forever Era

Carol Lassé

In the 1960s when I was growing...those were the days! Things were more affordable. This era had places and automobiles you won't ever see again. For example, full-service gas station attendants, drive-in movie theaters, five and ten cent stores, and car hops. The places I mentioned above are rare to see in 1993.

Another rare thing you won't see too much is the Studebaker Lark. The Studebaker Lark was a durable car. The Studebaker wasn't much to look at, but it had few mechanical problems, and it was great on gas mileage. The dashboard never needed polishing and was padded as an additional safety feature. The Studebaker Lark was affordable to own.

The manufacturer did a good job putting the Studebaker Lark together. This car was built in Canada.

You won't see anything like this anymore.

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My Family

Beverly Jean Barrow



Chris and I met at Furr's Cafeteria about nine years ago and became very good friends. Then Chris and George were married.

George was in the army and he had to go downrange for a month and that is when we all got close. I told them they were like a sister and brother I didn't have. Now instead of "Chris" and "George", I say "Sis" and "Brother". For a long time George called me "Beverly", now he calls me "Sis".

Sis was so much help and understanding when my mother was very sick. I didn't have anyone to talk to and I could talk to her and feel a lot better. Sis also helped me when I had to take Kelly to the vet. If it hadn't been for Sis, I would have had to walk and carry Kelly.

Sis has the sweetest parents. The first time I met them her mother told me to make myself at home and she was a perfect stranger to me. The second time was when I started calling her "Granny". I had a lot of trouble making up with Sis's daddy. One time Sis said to call him "easy money" and I did. Now we are friends forever and I call him "Papa".

When Brother was recalled into the army and had to go to Saudi Arabia, I told him I would check on Sis and Dustin for him.

I have gone back to school and one thing I went back for was to learn how to drive. I had been looking for a car and found one I liked. I hoped it was still there when my brother came home. I wanted him to check it out because he is a very good mechanic. I know he wouldn't let me buy it if there was something wrong with it. The car I looked at for three long months had something wrong with the engine so I didn't buy it. Sis saw a car just like hers. Brother checked it out and it was OK, so I bought it. I'm thankful to my brother for checking it out. The used car lot had to fix two things they said had already been fixed, but hadn't.

The other thing I went to school to get was my G.E.D. My Sis and Brother and Granny are so proud of me and they are so supportive of me. Sis and Brother both say I have come a long way since I started school. I love them so much and I'm so happy that they are in my life.

Eye On Walls

Elaine Hernandez

I grew up as a child who was only supposed to be seen and not heard. I felt like a wall with eyes, not able to express myself.

I feel that children are people too, and they have the right to speak what is on their minds. But, they still need to respect themselves and their parents.

I will always give the children in my life a chance to speak what's on their minds.

Please let the children SPEAK!

My Tutor

Viola Gordon

I think my tutor does a very good job in teaching and I learn a lot from her in this short period of time. I feel good, my skills are better than before, and I'm really glad to have a nice person to teach me.

But still, I think it will take me years to know everything and to learn this language. However, so far I feel good about my learning skills and myself.

Mary's Tamales

Mary Eisenman

Mary has been making these tamales since she was a little girl. Legends and recipes are handed down from generation to generation without ever writing them down. This is the first time this recipe has been put into writing. I hope you enjoy.

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 lb. pork ribs (country style)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 1 bottle of chili powder (3 oz.) Gebhardt — formerly Eagle brand

Boil the pork ribs for one hour, then debone the pork and add to the other ingredients a little at a time until all mixed together.

Prepare and mix:

- 2 lb. corn tortilla mix
- 2 c. warm broth (from meats)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 c. Crisco

Mix these ingredients together until mixture is moist. Corn Shucks: Soak corn shells in warm water while you prepare the rest of the ingredients.

Take corn mix and spread on half a corn shell with back of a spoon. Add meat mixture about 1 or 1 1/2 tablespoons and roll up. Stack standing up in a large saucepan that you can cover with boiling water and a lid.

In a separate pot, boil water. Add the boiling water to cover the tamales, cooking on a medium heat to maintain boiling and cook for one hour. Makes one dozen.



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Mothers

Martha Orozco

What is a mother? A mother is very special. She brings you into this world. She gives you life. She loves you as you grow.

Mothers are the most important living souls God created on this earth. A mother will guide you in the right direction even though you don't want it. A mother is behind you whenever you need her. Some children don't listen to their mother and they don't know how bad their mother's heart hurts when her children don't listen.

Children, love your mother because you will only have one. And when she departs from you, you will think back and remember that you could have been a better son or daughter to her, but it will be too late. That's why we should try to give all our love to our mother while she is still around to receive it. Once she's gone, it will be too late. Then when you have your kids, and they don't want to listen, or treat you right, then you're going to remember how bad you treated your mother.

So, children, listen to your mother. She is the most precious treasure you will have. Treat her like a person and don't neglect her or condemn her. Remember she brought you into this world with the help of the Lord and with her love. That's why we're all here today. Respect your mother and love her. Help her as she gets old because she is like rose. When you give her love, she will bloom. If you don't, the rose will fade or perish right before your eyes. So treasure her and give her love. And remember, she is the only mother you will have to cherish, love and respect in this world.

M is for Mother

O is for Other.

T is for There.

H is for Her.

E is for Excellent.

R is for Remember.

Put all these words together and what does it spell? There is no other mother like her. And remember she is excellent.



My name is Paula Sanford. I recently moved from an apartment into a two bedroom house near Prospect Lake and Memorial Park.

My daughter, Sandi, lives there with me. We really do like it as we're close to the park and also the bowling alley. We take walks around the park together and I'll be joining a bowling league as of August 21. I really do like to bowl as that's my favorite pastime.

— Paula Sanford

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Love Live Animal

Aree Webb

We have a lot of little squirrels.
We have them by the score.
We feed them and they love it.
Then they look around for more.





The Indian Love Story

Liz McCarrick

In the spring of 1860 a band of Apache Indians crossed the Kansas plains. Among them was a princess who came to marry a Comanche prince of the territory. Their union would deliver peace to the Indian nations.

The princess met the wedding party at the place where the two creeks came to a point (presently somewhere between 8th Street and Cimarron) where she got her first look at her future husband. She was not alone. She had five guards with her at all times up until her wedding day. The prince's sister said to her, "You will be married at the red mountain" (the Garden of the Gods).

The wedding was set for September because the Indian tribes needed to return home before the first snow. More importantly, the bride and groom needed time to find out if they really liked each other.

The first thing to be done was to send the prince on a buffalo hunt to prove his manhood and to keep him away from the princess for awhile.

While the men were away the women started to work on the princess' hair which was long and velvet black, but very dry. Oils and spices were applied. Next, she was bathed in oils and herbs to clean and soften her skin.

When the men returned, the prince took one look at the princess and was very pleased. Now the princess had many things to learn — from where to find drinking water, to how to handle the women of the tribe.

As time passed, the nights became shorter and it was not so cold. The couple was allowed to see each other up close and speak to one another; but always under the watchful eyes of the princess' guards. The prince and princess spoke of many things, from raising a family to leadership in the community.

On the first day of summer the prince and princess, along with the wedding party and guards were sent to Manitou where the mountain range begins. The musicians played chanting, whispering music that echoed throughout the hillside. The music was so romantic and dreamlike, it touched the heart and the spirit. Everyone was sent on a different path to find the one that they love. After several hours, the prince could not find the princess and became concerned that she was lost. The princess, who was alone without the guards for the first time, was lost. The prince called to her from afar. She heard his call three times, following it until she saw his face. When they finally saw each other, they were both very glad!

Soon it was September — the changing of leaves from green to yellow. On the night before the wedding the prince and princess were prepared for marriage. Their last minute questions were answered.

The men spoke to the prince of many things. They smoked the peace pipe for many reasons. The prince slept and dreamed of the white buffalo.

The night before her wedding the princess got a lecture from the elder women on how to be a good wife.

This was a huge wedding — the last of its kind. Indians came from all over this country.

Many years later, the princess recalls her wedding day: "I'm dressed and ready to go a little after sunrise. I can see



him at a distance. He is dressed in white with sky blue feathers and jewels. His face is saying, 'I'm ready.' I look at my mother who is crying with joy. She kisses me and wishes me well. My father is smiling with approval as he watches his daughter go from a princess to the queen of the Indian nation. I am in white with gold in my dress with gold jewels,

white feathers with a white horse and gold saddle. The sun is over my head now as my parents and I head for the red mountain. We are heading south toward Kissing Camels; many different Indians greet us along the way. I wave — there seem to be miles of them. When we reach the red mountain I get off my horse and meet my prince. We walk to the red mountain and are married. I remember the full moon because I will count the moons before my first child will be born."

Likewise, the prince recalls the day: "I'm ready to go a little after sunrise. My father takes me to the hillside and tells me about the land, 'You will be king one day my son. Remember your wife is truly a part of you — handle her with care.' We walk down the hillside to meet my mother, say our good-byes and go to the wedding. I jump on my white horse and go north to climb the red mountain and finally marry the mother of my future children. By the time the day is over, the moon is full and bright and my wife and I walk slowly to our tent."

◆**AREE WEBB** was born in Thailand and came to the United States in 1985. Aree started in the Right To Read program to learn to read and write English. Her full name is Gane Aree Webb.◆**JIM SKINNER** is a native of Colorado who enjoys the outdoors and photography. Jim has 2 sons and likes to work with plants and animals.◆**CAROL LASSÉ** came to Colorado Springs in 1975. She is pursuing an Applied Associate Science degree at Pikes Peak Community College and hopes to complete her studies in 1994.◆**KUM JA JOHNSON** came to the United States from Korea in 1972. She wants to learn English so she can read the English Bible. Kum Ja is a barber.◆**MARTHA OROZCO** is twenty-six years old, has been married for ten years, and has three children. Martha is a school bus driver who is working to get her G.E.D. She would like to be a gym teacher some day.◆**MARIE FELLER** moved to Colorado Springs in 1974. Marie works part-time and is a wife and the mother of two children.◆**FRANK MARTINEZ** enjoys cooking and seeing people smile. Frank thanks the Lord each day for His strength and for being there for him.◆**PAULA SANFORD** was born in Burlington, Vermont and came to Colorado Springs in 1991. Paula lives with her daughter Sandi and enjoys walking in the park and bowling.◆**JESSIE MAES** was born in Turquillo, New Mexico. She came to Colorado in 1979. Jessie enjoys sewing, crocheting and reading the Bible.◆**LIZ MCCARRICK** was born in San Diego, California. She enjoys the outdoors and loves to write. Liz hopes to go to school and move forward in her artistic talents.◆**BEVERLY JEAN BARROW** was born in Wichita, Kansas. She moved to Colorado Springs in 1948. Beverly likes to crochet and write and is working towards obtaining a driver's license.◆**MARY EISENMAN** was recently widowed and moved to Colorado to join her daughter. Mary feels the move will give her youngest daughter the opportunity to receive a good education. Mary enjoys watching old movies and the TV program *Roseanne*. She likes the way Roseanne tells it like it is.◆**BARB PORTER** joined Right To Read one and one half years ago, and has enjoyed every minute. After being told to "forget it!" by another program, she was encouraged by Right To Read and is picking up where she left off after quitting school in the 7th grade.◆**JOHN HAMMEL** was born in St. Francis Hospital and lived in Simla, Colorado until age four. His family farmed in Penrose, Colorado. John met and married his wife, Patti in Scotts Bluff, Nebraska. He and Patti returned to Colorado Springs in 1977. They have a daughter, Amanda.◆**RODNEY TAYLOR** was born and raised in Alabama. He plays baseball for fun and looks forward to moving into a larger house with his wife and two kids.



Fall 1993

The spring colors have given way to summer colors
and now is the time for the fall colors to show.
They too will give way to the winter one day.
So enjoy all the colors . . .
. . . because time keeps going on.

— Jim Skinner

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