

Shared Voices

A New Writers' Collection

Volume XX

Gorge Literacy

Columbia Gorge Community College



Shared Voices Artwork

This year's cover art and chapter page art were provided by artists in Elizabeth Anderson's Watercolor and Drawing classes .

Cover-

Karynn Campbell

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Acknowledgements

Welcome to the 20th edition of Shared Voices! Printing of this publication was made possible through the individual donations of our readers and our parent institution, Columbia Gorge Community College. We are extraordinarily grateful to the faculty, staff and administration of Columbia Gorge Community College, who have continued to be instrumental in our success over the last 20 years, providing financial and scholarly support for the Gorge Literacy Program and this publication.

We would also like to acknowledge the dedication of Gorge Literacy volunteer tutors whose spirit and enthusiasm for reading and writing is infectious. Their commitment and encouragement has inspired many of our emerging authors to “dare to share.”

The invaluable assistance and dedication of CGCC's Pre-College Faculty has helped many of these emerging writers bridge the gap of uncertainty and fear and submit their writings. Thank You!

We also thank the writers from both of our campuses. They have given us the gift of their thoughts, feelings, and experiences. We are forever grateful to these learners for taking the time from their busy lives to share a small portion of themselves with us.

Together, we are building a community of readers and writers! It is an honor to get to know them and celebrate their achievements in this edition of *Shared Voices!*

Gorge Literacy

Introduction

Welcome to Volume XX of *Shared Voices: A New Writers' Collection*. If this is your first experience with *Shared Voices*, we know you will enjoy discovering this collection of life experiences, thoughts and dreams of our writers. If you are a returning reader, thank you for your continued support.

This year's text is divided into three sections: I Am, This I Believe and an assortment of work labeled Last Words. Within these pages you will find stories of love, friendship, dreams and goals, transition, tragedy and humor.

Our authors come from varying backgrounds and have a variety of goals. Writing submissions are accepted from students enrolled within the past year in any of the CGCC Pre-College Programs. These programs include: Adult Basic Education, English for Speakers of Other Languages, GED Preparation, and Gorge Literacy.

Some authors are native English speakers, while others may be learning English as a second or even third language. Some may be experiencing writing for the very first time, and others may be submitting stories for their second or third year.

Gorge Literacy, as editor of the publication, is committed to providing a forum in which emerging writers may express themselves in their own words and style. To this end, staff review and proofread submissions but limit changes to the bare minimum. Spelling is corrected, unless the word is spelled according to slang or dialect, but changes in grammar, sentence structure or punctuation are made only when it is necessary to allow for clear reading. *Shared Voices* is an opportunity for often unheard voices to be heard. We have strived to ensure that you may experience the true author's voice without filter or modification.

Welcome to and enjoy the 20th edition of *Shared Voices*!

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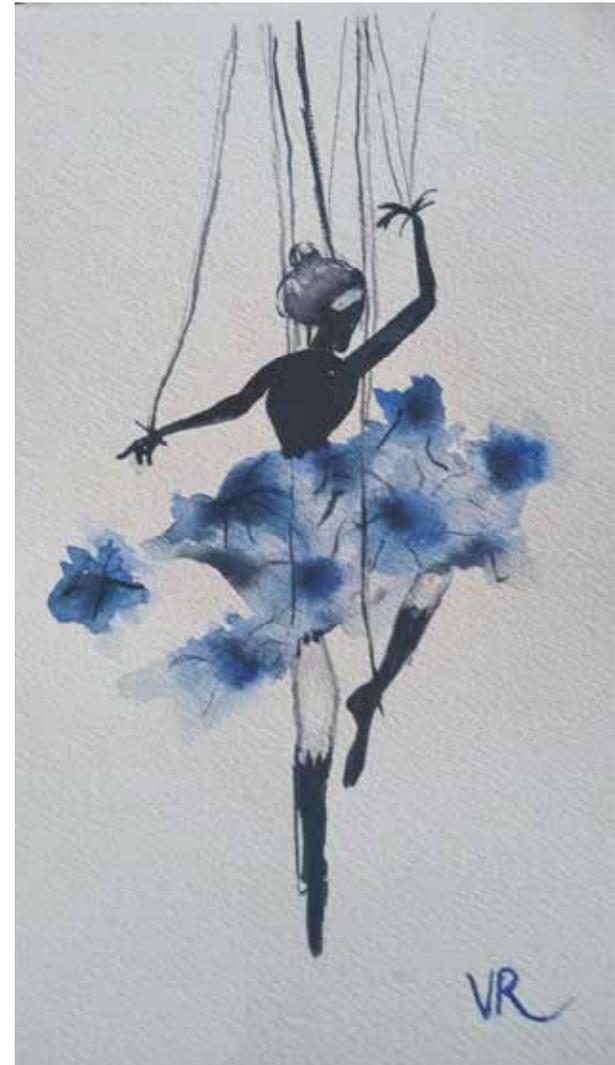
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I Am

Dedicated to

the tutors
and instructors
who share their
passion and the
writers who
“Dare to Share”



By Vanessa Rovig

Shared Voices 1

I AM MY MOTHER'S DAUGHTER

This I Am essay is about a woman who looks at the mirror and sees her mother's physical features. She noticed that her face features have changed by the years. Her mother is an intelligent, friendly woman with a strong faith in god. Her mother moved to Cincinnati as a young woman. Her mother had six children. When she separated from her father. Even though her mother only completed eighth grade she encouraged her children to finish high school. Her mother wanted her to pursue a career in social work.

She noticed in her voice that she was talking like her mother and giving advice to younger people than her. Now she uses the wisdom words that her mother taught her when she was younger.

Now that she is 50 years old all her mother features are the same. Like an original masterpiece like her mother. Although her mother passed away, she still carries her mother's memories in her heart.

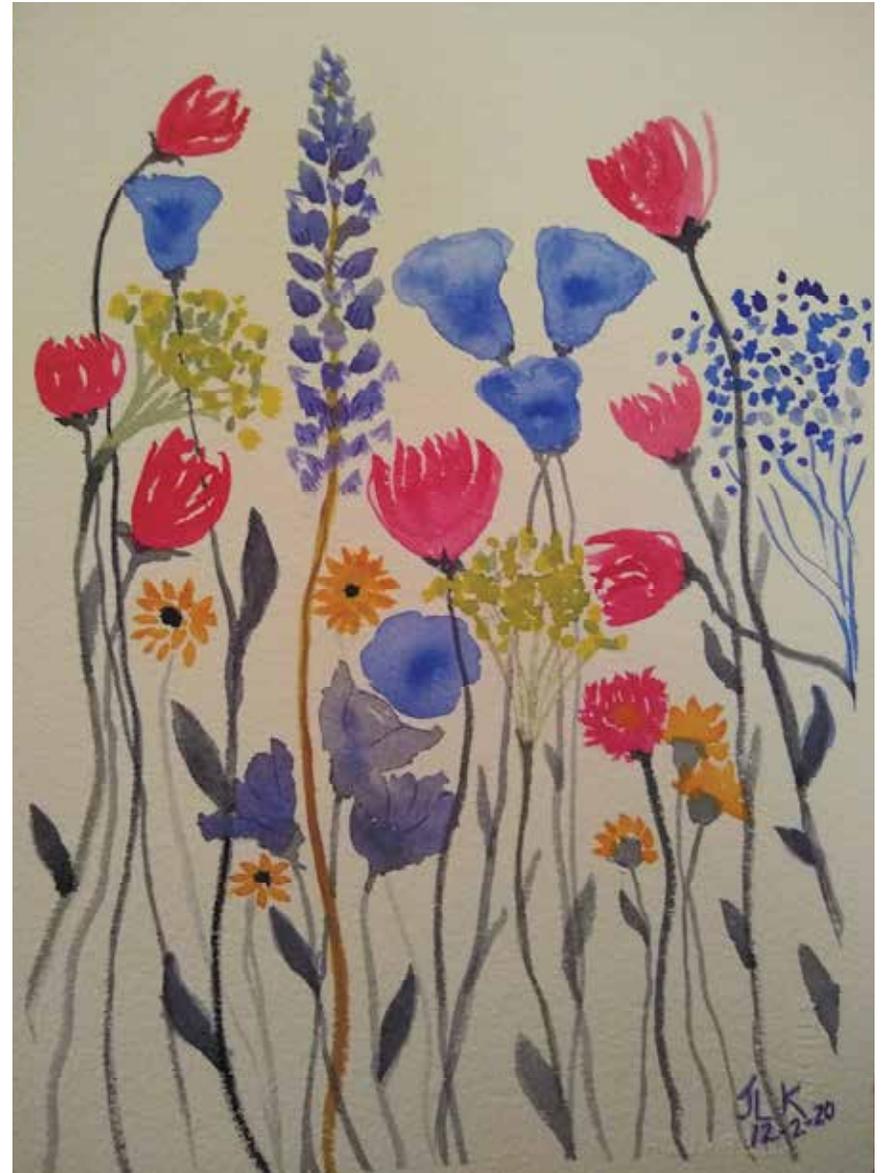
She is also proud of her mother's physical features because she sees her mother's reflection on her. Now she believes and says I Am My Mother's Daughter.

I feel emotional. It makes me think of things that I have done in the past and now that she mentions in her essay. That she is 50 years old and she noticed that she looks like her mother's features. I believe it is true. I have noticed that I do act like my mother, but not just like my mother I act like my father too. The way I was raised is don't hurt others so others don't hurt you.

I believe in family. Family should stay together. Don't abandon your parents because you are the reflection of them. Our parents are the most important persons in our lives. All the things they have taught us is because they love us and they want the best. If we look like our parents I would say yes. At the end we end up looking like them.

Olga Marquez

Shared Voices 2



By Jeanne Kuettel

Shared Voices 3



By Karynn Campbell

Shared Voices 4

I am Travis

Son of Rhonda and Greg
Who needs Sunshine and Good vibes
Who loves Pizza and Gaming
Who sees Potential in everything
Who hates nothing or anyone
Who fears death and love
Who dreams of success
Who has found poems of happiness
Resident of Earth
Modar

I am Travis Modar, Father of two crazy, beautiful children, I'm getting my GED to have more job options and to be able to move to Albany for a career opportunity.

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I am Michelle

Mother of three sons
Who needs time, rest and love
Who loves to be pampered
Who sees ugliness in the world but tries to see the
best in people
Who hates animal abusers
Who fears of losing the ones I love most
Who dreams of buying my own home
Who has found poems of real love
Resident of I live where farmers grow a lot of
wheat

I would really like to become a vet tech after receiving my GED so I know that I would have to attend college.



By Jeanne Kuettel



By Vanessa Rovig

Shared Voices 8

I am babiezelia
Daughter of Aley
Who needs sleep, time and medication
Who loves her friends, family, and her walking
dead
Who sees sunrises, broken hearts and art sup-
plies
Who hates racism, bullies, and hatred towards
pitbulls
Who fears loss, clowns, and spiders
Who dreams of her brothers, grandma, and lost
loved ones
Who has found poems of love
Resident of the dirty

Currently I'm in the GED program, I want to soon test out and gain my GED. Later after I pass the test I want to become a counselor to help others.

This is Adrian.

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By Karynn Campbell

Shared Voices 10

I am

Son/ daughter of Rose M Flack and Billy Helton.

Who needs Sleep.

Who loves My mom, family and his food.

Who sees Life change, hopeful, future.

Who hates Trouble Consequences and no freedom.

Who fears Failure, school.

Who dreams of , Being successful, a GED, being free.

Who has found poems of love,

Resident of Oregon, Creekside, T, D,

My name is Ricky, and I am in a Treatment Facility. My goal after getting my GED is to get a job.

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I'm sorry about the time..... That I looked you in the face and said that I would change what I'm doing in my life. I'm sorry about the time that I wasn't there when you needed me the most. I'm sorry about the time that I looked at your little face and lied to you. I'm sorry about the time that they took you away from me and I did nothing . I'm sorry about the time you saw me the way I was. I'm sorry about the time I never showed up when you wanted me there. I'm sorry about the time I just walked away. I'm sorry about the time it took me so long to get you back.

I was born in Colorado. I am a mother of three kids and a wife. My goals are to get my GED. My name is Rose.



By Karynn Campbell

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I am sorry that I didn't leave him long before now, before all the bruises and all the bad memories. I'm sorry that I didn't shield myself from all the name calling and the pain he caused. I'm sorry that I couldn't save myself from all the scars and not loving myself for who I am. I'm sorry I didn't realize sooner the kind of monster he was and the narcissist person that he was. I'm sorry for all the wrong things that I have done for not loving me. I'm sorry for letting him control my thoughts, my feelings, and who to be friends with. I'm sorry that I allowed him to make me think that I wasn't loved by no one. Why did I allow him to control me like that. I am free from all that kind of attitude and behaviors.

I am a mother of a teenager and a preschool .
Mother, daughter and friend.
Who needs to lose some weight haha.
Who loves meeting new people and enjoying the outdoors.
Who sees nature as a beautiful thing.
Who hates arguments and belittling people.
Who fears heights, failure and being alone.
Who dreams of becoming a successful motivational speaker.
Who has found poems of beauty.
Resident of Oregon

I am in the GED programing and hoping to get an Accounting/Bookkeeping Certification. At first joining the program I wasn't good at English and now I am doing much better at it. I enjoy my classes every week. Most of all I am learning new things.



By Jeanne Kuettel

I believe in change

I came into this world just like any other newborn baby with two loving parents who planned to have me and my five siblings. We lived in a big house with lots of land and a huge barn with our horse Cody. We had new cars and plenty of food to feed us all. We lived close to the lake and would play there during the summer months, my brother, sisters and my parents. "reality"

That would have been a perfect life growing up. That isn't how my life was at all. I came into this world all right, but not with two loving parents, but with two alcoholics for parents who were never married. They didn't plan on having six children and we didn't live together we were handed out like candy to family relatives who would take us in. Three of us lived with my mother in that big house I talked about with no running water or electricity. There was a big barn and it did have a horse named Cody. There were Lots of good memories of the barn. We would drag the mattress from the house and set it on top of hay bails and jump off and land on the mattress and sometimes we missed the mattress and landed on the ground. My Dad brought Cody home in the back seat of a new station wagon that he gave my mother. He was always bringing new cars to her. I thought he was the greatest Dad of all time. He also brought a supply of food that would last as long as he was in town. My Dad was a pimp and lived back east and only came to visit us when he felt like showing off what he had to my mother. I am sure they loved each other in some strange type of way. There were never signs of affection between my parents and it was passed down to all eight of us. Yes, I said eight, two from a previous deadbeat parent. We all became addicted to some sort of drug whether it be a drug or alcohol and a lack of being capable to love ourselves let alone anyone else. The family traits go way back, generation after generation of bad parenting and some sort of addiction. My mother would tell me about her childhood with her parents, mostly her Dad. He was a horrible grandparent. I didn't meet him. He died from complications due to drinking when I was a child. My father also passed away in a VA hospital due to drinking. He fell out of his hospital bed and cracked his head open. Drunk! I struggled for the longest time with my alcoholism. I always said I didn't want to be like my parents. So I chose to change.

Cindy Link

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This I Believe



By Vanessa Rovig

Shared Voices 17

This I Believe...

I believe in Summer Days. I'm pretty sure every summer I see a kid with a lemonade stand and treats which always brings a smile to my face and think how cool!! Summer is my favorite season. It keeps me active wanting to do so many things and of course VERY Thirsty!! In the summer, when I was a little girl around 6 years old the first thing I would do when I woke up in the morning was run outside and jump on our big trampoline. It was so much fun! I never wanted to get off the trampoline. I remember when I turned 8 years old that my dad took me and my sisters, and my mom for a boat ride. It was one of those fancy big boats, well not so big, but kind of. What I can remember was being terrified because the person driving the boat was going super fast. I just thought to hold on tight to the bar that was at the end of that boat. After my dad saw that I was scared, he was laughing a little bit and said, "Don't be scared. This is meant to be fun!". I then let go of the bar and started staring at the big river with the water splashing everywhere and listening to the motor of the boat. I was loving every single moment. I remember the feeling just like it was yesterday. I haven't been on a boat ever since and now I am 27 years old. I would love to this summer get on a boat and take my almost 2 year old son. It would be the best summer of my life.

My name is Leticia Herrera. I was born in Santa Ana, California. My parents moved to The Dalles, Oregon when I was two years old. There are five children in my family. I have two older siblings than me and two younger sisters. I am twenty-seven years old. My birthday is on October 30th one day before Halloween.

I have a two year old son and he keeps me very busy. I love the outdoors. I like taking my son to parks .My favorite drink is coffee with vanilla creamer!. I am calm, respectful and also friendly.

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I am taking classes to get my GED and hopefully one day open up my own childcare. I also want to set an example for my son.



By Karynn Campbell

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I Believe

One thing I believe and have always grown up believing is that if you work hard, you can achieve anything you want. I believe this because I can talk from experience. Immigrating to this country at age 16 was not easy. I, like many people that immigrated to a new country, was faced with many obstacles. I was very young, alone and afraid, but my motivation for a better life for myself and my family, is what kept me going strong. I went through a lot of nights going to bed hungry when I first got to the United States. Some days I would eat while some days I would not. One of the hardest obstacles by far though was the language barrier.

Years, and many sacrifices later, I was able to get a green card, which now made me not “illegal” in the United States. I left my 4 children, and mother behind, and was asked to leave the country with a week's notice for an “unknown” time which they saw was a fair punishment for coming here illegally, only to work and better my life. I ended up being away from them for a little over a year. I now have raised 4 beautiful children that I couldn't be more proud, and I am not living with the fear of being deported and losing everything I have worked so hard for. I own my own home that I am working very hard to pay off. I have a job, or should I say “jobs” that I enjoy doing every day. Now, I am studying and reviewing any chance I get to accomplish one of my goals, to get my GED. I believe I have my parents, god, and of course all my hard work that I have done to get to where I am at now.

My name is Elda Dorado. I am an immigrant that migrated to the United States from Mexico. I came to this country at age 15. I did not get a chance to attend school when I got here I did however take some classes to learn English. I have always wanted to complete my GED, and I'm glad to finally be trying to do it now.

I have 4 beautiful children that keep me motivated. I am the type of person who loves helping others, and I do so any chance I get. For me, it is very important to show and remind my children of the beautiful culture that we come from. I hope they never forget where their mother and they originated from, the obstacles families have to go through for a better life, and to always appreciate what they have.



By Vanessa Rovig

I believe in imperfection, the most imperfect are the most unique. Perfection is an ideal word term for many different things like getting 100% over and over again, doing a play perfectly in football. We all tend to think we understand that perfect may never happen, but imperfection can. Imperfection may not be seen as perfect to all, they still are unique and special in their own way. Think of this, say you have your favorite type of puppy or kitten that you love with all your heart and you thought was the best, now imagine if that animal you loved, that you thought was perfect lost an eye or a leg. Would you still love that animal or would you criticize it and make fun of it for now being different. People are also imperfect just like animals not every animal is not for every person every person isn't for everyone. Many tend to hurt others that are imperfect to make themselves seem better, but in reality there is no perfect. Imperfection is the closest thing to perfection. Animals or people that are more imperfect then different person or animal usually get looked down upon just for wanting the same thing like almost everyone else and that is faith, love and hope. Love is wanted and needed by just about every person some people even committed suicide from being bullied and being felt like no one loved them. Everyone should get a chance at love and have faith and try to make it work out and if it doesn't work then you try again until you find happiness with the person who loves you for you. Love can be beautiful or love can be messy but still love is love no matter what someone calls it or how its shown whether hugging someone or just texting that special person you like it makes you feel happy". Everyone can be loved by someone, but no one can be loved by everyone."

Faith can be from faith in God to faith in yourself on a math test to almost anything. You need faith to have ambition to have success in life and make the most out of yourself and have faith and hope in your friends and family that they will too. If you support them they will help you and you will have more bonds to help go further and keep going in a positive path you just need the right people. My old football coach told me a quote that always stuck with me "Show me your friends, I will show you your future". Your friends will help determine where you go and if it is negative or positive Hope is a good trait to have. If you're hopeful and do what you need to get done you will get it done. You need to stay positive and try to not let it affect you at all. It is good to keep in mind to not be too hopeful, because somethings won't always go as planned in life and you gotta deal with it. Overall faith and hope plus love equal something perfect especially if you can give the love towards everyone and receive it back the same way.

My name is Brett.

My favorite teacher was Marsha Golassic. She was my 1st grade teacher in a private, Christian, school. She had the longest, curliest, hair that was bigger than she was. She always taught with so much enthusiasm and spunk. She would find creative ways to help us learn, and always encouraged us to think outside the box. She was very good at painting. Every couple of months she would paint a new landscape on the walls in our classroom. Golassic would use bright and bold colors that would catch the attention of every student. She will always be one of my favorite teachers. I wonder where she is now? I hope she is still out there coloring the world, and inspiring people the way she inspired me.

I have worked at Backwoods Brewing Company for 5 years. I have two beautiful children named Tuscany and Zion. I hope to go on from this class, and take some courses in business management.

Last words....





By Vanessa Rovig

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I had many teachers growing up
One of the best though, was my mother
I grew up, watching her struggle
I grew up, watching her conquer
She made everything look easy
But even as a child, I knew it was hard
I saw you cry. I saw you pull it together
I saw you laugh, and I saw you stop
I knew the laugh was for me and my brother
A laugh to keep us positive, even when it was hard.
I watched you pull yourself together so many times
And at the same time you pulled us together
Your weaknesses were shown as strengths
So that our weaknesses would become our strengths
Many of the things I learned from you were learned through silence
Through expression
Through incredible strength
Now I see me doing the same with my children
Holding us together by holding myself together.
Carrying you through all my struggles
Never showing them
I love you, mom

About me : My name is Casy Wise. I was born in Minnesota, but early in life my family moved to Oregon. I love the Columbia gorge. I have lived in many places along this beautiful river, but Hood River is definitely my favorite. I have a large family, with 5 children, and my beautiful wife Crystal. She is the one who finally convinced me that I was smart enough to finish my pre college. There is never a dull moment in my life, and I just recently stepped up and decided to get my GED. It has been very hard adding school to my already busy schedule, but I want to show my children that anything is possible.

This poem is about my mother, Jena. She has been such a positive influence in my life, and I don't know what I would do without her. She always has something positive to say about everything, and has kept me afloat many times. She has been an absolutely great mother, and I wouldn't trade her for the world. She has been my best teacher.

Shared Voices 27



By Brigitte Barnes

Shared Voices 28

The Day I learned

I learned so much from me.

I learned I was angry

I was tough

I thought I was smart

I thought I had power

I knew I was scared

I knew I was dying

Then you came

Then I learned I was angry, but not all the time.

I was tough, for surviving until you came.

I thought I was smart, Until you showed me what smart really is.

I thought I had power, until you showed me that I didn't need it.

I knew I was scared, but you made me strong.

I knew I was dying, until you showed me how to breathe.

I learned so much from you.

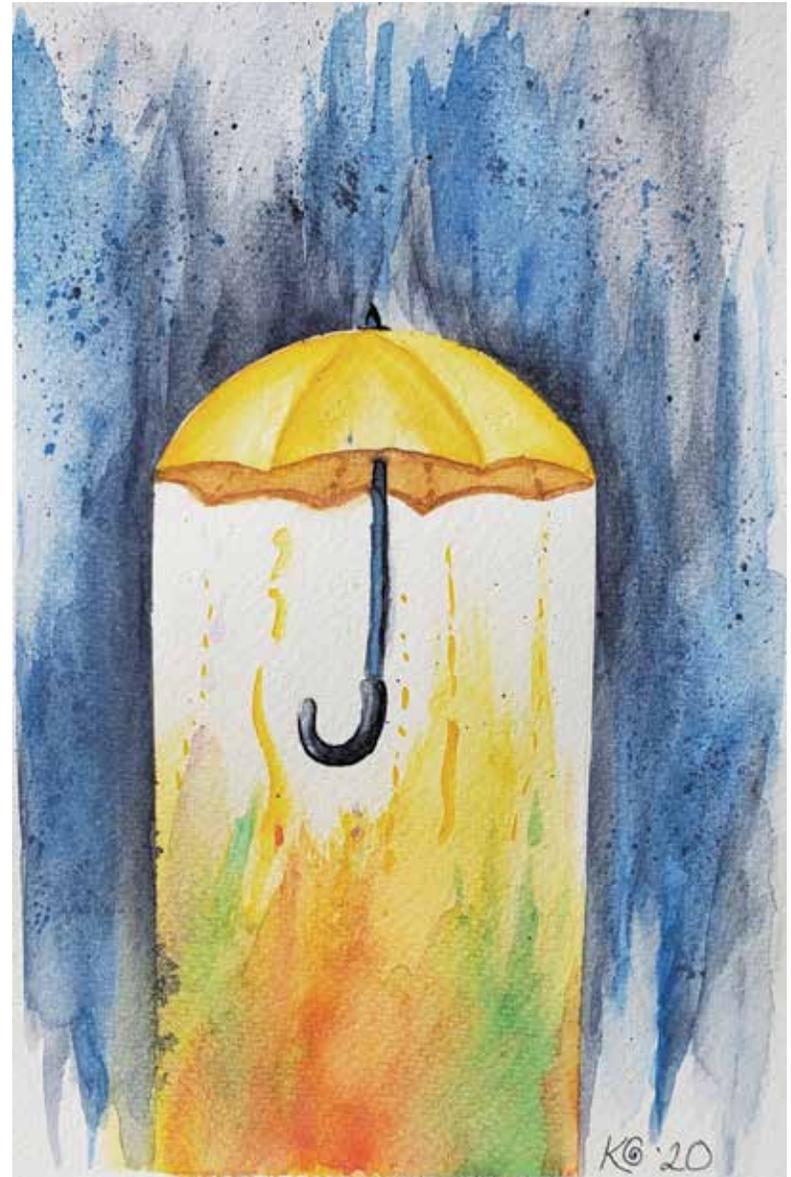
My name is Jacob.

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What Was New to me

I'm grateful to have a dad that did. He taught me to ride a bike, drive a car. Learn to drive with a stick shift. My dad was a teacher, then he advanced to be a principal. I will always think my dad is a very smart man. When I was in grade school, my dad was a hard working man that wanted the best for us. He bought our first house. My dad's name was Ralph. I wasn't a smart child like my sister, I always admired my dad, but to me he was always working, and I may had a learning disability. I'll never know, even though my dad passed in 2011. I miss him everyday.

My name is Tricia.



By Karynn Campbell

Shared Voices 31

Diana Carrera
March 8, 2021

I am Diana
Daughter of Maribel
Who needs sleep , coffee, family time
Who loves my kids , my husband , my friends
Who sees mountains, rivers, skies
Who hates lies, hypocrisy , stress
Who fears being alone, the dark , death
Who dreams of achieving goals, being happy,
loved
Who has found poems of love
Resident of a wonderful world
Carrera



I am Diana trying to achieve my GED because I want to be able to say to my kids that it is never too late to accomplish anything.

