

2006

Visions

essays by new adult readers and speakers of English as a second language



Message from the President

To see one's thoughts expressed as printed words in a book can be a most memorable moment. To read those words and comprehend the hours of study, dedication and courage it took to arrive at that point is a rewarding moment for the individual who wrote them and also for the tutor who helped him get to that point.

That's what the Hillsborough Literacy Program is all about; teaching people to read and write English who have never achieved that ability and also to help the non-English speaker to express himself in this new language.

We are so proud of all the authors gathered together in this little booklet. It represents a milestone in their lives. We are grateful to be part of their achievement and wanted to share their stories with you.

Frank M. Shideler
President, Hillsborough Literacy Council



Comments from Director of Libraries

It is a true honor for me to express gratitude from the public library community to the Hillsborough Literacy Council, its students and tutors. Your dedicated work for twenty years has changed lives. Reading and the ability to read should be a basic right for all people. Reading is the soul of our community and a major key to individual success in that community. As the personal and moving stories contained in this new edition of *Visions* attest - illiteracy must be eliminated, one story at a time.

Joe Stines, Director
Tampa-Hillsborough County Library Services



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Acknowledgements

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813.273.3650

An affiliate of the Tampa-Hillsborough County Public Libraries



Letter from Tampa Mayor Pam Iorio

August 2006

Dear Friends,

It gives me great pleasure to congratulate the students and the members of the Hillsborough Literacy Council on the completion of the 2006 Visions publication.

Reading, writing and the use of language is important. It lays the foundation for all learning and comprehension. The work of the Literacy Council and the volunteers significantly improves the lives of many in our community. By donating their time, energy and talents they are helping other adults learn to read, write and speak the English language – a significant step in changing their futures.

I especially commend the brave adult students for taking a huge step to overcome their reading and writing challenges. Your hard work and successful efforts are a testament to your future.

Sincerely,



Pam Iorio

Mayor Iorio was the Keynote Speaker at the 2006 Student/Tutor Appreciation Ceremony.



My Life is Full of Creativity and Ideas

My name is Irina. I was born in the German city of Schwerin. My parents have lived many years in the remarkable country before I was born. When I was 7 years old, we moved to Russia. My mum, the doctor, and her girlfriends from Russia, offered our family very good work, apartment and additional opportunities for me and my life.

I have finished Academy of Technologies in the Moscow, and special foreign subject always was the German language.

When I finished Academy in the capital of Russia, I worked for a large transport company, I also had a very happy life, successes, wonderful boss and colleagues in our amicable company. I had career growth and liked my work. The business brought good income to live, travel and help my parents.

In Russia I had many girlfriends, was sociable and a very successful woman.

In America city Orlando, Florida, lives my very good friend Tania. When we lived in Russia, we had the general business, and often supper together at restaurant.

We discussed various themes of life. Tania left for America and now she is happy with her husband and child. She is very beautiful woman and very good friend. The family has big house hear wonderful park and lake. Tania later introduced me to my husband, who is also from Florida. My husband is fair, true, very wonderful man for me and our family. We have magnificent attitudes, full confidence and harmony.

Now I live in Tampa. I study English language and I begin the life from zero.

I need in many respects to study, because I need to understand, read and write English to have a worthy life and business. I have a magnificent, competent teacher, and my life is full of creativity and ideas.

--Irina

Sickness that Almost Spoiled a Trip

We had planned a trip to north Georgia to look at some property. Our son, and daughter in law and grandchildren stopped by to pick us up at 5 O'clock in the morning. We left Tampa and we drove all day. We almost got there when I got a phone call from Mom who wasn't feeling good and was having a lot of leg problems. Her leg was quite swollen and she couldn't put any pressure on it. I recommended for her to call 911 and go to the hospital to find out exactly what was going on because I was 700 hundred miles away and I couldn't be there to look after her. My mother called our doctor and the doctor said, "No, don't go to the hospital yet. I will come by and check on you." She thought for sure that she was done for. During the meantime we had several telephone calls, back and forth, to Mother, the doctor and others.

So that evening, the doctor went by and checked on her. He prescribed some medicine but he called it in close to my work but about 15 miles away from where



Mom was. There was no one to go and get the medicine. Then I happened to think of a friend I had, and I called him up. He had to drive 30 miles to the get the medicine, then drove 15 miles to take it to my Mom. Well, in the meantime, the doctor's office was very upset about her not having the medicine right away, so he sent one of his staff members back to the office to get some medicine for her. Both the medicines came about the same time. When they got ready to wrap her leg, the facility that she's in did not have an Ace bandage. So again, he had to send back one of his staff to his office, which is about seven or eight miles away, to get an Ace bandage to wrap her leg. The doctor told her to take the medicine and to keep her leg up. Her staff was to bring Mom's meals to her instead of her going to the dining room. The next day the doctor ordered an x ray and an ultra sound. They came the next day and did those to see if she had a blood clot or whatever in that leg. She had blood poisoning in the leg. Mom followed the doctor's orders. So the medicine and the wrapping began to work. She liked to be babied by having the meals brought to her. She likes a lot of attention. I guess if I was 92, I would like a lot of attention too. So I made lots of phone calls to see if she was doing better. I had thought I would have to turn around and go back. But thanks to the doctor and his staff and my friend we got everything under control and the swelling started going down. She decided that she was going to live.

We enjoyed our little trip. We looked at some property we had gone to see. The only thing I didn't like, it was so very cold that I about froze to death. We had a nice place to stay. My grandson and I built a fire in the fireplace. We enjoyed that and we ended up having a really good time. We found a couple good places to eat, which is very important to the Hall family and everything worked out all right. After I got home, I took my mother to the doctor that Monday and her leg was quite a bit better. The doctor said Mom could again go down to the dining room and eat. Of course, she had made a lot of phone calls and told everybody how bad off she was. So they sent her some flowers and six or eight get well cards. She had a lot of friends come in. That pleased Mom very well. I visited Mom more often until she was much better.

--Orien Hall

Story by Johnnie Mae

My name is Johnnie Mae. I grew up in Georgia. I lived with my momma and her five children, and my daddy and my daddy's girl friend, and their two children. One of daddy's and his girl friend's children was named Johnnie Mae too. We all worked in the fields We pull up and shake peanuts and throw them in a pile, and break corn off and throw it in a pile. We pick all those vegetables and we pick cotton and put in a bag what we drug along.

I went to school maybe once a week, but I couldn't learn nothing. The teacher was mean. She call me to the board, but it seem like my mind just go blank, and I couldn't do nothing. All the kids laughed. My daddy beat me with a whip because I couldn't read like my brothers and sisters.

When I was in 6th grade, my monthly came and I was bleeding in the class. I had took off my socks to soak up the blood, but it just kept coming. My sister try to

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--Johnnie Mae Thompson



tell Miss Justice, the teacher, that I couldn't stand up and go out with the kids, but she wouldn't listen. The 2nd grade teacher, Miss Brown, came and got me. She wrapped me in a towel and took me to her house across the way. All the kids was laughing when we walk down the hall.

When I got pregnant, my daddy was real angry and beat me bad. Pretty soon we moved to New Jersey. I never went to school no more.

I want to learn to read now. My husband had a stroke and can't think like he used to. I need to read so I can take care of him and me too.

--Johnnie Mae Thompson

Coming to America

I came to this country with 5 dollars. When I was on the plane they charged me 3 dollars for ear phones and at that time I didn't understand English. Then I started a new career in the U.S.

I started working at a restaurant, cleaning, and companion for the elderly. I was struggling to success for my financial situation. Finally, I got married and started raising my three children who are all boys.

--Monica Brennan

Thank You Darlene

I remember when I used to worry about customers coming to my business because I would have to write receipts. But since I started taking reading classes, I don't worry about that any more.

Learning to read has opened a whole new world to me. I can read some of the newspaper and go to restaurants and read the menu. I can read some books to my grandchildren.

I know I can't read or write as well as I should but I will keep trying to do better. I thank Darlene for helping so much and being a good person and tutor by taking time to help me to read.

--From Ruben thank you so much Darlene

My Memories of Colombia

My name is Fanny M. I have 10 brothers and sisters. I am the seventh in my family. My father was a butcher and my mother was an artisan. She made leather saddles for horses. When I was in Colombia, I lived in my family's compound.

I can remember at 5 a.m. the rooster would crow – he was our family's alarm clock. Everyone would wake up, shower, eat breakfast, and get ready to go to school. On the way to school, we could smell the aroma of coffee drifting from the chimneys of all the houses.

Most of the students walked about 2 miles to get to school. Before we would enter our classrooms, we would line up in the courtyard in grade levels and say a prayer. All the children wore uniforms. It was mandatory. Girls and boys wore white shirts. Girls wore blue skirts and boys wore blue pants. After class, the students were required to clean the classrooms. These are my memories of my school years in Colombia.

--Fannie M.



My Thank You

When I realized that my reading disability could prevent me from a promotional opportunity, I decided that I needed to get some help. I enrolled into a reading program at Hillsborough High School several years ago. While I was in the program, another student told me about a literacy program at the public library. He told me that I could get a tutor to help me with my reading. I went to the Library and spoke to some one there who match me with my first tutor.

I would like to thank the Hillsborough Literacy Council and the Tampa Hillsborough Public Library System for this program which helps me and others to conquer our reading disability. This program helps us to be able function in a society where we must be able to understand not only the spoken language but the written language as well. I would like to thank each of the tutors for giving their time and patience to each student since they could have spent their time with their family and friends or used their time to do other things. I would also like to thank mostly, my tutor, Carol Venero. I am thankful that I was matched with Ms. Carol. She was employed as an engineer and I was working construction. It seemed that both jobs were related to each other as she was able to help me when I had to learn some new job duties. I have spent the last six and half years with Ms. Carol and she has been through a lot with me. She never let me give up when I was too tired to study from working 12 hours workdays. Most of all, she was there for me when my mom passed away last year. Ms. Carol has never given up on me. Thank you.

--Goldie Mingo

From Larry Peete

I Larry Peete, would like to learn to read because I would like a better job, and learn to fill out applications myself, and help my children with their homework, and fill out other important papers, and not have to depend on others. I want to learn to read the Bible and not just listen to tape.

When I went to school, I thought I was a failure because I couldn't read like the others. Now I know that I can do it. I got to keep at it and don't quit! My wife encouraged me. Now I have a chance to make life better.

--Larry Peete

Amazing Travel to Costa Rica

In December 2003 my boss asked me if I could go to Costa Rica to see a building that he was in charge of.

I said "Yes, what do I have to do?" He said "Just go to Malpais Island, go to the restaurant closer to the beach, take a video of the hotel in construction next to the restaurant and return to compare with the information that we have.

Immediately I thought "this is the opportunity to see somebody from my family. I called my older sister to plan everything for Holy Week of April 2004 when students have vacation time.

My boss contacted Alex, a known driver to pick me up at San Jose airport and then went with me to Malpais. I persuaded Alex to meet with my sister's family. It took me 6 hours but finally he acceded to do it. We spent 8 hours going to Paso Canoas which is at the border between Panama and Costa Rica. It was a hard trip because we had to wait for them until 8 PM.

Alex and I were at a cock fright when my sister's driver called and said that they were a mile far from us. My heart started to throb strongly and I was so nervous to see my nephew and niece as well. When I saw the car that carried them, I jumped from mine, crossed the street and a big hug enveloped ourselves. Both surprised drivers watched us for a while until the emotion was over. We had not seen each other for 4 years and 3 months. Alex took us to Playa

Jaco where my sister's family was staying in a small resort. Meanwhile Alex and I went to do the work on Malpais Island.

It was an interesting and amazing 10 day trip during which I did my work, met my family and knew Costa Rica.

--Tiz

The Three Lives of Michael

MICHAEL'S BIOLOGICAL FAMILY:

My mother was murdered when I was 7 years old. My father was mean-physically and mentally. That was the only way he knew how to be a parent. He also drank. I went to live with my maternal grandmother and grandfather along with my younger brother. My other siblings went to live with our paternal grandparents.

Life with my grandparents was like Disney World. I had everything. My grandparents were my world. I had a structured life and school was going well until my father came back into the picture to get all his kids back with him. I had to leave my grandparents in Alabama after three years to be with my father again in Detroit along with my three sisters and brother. My father had remarried so I had stepbrothers and stepsisters as well. I was nine years old at the time and missed my grandparents very much. My schoolwork began to suffer.

At 13, my little brother and I ran away from home and went to stay with our stepsister Carolyn and her boyfriend Edward in Detroit. After a couple days Edward felt it was best to call the authorities. The police showed up with our father. The police officer asked us if we wanted to go back with our father and we said no. He told us that if we didn't, we would be placed in a juvenile detention center for three days after which time we would be placed in a boy's home. We agreed and we were eventually placed in a boy's home in Detroit called "Don Bosco Hall" which was considered a "good" boys home. Once again, we felt we were in a good environment – going to school regularly, being well-fed and clothed and playing sports - almost like staying with our grandparents again. However, I was still trying to make my way back to my grandparents.

Mr. Ford, a school counselor, took good care of my little brother and me. I could go to him at any time for advice and help. My little brother was not doing well at school. He was acting up and getting in trouble. He eventually ended up in and out of prison.

In high school shop class one day, a fellow student noticed my neck was swollen. Mr. Ford set up a doctor's appointment for me for the next day. Blood work revealed I had Hodgkin's disease. I remained in the hospital for a month and a half.

MICHAEL'S FOSTER FAMILY:

Counselors did not want me to return to boys' school after treatment and instead suggested a foster home. I was told about a potential family in Detroit, the Williams Family, but I was not too enthusiastic about it. In the end, however, I agreed to try living with them.

Life with my grandparents was like Disney World. I had everything. My grandparents were my world.

--Michael R. Perdue



The Williams family had a son, Mark and a daughter Beverly. After two weeks, I realized I liked it there and felt very welcome. At my request, they placed me in a strict boys school where I prospered as a student.

Mr. Williams was a minister and one day informed the family we were moving to Florida. I wanted to go with them but they needed permission from the State of Michigan Social Services as well as from my biological father to take me out of the state. My father agreed. But, in order to assume full responsibility of me, the State required that the Williams family adopt me. The Williams family agreed to do so and the adoption was finalized prior to the move.

MICHAEL'S ADOPTED FAMILY:

I finally had a real family and was living in St. Petersburg, Florida. I was fourteen at that time. While in high school, I worked as a cook. I graduated from high school in 1978 and enrolled in truck driving school.

There were two things in life I always wanted to do – fly a plane and drive an 18-wheel truck. I accomplished one of them and continue driving a truck today. It may have taken me a long time, but after seven years and a lot of patience, the Lord blessed me in 2002 with a good job at FedEx Freight where I am very happy.

I still live in St. Petersburg. My father and brother are both deceased but my mother is still living in St. Petersburg and I visit her regularly. I have three children and am especially fond of my six grandchildren. I attend church faithfully where I am a deacon as well as a musician.

My dream of bettering my reading skills has finally come true. I have been enrolled in the literacy program in Tampa for over 14 months and hope to one day become a minister.

--Michael R. Perdue

Learning English

I used to live in Norwalk Connecticut 14 years ago. At that time I didn't have my papers from Immigration. It was a very hard time for me. I had graduated two months before and then got married one month before. When we came to this country I didn't speak a word of English. I just remember that we lived with my brother-in-law and every day I was alone at home. Everyone was working, so I had to answer the phone. I couldn't understand or say any words. I told my husband that I had to do something. We went to the library, and they assigned a tutor. Her name was Amy. She taught simple things like buying stamps, shoes,

going to the supermarket and many other things. At the beginning I didn't know what she wanted to tell me, but gradually I got better. I remember her very well and appreciate all the things that she did for me.

I said to
the guard,
“Please
give
me the
keys.” the
surprised
guy asked
me, “What
did you
say?” He
thought I
said “kiss.”

--BP



Besides that, I used to go to a public school a few hours every week. There, I met a wonderful teacher too. She helped with the grammar part. I didn't have the opportunity to practice it because I was not allowed to work and, besides that, we didn't have any American friends there. We had friends, but they were from my country.

I went to the Community College at Norwalk too. There, I just had a few hours every week.

Two years later, we decided to go back to my country. I wanted to study English in Colombia, but there, all the English lessons are so expensive that I couldn't do it.

I cannot understand how people can live in this country without understanding and speaking the English language. I know that going to a college is too expensive, and here in Florida we don't have many schools where we can go to learn English.

These are the experiences that I have had with the English language. I would like to learn English very well. Thanks for your help.

--Beatriz

My Dog

I had a dog named Buddy. When she was alive she was a good watch dog. I found out she only liked certain people. She would act mean to people she did not like. She was a nice dog because when I was sick she would stay at the foot of my bed.

--Theresa Alvarez

Remembering Anecdotes

Since the beginning of my English learning, I have had some funny and embarrassing situations that made my face red and surprised the person who I was talking to.

The following happened at my workplace. I said to the guard, "Please give me the keys." The surprised guy asked me, "What did you say? He thought I said, "kiss." On another occasion, my co-worker and I were comparing two duties. I said ". . . but you did [it] like us." The lady was shocked because she understood me to say "ass" not "us." Another time I said, "I have to dream." The right phrase was "I have to sleep."

Circumstances like these have taught me that English is a phonetic language where a mistake in the pronunciation of one letter can wholly change the meaning of the expression. I have taken these incidents in a positive manner to keep my enthusiasm for learning.

I am grateful for my tutor Mrs. Priscilla, Nilda, and Hillsborough County for giving us this literacy program which helps people to improve their quality of life.

God bless everyone and success forever.

--BP



Autobiography

I am Monica Estrada. I am from Guajira, Colombia. I came to the U.S.A. in the year 2000 with my family. I have two sons Jonathan and David. Jonathan is twenty-five and David is twenty-two years old.

I have two sisters Mavell and Ivonne. My mother's name is Ruth Abuchaibe, she is very loving, kind, intelligent and has a beautiful heart.

I am a certified nersing assistant (C.N.A.) I have been working at the Rehabilitation and Healthcare Center of Tampa for 5 years.

I enjoy living in Tampa because it's a city which is very clean, beautiful, small and I love the vegetation. At my home I have many plants and my hobby is working in my garden.

--Monica Estrada

Thankfulness

My life changed 3 years ago, when I met my husband. Everything is different in my life and I am very happy because I have a good husband and I learn English. I am from Peru and in my country the English is another course, most people know the basic in English but, if they like to learn more, you have many opportunities, but it is totally different, when you come to the United States, now I speak, write, and understand a little more. I never practiced my English before; now my husband helps me too. I remember the first time speaking with him, I felt nervous, because my husband did not speak Spanish and I did not speak English in this time; but now I feel better because I leam each day a little more English. I love my English class, I feel admiration for my Tutor Gary Stewart, he is a special teacher, and I appreciate very much his work with each student. My special thankfulness for him and all Tutors who expend time with each student, also my thankfulness is for the program " Hillsborough Literacy Council" which gives the opporunity to many people to learn English.

--Nelly H.ervey

My Country

Is a large country in the north and west of South America. We have two coasts, Atlantic and Pacific. We have three mountains ranges that cross in front south to north of my country. Our Andean region there a beautiful snowy montains and diferents lakes.

Our culture came of different Indian tribes. Our peoples are hospitable and friendly My country is Colombia. I miss my country.

--Adriana

My Life and My Education

I came to the United States on April 17, 2001. I am from Colombia. I am married and I have two daughters. The younger daughter is named Lorena. She is eighteen years old. She graduated from Lakeland High School. The oldest daughter is named Juliana. She is twenty years old and she graduated from Lakeland High School too on May 17, 2004. She is studying at PoIk Community College in Lakeland. She is going to study Law at the Stetson University College of Law in Tampa.



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--Monica Estrada

My daughters like to study because I have a bachelor's degree in Law. and my wife is a Lawyer. She is cleaning houses now and I'm working at a Company called "BURCAW" Geotechnical Group Inc in Tampa. My position is a field Technician. I work in the field everyday and I work very hard.

My question is why I cannot work with the lawyer's in Tampa, Lakeland, or Orlando? The answer is, I don't have experience in this Country. I have experience in my Country. I worked at the jail for about three years as a Public Defender.

I am attending English classes at night and on weekends at a Public Library (Jimmie B. Keel Regional) in Tampa. I take classes with my wife. I went to Stetson University College of Law in Tampa one month ago to read Law books, for example Criminal Law, Family Law, Tort. Law, Constitutional Law, Civil cases, and I looked at a Law Dictionary because I am learning legal terminology.

I am interested in studying for a Juris doctor degree or International Law at Stetson University. My first step is I need to take the test of English as a Foreign Language (TOEFL) is it about reading, writing, speaking and listening to English.

America has more opportunity for jobs; in my country I don't have as many opportunities. I think before my graduation or maybe after graduation I will start working in International Business company, or maybe work with a Lawyer is office. I like the United States and I never give up.

--Juan Pablo Betancourt

My Grand Dad (Manuel Fernández)

Grandad was born in the late 19th century in a small village near Gijon, a city in Spain famous for its "sidra" and "turrón." When he was around 20 years old, the bad economic situation led him to leave for Argentina, where an uncle was established in Santa Cruz, one of the southern provinces.

My grandfather worked initially as a "gaucho" on my Great Great uncles farm. He learnt how to build fences and all kinds of skills necessary on a farm. After a few years he had enough money saved, and with a credit from a Bank he bought his own farm. The farm was purchased under an agreement to raise sheep. It was located in "Santa Cruz" and he named it "Cancha Carrera" in honor of an Independence battle.

In the first years, Manuel needed to buy all the animals to start the business; he bought them in "Rio Gallegos" a city located 500 miles from the farm. At these time trucks didn't exist, so Manuel herded 3000 sheep to the farm aided by several dogs.

He built his first house in the mountains, but the ancient "Patagones" Indians burnt it down. Today you can find the basement of the house and remains of arrows.

A few years later he decided to build a new house in a valley, a very beautiful place, where you can see the "Cordillera de los Andes," the mountains between Argentina and Chile. It was a big house where he had 13 children by his wife



Leonor (remember that in those years computers and television didn't exist). The house had 14 rooms and all of them are very spacious; outside the house on one side of the valley my granddad built 3 tunnels, where he stored all kind of food and supplies. In Cancha Carrera the winters were very long and hard, confining the family to the house.

They had their own electricity provided by a generator set. Granddad was an early environmentalist, he stopped the generator in the early evening forcing the whole family to go to bed. Not too far to the house he had the quarters for his staff, gauchos, sheep sherrers and other farm laborers many of them from Chile.

My grandfather was also a pioneer, because he showed the limits to Perito Moreno, a Geologist & Surveyor, who drew the map between Argentina and Chile.

I'm very proud to have his same name, I'm trying to be like him every day. Thanks Granddad.

--Manuel L. Fernández

Our Life in the United States

Our family came from Argentina four years ago due to the prevailing poor economy, with our children (two girls and one boy) and "Maja" our seven year old Black Lab.

My husband is an Agriculture Engineer and I'm a teacher. After two very hard years, we started to work together in an unusual place. We found employment in Ybor City at The International Bazaar.

I'm the Store Manager; my responsibilities include taking care of the customers and vendors. On a regular day at my job I answer phone calls with customers inquires; I place orders with the different companies that provide our products; I prepare the daily deposit and ask for change if needed. After doing all these things I also fix the different displays stands.

I'm also in charge of the several dance classes held in the store. The most popular class is for Belly Dancing. We have two different teachers but both teach Beginner and Intermediate level with Egyptian Combination and they put emphasis in technique too. It's really nice to see how the students are after the class; they are so relaxed and happy that indicates how much fun they have.

Ybor City is a Historic Center of Cigar Manufacturers. Many years ago people came from Cuba and the Dominican Republic and built the Factory's.

In our store we have an Official Cigar Making School. You can learn after twelve weeks course, The History of Cigar Rolling, Understanding the Tobacco Growing Industry and how to roll a cigar! Everything in a nice atmosphere where you can smoke and enjoy your own cigar.

This place opened my mind because it showed me different cultures, religions and habits for so many places around the world and also that they can be in peace and harmony.

--Maria M. Ymaz

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--Maria M. Ymaz

Why I Like to Sell Shoes

Early in my life I decided I liked to sell shoes beginning when I had a job in a shoe store after school and on Saturdays.

After marriage I worked in a men's shoe store full time until the Army called me and I was away for almost two years. Upon my return I was offered a job in a shoe store that sold orthopedic shoes. The man I worked for helped me to learn the proper way to fit shoes and also a great many things about the construction of the shoes.

After several years I was able to purchase the store and went on with additional education to learn about foot problems and ways to help the problems. That included contacting doctors and how to get right to the point because their time is valuable.

I like to meet people and find out about their foot problems because it gives me pleasure to be able to give them comfort. I see so many foot problems such as deformities, arthritis, diabetes, fallen arches and from accidents. With the proper shoes I am able to make them feel more comfortable and keep their condition from becoming worse.

There are times when people need custom made orthotics in addition to the orthopedic shoes. I also enjoy making orthotics. An impression is made of the foot and then the orthotic is shaped from that with a special bottom and a covering for the top of the orthotic. There are also times when custom made shoes are needed. Then and I make a cast of the foot and the shoes are made on the cast. Many times these custom made shoes enable the person to walk once again.

If I were unable to get up in the morning and go to work I would not be happy. Selling shoes is my life and at the age of 72 I hope to be able to go to work in my shoe business for a long time.

--Orien Hall, C. Ped.

Thoughts on Being Happy

Let me share with all of you some thoughts that I keep in my mind.

-It does not make sense to take hold to the past time remaining sad things, unhappiness, because you only punish yourself.

-Your freedom comes from things that happen. Freedom means possibilities to be, to do, to go, to feel that the heart requests. You, only you obstruct your own freedom.

-What about forgiveness. This is love's expression based in accepting. If you do not forgive you impede your own progress. Although progress always means change, change does not always mean progress.

You wont be happy, if you intend avoiding emotions, feelings as if they would were stones or obstacles on your road to reach THE HAPPINESS.

Remember that every single day that we live is a miracle that shows us those ways to be happy. But, always it depends on ourselves. GOD BLESS YOU.

malov

After Tutoring

Each day after my tutoring I go home, get my net, and go fishing. Most of the time I catch a lot of fish and I give some to my neighbors. The rest I cook and eat. My tutor would prefer that I read and study my vowels and blends instead of fishing. But I do not. – I promise her, though, that I will take my school work more seriously because she makes me proud to be a new reader.

-- When I get to be a better reader you will know my name



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