



2007 National PTA Reflections Program Florida State University Schools

Theme: I can make a difference by...
FSUS PTSA Reflections Chairperson - Bonnie J. Abellera

Categories:
Music Composition
Visual Arts
Literature



The Circle of Peace
by Carina Krehl - 5th grade

Theme: I can make a difference by...

Being Me

By Victoria Barnes - 9th grade

A wave of my wrist, a bat of my eye
All can see, I shine with pride

The way I walk, the way I stride
With my head held high, I exude
with pride

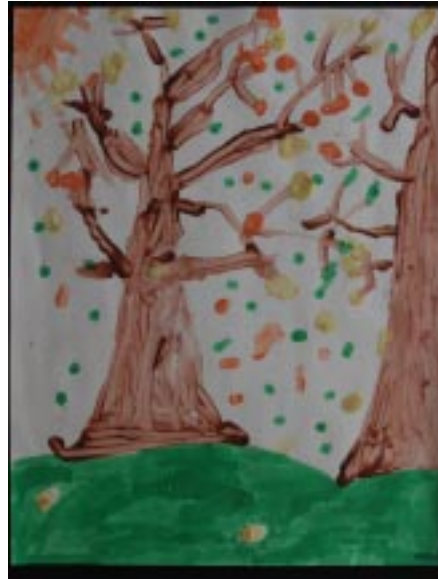
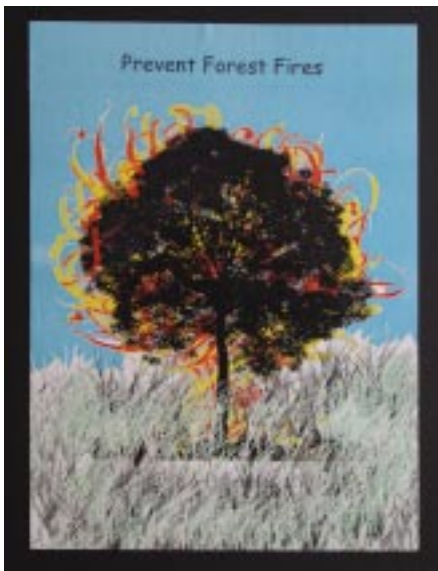
The way I dance, the way I move
Lets them know, they can't steal my
groove

The way I talk, the way I smile
You can see my confidence for
miles and miles

Being me, with all my ingenuity,
artistry and veracity
With me, there is no one with the
slightest similarity.

Artist's statement:

My poem is about me being myself and being proud of who I am. My being proud of who I am can make a difference because my confidence can be inspirational to other people who look up to me. ...My inspiration with this poem was another poem called "Phenomenal Woman" by Maya Angelou.



Fall Trees

by Henry Vogt - 2nd grade

I can make a difference by painting!



The Reign

by Elysa Woodard - 8th grade

Save the animals from testing.
Preserve the animal's rights.

Daddy's Footprints

By Amelia Jonas - 10th grade

Dedicated to my family

I remember long ago, when I still
was young
Daddy'd take me to the beach and
I'd see how it was done
We'd scour the shore for sandy
treasure,
But then I didn't know
Our time together was in measure
I wish I could have known

Daddy's footsteps in the sand were
long and wide and deep
I'd play along and try to match our
stepping feet for feet
I'd run and dance and laugh and grin

The Burning Tree

by Diana Quijada - 8th grade

But then I didn't know
I could never do it again
I wish I would have known

Papa got real sick one day and
didn't get back up
We knew that with his lung cancer
He's really pushed his luck
I cried and cried till no tears came
And now I'd finally know
Things could never be the same
I wish I'd never known

Mama took me to the beach to
make things seem all right
But things just didn't seem OK...
No footsteps in my sight.

Artist's statement:

I was inspired to write this after the death of my uncle. It is written from my cousin's eyes. I can make a difference in the world by using literature and poetry to raise awareness about life threatening illness that can be prevented such as lung cancer.

December 16th

Sarah Wheelis - 12th grade

My son was never the brainy type. He wasn't big on studying or reading. That isn't to say he isn't smart, he just isn't the book smart type. He was always the first one to throw down the assignments, grab some type of baseball or basketball, any ball really and head outside and play for hours. He would always try and negotiate the neighbor kids into a race around the block or a long jump contest. He has always been the outdoorsy type. The jock if you will--and I mean that in the nicest possible kind of way. He's my son and I am proud to call him by such an identifying title.

I guess I always knew that college wouldn't be the path for him. He always said that teaching took too long, why not just learn "it's a heck of a lot faster" he would always say. But when he enlisted the very day he reached the young age of eighteen I wasn't completely prepared. He had never mentioned the army or military, I guess I just thought like most parents that he would stay seventeen forever. A five-year military contract was the last surprise I expected. Smoking is one thing, but shooting guns, fighting armed men, it was a new ball field for both him and me.

That's why today I'm so excited. December 23rd. Just in time for Christmas. It's been months since I've seen my boy. I saw him a few times since his departure. I saw him at his basics graduation and a few days out (of) the year where we crammed in as much catching up as we could tolerate in a 36-hour time period, it's been rough. But now he is coming home. He's back for good.

I could barely sleep last night. I've been so anxious. I've been sitting in this old cabin just patiently waiting, here in the silence. The only noise is that of my heart beating bum-bum, bum-bum, waiting for my son to come home. It's so still. I was about to fall asleep until TAP! TAP! A knock at the window. My son's face. HE'S HOME! HE'S HOME! Besides the athlete in him, he's quite the prankster. As I fling the door back all I see is the blank white canvas in front of me. Just the snow. He's playing tricks on me. Running around the house trying to get me to follow. I'm so old, too old, but it's been so long, I'll play his games. (I)t will make him so happy. So I run and run and run...and never catch him. I can hear him laughing, taunting me. But I can't catch him. I know! I will wait here until he runs back around, I will trick the trickster. But he doesn't come, I wait and he doesn't come. How does he know when to stop running? I feel a chill. It's strange, I know it's snowing and it's the dead of winter but it feels different, like no other chill I have ever felt before.

I go back inside. He is bound to be forced to join me here inside soon enough. It's warm and cozy here by the fire. I hope he comes in soon, he'll catch a cold. And I am lonely, it's so quiet. Just the creak of this old rocking chair can be heard. Creak, creak. Creak, creak. A knock at the door. He's come to his senses. But this army-clad young man at my door is not who I expect. "I'm sorry," is all he

says. He hands me an envelope and slowly walks away, disappearing from my sight.

Inside is a letter. Every father's worst fear confirmed. The death of a child, the death of my only child. Dated December 16th, one week prior.

Artist's statement:

I can make a difference by contributing to the world of literature.



Music Composition Entry:

Work Together

Song for voice and piano
by: Jessey Krehl - 7th Grade

Work together
don't work apart
You'll get more done than
you ever thought
Work together
you'll fix up things
Less time of war
more time to sing
Work together
help each other
That improves one another
Work together
tidy up to make our world
less mean and tough

Artist's statement:

Whenever we listen to something through music we truly listen, not just hear.

The Story

by Kiyo Kawaguchi - 9th grade

"I hate writing. Don't you?" said I.

"No," replied Galileo. "I quite like it."

Galileo and I went to the school in the city, where they taught subjects as inane as arithmetic and pointless as prose. More often than not, I wanted to sit in the seat farthest from the instructor; however, Galileo never failed to drag me up to the front. Thus our voices were hushed to ensure that Writing Professor would not hear.

"You are mad, then," I countered. "What is the purpose of putting pen to paper, when all that will come of it is a wasted tree and wasted ink?"

"It is you who are mad, dear Edgar," my companion laughed. "How can one not see the joy of expressing one's thoughts in a form that all the world can see? Leave me in peace. I must compose my newest tale."

"Ha! And what is it about?"

"My grandfather. He was a scientist, you know-made countless discoveries that bettered the world. I will write about how wonderful my grandfather was."

As Galileo spoke, a crease appeared in my forehead.

Something prodded the cask of memories in my mind.

"You are troubled," said Galileo knowingly. "May I ask the cause?"

"Oh, I just seem to remember a tale you once told me," I responded casually. "Something about a scandal. It involved dear old Grandfather."

"Oh!" shuddered my friend. "Never speak of it again!"

"But why? I remember few details, but surely it could not be so terrible."

Galileo stared determinately at his blank page, pen poised just above.

A bead of ink was forming at the tip.

"Do tell me the tale again," I coaxed. "I would love to hear it."

The ink bubble on Galileo's pen swelled; if he did not write soon, it would burst.

"You say you love a good narrative; why not humor me with just this one?"

The bulbous droplet of ink splashed onto the paper, forming a shining puddle of blackness.

"All right," sighed Galileo. "All right."

"Do you remember the day, long ago, when we played hide-and-seek at my grandfather's manor?" he began.

"Of course not, Galileo," I laughed. "Do you not recall that I have a terrible memory? I can hardly remember what I ate for my breakfast!"

"Yes, yes," he said, waving his hand as if to brush the comment aside. "As I was saying, we were playing hide-and-seek. It was nearing midnight, and we were supposed to be asleep, but we snuck out, remember? Anyway, I decided to hide in Grandfather's laboratory..." My friend shivered as if the memory sent icicles down his shirt. "I crept into-"

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but are your personal lives of more importance than my writing assignment?"

I winced involuntarily. Professor was looming over us, thick wooden ruler at the ready.

"No, Professor," Galileo said, feigning sheepishness. "We apologize, Professor."

Professor walked away, apparently satisfied.

I whispered, "Please continue!"

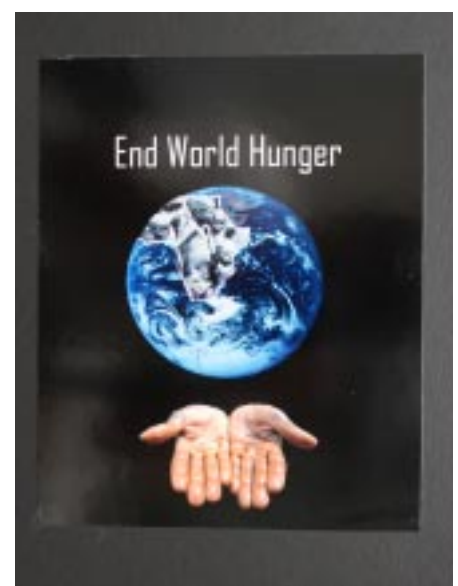
Galileo, however, refused to speak. Instead, he began to scribble on his paper:

I crept into the laboratory and

Smiling, I began to read as he scrawled his story, his hand smudging the ink as the pen flew back and forth. This is what he wrote...

I crept into the laboratory and a terrible stench filled my nostrils. I cannot compare it with anything you or I have ever smelled. Covering my nose, I tiptoed across the smooth stone floor to the supply closet.

When I stepped through the small, wooden door, I realized immediately that this was no supply closet. It was where my grandfather kept the artifacts from his other hobby-taxidermy. I took a seat next to a glass-eyed raven, near the sliver of light between door and wall. I did not like my company.



End World Hunger

by Catherine Annis - 9th grade



Inward Reflections

by Caitland Conley - 8th grade

The piece symbolizes reaching inward and making the future better, one person at a time

However, despite my discomfort, I knew I could win our little game if I stayed here. I sat and waited for near a quarter-hour, and then I heard footsteps.

Through the gap in the doorway, I could see the shadows being chased away, scattering in the luminescence of the oil lamp. Was it Edgar? No, I realized, remembering that he didn't have a lamp. Perhaps it was the gait of Thomas, my grandfather's apprentice. I liked Thomas, because he was always eager to demonstrate an intriguing scientific discovery. Everyone else liked him because he was good, polite, intelligent; in one word, he was perfect. He might be coming to continue the day's work. That would be very like him, for Thomas was young-though several years my elder-and had promise. He was not at all well-known, but he might rival my grandfather one day.

Perhaps it was Grandfather himself approaching the lab. Were the footfalls those of an accomplished and acclaimed scientist, one who was adored by all? Was Grandfather coming to the lab at this odd hour to resume his extensive research? No matter how many times Grandfather appeared in *Most Influential Scientists Today* magazine, he wanted more.

The heavy thump thump thump grew louder, and I decided that Thomas, with his small frame, could not produce such a reverberation. It must be Grandfather. And then, I suddenly recognized another sound that added to the rhythm. A soft, slithering, sickening rustle, as if something large were being dragged across the floor. What could be so unwieldy that Grandfather could not lift it?

As if in answer to my unvoiced question, the oil lamp appeared, not more than a yard away. It was followed by a broad-shouldered figure that was pulling some large bundle behind it. The man drew closer, passed my hiding place, and only then I was able to see his burden.

Grandfather's large hand was grasping the ankle of a boy. I saw the golden-brown curls that brushed the youth's forehead and realized with a jolt: it was Thomas. His glasses were askew, the wire slightly bent and dangling off his right ear. His eyes were half-open and had a glazed appearance. This was all wrong. Thomas would never leave his glasses hanging like that. My lungs seemed to be struggling to take in air; I shivered slightly, slumping silently against the wall of my hiding place.. The rustling sound stopped.

There were more footsteps, and, as I could no longer see the scene, I had to strain my ears to pick up clues. A light thump. More echoing footsteps. My own heart throbbing in my ears.

And then, nothing. No sound came from outside the door, and I dared not look. Surely my ragged breath would give away my hiding place. I knew Grandfather would be displeased to find me here. Moments later, he spoke. "Thomas," he muttered. "I am sorry, Thomas. I could not let the student surpass the teacher." With a jolt, I realized what my grandfather had done. Without pausing to think, I threw myself against the door, screams echoing in my head. I simply ran as far and as fast as I could, trying to convince myself that it had all been a terrible nightmare.

A few days passed, and then a familiar picture appeared in the newspaper-a disappearance had been reported. I burned the paper.

Galileo finished writing his story and breathed heavily, as if finishing a long race. He looked at me, and after a lengthy pause, I sighed. "Interesting dreams you have, Galileo."

Artist's statement: I can make a difference by sharing my love of writing with this story, inspired by the unique tales of Edgar Allen Poe.



**Congratulations
Everyone!**

What is Reflections?

PTA believes that all children deserve a quality arts education and encourages students to pursue artistic expression through participation in its annual Reflections Program. The program offers students the opportunity to create works of art for fun and recognition. Students in preschool through grade 12 are encouraged to submit works of art in six arts areas: literature, dance choreography, film/video production, musical composition, photography, and the visual arts (which includes, but is not limited to, art forms such as drawing, painting, printmaking, and collage). In its more than 30-year history, the Reflections Program has encouraged millions of students across the nation and in American schools overseas to explore their artistic talents. The Reflections Program was created in 1969 by then Colorado PTA President Mary Lou Anderson.

Each year, the Reflections Program challenges students to create art that relates to a specific theme. Themes are selected from thousands of ideas submitted by students to PTA's Reflections Program Theme Search. Past themes have included "A Different Kind of Hero," "If I Could Give the World A Gift...", "Imagine That...", and "Exploring New Beginnings...."

Students participate in the Reflections Program by submitting entries to a local PTA or PTSA. Any PTA/PTSA in good standing is eligible to sponsor a Reflections Program.

The Florida State University Schools Parent Teacher and Student Association is proud to sponsor our students in this year's Cultural Arts Reflections Program. Good luck as your entries travel to the county, state and national levels of competition.

Helping the Community
by Richmond Abellera - 7th grade
I can make a difference by starting with something small and then moving on to something bigger.

A special thank you to all of the FSUS students who participated in this year's Reflections Program:

Student	Grade	Category
Joshua Alday	11	Literature
Victoria Barnes	9	Literature
Christine Bigsby	11	Literature
Sarah Blackburn	9	Literature
Myranda "Angel" Bragg	10	Literature
Meredith Buckhalt	10	Literature
Danielle Dedman	9	Literature
Mirna DeLeon	9	Literature
Sunny Houston	9	Literature
Amelia Jonas	10	Literature
Emma Jonas	11	Literature
Kiyo Kawaguchi	9	Literature
Keondra Lawrence	9	Literature
Carter McMillan	9	Literature
Anthony Medehue	9	Literature
Katie Mullaly	9	Literature
Patricia Murphy	11	Literature
Gwynth Pack	12	Literature
Cashata Pease	9	Literature
Jenna Perlman	9	Literature
Teresa Salerno	9	Literature
Chandler Seay	9	Literature
Ryan Shepard	9	Literature
Sarah Wheelis	12	Literature
Henry Vogt	2	Visual Art
Carina Krehl	5	Visual Art
Richmond Abellera	7	Visual Art
Caitland Conley	8	Visual Art
Diana Quijada	8	Visual Art
Elysa Woodard	8	Visual Art
Catherine Annis	9	Visual Art
Jessey Krehl	7	Music

Thank you to FSUS teacher Darlene Jennings for encouraging her students to submit items in the Literature category.

