

COUGAR PRINTS

Character | Scholarship | Leadership | Service

A Prayer Away

by Alyssa Danlag, Class of 2018
NHS Historian and Pastor

On Friday, September 9, the Juniors at Glendale Adventist Academy departed for our weekend class camping trip at Campland on the Bay in San Diego, California. As the last few minutes of the school day ticked by, excitement grew on all of our faces. When the dismissal bell finally rang, the Juniors raced out of classrooms all over campus to load luggage on vehicles. Finally, as we drove away from campus, looking out through the back window of cars, we watched the image of the school grow smaller and smaller. Our smiles lasted until we all remembered the dreaded topic: homework.

During the games we played or the meals we ate together, my mind always seemed to wander back to the amount of homework I would have when I returned home. It was difficult to focus on bonding and enjoying the precious moments with my classmates when I was so distracted by this thought.

By Saturday evening, I had already begun counting down the hours that were left in the trip when we were called to worship. The class huddled into a circle with arms wrapped around one another and sang songs of praise. After vespers, we played a game called "Ooga Chaka" that consisted of us joining hands, rotating in a circle while chanting, "Ooga Chaka," and then rushing to get into groups matching the number our sponsor, Pastor Chris Kaatz, called out. Scanning the circle, I could see everyone laughing and smiling. It seemed as though we had all forgotten the stress of homework by refocusing on having fun together.

Philippians 4:6(NLT) says, "Don't worry about anything; instead, pray about everything. Tell God what you need, and thank him for all he has done." Stress has a way of consuming our thoughts. I tried to deal with this stress by myself, but attempting to do so only drew me further from classmates and further from God. Whenever we become worried remember, that God is just one prayer away waiting to comfort us.



Kolkata: Gateway to Change

by Daniece Poblete, Class of 2013
currently studying nursing at Pacific Union College

This summer, I took a social work class titled "Topics in Global Social Work: Sex Trafficking in West Bengal, India." I, along with twelve other students, spent a month in Kolkata, West Bengal's capital, volunteering with Freeset, a nongovernment organization dedicated to ending sex trafficking and preventing it from happening in future generations. Located in the red light district of Sonagachi, Asia's largest sex trafficking area, Freeset serves as a sanctuary for women who have left sex slavery. Due to poverty and limited employment opportunities, many women stay in the red light district and work on the street to provide for themselves and their children. Fortunately, thanks to Freeset's new approach of confronting sex trafficking through the production and distribution of t-shirts, scarves, and bags, this sustainable business has given once trafficked women the opportunity to escape sexual slavery.

Upon arriving in Kolkata, I did not know what to expect. Although I knew our over-all objective—renovating apartments, and helping with the finishing and packaging of bags and apparels—everything else was unknown. To be honest, my reason for being there was not yet clear in my mind. However, I was sure of two things: I did not

In the Mood for Poetry

I'm anxious

Not about to take a final exam
that I hardly studied for anxious
Not reading a text that says "we
need to talk" anxious
Not anxious like a child who's
about to take her first jump off
of the highest diving board at a
public swimming pool while
everyone watches anxious
But just fearful for my future
anxious

Anxious that I have unrealistic
expectations
Anxious that I will be forced to
choose financial stability over
following my dreams
Anxious that I might live in regret
and wish I had done something
differently

by Jennifer Carvajal, Class of 2018

I'm optimistic

Not believing I am going to win
the lottery optimistic
Not sure that my team will sweep
the championships optimistic
Not optimistic like hoping I will
ace a test even though I never
studied a single moment for it
optimistic

But optimistic in my God
Optimistic for I know His plans are
for me to prosper and not to
be harmed

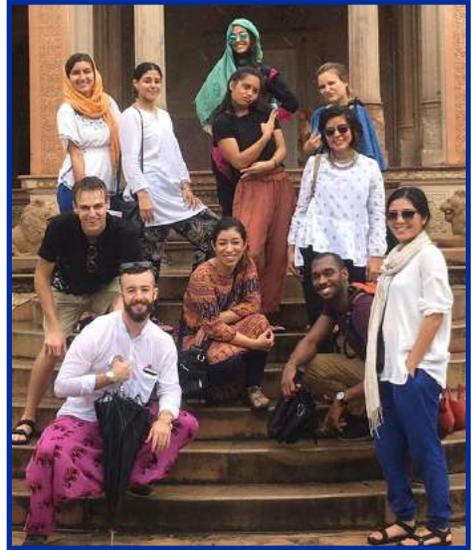
Optimistic for my God defeated
death and arose from the grave
Optimistic that I will finally hear
the great trumpets roar so that
I may see the God I call best
friend

by Brandon González, Class of 2018

come all this way just for course credits, and I wanted to do good in this world. My trip to India went well beyond simply learning about the global crisis of sex trafficking. My month-long stay was filled with countless, unforgettable experiences--some of which included issues on poverty, women's rights, and the commercialization of the poor. Many of these encounters brought me to tears and were painful to watch, but they have influenced me for the rest of my life.

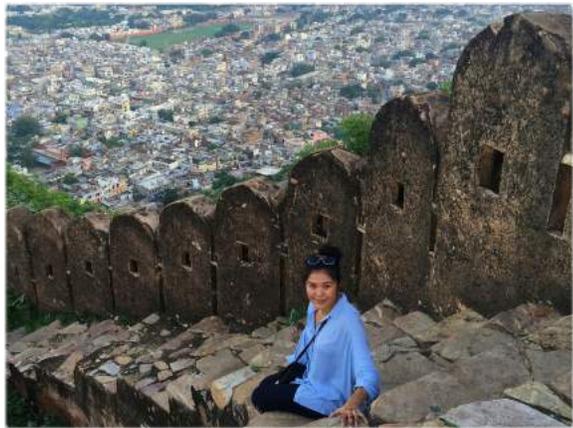
An experience I encountered everyday in Kolkata involved homeless children sleeping on the streets. No one is meant to have to sleep on the street, and the sight of these children was just heart-wrenching. Around the corner from the guest house where we were staying was an infant sleeping on a tattered beanbag. I kept thinking to myself, "Here I am, sleeping in a finely decorated and air-conditioned room, while a baby is out on the street!" Every morning, on the way to the metro, passing her brought tears to my eyes. She was not the only child in such circumstances. There were dozens of children scattered along the street; some with parents, many alone. I remember thinking about the problems I thought I had with school, family, work, and finances, but mine were trivial now. This dreadful gap in poverty was something that took me a while to wrap my head around.

Another encounter that stood out was a conversation that I had with one of the locals. Part of our job as volunteers was to participate in a conversational English class with new trainees for Freeset. I was partnered up with a 23-year-old woman. She was engaged, and lived with her parents. Every day, she traveled two hours to work and arrived each morning excited about how she could help. While talking to her, I learned some interesting differences in our cultures. In her culture, women were looked down on if they were not married by the age of 25, if they lived away from their parents, or if they returned



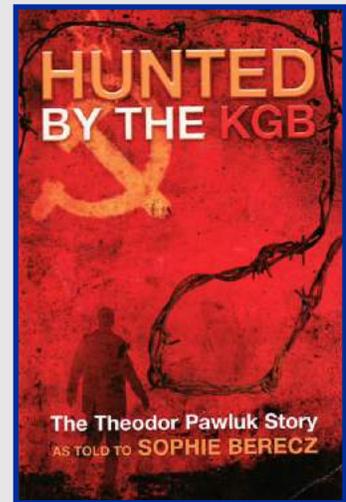
home late after a certain time. When I told her I had no plans of marrying until I was 30, that I lived six hours away from home, and I had no curfew, she was shocked. As she related more about her life story, I was inspired. She had a happy and enthusiastic demeanor at work despite the expectations weighing heavily on her shoulders. From that day forward, my gift of independence that was so often taken for granted, has been more carefully treasured.

The most painful experience that will always stand out to me, especially as an aspiring nurse, was my visit to The Mother Teresa Homes. I visited the homes with high expectations of a fully functional hospital where the caring spirit of Mother Teresa and the love of God dwelled, but reality quickly made itself known. The commercialization of poverty, where the sick and dying were used as a famous attraction to draw tourists to its doors, was daunting. Had it somehow been used to improve the quality of life for its residents, I would have been relieved, but it was not so. There were old beds lined up in rows with no such thing as patient



privacy. When patients needed to be transported, they were made to sit on a plastic chair next to their beds and dragged around like objects. Feeding and cleaning, though a daily routine, were executed without care. Most disturbing, however, was the cruel manner with which nurse's aides treated the aging. One of the workers was having a bad day and was yelling at patients. Considering the labor of love and care that Mother Teresa had so dedicatedly poured into this place, I did not feel that love.

I did not leave India feeling fulfilled or accomplished. Instead, I left knowing that this experience was only the beginning of a life committed to the service of others. I saw a part of the world that was ignored and hidden from public eyes. There were times when I felt hopeless because of how bad and cruel this world was. Some days I thought it would be



Book Recommendation

By Natalie Gregg, Class of 2018

"We'll make it," Theodor insisted. If only they knew. God has always provided in the past, he thought. He will see me through this too. The railroad was only one of the hurdles ahead of them that night, let alone on this journey."

Hunted by the KGB by Theodor Pawluk, shows us how important it is to trust God in all things. Throughout this book—which traces the 20th century history of Pastor Chris Kaatz' grandfather and great-grandfather—Theodor and his family face obstacles that seem impossible. But with each challenge, God's power prevails.

The book opens as Theodor, filled with fear, crawls through a field at night to escape from the Soviet army. The reader is then introduced to the backstory of Onofre, Theodor's father, and how he raised Theodor. The author details how Onofre struggled to find a Bible-based religion until he finally discovered Seventh-Day Adventism.

As the book progresses, the reader follows Theodor through many trials and tribulations—including incarceration and threats of death. Theodor is faced with many alarming encounters throughout his journey that are somehow resolved instantly. When this first happens, the reader may not quite realize that the problem wasn't resolved on its' own, but was resolved by God. Theodor believed deeply in God and in God's saving power, which may have been why Theodor had been rescued time after time.

I highly recommend this book because it encouraged me to take a moment to reflect on my own life and realize how God has worked in it. *Hunted by the KGB* is one of those books that I could not put down because it is filled with trouble after trouble, but resolved with miracle after miracle.

Hannah Tauro: Gymnast

by Natalie Gregg, Class of 2018

Hannah Tauro is a 7th grader at Glendale Adventist Elementary. She has been competing in gymnastics for four years.

How did you become involved in gymnastics?

When I was in kindergarten, our P.E. class competed in an event called, "Mini Olympics." There were many different events such as hula hoops, jumps ropes, hurdles, obstacle courses, and the bean bag toss. Due to my smaller size, many of these events were difficult for me and I was not doing as well as the other kids were. In that moment, my mom knew that she wanted me to be able to know that I could make my small size work for me even if I was not as strong as others. Soon after this, my mom enrolled me in gymnastics and ever since then, I've been working on all the different skills. I have been seriously studying gymnastics for the past four years.

How many hours do you practice for each week? How many years?

I practice between fourteen and seventeen hours each week after school Monday through Wednesday and also on Sunday. This works out perfectly for me because my gym has flexible hours and I am not pressured to practice on Sabbath.

Is it difficult for you to equally balance schoolwork with gymnastics?

Because each new grade level comes with a new responsibility and also more homework, I find it difficult to find time to balance these two. My mom helps me balance my schedule even though at times it's hard on her.

As you continue to learn more and more skills, have you ever felt like quitting?

Sometimes I can be discouraged when I am trying to learn a new skill. When I first began gymnastics, I would tell my mom that new skills were too hard for me to learn. Now, I am doing the very back walkovers and back tucks on the beam that I thought I could never learn. I realize that there is nothing too hard to accomplish, especially when I have God with me.



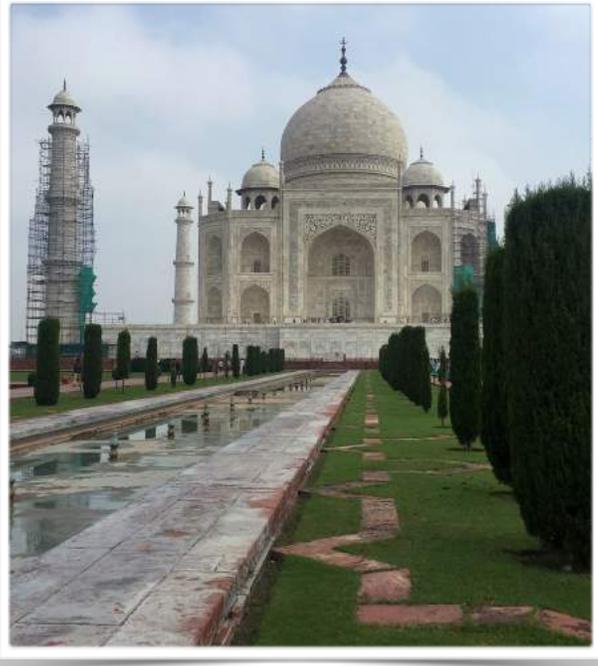
easier to just turn away and ignore that fact, because what real difference was I going to make? I realized, however, that it does not matter whether I make a difference in hundreds of lives or just one. What matters is that I did the best I could to help others with the life that I was given.

At the airport around 2:00 am, a month after setting foot in Kolkata, I waited for the flight that would take me back to "my world."

I found myself humbled by my experiences. I came to Kolkata ready to give, to minister to others, to share a piece of me and some of what I had with "them." But in truth, I had nothing—nothing important to give, nothing to share. They were the missionaries and I was the mission. I was the one who was changed.

"Then they also will answer Him, saying, 'Lord, when did we see You hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison, and did not minister to You?' Then He will answer them, saying, 'Assuredly, I say to you, inasmuch as you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to Me.'"

Matthew 25:44-45



National Monuments and Treasured Moments

by Khayla Hendy, Class of 2018

Recently, I was given the opportunity to visit our nation's capital, Washington D.C. It was a humbling and wonderful experience. While I was able to do many things on the trip with my family, I was also given the opportunity to visit the monuments and memorial of our nation's history and reflect on the importance and significance of the people and events they commemorate.

The National Mall starts with the Capitol Building. It is so beautiful. While I did not go inside, I saw the immense detailing of the building itself. In my opinion, pictures do not do it justice at all. I visited the Museum of American History at the Smithsonian where I saw the various aspects of the development of our country. Initially, when I finally saw the Washington Monument in person, my first thought was, "Wow! This is huge." The 554 foot 7 and 11/32 inch structure seemed to ascend to the clouds and touch heaven. People from all walks of life were in awe of this grand obelisk, and every one of them had a look of wonder on their faces. The surrounding

lawn was so green, my eyes mistook it for being fake. People of all ages, were lying and playing on the grass, and trying to take photos of the monument.



The next place I visited was the World War II memorial, just west of the Washington Monument. Looking around, I saw many of the stone carved reliefs depicting the stories of soldiers and their experiences while serving our nation. Even though WWII occurred in the 1930s and 1940s, the memorial was not opened and dedicated until 2004. This surprised me, and I wondered how our nation could wait over sixty years to give tribute to our fallen soldiers, war veterans,

and Prisoners of War. I was amazed by the rainbow pool that made colors appear through mid air. I stood in wonderment of the golden stars on the wall that represented all of our war veterans and fallen heroes. A man at the memorial spoke with my uncle, aunt, and me about the different symbols and stories behind each pillar and eagle that was present there.

My final stop was the Lincoln Memorial. On the map of the National Mall, the distance from the Washington Monument to the Lincoln Memorial appears short, but while walking to the memorial, I found it to be much longer than it appeared. There are so many places that one can view the amazing angles of the statue, as well as many stairs to climb that get to the chamber where Abraham Lincoln is seated.

Inside the chamber are quotations by Abraham Lincoln, including "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth" from his Gettysburg Address, and "with malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds" from his Second Inaugural Address. I also took a moment to look back across the Reflecting Pool,



Gymnast (continued)



Out of all the events in gymnastics, which is your favorite one?

Out of all the events, I would have to say that my favorite one is the floor. I find it easier than other events. I like the fact that in some floor routines we are allowed to choose our own music. During one of my events, I chose to do my floor routine to a song from *Tarzan*, and was able to act out monkeys, apes, and panthers.



Are you interested in competing at the Olympic level?

I want to be able to attend high school and college with my friends and without being homeschooled, so it would be difficult to do that and remain on an Olympic track. I do compete in United States Association of Independent Gymnastics Clubs. At the USAIGC World Championships this summer, I was excited to win 3rd place for bars and 4th place for vault.

Which foods help fuel the demands of your workout?

I have always eaten healthy, and I do not really like sweets that much. Clif protein bars help me give energy during my workouts. I need to make sure I get enough protein to help my muscles develop. After school, I also like to eat Persian cucumbers with hummus before going to the gym.

What Bible verse inspires you?

I really like "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." (Philippians 4:13). No matter how scary the skill or mental components are during a competition, I know that God is there for me. This verse helps calm me down so that I can block out all of the people and pretend that I am in my own gym with just my teammates who are very supportive.

That's Puntastic!

collected by
Jennifer Carvajal, Class of 2018

Question: What is a thesaurus' favorite dessert?

Answer: Synonym buns.

I renamed my iPod the Titanic, so when I plug it in, it says, "The Titanic is syncing."

Question: What did the founding fathers say when they were cleaning the elephant?

Answer: We're washing-tons!

If you send a letter to the Philippines, put it in a Manila envelope.

Question: What does Charles Dickens keep in his spice rack?

Answer: The best of thymes, the worst of thymes.

I love Switzerland. I'm not sure what the best thing about it is, but their flag is a big plus.

The person who invented the door knock won the No-bell prize.

Did you hear about the guy who got hit in the head with a can of soda? He was lucky it was a soft drink.

Question: Who was the biggest joker in George Washington's army?

Answer: Laughayette.

A small boy swallowed some coins and was taken to the hospital. When his grandmother called to ask how he was, the nurse said, "No change yet."



noting the image of the Washington Memorial seems to point toward Lincoln.

I looked around wide-eyed and in awe once again at what our nation is capable of building and achieving when we put aside our differences, whether it be race, wealth, power, social ranking or anything that should divide us, and I took in the realization of how grateful I was to be there. I eventually made my way back into the main chamber where Abraham Lincoln sat, head high and his hands in sign language, depicting his initials. I did not expect his statue to be so big that it would be to difficult to take a selfie with him. Sitting on

the stairs and listening to the soft whispers of those around me made me feel at peace. I looked and watched the view from where I sat. I was able to see the entire reflecting pool, the WWII memorial, and the Washington Monument. They appeared to be so close that I could simply reach out and touch them.



I felt another sense of pride because my grandma had made the long walk all the way from the Washington Memorial to the Lincoln Memorial. We all sat and stood, watching in awe of the beauty and the history around us along with the significance of what we had just experienced. From these steps, Martin Luther King, Jr. proclaimed that he had "a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.'" Now, my grandma and I stood there together claiming that dream.

Natalie Gregg's Food for Thought:

Cranberry Orange Oatmeal

by Jennifer White

reprinted by permission from JennifersKitchen.com

Ingredients

- 1 cup water
- 2 cups non-dairy milk (for example, almond, rice, soy, or coconut)
- 1/3 cup orange juice concentrate
- 1/3 cup coarsely chopped cranberries (fresh or dried)
- 1 cup steel-cut oats (use gluten-free steel cut oats, if desired.)
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons honey or pure maple syrup – optional
- chopped nuts for topping – optional

Instructions

Spray inside of a small slow cooker (crock-pot) with non-stick cooking spray (such as PAM).

Pour water, milk, and orange juice concentrate into slow cooker.

Coarsely chop cranberries. (A nut chopper works well for this.)

Gently stir cranberries, oats, and salt into milk and water.

Cook on low for 6 to 10 hours.

When cereal is done, mix in vanilla. Stir cereal well to thicken. Serve hot topped with chopped nuts and a drizzle of pure maple syrup.

Notes

Cranberry Orange Oatmeal is great served with fresh oranges segments and whole grain toast.

This recipe is for a very small (1 1/2-quart) crock pot. Recipe may be adjusted for different size slow cookers.

All slow cookers cook differently. If your hot cereal turns out too thin or too thick, adjust liquid amount accordingly the next time you prepare overnight hot cereal.

If you would like your slow cooker to turn on and off automatically, you can plug it into an appliance timer.



Save the Date

How will you celebrate, commemorate, or take action for these October events?

- Breast Cancer Awareness Month
- 01 Homemade Cookies Day
- 04 National Taco Day
- 05 Do Something Nice Day
- 05 Walk to School Day
- 09 Leif Ericsson Day
- 09 National Chess Day
- 12 Columbus sights America (1492)
- 12 National Stop Bullying Day
- 15 "I Love Lucy" Day
- 18 National Chocolate Cupcake Day
- 24 United Nations Day
- 29 National Oatmeal Day
- 31 Carmel Apple Day
- 31 Knock-Knock Joke Day

Leif Ericsson Day

by Juan Parra, Class of 2018

Many of you have probably heard of Leif Ericsson Day, but have you ever stopped to wonder what exactly the day represents or who Leif Ericsson was? I first learned of the holiday from one of my favorite kid TV shows, but thought it surely had to have a deeper meaning. To understand the holiday, we must first learn about the person himself.

Leif Ericsson was born in 10th century Iceland. His father, Eric the Red, was the first person known to settle in Greenland where he raised Leif. Though he was raised in Greenland, Leif was actually born in Iceland after his grandfather and father had been banished for murder from their home country of Norway. As a Viking, Ericsson grew up sailing and, later sailed for King Olaf I of Norway. It was Olaf I who introduced Ericsson to Christianity and commissioned him to spread Christianity to Greenland.

Ericsson later learned of lands west of Greenland from a merchant named Bjarni Herjolfsson. Upon learning this new information, Leif Ericsson ventured out into the exotic new territory. To this day, people still do not know exactly which area Ericsson discovered, but it is thought to be Newfoundland, Canada, which the Vikings named Vinland.

Leif Ericsson never truly settled the area, but in 1925, President Calvin Coolidge's presidential proclamation set aside the 9th of October as a day to pay tribute to Leif Ericsson for being the first recorded European to set foot in America nearly 400 years before Columbus. Many statues have been erected in Ericsson's honor and usually portray him landing or setting his foot on soil. Although it is not a federal holiday, it is a day of observance and is celebrated by many people of Norse descent. I believe it is a great day in which we celebrate a man who had the bravery to explore the unknown. Make sure to wish your friend a happy Leif Ericsson day the next October 9th.

Special Thanks

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Cougar Prints

Cougar Prints is sponsored by the Glendale Adventist Academy chapter of the National Honor Society. The publication is committed to sharing positive examples of character, scholarship, leadership, and service found at the school, in the community, and among the alumni. Cougar Prints is available in digital format at www.GlendaleAcademy.org.

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Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Philippians 4:8 KJV

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October Calendar

01 Girls Varsity Football Tournament @ Loma Linda Academy

03-07 Spirit Week (M-Twin, T-Fictional Character, W-Sports, H-Wacky Tacky, F-Pink and Jeans)

05 Walk to School Day

06-09 Boys & Girls Varsity Football Tournament @ Rio Lindo

07 Denim Day (wear pink tops and blue jeans to school and donate to support breast cancer research)

08 SAT (7:45 a.m. - 12:45 p.m.)

10 Girls Varsity Volleyball v Providence (4:30 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.)

12 Girls Varsity Football v Redlands Academy (4:30 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.)

17 Boys Varsity Football v Judson (4:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.)

17 Make-up Picture Day

18 Girls Varsity Volleyball v Pacifica Christian (4:30 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.)

19 PSAT

20 Girls Varsity Volleyball v Archer (5:30 p.m. - 6:30 p.m.)

21-23 Boys & Girls Varsity Football @ LLA Tournament

26-30 Seniors to Southern - SAU Experience

26 Fall Music Concert (7:00 p.m. - 8:30 p.m.)

27 No School/Parent-Teacher Conference (1:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.)

28 SA-sponsored TGIF

Talk to Us

If you have a story that could be part of this publication, please share it with us at CougarPrints@GlendaleAcademy.org. We would like to feature class projects, art, poetry, essays, alumni achievement, book recommendations, great websites/apps, and more. If you have supportive comments to share or if you would like to underwrite the printing of an up-coming issue, we would love to hear from you, too.

