

COUGAR PRINTS

Character | Scholarship | Leadership | Service

I Will Give You Rest

by Hannah Decolongon, Class of 2016

Last month, the Drama Department took a trip to New York City, and I must say that the hustle and bustle depicted in books and movies is accurate. It seemed like the activity was nonstop. All the shops and places we visited worked at a fast-paced rhythm; it was so much different from back here in California. In New York City, the constant push forward kept me on my toes.

I realized, however, that while I might walk more slowly in California than in the Big Apple, the feeling of always being on my feet, dodging obstacles hurtling at me nonstop, is familiar. I feel this way when life throws difficulties in my path. Sometimes I create so much busyness that I forget to take a step back and breathe. Tasks that need to be done pile up, leaving me feeling that I must carry the burden all on my own.

However, no matter how busy I am and no matter how much work must be accomplished, I am never asked to do it alone. Matthew 11:28-30 reads, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." I find it comforting to remember that my Creator takes time out of His schedule to carry my burdens and let me rest.



Desirae Darrett signing for chapel



Love in Any Language

An Interview with Senior Desirae Darrett

By Hannah Decolongon, Class of 2016

When did you become interested in sign language?

I was already practicing sign language when I was five years old, and enrolled in a beginners class the summer before Kindergarten. In this class, I learned how to sign the alphabet, numbers, colors, and titles for people like "mother," "grandfather," and "aunt." I remember watching videos that showed us basic words and phrases. The teacher encouraged us to communicate solely in sign. After that class, I stopped signing for several years until my mother, who is the Adventist Youth (AY) Leader at my church, asked the youth group to sign a song for an AY program. As we began working on the song, I realized that remembering signs was relatively easy for me. Even though I was the youngest in the group, I was able to help the older kids learn to form signs correctly and help them remember the signs in the song.

How fluent are you in American Sign Language?

I am not as fluent as I would like to be right now. I am pretty busy with Senior Class President duties, NHS, and all of my classes, so I do not have much time to work on signing. I am able to communicate well enough to carry on a conversation. Where I get the most practice right now is when I sign the lyrics of a song for chapel at school or for church.



Project SMILE

by Brandon Keshish, Class of 2014

When I was little, my mother bought me a red wagon filled with sandbox toys. Absorbed in play, I was interrupted by a girl who asked for a shovel and bucket to build a castle for her Barbie. I looked to my mother who nodded permission.

My mother has always exemplified compassion for others and encouraged me to do the same. When I joined NHS at GAA, I reinforced this decision by pledging to uphold "high standards of scholarship, leadership, service, and character." During my time as NHS President, our chapter developed the Heart & Sole Project to provide socks, food, and bottled water for those in need living in Los Angeles. I loved this project because it encouraged us to do something real about a serious problem in our community.

When I enrolled in UCLA, I wanted to continue the habit of service learned from my mom and from NHS, so Project SMILE was born. It began during midterms--a time stressful for students who stay up all night studying, kept awake by too much caffeine. This recipe for disaster results in most of us madly rushing off to exams with no time to spare. I had no exams during one day of midterms, so I visited the local Krispy Kreme, and asked to speak with the manager. I explained to her that I wanted to make my fellow-students smile, and I needed ten dozen doughnuts to help me do that. I explained that I planned to hand out the doughnuts for free to students. The manager rang up my order, but as she began filling bags with the boxes, I noticed that she added an extra two dozen doughnuts for free. When I asked her about it, she told me that she was so inspired by my SMILE project that she wanted to donate the extra doughnuts.

I returned to campus, stationed myself on Bruinwalk--the busiest foot traffic location on campus--, and began handing out free doughnuts to students who could not quite understand at first why someone would give them a treat for nothing more than a smile.

Since then, I have launched several other service projects through organizations in which I am involved on campus. One of them has just been adopted for nationwide expansion. I will continue to grow my habit of helping others.

What has been your most special sign language performance of a song?

I signed "One Day" by Janice Gaines for my great-grandfather's funeral. He had always loved trying to follow along and sign with me from his seat whenever I performed at church. He asked my uncle to be sure that my cousin and I signed for his memorial service. Because we had such a connection through sign, performing at his funeral was a special way to say goodbye.



Do you plan to incorporate sign language into college and career?

My goal right now is to become a speech pathologist. I want to use my passion for sign language to help those who have speech impediments or other speaking difficulties learn to develop communication skills. I would also like to work with the hearing-impaired and the deaf.

You have signed many times for chapel and music programs at school. Why has it been so important to you to come to GAA?

To attend GAA, I have to wake up by 3:30 a.m. so that I can catch the bus and ensure that I arrive to band on time. I am willing to do that because of the type of education I receive here. The teachers always offer help whenever I have questions, and they give focused attention to my needs--academic, social, spiritual, as well as financial. I find that when I am willing to put in the work, no member of the faculty will let me or any other student fall behind. I have had incredible opportunities and have been able to create amazing memories at GAA. In addition to challenging classes that are preparing me for college, I am involved in sports, music, drama, campus ministries, and leadership and service activities. Because of the support I have been given, I have become strong, confident, and ready for the future. My great-grandfather, Ted Minor, inspired my continued passion for sign language, and GAA is helping me prepare to pursue it to help others.



Which Bible passage inspires you and why?

Throughout all my life, whenever I was hesitant or afraid of something, my mother always quoted 2 Timothy 1:7 to me--"God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." This is the verse I repeat to myself whenever I need to be reminded of the courage, strength, and ability that God promises each of us.

Lessons from Anne Frank

by Janine Mozoomdar, Class of 2016

As the anniversary of genocides in Armenia, Rwanda, Bosnia, Cambodia, and in Sudan's Darfur region, April is rightfully recognized as Genocide Awareness and Prevention Month. In April, we are asked to remember past atrocities in order to proactively prevent future persecution and work toward a world without hate.



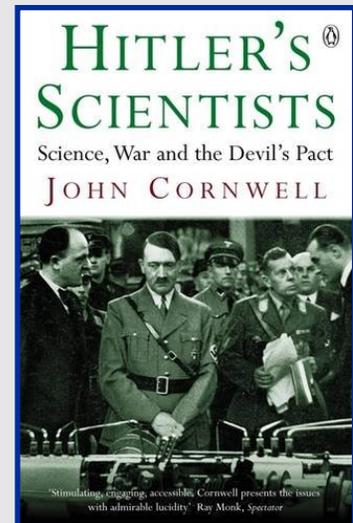
While the Drama Department toured New York City in March, Ms. Gross took the remaining Honors Government students, myself included, to spend a day at the Museum of Tolerance (MOT) in Los Angeles. MOT focuses on the Holocaust, a NAZI-sponsored slaughter of six million Jews during World War II, and challenges visitors to confront prejudice directly. And challenge it did--our normally chatty group became oddly silent as we moved through the Anne Frank exhibit and then through the Berlin experience. MOT felt like another world to us, and what could be said when faced with the reminders of such intentional cruelty?

We learned that Anne Frank loved to ice skate, hang out with friends, eat ice cream, and write--she was a normal girl, except she was Jewish when Amsterdam was under NAZI occupation. Through voice narration, artifacts, and written descriptions, the exhibit took our little group through the humdrum of an average teen's life, filled with humor, thoughts about love, and stories of everyday life. I felt as though I had been transported to the 1930s, and Anne was one of my best friends.

The charming stories suddenly halted when the Frank family and the family of her father's business partner, the van Pels, were forced to hide in the "Secret Annex" at the back of Otto Frank's company building. While the families spent two long years in hiding, Anne wrote--she wrote about her dreams to change the world after the war. Sadly, Anne never lived to see a post-WWII world. Betrayed by a neighbor, the families were dragged out of the annex and sent to death camps. Anne died at Bergen-Belsen, in northern Germany, just weeks before the Allies liberated the camp.

Even though she did not live to see it, Anne did change the world for the better. Her diary was found and published, and her powerful story and insightful writing captured the hearts of millions. Her book has sold over ten million copies worldwide, a global classic standing in testimony to the indestructible nature of the human spirit.

History can seem so far away, but at MOT, the



Book Recommendation

By Kimia Fariborz, Class of 2016

"From the day Hitler assumed the leadership of Germany...nothing he said, or did, indicated that he understood the prodigious scientific and technological legacy of Germany...There is no evidence that he appreciated or understood anything of the nature of its origins and the history of its development."

John Cornwell's *Hitler's Scientists: Science, War, and the Devil's Pact* (2001) explores the perspective of Nazism and their chancellor through advances in 20th century science. In a time using chemistry, biology, and psychology as war tactics, understanding advances in these areas was key to winning war. *Hitler's Scientists* is a crucial commentary on the ethical role of science during a time of weapons of mass destruction development and experiments on human beings.

Cornwell begins his study of NAZI Germany shortly before Hitler became Reich Chancellor and started promoting eugenics and Aryan superiority. Quickly, burning books to rid the nation of un-German ideas and firing Jewish scientists were not enough to appease the Führer. Hitler's scientists, like Haber who worked with poison gas, von Braun with rockets, and Heisenberg with the atomic bomb, tested absolute boundaries of the human body and researched the most efficient ways to commit mass murder. Hitler's scientists are recorded to remind that "Hitler's knowledge and appreciation of science and technology were warped, degenerate and profoundly racist."

Meet Miki Popik

by Janine Mozoomdar, Class of 2016

Michael "Miki" Popik was born in 1931. He lived an idyllic life with his parents and two brothers in beautiful Czechoslovakia until Hitler invaded. The NAZIs forced now thirteen year old Miki and the entire Jewish population of his hometown into cattle cars for a five-day trip into Poland. When the doors slid open at Birkenau, the Popik family saw towering pillars out of which billowed clouds of horrendous-smelling smoke that a fellow-traveler identified as part of a rubber factory. Miki, confused by shouts of "Schnell, raus!" rushing him out of the cattle car, had no time to question.

As guards herded women and young children away, Miki started to follow his mother and not-yet-two year old brother to offer protection, but his father grabbed his arm and commanded him to join the men and older boys, effectively saving his life. Miki waved to his mother and brother, not realizing that would be the last time he would see them.

The next months were a living nightmare: the prisoners were fed sawdust bread and soup made from garbage and they were subjected to almost nonstop roll calls and humiliation. Then one morning, Miki's father and brother were transferred to Dachau in Germany. Saying goodbye to his son, Miki's father reminded him to wash his face everyday, to exchange a portion of his bread ration for charcoal to combat diarrhea, and, most importantly, to volunteer for everything.

Miki never saw his father or brother again, but following his father's advice saved Miki's life many times. While working in a factory, Miki met a guard who noticed that he learned quickly. One day, the guard ordered him to empty the trash--a job not normally his. In the can, he found a small piece of the man's sandwich. The guard continued to smuggle food to him this way every day until Miki's barrack was sent on a death march. Reduced to starvation, the boys ate tree bark. When the Americans liberated him in 1945, Miki was only fourteen years old.

With no family left and no home, Miki traveled to Israel. For a time he was bitter, restless, and had rejected God. At nineteen, he joined the Israeli army and gained back strength and human dignity. He then met and married Esther Greenspan who reminded him what love was and reintroduced him to God. After the birth of their daughter, Miki accepted God back into his life, and now he tells his story to help others remember the horrors and prevent them from happening again.



Holocaust became real to me--we saw real artifacts, heard real testimonies, and met real survivors. One survivor we meet was Mr. Amarm Deutsch who seemed to be waiting especially for us to come along as we exited the Berlin experience. He seemed to be the perfect grandfather--wise, wonderful, funny, energetic, and loving. Had I met him anywhere else, I would have never guessed the tale of horror in his past. He shared some of his story with us, but his emphasis was on remembering to love each other. He grabbed us close for a picture, and I was surprised at the strength still in his 91-year old arms.



When I returned home that evening, I was tired. I was worn out because I had been confronted with how colossally unfair life can be. It was not fair that so many had died because too many had remained silent. I felt guilty that I had done nothing to save anyone, but what could I do? I had not yet been born. I mourned--for the millions who died, for the loss experienced by those who survived. I mourned for Anne Frank who died, and for Otto Frank--her father who survived family-less. But, as Anne hoped, the world did change. I learned that we each can change the world by keeping these stories alive, by remembering, and, most importantly, by resolving never to remain silent when we see injustice. Anne said it best: "How wonderful it is that nobody need wait a single moment before starting to improve the world."

Finding Faith

by Richard Goulmassian, Class of 1972

Gegham Khanoyan, my grandfather, was born in 1899 in Bitlis, Armenia, which is less than 200 miles southwest of Mt. Ararat. His family had, for generations, earned a comfortable living by selling the plentiful water on their lands to neighboring farmers and ranchers. The family also earned income by founding and running a munitions manufacturing business that allowed them to build such a large and comfortable home that it was later converted into a hospital. While Gegham was growing up, most of the Armenians lived in peace with their Turkish neighbors. But this all changed when he was sixteen years old.

On 24 April 1915, the Ottoman Empire, who had been stockpiling arms and ammunitions purchased from the Germans, began systematically to attack and kill Armenian people. Turkish soldiers invaded the major Armenian cities, burning houses, businesses, Christian churches, and indiscriminately killing anyone who resisted. Soldiers on horseback arrived on my grandfather's family estate, and immediately began shooting or using their curved sabers on people working in the fields. Terrified, Gegham ran to hide from the soldiers, not realizing that the

glimpse he had of his family in the field would be his last. It would take over fifty years for my grandfather to discover that one of his sisters had actually survived the attack.

Without home or family, Gegham joined the Armenian resistance militia, and was stationed on a narrow mountain pass above the town. The militia leaders ordered his group of fighters to shoot all people attempting to come through the pass, as it was assumed they would be either Turkish scouts or soldiers. One evening, after a particularly long day of exchanging rifle fire with the Turks, Gegham listened to the groans of the wounded soldiers as they lay dying. He conscience gnawed at him as he thought of how many women he had turned into widows that day and how many children would now be fatherless. Angry at what war had made of him, Gegham picked up his rifle and smashed it against a nearby boulder. He left the militia, convinced that killing was abhorrent, and he decided to seek a place of refuge.



As he walked through the snow on his way down from the mountains, Gegham noticed that his toes going numb in the freezing temperature, and he recognized the first signs of frostbite. Passing by a farm, Gegham, who had not eaten for days, stopped to ask the farmer for a little food. The farmer offered to trade some potatoes for the coat my grandfather was wearing, but Gegham understood that he would die without the coat, even if he did eat the potatoes. He continued walking, hungry still, hoping in vain to find a more generous person.

My grandfather reached the outskirts of Bitlis where he discovered that Christian churches had been desecrated and burned and Armenian homes and buildings had been razed. As far as the eye could see, he found death and destruction. When he reached the fountain in the center of Bitlis, he found bodies everywhere--people of all ages, for the Turks had spared no Armenian--not the elderly, the young, and not the pregnant women. As Gegham stood horrified at the sight before him, he broke down and cried, begging God to have mercy on his people. In nightmares that haunted him for the rest of his life, he would remember that walk through the town of his birth.

Gegham continued east, knowing that safety would only be found if he could reach Persia. He walked 250 miles before reaching Tabriz. Although my grandfather felt alone and without help, God was soon to reveal that help had been waiting in Tabriz since 1911. Seventh-day Adventist



New York Times headline published on 15 December 1915



Real Heroes

by David Larsen, Class of 2017

If you are even a little older than I am, you probably remember exactly where you were and what you were doing when you heard that the first al-Qaeda hijacked airplane hit the World Trade Center on 11 September 2001. I was too young to remember, but I do know that the world changed that day. The world I am growing up in seems more frequently filled with suspicion, fear, and hate. I had the opportunity to travel to New York City in March. While there, I visited the 9/11 Memorial Museum, and I saw a different side of that horrible day.

The 9/11 is not solely a day of fear and hate. At the memorial, I saw pictures that captured the best in people--people caring for each other and helping complete strangers just because they needed help. It was inspiring to see this side of humanity on display, and it helped me think about my life and how I treat others.

The stories of first responders touched my heart. These people entered burning buildings, risking their lives. I remember a picture of a firefighter racing up the stairs through a flood of panicked people streaming down the stairs around him. I saw a collection of badges from fallen rescuers and the leash of one of the police dogs who had also died. As I studied the exhibits, I realized that these are the people who define "real hero." They acted without hesitation, and, when faced with death, displayed courage and determination, placing the safety of others above their own.

My words do not do justice to the sacrifice of these heroes who were ordinary people. I am grateful for their extraordinary example. When I look back at the heroes of 9/11, my faith in mankind is restored, and I think of God's promise in 2 Timothy 1:7--"The spirit God gave us does not make us timid, but gives us power, love, and self-discipline" (NIV).

That's Puntastic!

collected by
Mahta Marefat, Class of 2016

My friend told me a joke about a really tall wall. I'm still trying to get over it.

Someday I will go to Italy, Rome around, and pasta time.

Question: What is a musician's favorite pastry?

Answer: A drumroll.

I never finish anything. I have a black belt in partial arts.

Person A: The word "queue" is just the letter Q followed by four silent letters.

Person B: They are not silent. They are just waiting their turn.

Question: What did the potato name his son?

Answer: Chip.

You can't *run* through a campsite. You can only *ran* because its past tents.

Question: Which state is the loudest?

Answer: Illinoise

Playing Scrabble, I pulled out RBLTOUE. I thought, "this could spell trouble..."

Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie

Space is limited
In a haiku, so it's hard
To finish what you

Scrabble is all fun and games until someone loses an i.

Question: What do you call two people in an ambulance?

Answer: Pair of medics.

missionaries had traveled to Persia to establish churches in several major cities in the country. The Adventist church in Tabriz was led by Pastor Frank Oster. As Christian Armenian refugees streamed out of the Ottoman Empire toward Persia, many, out of curiosity, wandered into these churches.

One day, while walking home from his new job as a tailor's apprentice, my grandfather became one of those curious refugees. He heard music and singing coming from the Adventist church. Since he loved to sing, he decided to step inside. Liking the music and appreciating the rest after a day of work, he stopped by a second time several days later, this time joining in signing praises to God and staying to listen to Pastor Oster speak. The pastor spoke of the Bible Sabbath as Saturday instead of Sunday, and this intrigued Gegham who listened closely and copied down all the Bible verses mentioned for later study. He decided to speak with the priest at the church he had been attending to find why his church worshipped on Sunday instead of the Bible Sabbath.

That Sunday, my grandfather attended Armenian services and, afterwards, told the priest about visiting the Adventist church and asked him about the Bible Sabbath and the true day of worship. The priest replied that Gegham was too young to understand and that he should leave Bible interpretation to the priests and the church. The priest then told him that Adventists hated Christ and that the one my grandfather had attended kept a picture of Christ behind a curtain that would be opened during services so members could spit on the image of Jesus.

Intent on discovery more answers, Gegham returned to the Adventist church to learn more about Saturday Sabbath and to see if the curtain behind Pastor Oster would be opened to dishonor Christ. The curtain was not opened during the service, but the pastor did give my grandfather a Bible so he could study for himself any questions that he had about what Adventists believe.

After months of attending, Gegham finally approached Pastor Oster and told him what the priest had said about the curtain, the picture of Christ, and the spitting. Pastor Oster assured my grandfather that Adventist love Jesus, and then he walked over to the curtain to pull it back and allow Gegham to see the baptismal tank concealed behind it. My grandfather decided to continue studying the Word of God and learn more about the Adventist faith.

Once convinced that Adventists beliefs reflected Bible teachings accurately, my grandfather asked to be baptized. He did not know this, but, at the same time he was attending an Adventist church and learning Bible teachings, his future wife was doing the same.

My grandmother, Satenik Hartunian, had also fled to Persia for the same reason as my grandfather. But, unlike my grandfather, she was fortunate enough to have relatives in Tabriz with whom she could stay. Unfortunately, when her aunt found out that Satenik had begun attending meetings at the Adventist church, she was furious. Her aunt threatened to throw my grandmother out of the



Gegham and Satenik Khanoyan in the USA celebrating their 30th wedding anniversary

house if she continued to attend church on the "Jewish Sabbath." My grandmother did not relent. When Mrs. Florence Oster found out what had happened, the Osters took Satenik into their home. It was Mrs. Oster who introduced Gegham to Satenik, and, as the two continued to grow in faith, they also grew in love for each other. They married in 1923.

As their children, including my mother Lucy, reached college age, my grandparents decided to move to the USA. Although grateful for the protection found in Persia, they knew that Adventists in America had religious freedom and many opportunities for education and career. Gegham left his successful tailoring business, and the family made its way to the United States. Years later, my parents enrolled me at GAE where I could receive a safe and Christ-centered education. Today, my two daughters, Hannah and Mikayla, attend GAA because of the value of Adventist education.



Family Dinner in Persia c.1951
Satenik (center) and Gegham (seated)

Aunt Petzie's Bulgur

by Richard Goulmassian, Class of 1972

a traditional Armenian dish brought to the Khanoyan Family by Aunt Petzie who married Uncle Ed (little boy with toy in above picture)

Ingredients

4 cups #4 bulgur wheat (extra course traditional grind)
8 cups vegetable broth (see Notes)
8 tablespoons butter (see Notes)
8 ounces of vermicelli or angel hair pasta, broken into one-inch pieces
3 large onions, chopped coarsely
4 teaspoons salt
2-4 tablespoons olive oil

Directions

In frying pan, sauté onions in olive oil until translucent and soft. Set aside.

In large pot, add butter and vermicelli to brown over medium-high heat for about 10 minutes. Stir to coat noodles with butter as pasta browns. Add vegetable broth and salt to vermicelli in pot and bring to boil. Once broth has reached boiling, add bulgur and return to boil.

Reduce heat to simmer for 25 minutes. Bulgur is done when soft.

Once bulgur is soft, gently stir in sautéed onions and serve.

Notes

Broth: Edward & Sons Natural Bouillon Cubes or Better than Bouillon Vegetable Base are possible substitutions

Butter: Earth Balance is a vegan option



Save the Date

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

- Genocide and Human Rights Awareness Month
- 01 April Fool's Day
- 02 International Pillow Fight Day
- 06 Take a Walk Day
- 07 Rwanda Genocide Remembrance Day
- 07 World Health Day
- 10 Buchenwald Liberated (1945)
- 11 Civil Rights Act (1968)
- 12 Yuri Gagarin First Person in Space (1961)
- 12 National Library Day
- 13 Play Scrabble Day
- 15 Income Taxes Due
- 17 International Haiku Poetry Day
- 21 Rome Founded (753 BC)
- 21 National High Five Day
- 22 Earth Day
- 23 Talk like Shakespeare Day (1564)
- 25 Armenian Genocide Remembrance Day
- 27 Tell a Story Day

Armenian Genocide

by Brian Keshish, Class of 2017

Genocide: the organized killing of a national, religious, or ethnic group. 24 April 1915 is recognized as the official beginning of the Armenian Genocide when the Ottoman Empire began its systematic attempt to annihilate Armenians. On this date, the Ottomans (present-day Turkey) arrested and executed nearly 300 leading political and intellectual citizens. By the end in 1918, over 1.5 million Armenians were forcibly removed from their own homes and country and marched through deserts until they died off from starvation, exhaustion, or execution.

Why? Consider that the Armenians are Christian from the first country in the world to adopt Christianity as its religion. The Turks are Muslim. This clash of religions was one component, the other was that the Armenians were often better educated and thought to be wealthier than their Turkish neighbors, who resented their success. Additionally, some Armenians revolutionaries were calling for independence. In an attempt to "Turkify" the Empire, the Ottomans committed to killing all who were not Turkish and Muslim and all who called for independence.

Today, the Turkish government denies that actions taken against Armenians meet the definition of genocide, insisting that the deaths were the result of the ethnic violence that led up to World War I. The United Nations' Human Rights Council considers the actions of 1915-1918 by Turks against Armenians as the first genocide of the 20th Century.

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Cougar Prints

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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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April Calendar

01 Spring Break

03-05 Walla Walla University Experience

06 Home Game Volleyball v Pacifica Christian (Boys 4:30 p.m.)

07 No School/ Parent-Teacher Conferences (1:00-6:00 p.m.)

08 "Anchored in the Lord" Sacred Concert (6:00-7:30 p.m. in auditorium)

09 Band/Chorale at Glendale Filipino SDA Church (arrive by 10:00 a.m.)

11-15 Spring Week of Prayer/Spirit Week

14 Home Game Volleyball v de Toledo (Boys 4:30 p.m.)

17 Spring Banquet (3:30 p.m. at Madeline Garden in Pasadena)

18 Late Start (8:00 Band a.m.; 8:50 Classes a.m.)

18 Home Game Volleyball v YULA (Boys 4:30 p.m.)

19 Junior/Senior Ditch Day

20-22 Enrichment Days

20-25 Music Department Tour to Northern California

22 Minimum Day

25 No School

27 Home Game Volleyball v Oakwood (Boys 4:30 p.m.)

28 Spring Blood Drive

30 April-01 May Alumni Weekend/May Festival

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.



Desirae Darrett teaching Sereena Yeghiazarian how to sign the alphabet