



Passages Press

Congratulations 2009 Graduates!



Breanna Novicka



Jane Tarbox



Ashley Mellor



Misha Taylor



Amber Chaisty

Not shown: Carly Lewis

September 2009

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Amber Chaisty



Amber with her mother Judy and baby Michael

My experience in the Passages program has been great and easy, for the most part. I think it's great that in Passages you get to have one-on-one time with a teacher, which helps you focus and concentrate more. Many young moms usually don't have a vehicle or money for gas to travel long distances. That's why I also think it's great that you can have a good teacher come to your house once a week for an hour.

My teacher Andrea has helped me a lot. I couldn't ask for a better teacher. Andrea has really helped my reading and writing skills improve big time. Andrea is very understanding and has patience as well. My teacher Andrea is also a very honest woman. She encouraged me and she was always there when I needed help.

I think the Passages program is great because it gives young mothers a chance to start a life and get a good job. I believe without a diploma you can't really get far in life, and you can't even get a job at most fast food restaurants these days.

I think the Passages program is also really great because you mostly study, learn, and do projects about life skills and problems like budgeting and transportation, science, health and nutrition, and the most important one – parenting.

I think my favorite and the most difficult project I did in this program was my Passage, which was building a greenhouse.



Amber's greenhouse

Getting pregnant at 16 and having my son at 17 years old hasn't stopped me from graduating at 18 years old on September 26, 2009.

Breanna Novicka

When I first entered the Passages program I was 18 years old with a one-year-old daughter, Raven. I had dropped out of Georges Valley my senior year to raise Raven. When I joined the Passages program Eva was my teacher and I absolutely loved her. We got along great and had so



much in common. Then about six months in, something came up and she could no longer be my teacher.

After a two-month break I was assigned a new teacher, Andrea Itkin. At first I couldn't stand her. She was pushy and demanding and I hated it. As time went by we learned to understand each other. I realized she was only pushing me because she wanted me to succeed. She made me write up all the papers on subjects that Eva had let me pass on without writing them. I'm very glad she did, though. I just wanted to rush through and didn't really care what I had learned.

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With Andrea, I actually learned things I didn't think I could.

It's taken me a little longer than most to complete the program but taking my time was well worth it. Andrea gave me the idea for my Passage. I finished writing my first book. Andrea wasn't only my teacher, but my expert while writing. I had a little bit of a problem with my original expert not showing up at all for anything I needed her to. I was actually excited to be writing again. I finished writing My New Life in July of this year, completing my trip through the Passage Program.

The following is an excerpt from My New Life...

Pulling up in front of a house that distinctly looks like a crack house, I get a sudden pang of fear in my stomach. Paint peeling off a once magnificent white house. The wrap around porch is overrun with vines and it looks like it's about to fall in on itself. Three out of the four sets of chipped baby blue shutters are hanging on by a single hinge or are missing totally. *I wonder who lives here. I really hope this isn't his house!*

"Well, this is my house. It's not much, but it's home." Oh no! Staring in disbelief at this... well, this "house", I can't bring myself to even glance over at my darling Adrien. *Doesn't anyone mow their lawn? Maybe I should call it a field! I've lived in some pretty crappy places but this place just tops anything I've ever seen before. If I didn't know better I'd think no one lived here at all!* Suddenly my door opens and there's Adrien. Wow, I guess I'm in such shock at the state of this house I didn't even notice he'd gotten out of the car. Looking up into those beautiful eyes I suddenly feel slightly at ease. *Maybe it's not so bad, maybe it's nice inside.* Fumbling quickly to unbuckle myself, I finally get the button down and let my seat belt slide back into place. *Ok, I think I'm ready now. I hope I am.* Stepping out of the car, I grab Adrien's hand quickly and hold on just as tightly as I possibly can. *If I don't let go I'll be safe! Bang!*

"Ahh!" I let out a high-pitched scream and jump.

"It's ok honey, I just closed the car door. You need to calm down; everything is going to be fine. It

looks a lot worse around here than it actually is." As he rubs his hand on my shoulder, trying to calm me down, I look around me.

The house across the street is in the same disheveled state as Adrien's, and the houses on either side of his are very obviously condemned. Looking past the house on the left I notice a small park full of very long-since-abandoned playground equipment. Empty chains where there were once swings and a slide that resembled a brownish red giraffe with his head in the dirt. This must have been a beautiful neighborhood, but now it's just a ghost town!

I snap myself back to reality as Adrien guides me up the nearly hidden stone walkway. We walk toward the dilapidated porch. *YAY, I knew English class would give me something useful. I learned to use a big word!* The steps creaks under my feet. *I hope I don't fall through this thing.* We walk forward and he pushes the door open. Didn't even bother to turn the doorknob - just pushed it open! This place really is dilapidated! *YAY I used the big word again!* Suddenly a gust of wind blows out of the house, like a giant exhaling, and all I can smell is moldy musty mildew! *GOD THAT'S NASTY!*

Stepping into the house the smell gets stronger and I notice piles of old newspapers almost as tall as I am scattered around what I would assume to be the living room. The floors are a dingy green color. I can only assume it was painted a beautiful forest green at one point and now it's like tree mixed with vomit and baby poo. I don't think it's been cleaned in months!

"Adrien!" a gruff hoarse voice bellows from somewhere down the hall in front of us. "Is that you? Did you pick up my stuff?" The voice booms again. Adrien looks taken aback a little, a look of complete shock and questioning spreads across my face. Stuff?

"No Dad, I haven't picked it up yet! I've got some stashed around here somewhere. Give me a few minutes and I'll find it," he hollers back shaking his head. Holding tighter to him, I suddenly feel even more uneasy. His dad's on drugs? That can't be good!

"I want my shit NOW! If I don't get it I'm gonna..."

“You're gonna what? You're not gonna do shit to me! I'm the only person who does anything around here! You'll get your stuff when I'm done showing my girlfriend around this shit-hole we call a house!” Adrien roars back, cutting his father off mid-sentence.

“What? Bring her in here. I want to meet this one!” he says in a slightly less angry tone. Holding me tighter, almost squeezing my guts out of my head, Adrien starts to lead me down the very dark hallway in front of us. The flower wallpaper peeling off the walls gives me the chills more than the nasty floors. Counting the closed doors as we pass by - two on the right and one on the left. Then we stop in front of a door that's slightly ajar.

“Are you ok honey?” he whispers in my ear, as he slides his hand up and down my side.

“I'll be ok. Protect me?” I'm shaking. I can barely get the words to cross my lips.

“Always my love!” He turns me so we're eye to eye. He cups my face in his hands. “I love you and I'll never let anything happen to you. Promise!” Looking into his eyes, I feel more at ease. Gliding up on my tiptoes, I lean in to kiss him. The soft embrace calms my nerves; his breath is warm and smells just as sweet as pixie stix, and yet it makes my heart flutter at the same time. *I love kissing him; when my heart skips a beat it reminds me that I'm still alive.*

“I love you, too. I think I'm ready. Let's go,” I whisper. I pray my heart doesn't burst out of my chest. Adrien pushes the door open and I suddenly get a waft of body odor and must. Trying to control my breathing I step in. Piles of clothes litter the floor around a nearly vacant bed to my right and a very large bulldog-like man sitting in a recliner to my left. The only light in the room is from a very old, very dirty TV and an almost black window. *Can this place get any grosser?*

“Come closer honey, I want to get a good look at you,” he declares. I'm ok, it's just Adrien's dad, his bark is worse than his bite, and OH MY GOD HIS STENCH IS WORSE THAN EVERYTHING ALL PUT TOGETHER! I reassure myself over and over again as I walk toward him, making my way through the heaps of vilely disgusting things on the floor, slowly breathing in and out through my

mouth, so I don't have to smell this putrid room! The taste in the air coats all of my taste buds. *I'm getting a GIANT bottle of Listerine when I get out of here!* As I get closer I notice he has the same amazing blue eyes as Adrien. He's considerably heavier and has long greasy black hair, but I bet he looked a lot like Adrien when he was younger. He has sores around his nose and lips - must be an ice addict. The smell is nauseating; the body odor and filthy stench do no one any good!

“You're beautiful, what are you doing with a punk like my kid? He ain't nothing but trouble, and you look like a pretty good girl,” he says smiling at me, then glaring at Adrien.

“Ok Dad, keep it up and you won't be getting your shit!” Adrien says with a little frustration in his voice.

“Keep your pants on boy! You got a pretty girlfriend here. She don't need to hear about our business!” His guttural bark is the kind where you can tell it's coming from those nasty jowl jiggles. *Totally wrong and really disturbing!*

I have to get out of here! I squeeze Adrien's hand to get his attention. When he turns to look at me I can see the fire of pure rage filling his eyes. *Now we really have to get out of here! Ok, think! How can I let him know I want out of here now? Puppy eyes, yes, puppy eyes should work! Subtle and it should get the point across!* Opening my eyes wide and scrunching my eyebrows a little, I put on my best puppy eyes. *God, I hope this works!* Lowering his eyebrows, giving me that “What are you doing?” look, he shakes his head slightly, looking totally clueless. *Ok, I've got to step this up a little!* I puff my lower lip out ever so slightly and shoot a quick look toward the door. His face quickly relaxes, as he mouths, “Oh”.

“I'm going to show her to my room, and I'll get you your stuff.” He turns around and just about drags me out of the room.

“Hurry it up, cause I'm chafing! Good to meet you. I'm sure I'll be seeing more of you,” he calls after us as Adrien leads me into the hall. Thank *God I'm away from him! That was definitely the man I talked to on the phone.* Hanging a left, going a little farther down the hall, we stop in front of a pristine white door. *Wow!* It's so white it almost glows!

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Adrien starts flipping his key ring around in his hand. Stopping at what looks like a brand new key, he reaches out and unlocks the door.

“Well this is my room. You should feel a little more comfortable in here.”

As the perfect door swings open, I’m blinded by magnificent white light. Wow, that’s bright! Pausing to let my eyes adjust, everything slowly comes into focus. His perfectly made white bed up against the wall on the right covered in puffy cloud-like pillows. A very elaborate white dresser with beautiful hand-painted blue roses pressed into the corner at the end of the bed. *It’s so perfect!* The light flooding in from the window next to the dresser illuminates the pale yellow carpet. It’s so happy in here; absolutely nothing like the rest of the house!

“Are you coming in or are you just going to stand there in the nasty hallway?” he says with a slight chuckle and takes my hand to lead me into *his domain*. “I have to go get something for him,” he adds pointing back toward his father’s room. “I’m going to leave you in here. Is that cool?” Him trying to sound soothing isn’t working and I can’t help but giggle a little.

“I’ll be fine. Hurry back?” I ask in a very obviously fake pleading voice, a smile spreading over my face.

“Five minutes. Do you want to watch TV till I get back?” He leads me over to the bed, I sit, and he crosses back to the other side of the room and closes the door. He slowly pushes part of the wall sideways, revealing a small open area, which he steps into. *How strange, a secret hole in the wall.* He quickly comes back out wheeling a stand with a small TV on top and tosses me the remote. I flinch and let it fly by me, landing next to me on the bed.

“Sorry honey, forgot you can’t catch. Watch what you want, I’ll be right back.” Coming back across the room he kisses me so passionately I almost fall backwards into the wall; I wrap my arms around his neck to hold myself up, kissing him deeper. My mind starts to float into the clouds. *I love him! I don’t know how anyone can love someone as much as I love him! I feel like I’m going to explode with joy and love.* Slowly pulling away he snaps me back to reality. Staring into his eyes I

notice little sparkles like flecks of silver gleaming in the ice. “Hold this thought please? I’ll be right back. Oh! And I have something for you!” He pecks my lips one more time and dashes out of the room. *I wonder what he got me...I hope it’s nothing big!* I grab the remote and turn the TV on. I realize he’d been watching Court TV before he shut it off. Hmm, I didn’t realize he was interested in law enforcement. Definitely not something I really want to watch. Flipping through the channels I find Nickelodeon. *YAY Spongebob’s on! I love this show!* Suddenly an idea pops into my head. I wonder if he’d notice if I looked at his stuff...

I sneak over to his dresser and open the top drawer. Looking into the drawer I see all his underwear is folded so neatly, and they’re all separated by color. Blacks first, then gray, blue, green, red, orange, white, and black and white wife beaters tucked into the right side of the drawer. He’s definitely a boxer boy though, that’s so cute! Gently lifting up the wife beaters, I notice a small blue box. *OH MY GOD! That must be my present!* Tucking the shirts back into their place, exactly how I found them, I close the drawer. Opening the second drawer I find his shirts are just as meticulously folded and organized. I can only imagine the last two drawers are just as perfect. Scurrying over to his desk I notice a picture in a beautifully hand painted blue frame with white daisies. I take a closer look. It’s a little boy that’s definitely Adrien, and a beautiful woman with flowing wavy black hair and dazzling emerald green eyes. I wonder if that’s his mom. He’s never mentioned her before. Losing myself in the photograph, I don’t notice Adrien coming back to the bedroom.

“That’s me and my mother when I was 8,” he utters softly, scaring the crap out of me. I jump and just about drop the photograph. “Ha, did I scare you babe?” he walks across the room to stand behind me, slowly wraps his arms around me, sets his head on my shoulder and lets out a loud sigh. “She was beautiful wasn’t she? That was taken about a week before she died.”

“She’s absolutely gorgeous honey!” I lean my head against his. “You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to, but what happened to her?”

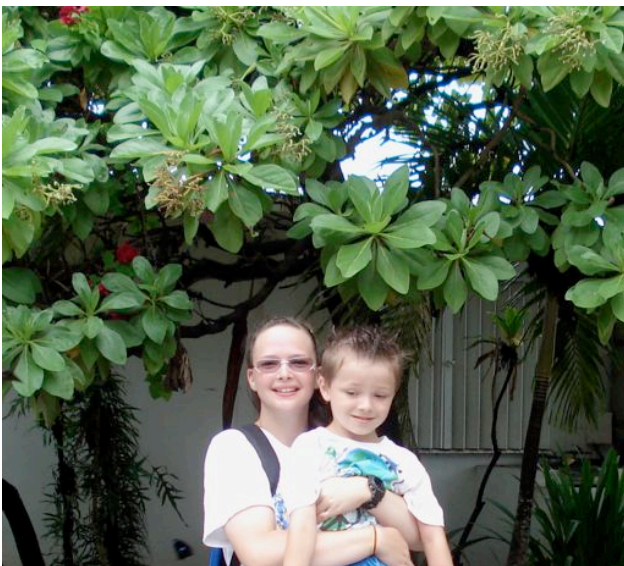
“Its ok babe, her and my dad went for a drive one rainy night. My dad took a corner too fast, the car hit a puddle, and they went off the road. The car rolled a few times, and my mom got thrown from the car. She was *gone*, by the time the paramedics got there,” he murmurs and squeezes me a little tighter.

Turning my head to kiss him, I see one lonely tear drip down his cheek. “I’m so sorry! I shouldn’t have brought it up!” I whisper. *What was I thinking? I know how bad it hurts when someone asks about my parents.*

A little smile crosses his face, “I’m kind of glad you did. She has something to do with your gift.” He gives me a quick kiss, rushes over to the dresser and takes the little blue box out of the top drawer. *I wonder what it is?* Adrien darts back to me and takes the photograph from my hands, and sets it back on the desk ever so carefully to make sure it was in the exact spot I’d picked it up from. *He’s so neat and clean and tidy! It’s almost scary. Nah, he’s too sweet to be scary.* Leading me over to the bed we sit down and he opens the box. Sitting on a plush cushion inside the box is a beautiful blue sapphire heart.

“This was my mother’s... I want you to have it,” He clasps it around my neck.

Misha Taylor



Misha & Treeth in Japan

Joining the Camden Community School has been a new learning adventure for me. I have learned about scientific matter, writing properly and I even brushed up on some very old math. I was excited that Martha accepted me. I was even more excited that she would be my teacher. I could tell from the first time I met her that she was a caring, understanding and a patient person. I have gotten back into writing because of her. I have had to take a long, deep look at my life. And just when I think I am done with a paper she pushes me to do better. She took me to a college seminar and because of that visit I now feel that I can go to college. I am happy that I have Martha as my teacher and pleased that I can call her my friend. Getting my high school diploma means a lot to me. I am very grateful that the teachers took a chance on me.

Thank you for this opportunity.

Misha's Japan Journal

Summer 2009

The month of August has been full of events and activities. For starters there are many *Matsuris* going on. A Matsuri is a festival where each town represents their pride for where they live. It is remembering the old and celebrating the young. I enjoyed seeing everybody dressed in his or her yukata and dancing to the music. The children get free candy and the adult males carry a huge shrine. It is usually a beautiful model of a temple. It weighs a ton and you can tell it is no easy trip by the expression on their faces. I went to three different Matsuris. I enjoyed drinking beer on the streets and sharing a few laughs with my family.

I worked for two weeks at a summer school. The kids here in Japan don't get that long anticipated three-month vacancy. Instead they get about a month and a half. I was teaching kids that were in the first grade and second grade. I really enjoyed it and it put a thought into my mind about teaching back in America... maybe kids with learning disabilities or just troubled kids who have no one to turn to. I have had a lot of those WOW moments where you never saw the importance in some things until now. Some of the kids go to an

international school. Instead of Japanese they learn their entire curriculum in English. Just another reminder of how lucky I am. I enjoyed seeing each child's personality shine through once they got comfortable. They really enjoyed the program; some of them even signed up to the school for weekly lessons. I also got a job offer out of it.

August has been hot and humid. One thing that kills me about Japan, besides the prices of marshmallows, is the humidity. It will be about 90 degrees, add the humidity and it's a good 101. I sweat like never before here.

We have gone to many pools and parks. They have a lot of pools for lack of fresh water around this area. I went and bet on boat races. My brother won a few bucks.

I really like Naoko's family, especially her mother. The kids call her bubba. It is what most kids call their grandmother here. She is so sweet and kind. She is laid back and funny. Every time the girls go over to her house they come home with a new outfit. She spoils them with treats. She is a good grandmother. She even gets Treeth some things so he won't feel left out. I really appreciate that. I am still enjoying my time and Treeth is getting better at his Japanese and his eating has improved. The other night we ate shark. I told him what it was after he ate it. He thought it was so cool.

September 2009 about self-care...

Since I am in Japan my objectives have changed a lot from what I wrote earlier. I need a job and money. I need to be able to pay for schooling and get a proper visa so I can stay. I need to have my son Treeth enrolled in a school. I am more physical here. You have to be. I walk a lot and ride my bike often. I eat healthier and less. I want to develop a better relationship with my brother, his wife and my two nieces. I read while I am on the train going to and from places. I would like to develop new friendships with people here in Japan. I want my nihongo (Japanese) to be up to par. I worry about my son with all of these changes. No matter what, I will enjoy each new day and enjoy our time here.

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I like to have some time to myself by taking a bath. I usually do this late at night when it is very quiet. I also love to read. I buy a lot of books. I enjoy books because they are a good way to see other people's point of view. It opens up my mind and gives me creative ideas. Some books are even inspiring or motivating. I also try and keep up with Treeth's memory book. Every month I write what his accomplishments and challenges were. I also write funny or amusing things he did. Lastly I put in a picture. My hope with that is that one day he may look back on it and get a few laughs at the person he used to be.

Like all single mothers it is difficult for us to find that ME time. Our priorities are our children and then the animals and then the house and finally us. Until one day we look in the mirror and we say, "Who the hell is this person?" Writing this paper has opened my eyes to that well deserved ME time. Though I doubt I will change anything, I will at least think about it.

September 2009 and My Final Goodbye



Misha and her family in Japan

My passage was to come to Japan and get into a school and to enroll Treeth into a school, too. I wanted to save up money to take back to America with me. I also wanted to learn more about Japan as a whole. As many people know life doesn't always go as you plan. I have done many things while living in Japan, but they are not what I had envisioned. Treeth is going to school, but it isn't a public school. He cannot join public school until

after his 6th birthday. I am not enrolled in school either. I have looked into many of them and many different factors are being taken into account. For one, a lot of them want a diploma. Next, they are not accepting new students at this time. Most schools want at least half tuition up front.

I have been offered a few jobs but I do not have the proper visa. I had a job working at a summer school and made a nice sum of money for it.

I have done a lot of things that I will not soon forget. I have had the experience of seeing a traditional funeral given by a monk. I have been to Disney Land and Disney Sea. There is only one Disney Sea in the world. I have gone to the hot springs and gotten naked in front of a lot of strangers. I got to participate in a local custom called a montsuie where they carry a very heavy shrine all around town. I have ridden the trains alone and made it back. I have met some great kids and adults. I have bonded with my two nieces. I have watched Treeth go through every emotion available. I planted rice and saw myself in the local newspaper a few times. I went to zoos and saw almost every animal you could think of. I saw a seal show and threw rings around its neck. Matthew and I taught Treeth how to ride a bike with no training wheels. He fell once, cried, but still continued to try. I watched Lisa's English grow. I ate shark and pig intestines along with cow tongue, squid, octopus and a bunch of fish whose names I probably will never know. I have learned a lot more about Japan. Owls are considered good luck here. The reason people never pass food from chopstick to chopstick is because they do that with the deceased bones at funerals.

I have been frustrated at times mostly over food prices. I can't say I haven't had a funny language barrier moment - there have been many. Treeth is speaking a little bit more Japanese. He has made a lot of friends. He has done real well adapting, considering the difference between what he used to know and what he knows now. Even though it isn't exactly what I had planned, I am still happy with the outcome so far. I feel every day there is a new possibility around the corner.

Ashley Mellor



Ashley & Hailey

How did you first hear of Passages?

I heard about it through the Teen and Young Parent Program.

Are you glad you did?

Yeah, because I don't think I would have done it if someone hadn't told me about it.

How do you feel about graduating?

Nervous and excited. I'm nervous about people being at the graduation and I'm excited about getting it done and over with.

What did you like most about the Passages program?

I like the fact that you work at your own pace and you're not sitting in a classroom.

What did you like the least?

Math. Other than that, I didn't have any major things that I didn't like.

What did you do for your Passage project and how did it go?

I did sewing and it's gone pretty well so far. I've made a dress and nightgown for my daughter. Martha Brower was very nice and patient and good at explaining what she was trying to teach me. We worked in her studio twice a week.

Will you continue sewing when your Passage is done?

I'm going to continue working with Martha on different projects. I enjoy it because it's interesting to me to make something out of nothing.

Do you have any plans for after graduation?

I want to get a license and a job first. Then we'll see where life leads me.

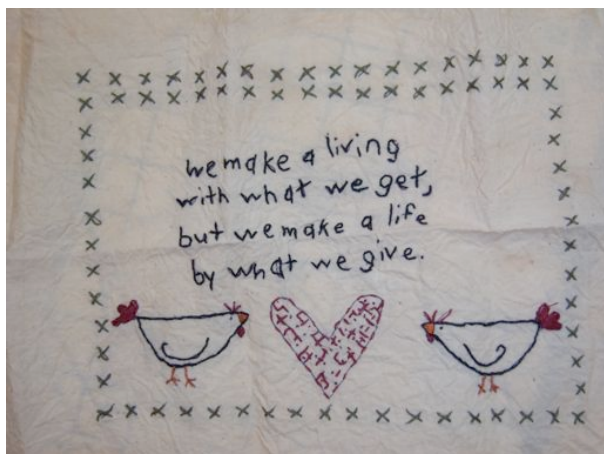
My Passage

For my Passage I completed a dress and nightgown for Hailey, as well as a purse. I've also started to make a bear. I learned that it's fairly hard to make something 3D out of something that's flat. I learned to measure, hem and all kinds of different sewing skills. It was nice to work with Martha. She's a very good teacher, very patient and willing to help.

I learned that I don't want to continue making dresses or outfits, but that I would like to make quilts. I like the process of sewing, but don't like to have to fit clothes to someone's shape.

I learned that I actually can do something creative and accomplish something. I can make something that looks like it's supposed to look. I don't think I'd ever try to do something like that on my own; I wouldn't have the patience, but with Martha's help, I can. She's pretty mellow. She doesn't get mad because she's already made her own mistakes. She's offered to continue helping me learn more techniques and do more projects. I think it's awfully nice of her to continue to work with me.

I think I did a good job with the project, kept up with everything I planned to do, and I feel successful. I've also made a book for Hailey to illustrate how I learned to sew.



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Jane Tarbox



Jane & Timmy

I think the Passages Program through the Community School is a really great program. It doesn't just teach you what a normal high school would. You learn real life experiences. I personally grew a lot in this program since I started. I have learned a lot and figured out what I want to do after high school for a career. I think I have become a better person in every way. When I first got pregnant I thought, *how I am supposed to finish high school with three years left?* and then a friend told me about the Community School. If it weren't for this program I wouldn't be getting my diploma.

Another thing I like about Passages is the teachers in it. Everyone is so nice and encouraging, especially my teacher. Andréa has done a lot for me. She took me to a lot of school workshops and listened to my excuses. She also did a lot outside of school including taking me to Timothy's appointments. She did a lot more than what a teacher is expected to do. This is why I love this program.

My Passage

For my passage I decided to raise money for the Children's Cancer Program. I picked to do this as a project because I have always wanted to help and give children hope that are sick. I want to become a pediatric nurse, too. I organized a team to

walk in Augusta for the Maine Children's Cancer Program. There were six of us that walked: Diane who was my expert, Renee, my teacher Andrea, my second teacher Janet, Naomi who substituted for my mom who was my advocate and my graduate who didn't show up. Our team goal was to raise 700 dollars and we did it.



Jane's team: Diane, Andrea, Renee, Jane, Naomi & Janet

We raised money by making a web page where people could donate online. We also organized a bake sale. Renee and I met three times before the bake sale to figure out who was making what. The first bake sale we planned we were supposed to have a hurricane so we cancelled it and it turned out to be a really nice day. I forgot to call one of my old teachers who had offered to bake for the bake sale. She ended up going to Camden with all kinds of baked goods and we weren't there. I felt really, really bad about this.

We planned another one to have on Labor Day weekend, which turned out to be an even nicer day. Renee helped a lot. She got the table and chairs we needed, she baked a lot for the bake sale and she got into the bake sale by asking everyone that walked by our table if they wanted to donate. Diane came by the bake sale and bought things and was encouraging. Andrea came and helped out all day and she baked a lot too. I baked, but everything didn't come out the way I wanted it to. My first few things I baked burned and the ones I took to the bake sale weren't too pretty, but we sold almost everything we had. During the bake sale a lady

walked up and handed us a hundred dollar bill and said she wanted to donate it. A lot of people donated more than what they bought. To advertise I wrote a letter to the editor and we put it in five newspapers. Diane and Andrea met me at Rock City Coffee and edited it for me.

I learned that in the future I would organize things better and stay on a stricter schedule. For example, I should have made a list of whom I needed to call when I was canceling the first bake sale. I also learned that I can plan something and follow through with it and have it turn out nice. In the future I might do another fundraiser for children. I also learned how to work with other people on a project. The team that I chose ended up being a good team that helped a lot. One of my teammates had a lot of good ideas but didn't follow through, so my other team members took over for her. I learned from her that I will always show up or at least call if I am going to miss something, because not following through is frustrating for others. I think this was a good project for me because it showed me I could finish what I started and have it come out well. This project turned out to be rewarding and fun.

Carly Lewis



For her Passage Carly created a fascinating and moving video memoir chronicling her struggle with bipolar disorder.

Carly (at back right playing with the kids)



Eiyah and Ayanna painting