



# REFLECTIONS PROGRAM

The National PTA Reflections Program is an arts recognition and achievement program for students.

The Reflections Program provides opportunities for students to express themselves creatively and to receive positive recognition for original works of art inspired by a preselected annual theme, while increasing community awareness on the importance of the arts in education.

The Reflections Program was established in 1969 by National PTA board member Mary Lou Anderson. Since that time, more than 10 million students have participated in the program. The program's longevity and participation figures attest to its strength. The excitement and enthusiasm that the program generates for children, parents, schools and communities is unmatched.

The goal of the Reflections Program is participation and appreciation for the arts. Although the Reflections Program follows a "contest" format, winning should not be the emphasis. The Reflections Program can give children who have never tried creating a work of art, a chance to

experiment and feel good about their art work. Participation in the Reflections Program is a great way for students to explore and learn about various art forms. Creating art is a valuable learning process.

Each student may enter in any of the six art areas: Literature, Musical Composition, Photography, Visual Arts, Dance Choreography and Video/Film Production. Each student enters in one age category: Primary—Preschool-Grade 2, Intermediate—Grades 3-5, Middle-Junior—Grades 6-8, Senior—Grades 9-12. Participation in the Reflections Program is open to all students in attendance at a PTA/PTSA school in good standing. Entries are advanced through PTA channels.

**The 2007-2008 Reflections Program Theme was**

*"I Can Make a Difference By..."*

**The 2008-2009 Reflections Program Theme is**

*"Wow!"*

## **Visual Arts** Awards of Excellence



### **PRIMARY DIVISION: Preschool-Grade 2**

**Hansub Kim**

10<sup>th</sup> District, Wonderland Avenue School PTA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade  
*I can make a difference by making global warming vanish.*



### **INTERMEDIATE DIVISION: Grades 3-5**

**Jordana Cahen**

17<sup>th</sup> District, Brewer Island Elementary PTA, 4<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*Working Together*

## **Visual Arts** Awards of Excellence



**MIDDLE-JUNIOR DIVISION: Grades 6-8**

**Ana Hilleboe**

10<sup>th</sup> District, Paul Revere Middle School PTSA, 7<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*Living in Harmony*



**SENIOR DIVISION: Grades 9-12**

**Erin O'Brian**

4<sup>th</sup> District, Fountain Valley High School PTSA, 9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*Voting*

# Musical Composition Awards of Excellence

## I Can Make a Difference by Recycling

Moderato

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "I Can Make a Difference by Recycling". The score is written in 4/4 time and is marked "Moderato". It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system has the lyrics "I can make a difference I can make a difference by recycling". The second system has the lyrics "I can collect paper so it will get recycled that could save some trees". The third system has the lyrics "plastic bags and bottles cans tin and car tops all can be recycled". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "mf" and "f".

I can make a difference I can make a difference by recycling

I can collect paper so it will get recycled that could save some trees.

plastic bags and bottles cans tin and car tops all can be recycled

### PRIMARY DIVISION: Preschool-Grade 2

**Ashley Cheng**

1<sup>st</sup> District, Holly Avenue Elementary PTA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade  
*I Can Make a Difference by "Recycling"*



### INTERMEDIATE DIVISION: Grades 3-5

**Robin Mazer**

1<sup>st</sup> District, Theodore Roosevelt Elementary PTA, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*One Small Light*

# Musical Composition Awards of Excellence

## Heartstrings

I can make a difference by  
spending time with the elderly  
at the convalescence home

Andrew

Mysteriously

Flute

Clarinet in B $\flat$

Alto Sax.

Trumpet in B $\flat$

Percussion

Mysteriously

Mysteriously

Mysteriously

Mysteriously

1

*ppp*

*ppp*

*p*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a concert band. It features staves for Flute, Clarinet in B-flat, Alto Saxophone, Trumpet in B-flat, Percussion, and Piano. The score is marked 'Mysteriously' and includes dynamic markings such as *ppp* and *p*. The piano part has a '1' written below it.

**MIDDLE-JUNIOR DIVISION: Grades 6-8**

Andrew Joseph Garcia

33<sup>rd</sup> District, Gordon Griffiths Middle PTA, 8<sup>th</sup> Grade

Heartstrings

## A Tree at a Time

Timothy

$\text{♩} = 110$

Piano

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

*mp*

*p*

*p*

*pizz. p*

*rh*

*lh*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a chamber ensemble. It features staves for Piano, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass. The score is marked with a tempo of  $\text{♩} = 110$  and includes dynamic markings such as *mp*, *p*, and *pizz. p*. The piano part includes 'rh' and 'lh' markings.

**SENIOR DIVISION: Grades 9-12**

Winner for second year in a row

Timothy Wu

4<sup>th</sup> District, University High PTA, 12<sup>th</sup> Grade

A Tree at a Time

## **Photography** Awards of Excellence



### **PRIMARY DIVISION: Preschool-Grade 2**

**Jennifer Danner**

1<sup>st</sup> District, Holly Avenue Elementary School PTA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade

*I can make a difference by turning off the lights.*



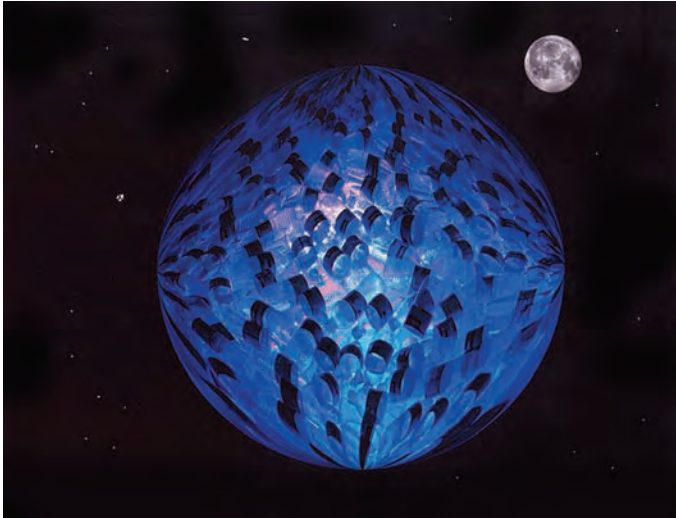
### **INTERMEDIATE DIVISION: Grades 3-5**

**Santina Telio**

34<sup>th</sup> District, Mountainview Elementary PTA, 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade

*I love to recycle*

## **Photography** Awards of Excellence



### **MIDDLE-JUNIOR DIVISION: Grades 6-8**

**Alex Maas**

23<sup>rd</sup> District, Corona Fundamental Intermediate PTSA, 8<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*Recycling... "Save the Bottles, Save the World"*



### **SENIOR DIVISION: Grades 9-12**

**Justin Quan**

1<sup>st</sup> District, San Marino High School PTA, 9<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*Every Drop Counts*

# Literature Awards of Excellence

## Kenya

Far away  
in a country in Africa  
called Kenya.

In a village  
called Mokowe  
our friend Mindy  
went to teach sign language  
to the deaf students.

The school  
had very few books.  
They didn't have Bailey School Kids.  
They didn't have Magic Tree House  
They didn't have Sweet Pickles  
or Junie B. Jones.

The kids must have felt sad  
and I felt sad for them.

Because without books  
you can't enjoy good stories  
or learn about other countries  
or go on a magical adventure.

So...

we collected books  
from family  
and from friends  
and sent them  
to Mokowe.

It took half a year  
for the books to get there  
far across the sea and the land  
and over the mountains.

And when the books finally got there  
the kids were so amazed  
and they wanted to read more  
and more.

Now they had a library.  
Now they had Baily School Kids.  
Now they had Magic Tree House.  
Now they had Sweet Pickles  
and Junie B. Jones.

Everyone can change the world.  
Like planting a tree  
or picking up cans  
or walking an old lady across the  
street.

Or helping someone,  
even someone far away,  
get books to read.



**PRIMARY DIVISION:  
Preschool-Grade 2**

**Bailey Jordan Garcia**  
12<sup>th</sup> District, 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade,  
Banyan Elementary PTA  
Kenya

## ***I Can Make A Difference By...***

### ***Making the Right Choices In Life and Not Smoking, Drinking or Doing Drugs***

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I can make a difference in my life by making the right choices in life and by not smoking, drinking or doing drugs as well as encouraging others to do the same.

Smoking is a very bad habit to get into. It can make your lungs black, and your teeth yellow. Even if you brush your teeth a lot it won't clean them because the tar from the cigarettes stains forever. The worse thing is that when you smoke around other people, they become exposed to the smoke just as if they were smoking themselves. This is called "Second Hand Smoke". So just don't smoke!

Drinking is a very bad habit and one of the worst things you could do. I mean, what is so good about it? Really, I mean it just makes people act weird and loco. Drinking also causes long term problems such as lung cancer and liver disease. Here is something you should know, once you start drinking it is very easy to become addicted to it, then the problem is that you can't stop. So just don't drink because it could ruin your life.

Drugs are absolutely, positively, the worst thing you could do AND there are illegal. There are so many different types of drugs out there and they are ALL addicting. If you know people who do any type of illegal drugs then you might want to stay away from them so you don't end up like them. You are probably thinking how someone so young, and cool, has such a strong opinion about these things...let me tell you why:

It is very hard for me to be around people who do drugs (smoking, drinking, or doing drugs) because I grew up with my Mom who did all three. She now has Hepatitis C from doing cocaine when she was around 19. She has also been smoking and drinking since she was 12 (and still does even though she knows I won't ever live with her while she is like this). I have never met my real father. When I was 5 years old my Aunt Annie threatened to go to court and take me away if my Mom didn't get help so my aunt dropped my Mom off at rehab and took me to live with her on a sailboat in Catalina for a month while my Mom was getting better. But my Mom just checked out of

the Hospital the second day. The good thing was that my aunt still kept me in Catalina so I could have some fun in my life instead of living in a motel. It was the best time of my life. My aunt finally had to bring me back to my Mom but she didn't want to. She told me to call her if I ever needed help. My aunt says that our whole family is prone to being alcoholics so it is best if I never start.

I know that by not doing any of these things that my life will be a lot different than my Mom's life. She makes so many bad decisions and hangs out with all kinds of losers because she is drunk all the time. She is also sick all the time because she is not supposed to drink and I hate the way everything always smells like smoke.

When I was 6 years old we were living in a motel with her boyfriend Bill (yuk!) and all they did was drink and fight. I hated it. One day the police came and took me to a foster home. They made my Mom go to rehab for a year if she was going to be able to raise me and so I went to a foster

## ***I Can Make A Difference By...Making the Right Choices In Life and Not Smoking, Drinking or Doing Drugs continued***

home for a year. I really liked it because there was other kids and no fighting. I didn't really want to leave but my Mom promised she was all better. But after about 1 month she was drinking, smoking and doing drugs and her slime ball boyfriend Bill was living with us again.

One day they were having a really bad fight and the neighbors called the police. When the police got there they said they had to take me to a foster home but I told them I wanted to go to my Aunt Annie's house. They called Aunt Annie and she drove down as fast as she could (we were in San Diego). When she got there she had them arrest Bill because my aunt said he had violated some court order (she wouldn't tell me what it was). The police had to hold him back because he threatened to kill my aunt. I was really scared but she wasn't. She was as cool as could be (weird). Then she had my Mom sign some papers saying it was okay for me to live with her. Annie said it was originally going to be for a few weeks until my Mom got her act together but my Mom just got worse and I have been living with the aunt ever since. My aunt says it is important to

not get involved with the wrong group of kids because that is what happened to my Mom. I know I shouldn't say this but I don't ever want to have to go live with my Mom again. I like living in a normal house with my aunt and uncle who have jobs and normal friends. I think the best thing is that ever since I have lived with my aunt and uncle (almost 4 years) I have a lot of friends, which was something I never had before.

This is why I want to be able to make a difference in other kids life if they have parents that do drugs. I am so lucky I have my aunt but what about all the kids out there that don't have someone to help them. You should try and stay focused on all the positive things in life which will help you meet your goals (like going to college and getting a good job) and to stay away from the bad things, and the bad people in life as they can take you down the wrong road as I have seen from personal experience with my Mom. I think I have an advantage growing up the way I did because I know what I don't want to be and that is why I WILL NEVER smoke, drink or do drugs.

That is why I think I can make a difference by becoming a counselor, doctor, police officer, someone that helps people, especially kids. As my aunt always says, I can be whatever I want as long as I apply myself, stay focused, and don't ever start smoking, drinking or doing drugs.



### ***INTERMEDIATE DIVISION: Grades 3-5***

**Courtney Grunwald**

23<sup>rd</sup> District, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade,

Chester W. Morrison Elementary PTA

*I Can Make A Difference By...*

*Making the Right Choices In Life and Not Smoking, Drinking or Doing Drugs*

## *I know I can't do big things but lots of little actions add up*

The problems we have in our world are not easily resolved. We can do our part by helping other people and protecting the environment. Reaching out to others can change lives. Cleaning up after a disaster can change a community. I can make a difference by improving my corner of the earth.

I may not be Bill Gates, but I can still donate money to charity. I can give my old toys to the Salvation Army. The clothes that I have outgrown should be offered to those in need. I can give new toys to programs like Toys for Tots. I can make a difference.

I may not be the Board of Education, but I can make my classroom a better place. I can follow the rules I can be quiet and listen to the teacher. I can come prepared to learn and do my homework. I can remind classmates about assignments. I can help students find an answer. I can make a difference.

I may not be in charge of the universe, but I can make my home a better place. I can do something

the first time I am asked. I can do something before I am asked. I can clean up after yourself. I can love my family forever. I can make a difference.

I may not be the Environmental Protection Agency, but I can help keep my world clean. I can recycle. I can plant trees and plants. I will never litter. I will not waste water. I can make a difference.

I may not be the President of the United States, but I can be a peacemaker. I can stop a fight before it happens. I can help my friends become friends again. I am friends with people of different races. We are an example of peacemakers. I can make a difference.

There are many problems in our world. No one is Superman and we do not have a magic wand but everyone has the power to help the people around them. If we all do our best in our corner of the world, we can make a difference.



### **MIDDLE-JR DIVISION: Grades 6-8**

**Kevin Hedlund**

23<sup>rd</sup> District, 6<sup>th</sup> Grade,  
Landmark Middle PTSA

*I know I can't do big things  
but lots of little actions add up*

## *The Last Day*

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The double doors are stern and closed, just as they have been for the past week. The doorknob is slightly sticky, uncomfortable so, and I draw my hand back for a moment, praying that someone will open the door from the other side. One. Two. Three. The seconds tick by and I unwillingly grasp the knob and twist hard and pull, and then I'm inside.

The air of St. Matilda's Rehabilitation Center for the Elderly is permeated with the heavy smell of chemicals and human excrement, and tinged with the faint noise of agonized moans and exhausted whimpers.

Relatives who come to visit don't stay for long. Even in a week, I've watched enough of them come and go not to notice. They enter the rooms, stand a fair distance from the bed, and deliver a standard histrionic greeting. But despite all of the fervent declarations of "so glad to see you" and "haven't seen you for so long," they seem awfully eager to rush off to their "next appointment."

This is the last place I want to be. It's the beginning of summer—June—and the air is hot and humidity is high. I could be at the beach, but instead, I'm serving out my twenty hours of community service. All I did was go fifteen—all right, twenty-five—over the speed limit, in an elementary school zone, no less, and now I'm here, in this wretched place, where most the residents only mutter gibberish and the rest are sullen and as silent as the grave.

The building is devoid of the hum of air conditioning, and my palms are sweaty and I can feel the beads of perspiration dampening my shirt collar. I curse myself for the umpteenth time. Get over it, I tell myself. Just two more days, get through today, tomorrow, and it's back to the beach for you.

"Mr. Talbot in room 26 needs some new sheets, dear," says an all-too-cheerful nurse, who is holding a tray of medications. Taken aback by her ebullience, I wonder for a wild moment how many pills she's taking to keep up that optimism in this

place. But I smile. I nod. Two more days, I repeat to myself. Just two days.

Retrieve the thick stack of sheets from the storage closet near the entrance, take a left turn, and quicken my pace as I walk past Room 19, remembering yesterday's notification. (I mistook a visiting son for the patient himself. Not good.) Deliver the cotton sheets, and as I close the door behind me, another nurse pounces.

"Room 4 could use some TLC, honey. Hasn't had a visitor in a month and half, and she's not feeling too well. Why don't you go talk to her?" she says.

Because there's no point in talking to a woman who probably hasn't been in touch with reality for the past fifteen years or so, I want to snap back, but I manage to resist.

The door to Room 4 is ajar, and before I enter, I noticed that the yellowing paper name card tucked into the plaque on the wall is slightly

### *The Last Day continued*

crooked. I stick out my index finger to readjust it. Sylvia Tjahla, it says. How do you even say that?

I don't want to go inside; I don't want to try and instigate an awkward pretense of a conversation. So I lean against the faded wallpaper (pale pink cabbages on a powder blue background) and pray that someone will come along and send me on some other errand. One. Two. Three. The minutes tick by, and so I take a deep breath and silently repeat to myself two days two days and push the door open and I'm inside.

Put on my fake smile, like it's an actual mask I can touch and hold, and I'm ready to go. I give her surname my best shot. "Hello Mrs....Tea-jolluh," I say, awkward and uncomfortable, trying perhaps not quite my hardest to sound sweet and interested. "How are you today?"

"I'm fine, thank you," she says back in an oddly lisping but coherent whisper, much to my surprise. I may as well be staring into a void, though; the lights are off and the curtains are drawn.

C'mon, try to be civil Ellen. Try. "May I turn on the lights?"

"Yes, that would be nice."

I find the light switch. A flick of a finger and suddenly everything is illuminated. For a moment the drastic change in lighting blinds me. When the twinkling purple flashes stop dancing before my eyes, I see that Sylvia is slight and petite, a tiny figure curled up on the expanse of off-white blankets. Her face is furrowed with wrinkles, but even from the halfway across the room I can see that her skin is soft and pale. I am suddenly overtaken by a desire to reach out and touch the paper-thin, bone white skin that drapes, like ivory silk charmeuse, from her skeletal wrist.

"What's your name, honey?" she asks in a slow voice. I notice that her tongue is huge and swollen in her mouth and that it rolls and protrudes from between her chapped lips when she speaks.

"Uh," I stumble, taken aback. "Ellen. I'm Ellen."

She smiles and nods slowly, clearly more comfortable with this than I am. As she gestures for me to sit in the rickety plastic folding chair beside her bed, I see a flash of chipped mauve nail polish on her long, bony fingers.

Attempt to make conversation for a few minutes: how long have you been here (next month will be three years), d'you have any kids, family, (one daughter, no grandchildren) whatever. And I try to ignore her raspberry red tongue, lolling languidly around her cavernous mouth as she replies.

I'm running out of questions now and I can tell she's getting bored and for a moment I feel awful but then think to myself doesn't matter two more days and you'll never see her again.

In a moment of wild abandon, surprising myself, I say to her, "Would you like me to sing to you?" I have no song in mind, but she nods, and I think I spot some relief in her eyes.

## *The Last Day continued*

I try to think of a song an eighty-year-old woman might appreciate; the only one I can think of is from the Disney movie. So I launch into a nervous, and, I'm sure, off key rendition of "When You Wish Upon a Star," from Pinocchio.

"When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are," I sing, wholeheartedly. I am shocked at my own sincerity.

Her eyes are closed when I finish. For a second I think she has fallen asleep, but then she opens her sunken but still-bright hazel eyes and smiles at me. "That was lovely," she tells me slowly, "I used to sing to my daughter. It's been a long time since anyone sang to me."

My heart (My ego, too) soars at her flattering response, but her appreciation strikes me as ironic as I think of that bleary afternoon in February, when the Southern California sun was shining but the winter chill still sank into my bones. I remember the director's stinging words: "I can tell you've got the will, but singing, talent-

wise, you're just not good enough to be in the musical, Ellen."

And I think of what I did after I left the audition: I stormed into my car and drove, where, I don't even know, faster, faster, trying to make those words go away, until a cop pulled me over for going 50 in a school zone.

The director's harsh words echo over and over in my ears. You're just not good enough. You're just not good enough.

But Sylvia seems to think otherwise. I smile back at her; it is a genuine smile, not the kind that spreads too wide and hurts my cheeks after a while.

I somehow manage an hour of conversation: real, rambling conversation and we talk about everything neither here nor there: the advantages of using satin stitch over back stitch (We both dabble in embroidery, I find, though my abilities are admittedly limited), her mother's childhood in Slovakia, and she laughs and I laugh back, until a

nurse pokes her head in the door and tells me that service hours are over.

Sylvia's lolling tongue doesn't bother me so much anymore.

I think I'll come back here tomorrow. I started to tell her this, but she has fallen asleep.

I return the next afternoon, my heart pounding with the excitement of one more day one more day and I sign in with the nurses. Deliver some flowers, make a few beds and then I try not to squeak my sneakers on the linoleum floor as I walk down the corridor towards Room 4.

The gray door is closed today, and nobody paces back and forth in the dimly lit hallway. My fingers clasp around the doorknob, but struck by the sudden thought that she might be asleep, I hesitate. Still, though, I want to talk to her, and so I knock on the door. One. Two. Three. The hollow sound of my knuckles rapping against the gray door resonates throughout the empty hall. For a moment I think of church bells, solemnly tolling, a

### *The Last Day continued*

strange image in the afternoon heat; in my mind, church bells go hand in hand with cold stone cathedrals and winter. And then as I stand beside the wall with its ugly cabbage paper, the door yanks open from the other side and I am shocked for a moment and then I walk inside.

A wan, middle-aged woman stands beside an empty bed.

"Where's Sylvia?" I ask, and she looks back at me and says, "You're Ellen." I must have befuddlement scrawled all over my face because she begins to speak.

"I'm Alice," she tells me, as though that brief introduction explains everything.

"My mother—Sylvia—told me about you." She looks down at her dark brown penny loafers and is quiet for a long time. "She told me that you sang to her. And you talked. I...I haven't been able to come see her. But she looked so happy when she talked about you. Oh, I hadn't seen her

like that in a long time. I just wanted to say...thank you."

I'm not really listening to what Alice is telling me. "Where's Sylvia?" I ask again.

Alice smiles slowly, sadly. "She went home. Earlier today."

I open my mouth to ask her well, then why aren't you at home with your mother when I suddenly realize what she means and my mouth falls open and I'm sure I look stupid but I don't care. The room is suddenly very cold and I shiver. One more day one more day today is the last day.

I try to smile back. "You're a good kid," Alice suddenly adds. "I'm glad that there was someone there to change things for her, make a little difference, you know, make her happy at the end."

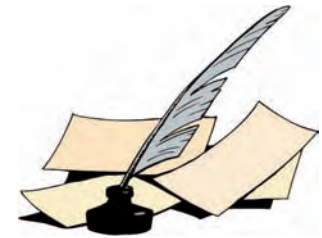
Take a deep breath. "Excuse me," I say, and I turn and walk out of Room 4, take two right turns and one left, push open the double doors of Saint Matilda's Rehabilitation Center for the Elderly, and

stand in the middle of the small parking lot stare up into the wide cerulean sky.

When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are. Such a short song. I can hardly believe it could mean so much to her, but it did.

I smile. Imagine that she is smiling back.

And I wonder if, in the brief time that our paths intertwined, I had made as much of a difference in Sylvia Tjahla's life as she made in mine.



**SENIOR DIVISION: Grades 9-12**

**Shannon Kiang**

4<sup>th</sup> District, 11<sup>th</sup> Grade,

Capistrano Valley High School PTSA

*The Last Day*

# ***Dance Choreography*** Awards of Excellence

## ***PRIMARY DIVISION: Preschool-Grade 2***

### **Vinit Majmudar**

Peralta District, John Gomes Elementary PTA, 1<sup>st</sup> Grade

*I can make a difference  
by respecting and loving everyone*

## ***INTERMEDIATE DIVISION: Grades 3-5***

### **Kent Schaffer**

31<sup>st</sup> District, Carpenter Avenue Elementary PTA, 4<sup>th</sup> Grade

*I can make a difference  
and be a hero by recycling*

## ***MIDDLE-JUNIOR DIVISION: Grades 6-8***

### **Cameron Paulson**

33<sup>rd</sup> District, Parras Middle School PTSA, 7<sup>th</sup> Grade

*Dream*

## ***SENIOR DIVISION: Grades 9-12***

### **Karen Chuang**

6<sup>th</sup> District, Homestead High School PTSA, 12<sup>th</sup> Grade

*Quiet*



# **Film/Video Production** Awards of Excellence

## **PRIMARY DIVISION: Preschool-Grade 2**

**Krista Cleary**

32<sup>nd</sup> District, Vista Grande Elementary PTA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Grade  
*I made a difference by donating my hair...  
Locks of Love needs you!*

## **INTERMEDIATE DIVISION: Grades 3-5**

**Aarcia Griner**

10<sup>th</sup> District, Overland Avenue Elementary PTA, 5<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*Making Blankets for the Homeless*



## **MIDDLE-JUNIOR DIVISION: Grades 6-8**

**Alexis Peterson**

4<sup>th</sup> District, Aliso Viejo Middle School PTSA, 6<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*Anyone Can Make a Difference,  
No Matter How Small!*

## **SENIOR DIVISION: Grades 9-12**

**Katelyn Holguin**

11<sup>th</sup> District, Sanger High School, 10<sup>th</sup> Grade  
*The Solution*

## AWARD OF MERIT 2007-2008

<b>District</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Category – Division</b>	<b>Grade</b>	<b>School</b>
1	Austin Brines	Photography – Jr/Middle	6	Mountain Avenue Elementary
1	Jasmine Chao	Dance Choreography – Senior	12	Arcadia High
1	Stella Chyun	Visual Arts – Senior	12	La Canada High School
1	Richard Dong	Visual Arts – Primary	2	Longden Avenue Elementary
2	Aurora Jean Alvarez-Buylla	Photography – Jr/Middle	7	Herbert Hoover Middle School
2	Mia Jean Chong	Dance Choreography – Intermediate	5	Alamo Elementary
2	Ludmylla De Oliveira	Photography – Intermediate	4	Rooftop Alternative
3	Michael Sbona	Visual Arts – Intermediate	5	Gallardo Elementary
4	Romy Abboud	Photography – Primary	1	de Portola Elementary
4	Sarah Bardin	Visual Arts – Intermediate	5	Canyon Vista
4	Chanelle Glen	Dance Choreography – Intermediate	4	Margaret Landell Elementary
4	Alexandria Kim	Musical Composition – Intermediate	4	Plaza Vista School
4	Haley Loeffler	Dance Choreography – Jr/Middle	6	Running Springs Elementary
4	Katherine LoVerde	Dance Choreography – Primary	1	Juiet Morris Elementary
4	Allegra Margolis	Film/Video Production – Senior	10	Corona Del Mar High
5	Ashley Armstrong	Literature – Senior	10	Los Osos High School
5	Jack Kruze	Film/Video Production – Primary	2	Valencia Elementary
5	Maile Liu	Literature – Primary	2	Rolling Ridge Elementary
5	Anaiah Simons	Dance Choreography – Jr/Middle	7	Cope Middle School
5	Caitlin Tran	Film/Video Production – Jr/Middle	6	Hidden Trails Elementary
5	Alexis Valtier	Visual Arts – Primary	2	Windrows Elementary
6	Michael Chang	Literature – Jr/Middle	8	Redwood Middle
6	Jung Gu Lee	Visual Arts – Senior	10	Lynbrook High School
6	Brandon Mausler	Musical Composition – Jr/Mid	8	Castillero Middle School
6	Ranjani Ravindrabharathy	Musical Composition – Primary	1	Garden Gate Elementary
6	Ashni Shetty	Dance Choreography – Intermediate	5	Garden Gate Elementary

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**AWARD OF MERIT 2007-2008** *continued*

<b>District</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Category – Division</b>	<b>Grade</b>	<b>School</b>
6	Scott Takahashi	Musical Composition – Senior	11	Lynbrook High School
8	Jack Dugoni	Film/Video Production – Jr/Middle	6	Lakewood Elementary
8	Emily Stenzler	Photography – Primary	1	Brookside Elementary
9	Janna Angelo	Photography – Senior	12	Mt. Carmel
9	Liam Gorby	Photography – Primary	2	Canyon View Elementary
9	Seung-Yeon Jeong	Visual Arts – Jr/Middle	8	Bernardo Heights
9	Avalon Spangler	Photography – Intermediate	5	Blossom Valley
9	Colby Tong	Musical Composition – Primary	2	Westwood Elementary
10	Elana Ross	Literature – Jr/Middle	12	Revere Middle
11	Saira Delgado	Musical Composition – Jr/Middle	12	Sanger Academy
11	Destanee Fleming	Literature – Intermediate	9	Rivergold Elementary
12	Bennett Ryle	Musical Composition – Jr/Middle	12	Colina Middle
13	Allison Boyer	Film/Video Production – Intermediate	9	Marigold Elementary
14	Rachelle Elizabeth Dorn	Film/Video Production – Jr/Middle	12	Mountain Shadows Middle
15	Cecilia Bratten	Literature – Intermediate	11	Crestview
15	Makenzee Chambers	Dance Choreography – Jr/Middle	10	Lompoc Valley
15	Grant Schroeder	Literature – Jr/Middle	12	La Colina Junior High
16	Jocelyn Anderson	Literature – Senior	17	San Marin High School
17	Candace Tsai	Dance Choreography – Primary	7	Foster City Elementary
23	Katie Balos	Musical Composition – Primary	6	Alta Murrieta Elementary
23	Andrea Banzer	Film/Video Production – Primary	7	Red Hawk Elementary
23	Jordan Douglas	Photography – Senior	17	Poly High
23	Ryan Evers	Visual Arts – Primary	7	Tuscany Hills Elementary
23	Patrick Gutman	Musical Composition – Senior	17	Corona High
23	Brett Richter	Dance Choreography – Senior	17	Paloma Valley High

**AWARD OF MERIT 2007-2008** *continued*

<b>District</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Category – Division</b>	<b>Grade</b>	<b>School</b>
31	James Bartlett	Musical Composition – Intermediate	10	Carpenter Avenue Elementary
31	Christina Burch	Film/Video Production – Senior	17	Granada Hills Charter High School
31	Eunice Ko	Visual Arts – Jr/Middle	12	Walter Reed Middle
31	Kevin Wagner	Photography – Intermediate	9	Colfax Avenue Elementary
32	Michael Huang	Film/Video Production – Intermediate	10	Camino Pablo Elementary
32	Stephen Kui	Literature – Senior	14	Monte Vista High
32	Alexandra Rapp	Visual Arts – Senior	16	Las Lomas High School
32	Spencer Sharp	Film/Video Production – Senior	17	Las Lomas High School
32	Liam Woerner	Literature – Primary	6	Rancho Romero Elementary
33	Alexis Baricevic	Dance Choreography – Senior	16	Palos Verdes Peninsula High
33	Kevin Barr	Musical Composition – Senior	17	West High
33	Brandon Eng	Film/Video Production – Intermediate	10	Eastwood Elementary
33	Minsoo Kim	Visual Arts – Jr/Middle	12	Ridgecrest Middle
33	Alexandra Plank	Visual Arts – Intermediate	9	Webster Elementary
33	Lauren Valdivia	Dance Choreography – Primary	7	Dulles
34	Teak Baleha	Film/Video Production – Primary	6	Plum Canyon
34	Lauren Dam	Photography – Jr/Middle	10	Valencia Valley
34	Gina Leletzopoulos	Literature – Primary	7	Palmdale Learning Center
Peralta	Sandhya Kalavacherla	Literature – Intermediate	8	Mohr Elementary
Peralta	Jacob Lee	Musical Composition – Intermediate	10	Bay Farm School
Peralta	Alana McConnell	Photography – Senior	16	Amador Valley High

## CONVENTION DISPLAY

### Photography

District 3	Primary Division	Cade Posner, Grade 2	Gallardo Elementary
District 5	Senior Division	Ashley Sanchez, Grade 11	Upland High School
District 6	Intermediate Division	Thomas Hunt, Grade 5	Argonaut Elementary
District 8	Senior Division	Jenna Gadola, Grade 11	Middle College High School
District 11	Senior Division	Chelsea Musgrave, Grade 12	Sanger High School
District 12	Senior Division	Trevor Lillis, Grade 12	Moorpark High School
District 13	Senior Division	Joseph Balardi, Grade 11	Pleasant Valley High
District 14	Senior Division	Kristen Marie Bricker, Grade 12	Rancho Cotate High
District 15	Primary Division	Megan Widle, Grade 2	May Grisham
District 17	Intermediate Division	Avary Lang, Grade 3	Audubon Elementary
District 20	Jr/Middle Division	Theresa Bloom, Grade 6	Los Arboles Middle School
District 22	Senior Division	Alison Kimura, Grade 12	Eureka High School
District 24	Intermediate Division	Jessica McGuigan, Grade 3	Ocean View Elementary
District 24	Senior Division	Michelle Roller, Grade 11	Atascadero High School

### Visual Arts

District 6	Junior/Middle Division	Jacqueline Lin, Grade 7	Joaquin Miller Middle School
District 7	Primary Division	Dalee Roland, Kindergarten	Munsey Elementary
District 10	Senior Division	Malina Loeher, Grade 9	Palisades Charter High
District 12	Senior Division	Daniel Garvin, Grade 9	Thousand Oaks High School
District 16	Senior Division	Elaine Murphy, Grade 12	San Marin High School
District 18	Intermediate Division	Rosalynd Banks, Grade 5	Mary Farmer Elementary
District 21	Intermediate Division	Kathrynne Mittie, Grade 5	Royal Oaks
District 30	Jr/Middle Division	Selena Stevens, Grade 7	Fletcher Walker
District 31	Intermediate Division	Oliver Mayhall, Grade 4	Deerborn Avenue Elementary
District 32	Intermediate Division	Jack Linchey, Grade 3	Rancho Romero Elementary
District 33	Senior Division	Cze-Ja Tam, Grade 12	Palos Verdes Peninsula High
District 34	Intermediate Division	Rebecca Chen, Grade 5	North Park Elementary
District Peralta	Jr/Middle Division	Jennifer Tao, Grade 6	Harvest Park Elementary

*A special thanks to*

KATHERINE MURRAY,  
Senior Vice President  
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California State PTA Reflections Program.



## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

The California State PTA would like to extend a special thanks to all of the unit, council and district PTA Reflections Program Coordinators for their support of the program this year.

### **JUDGES**

#### **Visual Arts & Photography**

*California Arts Council, 40 Acres Art Gallery,  
JayJay Art, Western Arts Federation*

#### **Literature**

*Sonoma County Office of Education, Marin  
County Office of Education, Cotati Rohnert Park  
Office of Education, David Birchman*

#### **Dance Choreography**

*Chapman University Dance Department  
Members, Zoura O'Neil, Dance Instructor*

#### **Video/Film Production**

*Pixar Animation Studios*

#### **Musical Composition**

*Santa Rosa Symphony, Emoto Music,  
Julie Crooks, Choral Director*