

and sleeping,

and going to buy snacks from the closest gas station,

and several other time-wasting activities.

Hours later, I woke up, startled by a phone ringing. It was Kaycee's phone which was also on the bench outside Juju's house that I accidentally fell asleep on.

Normally I wouldn't answer someone else's phone, but I saw that it was Amir calling and I answered, hoping for good news since it was 5:37 in the morning.

"Hello?"

"Hey! Kaycee! Or... is that Ricky?"

"Oh uh, yeah this is Ricky."

Awkward.

"Okay, well she's awake! Tell Kaycee she's awake!"

I was stunned and excited. I turned and fell off the bench and got up. "Woahhh." I said, astounded again for the second time in two minutes.

Looking back at me, on the entire outer wall of Juju's house, (the least rotted and messed up wall) was a mural of Mrs. Astrid—and it really looked like Mrs. Astrid. The detail in her large brown eyes, the depth of her expression; thoughtful and strong, the tone of skin on Kaycee's painting matching her mother's perfectly and she was surrounded on all sides by various designs and symbols.

These symbols all represented her mother in some way. Whether it was her unmatched talent for painting, her thorough expression of love for her family, or the many achievements she had accomplished, they were all shown in magnificent color and detail. Topping it all off, in the bottom left corner of the wall, was a large purple

butterfly. It almost looked like a giant photograph—it was sort of grainy and textured in such a way that it almost looked like an old Polaroid of a butterfly captured in motion. The waves of slight color variations on the wings of this butterfly were painted so skillfully that I almost assumed that that Kaycee had secretly been painting all these years.

It was wonderful and emotional and powerful, and it was probably the only thing that could've faltered me from immediately telling Kaycee the good news. She was lying just inside the doorway of the house, and I could tell from the way she was sleeping that she had been completely exhausted after all the painting.

Gently, I shook her shoulder.

"Kaycee, wake up."

She slowly rolled over and sat up, groggily.

"What...what is it, Ricky?"

"Kaycee, Astrid is awake."

October 21

Zachary Yamaguchi

She took my breath away when I saw her.
She talked and I listened the best I could.
Reflection in her glasses of water,
The trees surrounded us red leaves brown wood.

We walked and talked, and I could never miss
A moment with her as we grew closer.
She laughed and smiled which makes me reminisce
The way I felt so happy and so sure.

Minutes turned into hours and still we sat;
I did not miss the time that passed that day.
I took a Polaroid and it lay flat,
A memory that passed by now can stay.

When I think of the time we spent that day,
I smile since she still takes my breath away.

Zachary Yamaguchi

When we go outside
We leave behind distractions
And are free to roam

I step in the plane
So many little people
Underneath the sky

Uncles and aunties
Relatives all together
For the holidays

One thing to the next
Caffeine and class and meetings
A big child "adult"

There is enough time
We often think life's too short
But He knows better

To The Ones Who...

Hayley Bigelow

Zachary Yamaguchi

When I think about
Some of the things I would do
In different times

It makes me wonder
How can that even be me?
I am reminded

That people can change
With God possibility
Is reality

Now when I am faced
With what I don't understand
Intimidation

And fear and worry
Are replaced with trust and faith
My testimony

Will carry power
What I have gone through in life
Is for a reason

We all are made new
We are molded and sculpted
Slowly and for Him

Never Say Never

Hayley Bigelow

wonderful and beautiful sisters and the daughter of the most incredible parents whom she adores and looks up to so much. A junior at Colorado Christian University, she is majoring in Strategic Communication.

Zachary Yamaguchi

Zachary grew up moving around because his Dad has been in the U.S. Army since Zachary was two years old. He credits this in helping broaden his perspectives on life and the world. He relates that his brother is a talented writer and high school English teacher, and his other siblings enjoy writing as well. Zachary never really thought he liked writing that much, but does like like doing almost anything creative, so one day in high school he started writing. Soon after that his hobby transformed into more of a passion.

