



Washington Street Foundation

Newsletter

SEPTEMBER 2010, VOLUME 23

Phoenix Country Day School Summer Camp...



Parent's Night

Wednesday, October 13th at 6:30pm
John C. Lincoln Hospital Cowden Center
RSVP to Ivy by Wed. Oct 6th

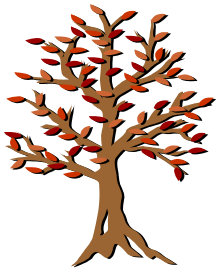
Mentor Training

Sun. Oct 3rd at 2pm or Tues. Oct 5th at
6:30pm or Wed. Oct 6th at 6:30pm
RSVP for one session to Ivy by Mon. Sept 27th

2727 W. GROVERS
PHOENIX, AZ 85053

◆ WWW.WSFKIDS.ORG ◆

602-993-1140 X1502
602-993-5590 FAX



How WSF Has Helped Me by Avery Lomayestewa, 9th grade

Before I became a member of Washington Street Foundation I was not exactly the best student. I guess you could say I wasn't motivated enough, but then me and a few others were called down to meet some people. I didn't know what was going on, but I knew it was going to be good. Afterwards, myself and others were excepted. Now that I was in this program my grades had never been better. I mean everything changed my grades, behavior, outlook and choices. When I became a member it felt motivational to me. I have

something to work for. Now I have a reason to exceed at school. It has also helped me in other ways too. I've always been the shy one, but not as much anymore. I'm more expressive of my emotions. It goes to show you that the foundation can help you more ways than one. I bet there are many kids who wish they were in a program like this. We're the lucky ones this time to have such a great opportunity like this. What I'm trying to say is don't let this one slip out of your hand.

My Summer at Basketball Camp by Armando Durazo, 8th grade

The first month of this summer I decided to go to a basketball camp a friend told me about. And I had to wake up at 6:30 every morning and get ready to go to camp. It was a high school camp and when I got there I thought that you had to be an incoming freshman, but I asked the coach and he said it was ok with him that I'm going to be in eighth grade. And well the whole month at camp, not only did I learn more how to become a better basketball player; it showed me what teamwork really was and how it works. Most of the seniors there were really good role models to me. I loved every second I played with the older players; of course it was a lot harder. And the coach's made me feel comfortable players and doing drills with them. The only part that I didn't really enjoy was when we had to run and do pushups, especially the diamond ones, those are hard! I learned a lot from the camp and the players, of course all of the coaches. It was a good way to start the summer by going to that camp. I can't wait to play in high school now.



My Time At PCDS Camp by Aaron Vargas, 9th grade



I had been going to PCDS camp for 3 years. The 3 years I went to the camp, I enjoyed it

a lot. This year (2010) was my last year going. I was the oldest student at the camp, so I had to be with little kids. That meant I had to be a good role model to everyone. I tried being the best role model as I can be. I had grown to like everyone. Even though I am going to see some of them, I am going to miss everyone. If you are in the younger groups I highly suggest you go. You will have a really fun time. So have your mentor sign you up for next year. Well thank you for your time.

Purity by Mariah Martinez, 7th grade

This March I attended an important event. I received my purity ring. Many of my friends at school have this ring and some of my friends in WSF have it. It means a lot to me. This ring stands for something really important, my Purity.

A purity ring stands for a promise the girl makes to stay pure until marriage. I am glad I made that promise so I can be a role model for my sisters.

A great thing about this is that I know I am not the only one doing this. There are many other girls doing it. You do have to take classes for this. In the class you take they teach you about true love, and not to get into pure pressures, and to wait till I get married and I believe that.

My younger sister Serena also attended this event. I'm glad we took it together. There are many different designs on different purity rings but they all mean the same thing.

Road Trip by Philip Gough-Stone, 9th grade

This summer I took a road trip down the coast of California with my mentor and big brother Russ. The start of this adventure was when I flew to San Francisco to meet him. In San Francisco we spent two days doing things like the natural history museum and aquarium, touring a WWII submarine and taking a cable car ride.

After two days in San Francisco we drove down the coast to Monterey Bay and Carmel. While there we went to the Monterey Bay aquarium as well as going to Cannery Row.

The next stop in our journey was to Big Sur. While there we stopped at Point Lobos for a hike and sea lion watching. For one of our meals Russ and I both had chicken parmesan and for me this probably was one of the best meals I have ever had.

We then drove to San Simeon. While here we took a

tour of Hearst Castle. At Hearst Castle I saw one of the most incredible pools I've ever seen. It was indoors and modeled after Roman baths. The tiles were even lined in gold!

Then finally we went to Ventura for three fun-filled days at the beach. While at the beach we did things like kite flying and boogie boarding. Russ decided to have a kite war and he tried to bring my kite down but instead I made his crash and burn.

On the way home we decided to stop at the General Patton Museum. This was very interesting and I would definitely recommend it to anyone.

So this brought an end to our incredible adventure. If anyone ever has the chance to take this trip I would say go.

I Just Wanted to Write... by Destiny Nasr, 9th grade

I just wanted to write about what I have been doing and changes that had happened throughout the summer. So far it has been good. I graduated the eighth grade looking forward to high school. I am kind of sad some of my friends are moving out of state, some are going to a different school, I am happy that some are going to the same high school as me, Sunnyslope High school. The reason why I chose Sunnyslope is because I have lived in the community for about 12 years, my big brother went there, my mom knows just about all the teachers, and me and my family volunteer in the community and whatever our community needs in help. We do so many things in our community like feeding the needy family, painting over graffiti and wherever we need to volunteer to do. When I am not volunteering me and my family and friends spend time at the Sunnyslope community center. We do a lot of fun stuff playing sports, going camping, going to football games which my little brother likes. I really don't care for much. I have been to basketball games like Mercury, Suns, basketball is my favorite sport. I have been to many

camp such as basketball camps and a camp called great camp we have done a lot of fun stuff my favorite part was when one trip we went up north to a horse camp, at first I was scared but about an hour or two I was ok. I got to take care of a horse his name was Louie he was so sweet he made me feel very safe I cared for him, I brushed his hair, fed him, gave him water, I felt like he knew that I was scared. The more time I spent with him the more I felt safe. That is when I knew I would like to care of horses. It made me feel like you have to have care and patience for someone to feel loved. I just fell in love with him and that's when I knew that I would love to care for horses. So if anyone knows of any places that I can volunteer some of my time please let me know. If I am not doing camp or volunteering I am at home helping clean our home. We have just moved to a nice home in a better area I am very happy for that. The sad part of my summer, I use to have a big sister from the Big Brother Big Sister program. She is no longer with me, she has moved out of state to be with her parents and her baby.

They needed to be together. I really miss her but everything in life changes. Then, I had a favorite teacher she too moved out of state her husband is going to college to be a judge he tried to transfer but it didn't work out. She was my friend, mentor, my coach we used to play basketball, volleyball, softball and if I had problems at school or anything she was there I miss her too, but like I said everything in life changes. Maybe one day I will go visit my big sister in Minnesota. My teacher in Oregon. One summer I might go out and visit. I still volunteer in my community, play sports, help my mom she just had surgery I am blessed to get a new mentor from WSF looking forward to a lot of good opportunities and fun things to do. I can't wait to start school and go to college I am blessed to have my family and friends to keep me going I know in life that everything comes and goes. Especially thank you to my family for helping me everyday with good choices and my mentor for helping me and just taking the time out of her life to care about me and helping me grow up. Much love to everyone that is in my daily life. Sincerely.

A Night in the Forest of Illusion

drawn by Avery Lomayestewa, 9th grade



Created with: colored pencils

Background: One day a young hero by the name of Geno stumbles across a dense forest. He goes through this mysterious forest, but finds it difficult to get out. The forest is full of strange twists and turns. The sinister smiles of the trees make this forest not only puzzling, but strange. The fruit that spawns from the trees are not real, they are only colored red leaves. As our hero descends within the forest, he learns the ways of this mysterious land. As the sun sets and the moon rises, he finds shelter, awaiting tomorrow to begin his adventure once more. "I shall call it the Forest of Illusion!" he said.

Dear Barry

by Philip Gough-Stone, 9th grade

Thank you for the opportunity to attend the Boy Scout camps at Fiesta Island in San Diego and Camp Geronimo in Prescott.



This year I received merit badges in oceanography, fish & wildlife management, lifesaving, cooking and fishing. One of the more fun things I did at camp was fire a percussion cap musket that fired a .50 cal round ball.

Again, thank you very much.
Sincerely,



MINA, LIZBETH, ALYSSA, MEYLA AND THEIR MENTORS SPENT THE AFTERNOON AT MENTOR, SARAH SALTMARSH'S HOME FOR A BARBECUE AND POOL PARTY IN AUGUST.

It's Time

by Hector Chavez, graduate

I remember the first meeting like it was just yesterday, I can't believe how time flies.

At my first meeting I didn't know what was going on, I was really lost and didn't know who to talk to.

The first person I met was Anthony and since then me and him have been great friends. Being in this program has taught me a lot,

it showed me that we are all family and I can talk to anyone when I need help. When I was in the fourth grade I really didn't understand why I would come to these meetings and why I was the only one who didn't live in Arizona. I just went along with it and when it came time for me to go to Arizona I went along with it. I didn't understand why I was in this program until I entered high school. Then I

realized how important it was being in this program and how lucky I was



for being in it. This program is very special and I will never forget all the memories. When I was little I didn't like coming to these meetings I thought they were a waste of time and instead I could be sleeping in. As time went I started to en-

joy coming to the meetings and couldn't wait until I flew down here next month. Now that it's over I'm sad, sad that this all over and it's time to move on. I will be back to visit so don't miss me too much Anthony. I wish everyone the best and thank you everyone for being a part of my life. I will never forget my second family =).

The World Wildlife Zoo by Sarah Saltmarsh, mentor

Meyla and I went to the World Wildlife Zoo and had an amazing day. We went with Mina and Sarah who are our friends in Group D. We both enjoyed the World Wildlife Zoo more than our visit to the Phoenix Zoo. At the World Wildlife Zoo you can get much closer to the animals. The areas where the animals live are larger and less confining at the World Wildlife Zoo. We both thought the animals seemed happier at this zoo.

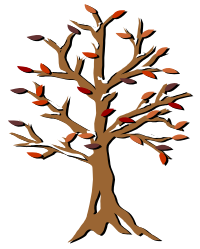
While we were at the World Wildlife Zoo we took a trip on the Sky Ride. This ride takes up and over the animal pens so that you are looking at them from above! We saw so many of the smaller animals that we probably would have missed had we

only walked around the zoo.

We ate lunch at a fantastic restaurant! The dining room where we were seated was right next to a fish and shark tank that was HUGE. It went all the way to the ceiling and was very wide. We had a lot of fun watching the sharks swim by as we ate our nachos.

Finally we visited the Aquarium. In the Aquarium you can actually touch many of the animals. We were able to touch sting rays, star fish and many other sea creatures. We were also able to see puffer fish, jelly fish and clown fish.

We loved our trip to this zoo. We will definitely be going back in the future.



Hello my name is Cameron... by Cameron Nutt, 7th grade

Hello my name is Cameron Nutt. I'm in 6th grade.

When I am older I would like to be a doctor. To do this I must keep my grades up and learn lots about the human body. I will study as much as I

can in science and the human body. I would like to be a doctor because I would like to help lots of people who are sick. Or maybe, a scientist so I can find cures for many diseases like cancer, aids and heart diseases.

In Hot Water

A young woman went to her mother and told her about her life and how things were so hard for her. It seemed as soon as one problem was solved a new one arose. Her mother took her to the kitchen and filled three pots with water. In the first, she placed carrots. In the second she placed eggs. And the last, she placed ground coffee beans. She let them sit and boil. About twenty minutes later, she turned off the burners. She fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. She pulled the eggs out and placed them in a bowl. Then she ladled the coffee out and placed it in a bowl. Turning to her daughter, she said, "Tell me what you see."

"Carrots, eggs, and coffee," she replied.

She brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots. She did, and noted that they felt soft. She then asked her to take an egg and break

it. After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard-boiled egg inside. Finally, she asked her to sip the coffee. The daughter smiled as she tasted its rich aroma.

The daughter then asked, "So, what's the point, mother?" Her mother explained that each of these objects had faced the same adversity – boiling water – but each reacted differently.

The carrot went in strong, hard, and unrelenting. However, after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak. The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid center. But, after sitting through the boiling water, its insides had become hardened. The ground coffee beans were unique, however. After they were in the boiling water, they had changed the water.

"Which are you?" she asked her daughter. "When adversity knocks

on your door, how do you respond? Are you a carrot, an egg, or a coffee bean?"

Ask yourself this question. Am I the carrot? It seems strong, but with pain and adversity, do I wilt and become soft and lose my strength? Am I the egg that starts with a malleable heart, but changes with the heat? Did I have a fluid spirit, but after hardship, have I become hardened and stiff? Does my outer shell look the same, but on the inside do I have a hardened heart? Or am I like the coffee bean? The bean actually changes the hot water – the very circumstances that bring the pain. When the water gets hot, it releases the fragrance and flavor of the bean. If you are like the bean, when things are at their worst, you get better and change the situation around you instead of letting it change you.



Watch Something *GROW!*

by Vicki Guffey, mentor

My family grew up in Iowa yet I was a city girl. Don't get me wrong, I visited more than enough farms in my life. My grandparents had one in Wisconsin and my parents were friends with most of the farmers in Eastern Iowa. Eastern Iowa, where the Mississippi River flows east to west, has some of the best soil in the USA – did you know that? Yes, to both statements: the River does flow east to west at some point (look at the map) and the land has rich black soil nourished by the Mississippi River.

Many summers I'd pick strawberries and raspberries, both red and black, at my grandparents. We'd have suppers of fresh tomatoes, corn on the cob, berries and ice cream. That was all and they were the best meals. The only planting I did was to water a Chia Pet my kids received for Christmas. A few years ago I purchased a tomato plant at the local Farmers Market, dug a hole in my back yard, watered it and watch the red tomatoes grow. That one plant piqued my interest. The next thing I tried was basil, which grew 4 feet tall

In the fall, while eating a cantaloupe, I put a few of the seeds on a paper towel to dry. Early this spring I dug a

hole in the back yard and dropped in about 5 seeds. Today I'm watering a six-foot vine with three cantaloupe growing; one the size of a softball, one the size of a baseball and the other like a golf ball. The highlight of my day is to get outside and "watch" the progress. On the weekends, I pull weeds, fertilize with Epsom Salt and make sure they are watered. In my backyard I have two tomato plants, herbs (basil, oregano, chives, cilantro and parsley), a Japanese eggplant, peppers (red and yellow), strawberries and cantaloupe. I can't wait to eat the few things I'm growing. If they produce a big crop I will freeze them for winter.

Try it! The next time you eat something with a seed – dry it, plant it, water it and watch it. The possibilities are endless; watermelon, cantaloupe, tomatoes, eggplant, squash, you can even put a small potato in the ground and it will grow. It is fun, doesn't cost anything and is a great stress reliever. If they produce you benefit. If they don't, you have not lost a thing except a little exercise and water. In a way, gardening is like mentoring. The Mentor plants seeds (ideas, thoughts, guidance) and watches the Mentee grow (to adulthood).

Movies Matinee by Marialaura Boldini, mentor

Ciao to everyone!

This is MariaLaura, Mitzy's new mentor.

As some of you might guess from my name, I am Italian, born and raised there until I moved to Phoenix 6 years ago because of and also thanks to my job.

One of my many interests is going to the movie theatre.

I love almost any type of movies (except horror and sci-fi), but my favorite are by all means dramas, romantic comedies and Disney cartoons.

Going to the movie theatre has always been a big event for me, starting when I was a child and I would go see the cartoons with my parents on Saturday or Sundays afternoons – I had always enjoyed sitting down in those big comfortable chairs and eat my popcorn fast while getting immediately absorbed in the movie plot.

Except for that time when my parents took me to watch

"Manhattan" by Woody Allen and I fell asleep after the first 15 minutes, I had always enjoyed the atmosphere of the dark theatre, and I have always looked forward to those Saturday and Sundays afternoons, and to New Year's Eve when I knew we would go see the new released Disney cartoon...in those moments I almost felt like the fox waiting for the Little Prince to visit her, looking forward to that day with weeks in advance.

Growing up my passion for movies grew with me, reinforced by the newly acquired right to go to the movie theatre in the evenings, first at 8:00pm and later on at 10:30pm, the best show ever because it was usually either preceded by a pizza with friends or followed by a gelato...

But in all these years spent going to the movies, and among all those afternoon and evening shows I have watched with family or friends, it had never happened to

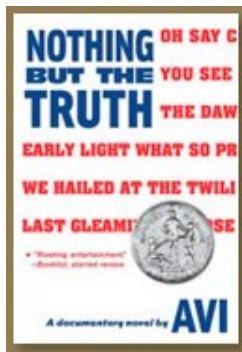
me to go to a movie matinee...I guess in Italy its not usual to go to see a movie in the morning and it never occurred to me that it could be as good, and maybe even better, entering the theatre when the day has just started and immerse myself in a whole different atmosphere, to detach from life for a while and enjoy the show...

I had to wait to move to Arizona to see that yes, you can go the movie theatre in the morning, but it was only with Mitzy couple of weeks ago that I had the pleasure of this new experience to go to a movie matinee...we went to see "Toy Story 3" and I felt like it was an interesting and sweet coincidence that while I was watching a cartoon after so long I hadn't see one, I was also learning to enjoy movies in a moment of the day that I would have never thought was meant for movies...

Author Review

by Kimberley Grant, mentor

Several years ago I took a class titled Young Adult Authors. Of the many classes I've taken over the years to further my career, this has been my favorite and I quickly fell in love with the author, Avi. What drew me to Avi was that for him to become a writer, something he dreamed of as a child, he had to deal with dysgraphia. Dysgraphia is a disorder that causes a person to reverse the spelling of words, making the process of writing difficult and time-consuming. Avi



grew up in the 1940's so spell check was not at his fingertips, yet he was able to overcome this disability and achieve his life-long dream to be a writer.

Avi didn't let his handicap prevent him from following his dreams. Today he has over 50 titles published on subjects such as fantasy, realism, historical fiction and more. He has received many awards such as the Scott O'Dell Award in 1980 for his book Fighting Ground, which deals with the Revolutionary War. He also was awarded

the Newberry Medal for the books True Confessions of Charlotte Doyle and Crispin - Cross of Lead.

Avi has a lesson for all: "If you have a story to tell and you are determined to work hard, you can become a writer." He overcame his disability and today is known worldwide for his many stories.

My favorite book is Nothing but the Truth. It deals with the subject of a student who refuses to recite the Pledge of Allegiance in the classroom. If you are interested in reading this book, it is available at Amazon Books at \$10 new or \$6.97 used.

Mentee Bucket List by Leticia Searce, mentor

Captured in a Hollywood film years ago, a "bucket list" is commonly known as a wish list. One of the first items I requested from my mentee in 2008 is her wish list. I know putting together a bucket list can be a challenge for many mentees. You may be thinking, what is safe to ask for? Am I reaching too high? Am I limiting myself? What if my mentor doesn't like it? What if my parents don't let me? How will we be able to accomplish these items on the list?

So the great big answer to your questions are, drum roll please, although your questions are relevant they do not impact what you should include on your bucket list. This is a great mentor/mentee exercise to work on for the 8+ years you will be together and you can both think of



great ways to experience the items on your bucket list. What is even more exciting is being able to check all items you have experienced during your time together. My challenge to the mentees is to finalize a bucket list and submit the list to your mentors/group leaders by the September meeting. Mentors/group leaders, please forward to my e-mail, leticias@qwest.net, and there will be prizes and recognition for the top bucket lists.

In closing, this is a fun, interactive, creative exercise to help you maximize your experience with your mentor and with the Washington Street Foundation. It gives you, the mentee, power in creating the experiences you wish for in your life. As always, aim high!

Support

by Mitzzy Soria, 8th grade

*There once was a girl that swam first,
Never was last
Raced with girls that
Were big and fat
She would swim at the speed of a shark
Was strong like bark
Never looked old
Could always hold
Every time she won, she would ware
At her uncle Dave
That would always support
Her favorite sport.*

The Stage

by Rakell Verdugo, 10th grade

*A single spotlight center stage,
Feeling anxious raw, like being caged,
Waiting for the curtain to unveil
All that I am setting sail
Emotions flying left and right,
Anger, sadness, love, and spite,
Each emphasized in everything I do,
Each movement precise and staying true,
My heart is pounding louder than
before,
Can't wait for the audience to see what
is in store,
All of my work finally coming out,
I will blow them away without a doubt!
The thrill, the sensation,
All building up in my imagination,
The curtain falls, I hear the audience go
wild,
The laws of the universe all defiled,
Alone, center stage, just me,
This is who I am, this is who I am meant
to be.*

Learning New Languages by David Dodge, mentor

Several years ago I was traveling in Mali, West Africa, and our bus broke down in the middle of the scorching desert. As the only foreigner on the bus, and the only person who did not speak either French or Bambara, I decided to flip open my handy French-English dictionary to practice with the locals. While we were huddled outside under the shade of a small Acacia tree, I noticed some entrepreneurial villagers from some nearby huts setting up a small grill near the bus. Within minutes, a line had gathered around the grill, and the villagers were selling plates of a wonderfully smelling meat that I had never seen before. I decided to pull out my French dictionary and asked the grill master: “Qu'est-ce que c'est” (translated this means “What is this?”). I could not understand his response but it sounded somewhat like “Shen” or “Sheen” so I began looking in the dictionary under the letter S. Sensing my confusion, a friendly bus passenger helped me with the dictionary and pointed to a word that made my appetite go away in an instant.

“Chien” means dog. There are many important reasons to learn foreign languages. Some people learn them out of necessity. For example, my wife Lauren and her mother Bic had to learn English in order to survive in the United States after fleeing the war in Vietnam. Other people learn languages as a means of understanding new and exciting cultures that they plan to visit. Yet others learn new languages for jobs that take them to foreign nations. Here in the United States, students learn a language because they are required to do so in school. Unfortunately most

students learn how to read and write foreign languages in school (formally known as the Grammar Translation Method), but are not given sufficient opportunities to speak, listen, and interact in a new language.

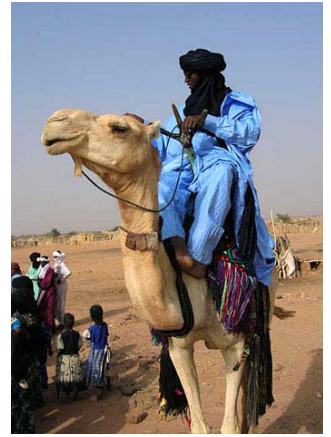
For me, learning my first foreign language took place during the summer of 1981 when as a young teen I worked as a gardener at a local resort. While I had taken Spanish in school, I strongly disliked it and had performed poorly on most of my tests. My subpar performance led me to the misguided belief that I wasn't good at foreign languages, and this in turn led me to not try as hard. Speaking Spanish that summer with some very patient co-workers made the language come alive for me and my grades improved significantly the next school year.

Two years later, I had an opportunity to go on a two week foreign exchange program to Alicante, Spain. Living with my host family was fascinating, and I improved and actually began enjoying my new language. As a result of making friends with some Spaniards, I learned about their culture and music, and began playing the flamenco guitar. I ended up majoring in Spanish and History in college, lived and worked in Latin America for five years, and became fluent in Spanish. I now use Spanish almost every day at work, and can safely say that I would not have had the success that I've experienced without it.

In my mid-thirties, I decided to not stop at one language, but to try to learn another. I began learning French on my trip to West Africa, and then later took French language courses in Mont-

real, Quebec. Learning French after mastering Spanish was much easier, as many of the grammatical structures were similar. More importantly, learning French and interacting with French speaking countries once again showed me so many interesting things about the Malian and Québécois cultures and also introduced me to a number of French authors and musicians that to this day I consider some of my favorites. I also made some lifelong friends and still communicate in French with them through Facebook & email. While I am conversational in French, I still have a long way to go, and am planning on taking more French lessons this year.

While each student's path is his or her own, I really encourage WSF students to keep an open mind and to take advantage of foreign exchange programs, volunteer opportunities in foreign countries, or study abroad programs in high school and college. Many times, there are scholarships that can help fund these trips, and they can be some of the most important experiences in life. Not only will you learn a lot about new cultures, but you might even learn many things about yourself and your culture that you didn't expect. You could also walk away with some lifelong friends that you will cherish forever. And don't forget, learning a new language might also save you from a dining disaster at a roadside grill.



I Was Trembling All Over

by Linda Triolo, mentor

Back in 1983, springtime, my sister, Nancy, and I were hiking to Mount LeConte in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, about an hour's drive from our home town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. We were on the Boulevard Trail, which starts at Newfound Gap, the top of the Smokies, and follows the Appalachian Trail along the top of the mountain ridges for a few miles before branching off toward Mount LeConte. Mount LeConte has a lodge at the top, accessible only on foot.

Reservations are necessary, and dinner and breakfast are served in a dining hall cabin. It is nice, but rustic. Bears prowl the area, and food is stored securely to avoid confrontations with bears.

I was 29 years old and Nancy was 25. We had hiked the Smokies with our parents occasionally when we were growing up. A walk in the beautiful woods was and still is a treat to me, like a visit to heaven, and an adventure, a vacation from everyday life.

We were six miles out on the eight mile trail, enjoying lovely scenery. Nancy was about 20 feet behind me when I turned a corner and spotted a black bear sitting on the trail like a very large bear-dog, with his ears perked up, watching and waiting to see what it was he was hearing approach. My first impulse was to flee, which I did. I reversed myself with my adrenaline pumping and took off, back the way we had come, stammering "Bear!" to my sister

as I lunged past her. Then I stopped and threw down my backpack and quickly found a good-sized rock and a stick and watched to see if the bear would follow. My knees were knocking, I was trembling all over.

Bears have a keen sense of smell, like dogs. An apple in your backpack would send a signal loud and clear to a bear. They don't have any manners, just big claws and teeth and a lot of strength. I had heard, "If you see a bear on the trail, throw down your pack and retreat sev-

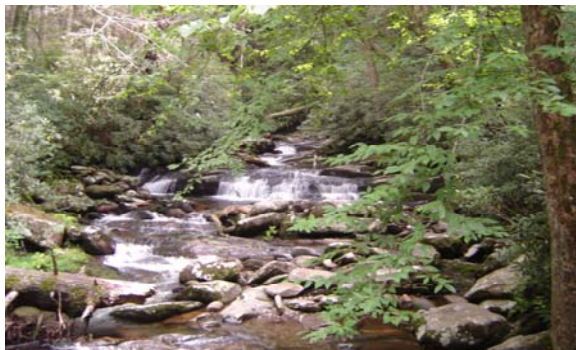
eral feet. Just surrender your lunch and be safe". Of course my uncle, the legend goes, when threatened by a bear at a picnic, threw rocks at the bear until the bear jumped up a tree. Did you know they could do that? They can. His son said, "Well, you treed that one, Dad." My uncle was a World War II veteran who fought under Patton at the Battle of the Bulge and all over Europe. Bears didn't intimidate him. But I was intimidated, believe you me!

The bear must have retreated too. I never saw him again. My sister never saw him at all. I carried the rock and the stick and my backpack the rest of the way up the mountain, scanning the landscape thoroughly every step of the way, watching and listening for the bear. The rest of my trip was uneventful, but I'm still remembering that one encounter almost thirty years later. Vividly! I wish my sister had seen him. It would be more fun to remember together.

I have hiked Mount LeConte almost every year since then, but not on that same trail. There is another trail that goes there, the Alum Cave Trail, steeper but shorter and more popular, with more human traffic. I have never seen another bear, but believe me, I have kept my eyes peeled watching for one. I finally figured out I could get up there and back down in about seven hours instead of taking two days. I take a little lunch and a jug of ice water. I have hiked it alone many times, for lack of a buddy to go with me. The first time I went alone, I was just a tad

uneasy, but I got over it. Of course it's better with a buddy, but going alone is better than just staying home.

I have enjoyed hiking in Arizona, too. I have hiked the Grand Canyon three times, alone. I usually meet other lone women out there hiking. This is a good country for independent women to live in and I feel very fortunate. People are courteous and helpful. I have a good job, a peaceful life, good health, and a lot of freedom.



Washington Street Foundation

Our current students, mentors,
group leaders and graduates....



GRADUATES			
STUDENT	COLLEGE	STUDENT	COLLEGE
Martha Castro	N/A	Y-nhi Nguyen	Glendale CC
Mitzi Miranda	ASU West	Israel Soto	N/A
Carlos Sanchez	N/A	Ivan Ibanez	N/A
Alex Chavez	Southern Nevada CC	Anthony Davis	ASU West
Alisha Duderjia	Paradise Valley CC	Mariela Ramirez	ASU West

GROUP A GROUP LEADERS: MIKE LOFTON & LAURA LIBMAN	
STUDENT	MENTOR
Rakell Verdugo	Ildi Schmidt
Briana Davis	Laura Libman
Kaycee Torres	Andrea Petrof
Willow Herber	Vicki Guffey
Tania Ibanez	Teresa Guella
Courtney Laycock	Regan Schwartz
Moises Lopez	Mike Lofton
Tiler Meeder	Brigid Dineen
Adam DeVergter	Scott Steinhagen
Angel Camacho	Gina Trotter

GROUP B GROUP LEADERS: JON COURY & AUDRA BOYD	
STUDENT	MENTOR
Sadaf Aayar	Audra Boyd
Nereyda Eribes Borquez	Susan Atkinson
Mitzy Soira	Marielauna Boldini
Hector Miranda Castro	Linda Triolo
Ammando Durazo	Ryan Jensen
Philip Gough-Stone	Russ Goodman
Avery Lomayestewa	Andy Chen
Tiler Meeder	Brigid Dineen
Destiny Nasr	Jody Kent
Elizabeth Ramirez	Danette Cheney
Aaron Vargas	David Dodge

GROUP C GROUP LEADERS: JOE LIBMAN & PATRICK BLAKESLEY	
STUDENT	MENTOR
Sajid Camacho	Bruce Trushinsky
Mariah Martinez	Leticia Secearce
Tequasia Harris	Brooke Lofton
Dannien Higginbothan	Patrick Blakesley
Mirrina Higginbothan	Kari Brill
Giselle Jaramillo	Linda Azlin
Jorge Manzanares	Renee Brodt
Guadalupe Martinez	Kimberley Grant
Rosa Martinez	Laura Blakesley
Alyssa Ramirez	Tassi Herrick
Vinder Lopez	DJ Burrough

GROUP D GROUP LEADER: BARRY LIBMAN	
STUDENT	MENTOR
Lizbeth Olegue-Sillas	Becca Waldron-Miller
Felipe Alvarez	Anthony Polk
Michael Baldenegro	Danielle Johnson
Jerry Hernandez	Linda Liguore
Jase Lalande	James Roberts
Meyla Miliian-Sanchez	Sarah Saltmarsh
Cameron Nurt	Lori Madrid
Jaffer Ortega	Charlie Sonneborn
Daisy Mendoza	Caren Stiehl
Mina Rodriguez	Sarah Goddard
Vianey Torres	Erton Boes
John Truong	TBD

