



The Community  
School

Passages Program



# Passages Press

## On the Passages Program

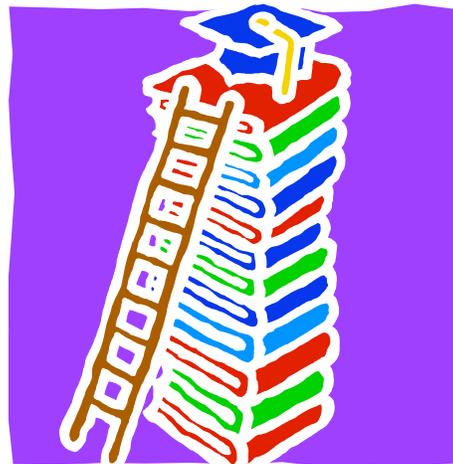
by Jesse Smith

I have been in the Passages Program for approximately seven months. When I began the program I was scared about not getting my work done, scared of it being hard... and what if I disliked my teacher? These are common questions.

With all of us young ladies having children, or on our way to having children, life can get crazy. Will we have time to eat? Brush our hair? Or even change our clothes? When we're in between making bottles, picking Cheerios off the floor, chasing around a one year old because he got a grasp on our homework, or taking a five-minute breather, school just doesn't seem sensible. That's one of the things that makes the Passages Program so wonderful. It is all about you. You decide on your own how much you can do in a week and how much you can handle.

The one-to-ones are great. They are not only our teachers, but our friends. They are there to help and guide us. They do not tell us what to do, they let us decide on our own, although they help us out.

Overall, it is a wonderful program. It is all based around yourself; you just have to have the will power to pull through it all.



## Graduation

**Where:** MBNA Ginley Hall  
Northport

**When:** June 19<sup>th</sup> at 2 pm

**Who:** Sheila Belcher  
Kaitlin Callahan  
Patty Cunningham  
Whitney Mills  
Heidi Moores  
Shauna Pomeroy  
Viktoria Robinson  
Kristina Vaughan

June 2004

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## Resume

**Keshia Young**

### Work

I am a stay-at-home mother

September 2003-Present

Raising my son, Marshall, requires patience, energy, and love. From seven-o-clock in the morning to seven-o-clock at night I participate in a variety of activities including diaper changing, rubber-ducky baths, playing rounds of peek-a-boo, cheering up the baby-blues, attempting vainly to introduce solid foods, and nursing. And these are only the main duties that I'm in charge of. In a sense, Marshall is the "boss" and he often takes advantage of this power by creating new duties for me to undertake, such as curing a newly acute teething pain!

Multitasking and time management are two of the skills I've had to develop and perfect. Every day seems to be a different adventure as well as a learning experience. Two steps forward and one step back.

It's all very exhausting, and yet very rewarding!



## *My Mother*

by Amanda Cates

My mom and dad got a divorce when I was ten years old after fourteen years of being together. I have an older brother and a younger sister. My brother and sister stayed with my mom in Waldoboro. My dad and I moved to Madison.

Four years went by, everything was going well, I loved the new school I was in, had lots of caring friends, and I always went down to see my mom on the weekends.

My mom and I had a wonderful relationship. We would go and do stuff together and have a good time. One of my best memories of my mom would be when we went to Connecticut for the weekend; we went to the mall down there and did a lot of shopping. Whatever we did we would try to make it for the best and have a good time; that's what made it a good relationship.

It was 1997, my Mom had just gotten the Internet and she started talking to a whole bunch of different men. She would go to New York, Massachusetts and a lot of other places to meet these men in person. She was trying to find a relationship with one of these guys, but none seemed to work out for her. So when things went bad for her she would come back home and live with other family members.

When she would go she would always hurt us kids because she would be gone for so long that the rest of her family would have to watch us and take care of us. We felt as though we were losing our mom because she was not around for us as much as she was before.

In 1998 when my brother was fifteen, I was fourteen, and my sister was twelve, our Mom started talking to this guy over in Scotland. They talked for a couple of

## Summer Workshops



- **Creative Memories**  
July 7 @ 10-12 am  
Teen Center  
Camden
  
- **Cooking with Fresh Food**  
August 18 & 25  
10-12 am  
Youthlinks  
Rockland

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months, and in July 1998 my mom was sent a ticket to go over there. She packed everything up and went over. She went over in July and married this guy in August. After six months my brother went over as well. My family did not know anything about this guy, just that he lived in Scotland.

My sister and I stayed in Madison with our dad. We had a lot of mixed feelings about this for the longest time. We would try to talk to her about how we felt; she would never listen to us and would always say, "I have the right to live my life the way I want. I have the right to be happy."

On March 29, 1999 I was in a real bad car crash and my mom was called so she knew what was going on. No one knew yet if I was going to live or die. I had a cut on my head and a cut on my face. I was there for two weeks and I saw nothing of my mom.

It was very hard for us to live without a mother in our life.

It has been six years and we still have not seen our mom or our brother. Sometimes I wonder if she knows what she really left behind; there are two very wonderful girls over here and she knows nothing about us. I am all right with her not being here now, but I still miss her, she is still my Mom, but Scotland is where she wants to be.

My sister still is very hurt and upset that Mom is still not home. She takes a lot of that out on herself, thinking it was something we did or didn't do. It is hard for my sister. She just needs to tell herself it is nothing we did, it is not our fault, and that Mom is where she wants to be.



## *You and Me*

Believing in dreams,  
Takes hope  
Vulnerable to failure, susceptible to loss  
Believing in us  
Takes trust  
Freely following my heart, fighting lingering  
doubt  
A pivotal choice  
Choosing optimism  
Let's stand side by side, hand in hand  
United on life's journey  
My other half, my only lover, my truest friend  
Growing, learning, changing  
Overcoming obstacles, celebrating simple joys  
Building our future  
Dreams becoming realities  
Drawn to honest need, succumbing to tender  
emotion  
Within secure arms, inhaling mingled  
separateness  
What is meant to be, destiny  
You and me, me and you  
Blissfully content

*Keshia Young*



## Creating a Gift

by Ashli Fowler

For my “Create Something” core skill I made a blanket. It’s called an afghan.

I put about twenty hours into making my blanket. It took me one week to complete my blanket. Whenever I had a minute or two I would work on it. I devoted a lot of energy into this project. I used four skeins of yarn.

I actually suffered from pain because of the constant motion and the tools I used. My muscles in my arms ached, my wrist and fingers hurt, but that didn’t stop me.

I’m donating this blanket to the



Community School so when I graduate and move on in my life a part of me will be there. I hope everyone who comes across this blanket gets something back from it.

I’m proud of myself and how it turned out. I love the afghan; it’s one of my best pieces of artwork.

## New Passages Director

We welcome Martha Kempe as our new Passages Program Director. Two of our graduates, Kaitlin Callahan and Sheila Belcher, and a current student, Keshia Young, were involved in the lengthy interview process. All the Passages teachers, the students, and the administrative staff were unanimous in their decision. Martha brings relevant personal and work experience to the job, as well as tremendous energy, warmth, and humor. We hope you all get a chance to meet her soon.

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## My Little Man

How can someone so small  
Mean so very much  
How can I long to touch  
Someone I’ve never met.

How can I dream  
Of holding your hand  
While you still remain hidden  
In your own little land.

How can I hope  
To still your tears  
Bandage your cuts  
And calm your fears.

How can someone unseen  
Make me cry  
For every reason  
And no explanation why

Every time you move  
I come undone  
Why is this  
My little one?

I can’t believe I love like this  
You make me want  
To do the best I can  
How can this be  
My little man?

*Katie Stimpson*