

HUMPHREYS COLLEGE COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

JUNE/JULY 2001 EDITION

GUEST EDITORIAL

Instructors often wail on about the importance of an education, but sometimes it takes a peer to get the message across in a special way.

C. S. Becerra

My Lesson in Life

Editha Yadao

My cousin and I got sent to the Philippines in 1996. Our parents decided to send us there because we weren't doing too well in school. When I became a freshman in high school, my cousin and I began to skip school a lot. We weren't listening to our parents. We did whatever we wanted to do. Our parents didn't know what else to do with us. So, I guess they thought that the best thing to do was to send us to the Philippines. They knew that life was hard there. They figured that it would be a good lesson for us to see how hard life can really get, especially if you don't have an education.

My dad went with my cousin and me to the Philippines. He followed us there to make sure that we got there safely. We arrived in Manila sometime during the evening. A few of our relatives were there to greet us. I was happy to see them, but was also sad because I knew that I was going to be there for a long time. My aunts and uncles could tell that my cousin and I weren't too happy to be there. What gave it away were our puffy eyes from crying so much at the airport back in Hawaii. But they reassured us that everything was going to be okay. We got to see all of our relatives and old friends from the previous vacation trip that we had taken there. Then night came and all we did was cry. We wanted to go home. What made the night even worse was that it was too hot, and to add to that, there were too many mosquitoes.

The next day came and my dad took us both to enroll in school. When we got there, I was crying and begging my dad to take me back home with him. He thought it was funny though. All he did was laugh and said, "See, when you want to be hard-headed, this is what you get." A week later, my dad went back to Hawaii. He really left us there. My auntie helped us sew our uniform because we needed one for school the next week. We were really going to go to school there.

Our first day of school was weird. In the morning all of the students would gather in front of the school and sing the national anthem. Then we did exercises like jumping jacks. After all that was done, the teachers would make the students clean up around the school before they could start class. School lasted from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m.; from 12:00 to 1:00 p.m. was lunch. We got to go home to eat if we wanted. Then we had to be back at 1:00 p.m. and school would last until 5:30 p.m. We had nine periods in one day. I personally thought that, that was crazy. The school had one broken-down bathroom. The

person using it could barely close the door.

We also didn't have enough school supplies. The students needed to buy their supplies, but there were some who couldn't afford to. I even saw kids that wanted to go to school so badly but couldn't because there weren't enough chairs and desks at the school for them. So they wouldn't be accepted to the school until there was an opening.

As for our home life, it was hard. At least, we thought it was because we weren't used to the way they did things there. We had to do things like pump our water because the faucet wouldn't always work. It was too expensive to keep on getting the faucet fixed. My cousin and I would wake up two hours before school started just so we could pump water to bathe with. That took us about an hour, and believe me, it wasn't easy. We would be drenched in sweat by the time we had that whole barrel filled. We would also pump water for washing our clothes, which we hand washed. Our laundry would take the whole day to do. By the next day, our hands would be peeling from all the hand washing. The water was also too dirty to drink, so we had to buy our drinking water. It was a must because the regular water that we pumped gave us diarrhea. It was way too dirty to drink. We could tell because the pumped water was a little brownish. We also didn't have a car, so whenever we needed to go somewhere, we would stand on the side of the road in the hot, hot sun until a tricycle passed by. Then we would stop it as if it were a taxi.

Everything wasn't always bad though. We soon got used to the way they did things there. We even made many new friends. The best part was during Christmas. Every part of the city would throw a Christmas dance. All of my friends and I would walk to the dances. We would all hold hands on our way there because it would be so dark. One or two people would bring flashlights to light our way because there were no street lights.

The next year, I finally got to go home. My cousin, on the other hand, had left four months earlier after pretending to be sick. Her parents, thinking she was truly ill, flew to the Philippines to take her back home. Once they discovered she wasn't really sick, they didn't want to waste her plane ticket. I can remember that big smile that she had when she told me that she was going home. The day finally came when I had to leave the Philippines. I almost didn't want to leave because I actually had begun to like it there.

When my parents told me that life was hard there, it was true. When they sent us there to teach us a lesson, I really did learn one. I learned that I shouldn't take the things that I have for granted, especially with school. There are so many kids that would like to have a chance to have a good, decent education but can't. I, on the other hand, had all the opportunities to go to school. But all I had done was waste my time doing nothing when I could have been in school learning. When I began school back in Hawaii again, there were days when I didn't feel

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like going to school. But each time I felt that way I thought of the Philippines, and that would motivate me to go to school. It motivated me to try my best so that I could graduate high school.

MEMORIAL DAY MEMORIES FROM THE FACULTY



Memorial Day Trip

Bruce M. Bodine

Although Memorial Day means honoring our people in uniform past and present, to me it also means family. And the way I spent the long weekend was taking my mom to Reno for her to participate in one of her favorite "sports." She can no longer drive that distance, so I volunteered to get her to Reno so that she could play in a slot machine tournament.

Other family members also played in the tournament. Mom, of course, enjoyed that tremendously, not only for the competition but also because a number of her family members were there. My parents convince my brother and I years ago to go to these events. On one occasion, my brother was one of the big winners, taking second place for \$20,000! That happened on the occasion of my parents' 50th wedding anniversary. So it was really a big event and party.

My brother, who is a Vietnam veteran, had a great time on the trip this last weekend. Unfortunately, my dad, who is a World War II veteran, wasn't able to attend. But he cheered us on in his own way. And mom gave him the proceeds of her win in the tournament when we got home.

Yes, we should never forget our veterans. They are the reason our family (and yours) enjoys the freedom to have fun in ways we choose. I can't imagine what our lives would be like if it hadn't been for our veterans' sacrifices for their country. Celebrate with your families while you can because we all have the freedom to do so.

Memorial Day?

Dr. Richard Chabot

I don't remember Memorial Day. Ever. All the Memorial Days of past have been spent doing laundry, working on my bicycle, reading some dusty tome, or just trying to make ends meet. My wife follows this same schedule, turning an international day of contemplation into a 24-hour period of catch-up.

I have great memories of wonderful things done at one time or another, but now that I'm married and have a full-time job and a son, it seems like everything overlaps and runs into everything else. No more memories, just vague recollections. It seems like it's up to me to make those memories, or have the rest of my life turn into a blur. These few holidays provided us, spaced throughout the calendar year, are a good place to start.

There's so much we could do, so many traditions we as a family could follow on this day. Cherries are always out now, so maybe we could drive out and buy cherries from a roadside stand and make cherry pies for the entire family, every Memorial Day. Or rent a boat and go fishing, even without hooks, just to picnic on the water and count the number of birds that fly by, every Memorial Monday. And we love hiking through Big Trees, so maybe from now on we'll always have a reservation to camp at Big Trees the entire Memorial Day weekend. Seems like what Marie and Jacob and I do doesn't matter, as long as we can look back and have memories that we can share with just the glance of an eye, the passing of a smile.

It's a little late to start for this Memorial Day, to start a lifelong tradition. No doubt I'll just prune roses and clean out my sock drawer. But there is an entire summer ahead of us, a July 4th weekend more than a month ahead. So much to do, so little time. Better start planning.

Traditionally, Memorial Day has been set aside by our country to recognize the ultimate sacrifice men and women of the armed forces made to preserve our way of life. So, last quarter when a veteran described in an excellent essay what it takes to train for a mission in the military, I set it aside for this publication:

Recon

Mario Dominguez

It's freezing, last I heard four below; scraping the mud from my watch, I can faintly make out that it's 3:30 in the morning. Somehow assigned point again, I slowly and silently lead the eight-man patrol through the snow-covered backwoods of North Carolina. I try desperately to keep my eyes open, as I calculate the hours since I last slept. Has it been twenty-four? Or twenty-six? No. Maybe thirty? I give up. It really doesn't matter

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anymore. I'm so tired, hungry, and cold that I don't care what happens from here on out. I begin to ask: What am I doing here? I had to be out of my mind to volunteer for reconnaissance training in the dead of a Fort Bragg winter, but after a brief bout with self-pity, I begin to explain to myself that no one forced me to sign on; nor was anyone forcing me to stay. I can quit and go back to my unit any time I want. Nobody intimidated me onto this team, and fear wasn't a motivating factor in keeping me here this long.

Reasoning further, I realize nobody could be forced into completing this kind of training; anyone who might have been coerced here has long since quit voluntarily. After all, this course is designed to eliminate those who are being pressed into service. Therefore, those are not whole heartedly committed and much more likely to hold resentment toward the individuals who placed them here. Such an attitude will no doubt become evident under stress and ultimately adversely affect any mission.

Looking back at the dirty, wet, and exhausted silhouettes trailing through the darkness, I see men of determination, men of character and heart, who through their own perseverance and commitment fight harsh limitations because they possess the self-confidence, desire, and drive to succeed at any cost. These individuals following me are leaders, each in his own right, each capable of influencing other men to pick up arms and follow them into battle and, if necessary, to give up life and limb.

This type of persuasion isn't achieved through fear and intimidation, but through leadership, example, and courage. No, I wasn't forced into this; nor will I ever be able to force anyone else here, but just maybe when I have completed this course, I will be able to persuade others to follow me.

THE POETS' CORNER

To Tim McVeigh

Veronica Mori

As the condemned awaits the arduous labor of time,
Depart from self-complacency, a barbaric action
Upon the innocent, unaware beholden to your cause
Achieved death and decay, lay bare confusion?
The world in answer nay, be your course to strive
And look no more for injustice. Lo! Your confession,
Hot air, pompous pride to conceal for Waco, albeit
To depart from authority, let Reno be your mission.

Oh! Summon sweet forgiveness, cries the Pope,
Lest you care. How then does technicality compare
Justice with delay, but lay rest rife bitterness to
Memorialize children passed and loved ones lair.
Then pity your soul bequeathed alone to answer.
In conscience maybe, no earthly judgment declarer.

Please Don't Look at Me

Trina Wickham

I've been told, "You can have anything you want;
Look at you!" I've heard it one too many times,
Because I don't.
What they should have said was, "Look at you;
You could have anything, just give me what I want."
But I can't.
So I have not much and I'm learning not to want.
Because all I want are rainbows and butterflies.
All I have are darkness and rain.
Not so much do I want just anything.
Please don't look at me!
See inside me.

Alexandrines About the Highway and the Sky

Michael Duffett

I pass the school my golden-haired boy attends.
It is spring. The sky is an untainted blue dome.
The children are at play, distant from where I pass.
They lift their voices to the sky. I, trembling, listen,
Trembling with the thought that my boy--
Distant as he is--
Needs my fatherly offices so much longer.
But I glance up at the sky, still, far more distant,
And, ceasing trembling, suddenly know that other

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Offices than mine are offered to watch over him.

THE POETS' CORNER

Socrates as a Hoplite Soldier

--a philosopher at war foresees his fate

Michael Duffett

My knife point wavers; he is in my arms.
A plunge of the blade would do it
End with a stroke this heaving bundle,
Squirming for another hour, another breath.
I cannot do it; he is my brother.
I cannot put to the torch
The muscles, blood and bones
That whatever men call fate
Has placed within my grasp.
I cannot kill. My life must end
At others' hands when I have wept a storm
At foolish mankind's folly.
But my brother in my arms, my enemy,
Must live to draw another breath,
To find and ask and maybe even answer
A question that this squirming ball of blood
Has not had time enough to form.

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SPECIAL EVENTS

Wondering what to do this summer? How about a long drive up to Oregon? A beautiful eight-hour drive to Ashland, Oregon, will land you in the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. The plays being performed for the 2001 Season are *The Tempest*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

If you would like more information about tickets and other plays being performed during the year, just log onto www.orshakes.org. And if you want directions, just ask Mrs. Walker, who makes the journey there annually--or just follow her.

SPECIAL REQUESTS

What do you do to keep your cool during the hot Valley summers? We'd like to know. So submit your best ways to cool down to the editor by e-mail at cbecerra@humphreys.edu or just hand it to her or put it in her box, labeled appropriately.

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Humphreys College Community Newsletter

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