

THE STUDENT NEWS

Literacy Volunteers of the Tarrytowns, Inc.

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Maria Weeks, Editor

STUDENT STORIES

MY WONDERFUL DAUGHTER

She was named Paola. She was born on November 4, 2000 at 7:21 a.m. It was Saturday. Paola was pretty. She had beautiful eyes. She was intelligent. She liked to listen to music. Her favorite music was “Mariposa Traiconera” (Butterfly Traits). Her favorite TV show was “Dora, The Explorer”.

My husband Paolo and I went all places together. We went to see movies two or three times. Paola was two years old. She sang to me “What would happen to my life without Mom?” Sometimes Paola said things I couldn’t understand.

In the evenings, Paola looked out the window because she was waiting for my husband. Paola made us very happy. We love Paola. We can’t explain how much.

One day all our lives changed. We had a car accident and we lost Paola. We lost our lives, too. I always look at the sky and say: “Paolita, I love you—Don’t forget”. Now we don’t have our daughter with us but we

have a little angel. Thank God he gave us a wonderful daughter. I love Paolita.

(Maria Caceres, student of Edna Zambo)

LETTER FROM STUDENT KAYO HIWATASHI TO TUTOR DONALD SOMMER

Dear Don,

The moving date was postponed and we are still in Irvington. We are going to leave here May 18th.

I will miss you, though it was very nice for me to meet you here in America. I want to thank you for all you did for me. Thanks again for helping me improve my English and adjust to American life. I want to say thanks to members of Literacy Volunteers, too. Please say hello to all of them.

My experience has enriched my life and you were an important part of that.

I will give you our new address in Japan. Please keep in touch with me. Hope to see you again.

Sincerely,

Yoro, Kayo and Natsuki Hiwatashi

MY HOME

My husband and I always dreamed about buying our own home. We sometimes thought that it wasn't possible to buy a home because we had to do so many things first. First, the financial institution had to check our credit histories. If our credit was good, then we could get a loan. We are thankful to God because we have our own home.

It is not big. It is comfortable. On the first floor, there is a kitchen, dining room and living room. On the second floor, there are three bedrooms and two bathrooms. We use the master bedroom for ourselves. Our house has a basement and an attic. They are finished. The yard is big with green grass and there is a driveway. I love my house.

(Maria Caceres, student of Edna Zambo)

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF LOSS AND LOVE

For four years, I cried and cried for my son. My son died in 1994. He was 14 years old. All the time, I waited for my other two children's bedtime to come. When the children were asleep, I went into the living room and sat on the sofa and cried.

One day while I was sleeping, I had a dream. In the dream, an angel came to me and asked, "Would you like to follow me?" I said "O.K." We levitated together and soon I recognized my house and realized that I was in the sky or in heaven. It was wonderful, but I saw a boy sitting on a cloud with his face looking down and crying. I said, "Don't cry" but he kept on crying. I followed his eyes and saw my living room

and saw myself sitting on the couch, crying inconsolably, saying over and over again "Danny, come back". I soon realized that the boy on the cloud was my son Danny. The more I cried, the more my son cried. We were connected to each other. I gave Danny a hug but he didn't look at me and didn't respond to me. He didn't seem to be aware of me. I looked at the angel and said, "Please help him. The angel said, "Only you can help him". I felt very sad but at that moment the angel said, "We must return to your house". We came back to my house and my spirit entered my body. I woke up and got down on my knees and asked God to stop my son from crying, saying "Tell my son that I will love him forever and that I'm O.K.".

The next week when I went to sleep, I had another dream. I was sitting on a rock and in front of me I saw many trees and flower of many colors. Near to me, I suddenly felt a great light and the same angel came to me again. His hand reached out to me and my son Danny came to me out of the light. He looked at me with a big smile on his face. I came to him and he opened his arms and hugged me and said, "My God will always love you and protect you always". He looked me in the eye and said, "I will love you always and you know this". He gave me another big hug, kissed me, and said, "It's time for me to go to my new home". I understood and accepted this. The angel and my son returned to the light together. When I woke up, I knew that I didn't have to cry anymore and my hurt was less. I thanked God and was happy Danny was in a good place. Trust in God and always remember that life continues even after death.

(Zoila Quinonez (Peru), Student of Cynthia Chesner).

STUDENT STORY

February 1988...4:30 p.m.... A plane from Colombia had just landed in New York City. I was confused. (I was thinking so many things that I did not realize that my children were almost screaming, pulling my sweater to get my attention). “Mom, Mom, look outside...it is beautiful”.

I could not believe that we were here. Part of my life was passing in front of me...my friends, my family, and my country. “Do you really want to start your life all over again?” I asked myself over and over again. Yes, I was scared of change and difficult situations that I knew I had to confront later on. Tears starting falling down my face. Mom, Mom, look outside, it is beautiful, and we want to play in the snow, please Mom”. I was here and I had two children that needed my care.

The “American Dream”...I walked out of the airplane holding my children’s hands. They were happy, laughing and talking about something that I could not hear because I was so busy asking myself about the “American Dream”. What is the “American Dream”? Is it money? Did I really want to have more money? What did I want? Why did I come to this country? We walked toward the exit. My brothers had a sign “Welcome to the USA”. I was happy because they were there for us, because they were my family.

That night I went to bed late. I could not sleep because I was thinking and thinking. What have you done? Did you really want to come here? Why did you decide to make that change in your life? Questions that still, 18 years later, I cannot answer completely.

I still think about my country, my friends, about my life in Colombia, but I believe that I am part of this country now. I am happy to be here and I want to continue my studies to fulfill my dreams and maybe someday I would really know what the “American Dream” is for me.

Thanks to the Literacy Volunteers program at the Warner Library in Tarrytown for giving me the opportunity to meet a wonderful person: My tutor Mrs. Rachael Murray. She is not only a great teacher, but she is also an excellent human being. She is helping me to speak better English and, the most important thing she has given me the support that I need to have more confidence in myself.

(Mrs. Flor Tello, student of Rachael Murray)

**HAPPY
HOLIDAYS TO
ALL AND A
HAPPY NEW
YEAR!!!**

PLEASE...Send us your stories, poems, a favorite recipe--anything written you would like to share. We need material for our STUDENT NEWS. You can leave whatever you have in the LVT mailbox in the Warner Library. We look forward to printing your written contributions! Please include your name and address with your submissions. Thank You!

NEW!!! LVT STUDENTS WHO SUBMIT STORIES FOR THE STUDENT NEWS WILL RECEIVE TWO COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS TO A TARRYTOWN MUSIC HALL MOVIE. MANY THANKS TO TARRYTOWN MUSICAL HALL FOR THEIR GENEROSITY!

ATTENTION LVT STUDENTS!!! PLEASE MAKE SURE YOUR TUTOR GIVES YOU THE ESLOA TEST AFTER APPROXIMATELY ONE YEAR OF TUTORING TO MEASURE YOUR PROGRESS IN LEARNING ENGLISH

LITERACY VOLUNTEERS OF THE
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