

COUGAR PRINTS

Character | Scholarship | Leadership | Service

Here I Am

by Alyssa Danlag, Class of 2018

Childhood memories are the most precious types of memories. We keep them close to our hearts and in the back of our minds as we grow up. One childhood memory that stands out for me was when I decided to hide underneath a laundry basket.

When I was about five, I did not like to sleep. I rarely slept during nap time at school and did not like having to go to bed at night. The thing I did enjoy was making people smile and laugh. I used to love watching the faces of my friends and family as I told them a funny joke and seeing the worried look on their faces when I played a prank on them.

One night, as I lay wide awake in bed, I generated the idea of hiding underneath one of my laundry baskets, thinking that it would be funny to see the reactions when my family discovered me.

I carefully snuck down the stairs, trying not to attract any attention. With great stealth, I hid under a green laundry basket. Not too soon after, my mom came down stairs looking for me after realizing I was no longer in my bed. Unable to find me, she roused the rest of the family. Soon, everyone was wide awake and searching the house for me. Every time I would see a pair of feet through the holes of the laundry basket, I would chuckle to myself, but the chuckling came to a halt when I realized people were crying.

My family was so worried that I might have ran away that they started to sob. I realized that I might get in trouble if I told them that it was only a prank, so I remained beneath the basket for awhile until I decided to face the consequences of my prank-gone-wrong. My mom finally saw me with her swollen eyes and, rather than getting angry, embraced me with a warm hug, glad that I had been found.

Many times in our lives we are afraid to trust God and His plans for us. So rather than welcoming God into our lives, we choose to stay hiding and ignore Him because we are scared of what might happen when we do let Him in. God stands at each of our doors and it is our job to let Him in.

*"Here I am! I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in and eat with that person, and they with me."
Revelation 3:20 (NIV)*



In Oceans Deep, My Faith Will Stand

by US Coast Guard FA David Cecil, Class of 2015

The ocean has always played an integral part of my life, beginning when I was a mere infant to the present day. Introduced to the mariner's lifestyle at the young age of six weeks, I grew up along the sea shore, experiencing the rewards and challenges the ocean has to offer to those who hear its calling. My parents sold our boat in 2008, and since then I felt a desire to return to the ocean lifestyle to which I had become so accustomed.

I dreamed of becoming an architect through most of high school at Glendale Adventist Academy. My initial plan was to attend Cal Poly San Luis Obispo, however, the debt of attendance was something I did not want to carry into my professional life. I looked to the military for other options, and the Coast Guard stuck out particularly because of their influence on my family and other mariner's lives.

The Coast Guard is different from the other four armed services in the sense that its primary mission is not so much to destroy, but rather to save. This, in addition to other closely aligning core values in terms of spirituality and personal beliefs, made the Coast Guard an excellent option for me to pursue following graduation.





Donate for a Cure

You might have noticed people across the nation wearing pink during the month of October. For example, National Football League teams wear pink gloves, socks, and shoes during games. The wearing of pink is not just to remind people that breast cancer is a serious problem, but it is also to encourage people to donate funds to help find a cure.

On 07 October 2016, the NHS and GAA joined the American Cancer Society in promoting a single day fundraiser to collect donations to aid in breast cancer research and patient support. From Kindergarten through academy Seniors, students wore pink tops and blue jeans to school and donated funds for this cause. On that one day, students contributed \$984.00 to breast cancer research.

Thank you to all who participated.



One in eight (12%) USA women will be diagnosed with breast cancer.

One person is diagnosed with breast cancer every three minutes in the United States.

About 85% of women diagnosed have no family history of this cancer type.

In 2016, approximately 231,000 will be diagnosed with breast cancer and about 40,450 women will die of breast cancer in the USA.

More than 3.1 million breast cancer survivors are living in the US today.



I initially applied to the Coast Guard Academy, a four-year service academy located in New London, Connecticut. I was not accepted, but I had already decided that I would join through enlistment if the Academy rejected me. After signing the papers with a recruiter in April 2015, my departure date of June 2015 soon was delayed to June 2016 due to lost paperwork at the recruiting office. The time to ship out eventually arrived, and I soon found myself standing on a yellow triangle in the dead of night, surrounded by other recruits, inches away from shouting company commanders at the Training Center in Cape May, New Jersey.



Basic training was an eight-week program of pure and unadulterated discipline and team building exercises. Most of it is now a blur to me, but holding mattresses and heavy mooring lines over my head, grasping canteens, M-16s, and other small (yet extremely heavy) objects out in front of me especially stand out in my memory. I was a member of Recruit Company Bravo-193, initially formed with 120 recruits and graduating with only 65. Many recruits were "reverted" or held back for a week or more in training due to discipline, academic, and moral pitfalls.

During the sixth week of training, we received orders to our first units and districts. Alaska had been my number one pick, with the Washington/Oregon district following closely behind. To my pleasant surprise, I received fireman orders to the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter Healy, home-ported in Seattle, Washington. The Healy is one of only two U.S. owned polar icebreakers on active-duty status.

I reported to the Healy's third port call of 2016 in Seward, Alaska, at the close of her first scientific voyage. As a fireman, I work under the Healy's Engineering Department, specifically the Auxiliary Division that is charged with the upkeep of all machinery unrelated to propulsion, such as hydraulic systems, pumps, and saltwater evaporators. On a daily basis, I find myself checking plant status, cleaning engineering spaces, and helping with troubleshooting and repairing malfunctioning equipment. During watches, I ensure that machinery is functioning properly and that there is no fire or flooding. Though sometimes monotonous, I find my assignments enjoyable and challenging. There is always something new and interesting to learn about the ship.

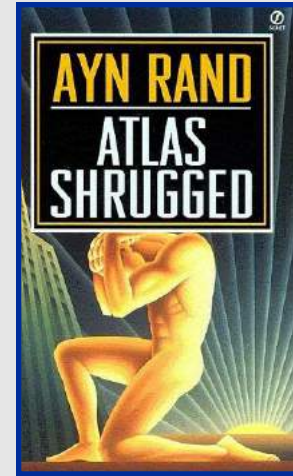
As my technical knowledge has expanded over the past few months, the same can be said about my spiritual life and faith. Several life-changing events occurred in a relatively short time since enlistment, all of which resulted in incredible amounts of stress. Hours after checking into basic training, I remember crying out to God for divine intervention, to give me the strength and wisdom to withstand the lonesomeness and distress I was experiencing. During religious services, a praise team sang familiar songs such as "Oceans," "Lifeline," and "Alive," bringing tears of homesickness to the eyes of many of us. As the weeks progressed, however, more and more recruits began attending services, and slowly the tears of sorrow became tears of joy and praise.

Deployment deepened my spirituality. Experiencing the true power of the ocean, with howling storm-force winds, pounding rain, and twenty-foot seas battering the sides of the ship, has made my faith and dependence in God grow tremendously. The same holds especially true when being woken up at 0200 hours to the sound of the general emergency alarm, or to the smell of burning wire, or when donning my fire-fighting ensemble. I pray for divine intervention in whatever emergency situation is currently unfolding.



Looking back at the time before basic training and reporting to the Healy, I could not have predicted the massive growth in faith and devotion towards God that I have now. In the same way God protected Noah and his family and numerous other Biblical mariners, I have faith that He will protect the Healy and her crew as well, guiding us in whatever situations we will find ourselves.

The USCGC HEALY (WAGB-20) is a 420 foot polar icebreaker/research vessel, home-ported in Seattle, Washington. In service since 1999, the HEALY provides scientists a platform to conduct ground-breaking scientific and meteorological research in high-latitude Arctic regions. The HEALY is named after Micheal A. Healy, Captain of the U.S. Revenue Cutter BEAR between 1886 and 1895. To find out more about the Healy, visit www.uscg.mil/pacarea/cgcHealy.



Book Recommendation

By David Larsen, Class of 2017

*"Every man builds his world
in his own image."*

Atlas Shrugged is a monster of a novel weighing in at over a thousand pages. Written in 1957 by Ayn Rand, it is the canvas on which she paints her personal political and economic philosophy which she later refines as "Objectivism." Simply stated, in Objectivism, the purpose of a person's life is to pursue one's own happiness, and logic and reason are the only ways to understand reality.

The novel takes place in a dystopian and dysfunctional United States within the railroad industry. The story follows Dagny Taggart as she tries to keep her railroad company running. She encounters two distinctive types of people, the valuable ones who are intelligent, productive, and generally rich, and the "looters" who are depicted as dumb and lazy and leech off of the former. Through most of the story, the "looters" take advantage of people like Dagny. Eventually, the country spirals down to the brink of self destruction and the few valuable citizens, including Dagny and John Galt, an elusive character who epitomizes Rand's ideal person, remove themselves from the doomed society, vowing to rebuild the world to their own design.

Although I think the novel could have been a interesting story, it was buried under endless discussion of Rand's opinions. I found the book to be extremist and polarizing, and it reminded me of our presidential election this year. We hear only from far extremes of the right and left wing politicians and their supporters, with little voice given to compromise and compassion.

There are many who love the novel because they agree with Rand's philosophy, but not necessarily for the quality of her writing. The story seems to be secondary to her obsessive message. As a Christian, I do not agree with her philosophy, and as someone who likes to read, I do not plan on ever reading it again. I would only recommend this book to readers with a lot of free time or to those who want to learn more about Ayn Rand's philosophy.

Poetry Colors the World

"Freedom"

Freedom is navy blue.

It tastes like the bold, blue raspberry and sweet cherry of frozen Rocket Pops.

It smells like blood, sweat, and tears shed defending a nation.

It looks like a band of brothers carefully carrying a fallen comrade through a tattered battlefield.

It feels like the long-awaited embrace from a father returned from overseas.

It sounds like a Bald Eagle's screech as he signals his family to seek cover from a predator.

Freedom rings like a school bell.

by Natalie Gregg, Class of 2018



"Love"

Love is peach pink.

It smells like your mother's Channel No. 5 as she embraces you.

It tastes like warm tomato soup that your grandmother makes for you when you are ill.

It looks like a sibling bravely slaughtering a massive spider in your bedroom so that you can sleep soundly.

It feels like a cat reassuringly nudging her head against your thigh when you are stressed.

It sounds like your father reminding you to buckle up before pulling out of the driveway.

Love snuggles like a cocoon wrapped around a caterpillar.

by Jennifer Carvajal, Class of 2018



Cranes for Cancer

by Alexa Jacinto, Class of 2017

*"Hope deferred makes the heart sick,
but a longing fulfilled is a tree of life." Proverbs 13:12*

Sadako Sasaki lived in Hiroshima during WWII, and was two-years old when the U.S. dropped the atomic bomb just one mile from her house. At the age of 12, she was diagnosed with leukemia, most likely as a result of exposure to the bomb's radiation. *Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes*, a work of historical fiction by Eleanor Coerr, memorializes Sadako's story. In the book, Sadako learns of a legend claiming that if a person folded a thousand origami cranes he would be granted one wish. She decided to make the cranes and use her one wish to ask for her life. In the story, the young girl dies before reaching the full count, but her friends and family finish them for her and buried her with them. The truth is that the real Sadako did reach a thousand, and, after her death, her family donated those cranes to different places to spread the idea of hope for those who were still struggling with disease.

During NHS vespers held on 14 October 2016, members folded origami cranes to donate to Cranes for Cancer. This program sends cranes to cancer patients to give them hope and comfort. While the NHS did not fold 1,000 on that day, they did gain more than 15 people who can teach the art of making cranes to others. Creating a crane is such a simple gesture, but the effect of putting them all together and sending them to someone is amazing. It is also a fun and entertaining pastime.

The goal of NHS is to be a positive part of the local community and use



our talents to make the world a better place. The crane project brings us closer to our goal because it can fill someone's heart with both cheerful color and love. There is no better joy than that.

Be the Leader

by Lawrence Steven Dorsey III, Class of 2018

What defines a leader? Before I went to leadership camp at Leoni Meadows, my mind was plagued by this question. After a suspenseful eight-hour ride up the winding back roads of a rocky mountain, we--the student leaders from GAA--finally arrived at the camp, where I began to discover the answers to my question.

I would be spending the weekend with more than 200 students and teachers representing schools from several conferences on the West Coast. Without a doubt, all of the students stayed in their respective school cliques until Nicolas Marcondes and I decided to put ourselves out there and be the first to meet other students since we are after all, social butterflies. After just a few minutes, I could feel the barrier of nervousness in everyone begin to fall slowly, but surely.

Soon after our arrival, we participated in group ice-breakers and team-building games. Finding someone who shares the same interests as you in such a large group is a satisfying feeling. By the end of the games, we gathered in groups of ten and those ten people would be our "family group" for the rest of the weekend. In our family groups, we participated in zip lining, obstacle courses, go carting, free-falling from 105-foot trees with nothing but a rope, and much more. These activities cultivated the bonds of life-long friendships while I was there.

In addition to family groups, we also spent time with "Birds of a Feather"--students who all held the same leadership position, like president or pastor. This grouping allowed us to compare ideas for improving the school experience for everyone through our individual offices. I was honored to meet with fellow social vice-presidents. These officers were extroverted, optimistic, and forces of positive energy. We exchanged ideas on school events, community outreach, banquets, and spirit week days. We also had a vent session, discussing problems we have as officers and helping find solutions for each other. For me, there is nothing more invigorating than a group of peers who are as enthusiastic as I am about working for my classmates. Few feelings are better than everyone joining in unity to achieve a common goal.

When the time for leadership camp dwindling down after a wonderful Sabbath, the camp officials shared a final presentation on student leaders and how important we are to the SDA community. When final words were spoken, I said my goodbyes to my new friends, and then it hit me. What defines a leader is literally in the word itself. A LEADER is **Level-headed, Empathetic, Adaptable, Determined, Energetic, and Ready** for anything.

As we drove back down to Glendale, I felt like Moses coming down the mountain as a changed man. I was revitalized and ready to take on any task asked of me. Overall, Leadership Camp was quite literally a life-changing experience, and I look forward to attending next year. In what position of leadership? I guess I will have to find out for myself.



Poetry Colors the World

"Compassion"

Compassion is cocoa butter brown.

It smells like food shared with a homeless man.

It looks like the green pastures in which lambs graze.

It feels like the soft skin of a newborn babe.

It sounds like the melodious morning song of a blue jay.

Compassion soothes like only a mother's touch can.

by Khayla Hendy, Class of 2018



"War"

War is blood red.

It looks like terrified youths being drafted for war.

It smells like the stench of the young soldiers sweat dripping down their foreheads as they await the opening of the landing craft doors.

It feels like a metal bullet piercing a man's body.

It tastes like blood, as the soldiers hold on to whatever life is left in them.

It sounds like the agonized cries of parents receiving the news of their once-alive child.

War stings when a coffin is returned home.

by Brandon González, Class of 2018

That's Puntastic!

collected by
Jennifer Carvajal, Class of 2018

Smaller babies may be delivered by stork, but heavier ones need a crane.

Question: What do you call a melon that's not allowed to get married?

Answer: Can't elope.

Question: Why did the pig quit running the marathon?

Answer: He had a problem with his hamstring.

Question: Why can't you drink milk?

Answer: Because I lactose genes required to digest it.

A pediatrician is a doctor of little patients.

Question: Why was the broom having a bad day?

Answer: He didn't get enough sweep.

Question: How did Mr. Nucleus escape from prison?

Answer: Through the cell wall.

My pig developed a rash, so the veterinarian prescribed an oinkment.

Question: What do you call a lazy baby kangaroo?

Answer: A pouch potato.

Singing in the shower is all fun and games until you get shampoo in your mouth, then it becomes a soap opera.

Question: What does a nut sound like when it sneezes?

Answer: Cashew

Small Voices, Big Change

by Dyanna Castañeda-Policarpio, Class of 2017

*"Don't let anyone look down on you because you are young, but set an example for the believers in speech, in conduct, in love, in faith and in purity."
I Timothy 4:12 (NIV)*

"Hey, have you seen this account?" my friend asked, sliding her phone over the table to me. "If you haven't yet, check it out. A lot of us are pretty mad about it."

I picked up the phone and found it open to an Instagram page that had about a dozen posts. "What is it?" I queried, beginning to scroll through the photographs.

"The posts are by some eighth-grade kid from the school up the street. Look at his posts. How mean and ignorant can he be?" was the fiery reply. I was taken aback, since this friend was usually the quiet and composed one in the group.

As I looked through the account, I understood why she had become so heated. The posts were shocking. Even the account name, which promoted abuse of women, was offensive. The photos and captions were appalling and included racial slurs, homophobic comments, and jokes about domestic violence. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, especially coming from such a young kid.

"Should we do something? Maybe we can contact his parents somehow, or a teacher at his school," I mused. The account's posts directly contrasted with everything good and moral, and I became more upset as I scrolled down the screen. My mind began to work double-time, and an idea popped into my head. "Why don't we write to the principal of his school? We could encourage our friends to write too, so that administration could see that this really is a serious problem."

We wasted no time in getting to work. Luckily, I have a knack for surrounding myself with opinionated and open-minded people, so when my friends and I see something offensive, we take action.

By the end of that same day, we had filled the principal's email inbox with polite and thoughtfully written messages addressing our concern about the student's online activity. The principal actually responded, thanking us for bringing the matter to her attention. The school informed the parents of the boy, and the account was deleted.



It felt good to have made some kind of difference, even though small. One less account promoting hatred is still a positive step. Too often, the ideas of young people are disregarded simply due to our age, so it was exhilarating to not be bypassed in this case. I still keep a copy of the email I sent to the principal (even though this event happened several years ago) to remind me that there is power in speaking up for what is right.

Natalie Gregg's Food for Thought:

Silky Butternut Squash Soup

by Jennifer White

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Ingredients

1 medium yellow onion, diced
 1 medium carrot, peeled and sliced or diced
 1 stalk celery, diced
 2 tablespoons olive oil
 2 cloves garlic, minced
 4 cups peeled and diced butternut squash
 1 medium potato, peeled and diced (about 1 1/2 cups diced)
 2 cups vegetable broth
 2 teaspoons granulated onion
 1 1/4 teaspoon dried basil
 1/2 teaspoon dried parsley
 1/4 teaspoon salt, or to taste



Instructions

In a large pot, sauté onions, and celery in oil over medium heat until onions just begin to soften.

Add garlic and sauté for one additional minute.

Add squash, potatoes, broth, and seasonings. Increase heat and bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer 12 to 17 minutes or until vegetables are tender. (The cooking time will vary depending on how small the vegetables were diced.) Transfer soup to blender and blend until smooth. (Be careful when blending hot foods in blender. You may want to allow the mixture to cool some first.) If using a blender, return blended mixture to pot and heat through. Serve hot.

Notes

The brand of broth you use will affect the taste of the soup and the amount of salt to use. After you have blended the soup, check the flavor and season to taste.

A heavy-duty blender works best to get this soup smooth and creamy. Also, if you are using a heavy-duty blender, you do not really need to peel the potatoes--which saves time and adds extra fiber. Win-win!

Save the Date

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

- 01 National Authors' Day
- 01 National Family Literacy Day
- 02 National Deviled Eggs Day
- 03 National Sandwich Day
- 05 National Doughnut Day
- 06 Saxophone Day
- 06 Daylight Saving Time En
- 08 Election Day
- 09 World Freedom Day
- 11 National Sundae Day
- 11 Veterans Day
- 15 American Recycles Day
- 18 Mickey Mouse Birthday
- 19 National Adoption Day
- 24 Thanksgiving Day
- 25 Black Friday

Veterans Day

by David Larsen, Class of 2017

On November 11, we celebrate Veterans Day, a holiday honoring those who risk their lives in military service for our country. Veterans Day is an official federal holiday, so most government offices and public schools are closed.

Veterans Day actually started as Armistice Day to celebrate the day World War I officially ended on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month as allied nations and Germany signed the armistice to end hostilities. In 1945, World War II veteran Raymond Weeks had an idea to expand Armistice Day to include all veterans. The name was officially changed to Veterans Day in 1954. Other countries such as Australia, Great Britain, France, and Canada also celebrate their own veterans day on or around the same time, but call it different names like Remembrance Day or Armistice Day.

Do you know the difference between Veterans Day and Memorial Day? They both have to do with the military, but Memorial Day is for those who have died in service while Veterans Day is for all veterans, not just those who died.

An interesting grammar side note is that Veterans Day is sometimes spelled Veteran's or Veterans' Day which is the possessive case. However, the official spelling is without the apostrophe since the day does not "belong" to veterans, but is in honor of them.

What is important is that our veterans were willing to risk their lives to keep our nation safe. Many made the ultimate sacrifice and are honored also on Memorial Day. I think it is even more important to honor those service men and women who are still living and let them know their sacrifices are appreciated and will not be forgotten.

Special Thanks

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Cougar Prints

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Editor: Taylor Nicolas

Copy Editors: Alessandra Ramos
Sereena Yeghiazarian

Faculty Adviser: Ms. Gross

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

Glendale Adventist Academy
ATTEN: Cougar Prints
700 Kimlin Drive
Glendale CA 91206
P: 818.244.8671
F: 818.546.1180



November Calendar

01 Academy Day

01 Minimum Day

02 La Sierra University Experience
(leave school at 6:00 a.m.)

02-05 La Sierra University Choir Festival
(leave school at 3:30 p.m.)

06 Set Clocks Back One Hour

07-11 Week of Prayer

12 Chorale and Band at Central Filipino Church (arrive by 10:00 a.m.)

12 Home and School Fall Festival (5:10 p.m.-9:30 p.m.)

13 Fall Banquet (12:00 p.m.-8:30 p.m.)

15-19 Calexico Mission Trip

18 Minimum Day

18 NHS Community Service Project: Bake Dog Treats for Animal Shelter
(Cafe at 1:00 p.m.)

21-25 Thanksgiving Break

30 Digital Photography Field Trip: Urban Landscape



Seniors on the Cougar Football Team winning 2nd Place in Loma Linda Tournament

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.

