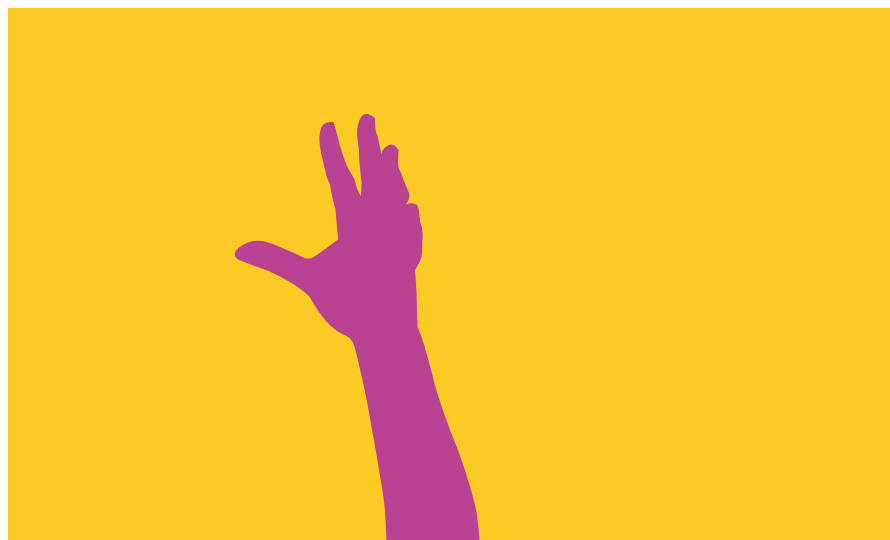




JUST BE WHO YOU ARE

ELDERS' WISDOM, **Children's Song**TM SONGBOOK
VOLUME II



by **LARRY LONG**
in partnership with
the West Metro
Education Program

JUST BE WHO YOU ARE

ELDERS' WISDOM,
*Children's Song*TM

SONGBOOK VOLUME II

*Featuring Elders' Stories, Photographs,
Song Lyrics and Song Notation*





JUST BE WHO YOU ARE

Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song Songbook: Volume II

by Larry Long in partnership with the West Metro Education Program

Copyright © 2008 by Larry Long. All rights reserved.

Song Notation by Martial Besombes

Design/Layout by Claire Chamberlin/Planet Claire Creative

Editing by Elena Weiss, Barb Johnson, Nadine Sehnert and Jacqueline Long

Photography by Larry Long and Greg Helgeson

West Metro Education Program (WMEP)

JOINT POWERS SCHOOL DISTRICT 6069

An integration district focused on student success

THE MCKNIGHT FOUNDATION

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction by Larry Long	v	Sharon Ming	61
Introduction by Richard A. Erickson, Ph.D.	vi	<i>I'm Proud To Be Chinese-American</i> .	63
CEDAR MANOR 2006		Shrin Murthy	66
Margot DeWilde	2	<i>Always Care For Your Neighbor</i> . .	68
<i>We Should Love One Another</i>	4	COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY 2007	
Melkamu Negeri	7	Matheos Ballafas	71
<i>It's The Right Time Now.</i>	9	<i>Always Be Good</i>	73
Patricia Sequeira	13	Joe Cavanaugh	75
<i>Just Be Who You Are</i>	15	<i>Make It Better The Whole World</i>	
Stacey Bruno	17	<i>Around</i>	77
<i>Katrina</i>	19	Jean Fountain	81
CEDAR MANOR 2007		<i>Thank You For Having Me Here</i> . .	83
Portia Byrd	22	Kamala Puram	85
<i>If You Love Somebody</i>	24	<i>Namaste</i>	
Bob Jorvig	26	EARLE BROWN ELEMENTARY 2006	
<i>One More Day</i>	28	Ralph Van Beusekom	89
Koffi Mbairamadji	31	<i>Soldier Welcome Home!</i>	92
<i>Way Down in the Savannah</i>	33	Alice Cooper	94
Sabina Zimering	35	<i>Nothing But The Love of Freedom</i> .	96
<i>Hitler, Kaput!</i>	37	Maggie Proft	98
CITYVIEW PERFORMING		<i>Abajo En Mexico—</i>	
ARTS MAGNET		<i>Down to Mexico</i>	100
Albert Gallmon	42	Chia Yang	103
<i>Change! Change! Change!</i>	44	<i>We're the Hmong</i>	105
Steve Xiong	45	EARLE BROWN ELEMENTARY 2007	
<i>Have to Keep Moving</i>	47	Steven Michael "Chip" Nelson . . .	109
COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY 2006		<i>Everything is Going to be Alright.</i> .	111
Albert Alexander	51	Khousa Xiong	116
<i>Treat Other People How You</i>		<i>Koun Cho Ko—I Miss You.</i>	118
<i>Want To Be Treated Yourself</i> . . .	53	EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY 2006	
Ken Dragseth	57	Lul Gelani	121
<i>Follow Your Dreams</i>	59	<i>I'm Free Now.</i>	124
		Alan Page	126

<i>The Things That Matter Most</i>	
<i>To Me In My Life</i>128
Jim Shirley132
<i>I Grew Up in a Town</i>	
<i>Called Hopkins</i>134
EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY 2007	
Paul Bengston136
<i>To Be An Honest Person</i>138
Sheri Davis140
<i>When You Work Hard</i>142
Rolanda Deshield145
<i>Monrovia, Liberia</i>147
Zelia Goldberg.150
<i>Tikkun Olam</i>152
FAIR SCHOOL 2006	
Melisande Charles.156
<i>Follow Your Heart</i>158
Lillian Johnson161
<i>When You Have a Passion</i>163
Gary & Mary Jean Sampson166
<i>To Give Of Yourself</i>168
Valerie Valme170
<i>In A Loving Family</i>172
Shirley Washington175
<i>What Will Become</i>	
<i>of New Orleans Town</i>177
FAIR SCHOOL 2007	
Naomi Goedert180
<i>Okinawa</i>182
Beverly Jackson184
<i>You Are So Very Blessed</i>	
<i>and Lucky</i>186
Maria Olson189
<i>When I First Came to America</i>191
Kelly Peniata194
<i>Sliding Down on Coconut Leaves</i> .	.196

IDDS 2006	
Standing Bear199
<i>My Name is Standing Bear</i>201
Stanley Brown203
<i>Break Out Of That Box</i>205
Mehdi Eslamou208
<i>Love is a Covenant of Faith</i>210
Mani Vannavong.213
<i>I Chose The Worst Fighting Time</i> .	.215
IDDS 2007	
Nasra Aden219
<i>We Must Do Our Best</i>221
Charles Nichols, Sr.223
<i>Reach Out & Spread Your Wings!</i> .	.225
Jang-Yeon Park227
<i>To Have Respect</i>229
Johnny Smith.232
<i>I Am Proud To Be Ojibwe</i>234
NORTH PARK 2007	
Russell Craig Gary238
<i>It's a Crime</i>240
Don Kudluboy243
<i>There's No Excuses</i>245
Jo-Anne Student.247
<i>Education, Education</i>249
RICHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL 2007	
Emily Day.254
<i>In These Times We're Living</i>	
<i>Now</i>256
Francisco Mendez Diaz258
<i>To Live The Life of Their Dreams</i> .	.260
Harry Jenkins.264
<i>Love Them Like It Was</i>	
<i>Your Last Day</i>266

"When senior members of a community go into schools and talk about their lives and work, and children write songs with Larry Long about what they have learned, they create a remarkable celebration of humanity and hard work."

—DR. ANTHONY SEEGER, *Curator and Director,*
Smithsonian-Folkways Recordings

INTRODUCTION BY LARRY LONG

.....

In the 1990's I worked briefly with the Zulu nation of South Africa. While there, my Zulu friends brought me to an all day celebration of traditional Isigathamiya music being held at the local YMCA of Durban. The room was filled, wall-to-wall, with hundreds of people. I was the only light skinned person in the room but the Master of Ceremonies welcomed me to join in the celebration and sit with my friends near the performance area.

Their generosity gave me a place at their table. I was welcomed and made to feel at home. Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song is an attempt to make a place at the table for all of us from the many nations of people who call this country home with a special effort to show our newcomers that they are welcome too.

Some may ask, "What is an elder?" I often joke that an elder is someone who doesn't whine! To the Quaker community the word elder is sometimes used as a verb like, "Don't elder me!" meaning just because someone is older it doesn't give them the right to boss others around. To be an elder is an earned title. All elders are heroes, but not all heroes become elders.

An elder is someone who listens and tries to be helpful in a good way to others. We each know who these people are in our communities. Sometimes they're the school custodian, banker, truck driver, schoolteacher, next-door neighbor, veteran, or peace activist. They come in all sizes, shapes, and forms, but seem to carry the same love and affection for community. I often share with students that they are elders to the grades below them. It's a matter of making good choices.

Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song has developed over the past twenty-five years of working with schools throughout the country. Besides providing empathic learning, it helps to fulfill the many elements of educational requirements in History, Language Arts, Geography, Music, Arts, Critical Thinking and Literacy.

I wish to give thanks to the hundreds of teachers, students, and administrators for their continued support and helpful criticisms in the continued refinement of this intergenerational process.

Lastly, I wish to thank the entire West Metro Education Program (WMEP) community for making a place at their table for me to help in honoring the incredible individuals celebrated in this collection.

Thank you for all that you do,


Larry Long, Artist
Executive Director
Community Celebration of Place
www.communitycelebration.org



INTRODUCTION BY RICHARD A. ERICKSON, Ph.D.

Several years ago, brilliant artist and gifted musician Larry Long brought his program **Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song** to our school through the West Metro Education Program (WMEP).

Larry and the students record and expand upon the stories of community elders. These stories are then translated into student choreography and music. Many hours are spent in the preparation. The final result is an evening showcase for hundreds from our community who come out to see their children perform. The participating audience soon discovers that they have learned and been personally uplifted by the experience as they hear their children talk, sing, and dance in honor of their elders.

The presentation celebrates the chosen elders who, through their own personal stories, teach all of us about the beauty and the purposeful life found in the midst of difficulty, hard work and perseverance.

Each and every one of us searches for meaning and purpose in our lives. All too often we are so busy with our own fast paced daily existence that we fail to see the beautiful journey we are actually on. It is through these stories that we can understand and put into perspective our shortcomings, our detours and our frustrations. It is through these stories that we can see more clearly our own developing stories of accomplishment, survival and hope.

Larry Long's Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song program has resurrected a culturally lost art. Our elders have always taught us important lessons about life and our purpose in this world. Somehow modern society has forgotten how to take the time to listen.

In the first paragraph of *The Road Less Traveled*, Scott Peck wrote "Life is difficult; it always has been and always will be." The Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song program helps us to learn more about our life by discovering how the elders handled their lives.

At the beginning of each year's project, Larry Long embarks on a lesson in self-esteem building as he teaches his new learners the art and importance of social skills like shaking a hand or looking a person in the eye when talking. He emphasizes the importance of questions as a mechanism of allowing the elder to speak freely. In doing so, asking questions of the elder prompts the students to inquire and share about their own lives and that of their peers.

Through the elder interview process I was overwhelmed to hear students ask real live personal questions. For example:

- A student whose family struggles with poverty asked, "How did you have enough money if you only made two cents each selling magazines?"
- A student who lost his father in Iraq asked, "How did you feel when your friends died?"
- A student whose family struggles with prejudice and racism asked, "Did you ever like the Japanese after the war?"
- A student whose parents are divorced and fighting asked, "How did you handle the hard times in your life?"



-
- *A student whose parents have been fighting all of his life asked, "Do you really love your wife after sixty-one years of being married?"*
 - *A student with autism asked, "Did anyone ever make fun of you because you were different?"*

As in our budding International Baccalaureate program, Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song encourages students to become active, compassionate, and lifelong learners who understand that other people, with their different lives and perspectives, can also be right. The program aims to develop inquiring, knowledgeable and caring young people who help to create a better and more peaceful world through intercultural and intracultural understanding and respect.

Above all, it teaches us all to "Work Towards the Positive," "Live your Passion," and remember that, "Any good that I may do, Let me do it now."

Richard A. Erickson, Ph.D.
School Social Worker
Cedar Manor Intermediate Center
St. Louis Park, Minnesota





CEDAR MANOR 2006





MARGOT DEWILDE

.....

Holocaust Survivor

MARGOT DEWILDE

My name is Margot De Wilde. I was born July 18, 1921. I come from the Netherlands. I've been an immigrant three times. I had a brother, who was three and a half years younger than I. My parents moved to Holland when they saw the first signs of unrest in Germany.

I went to school in Holland. I was in the Girl Scouts and later in a Jewish group with young kids. Our life was fairly decent, though my parents didn't have much money.

The situation in Germany became worse and worse. Hitler had declared that he didn't want the Jews and made their lives impossible. He gave them a chance to move to another country but had to leave everything behind. Many people thought, "It isn't going to be so bad. Let's stay and wait and see." Hitler used the money he collected from people who went out of Germany for building up his Army.

Hitler started going to other countries. The Nazis bombed Rotterdam, which is a port city. They bombed it for two days and nights. They said, "If you don't surrender we'll bomb all of Holland!" After four days the people surrendered to the Fascists. Hitler made the German committee fulfill his demands by first registering the Dutch population with identification papers with a picture and a fingerprint on it. Everyone was registered by religion—an easy way of finding out who the Jewish people are. They put a big "J" for "Jew" on identification papers, so they would know where the Jewish people were when they wanted to have a raid to pick up them up. If you were Jewish, you were sent to a concentration camp in Poland.

I married a Jewish teacher. The Jews were no longer allowed to go to public school, so the Jewish teachers taught Jewish children. At this time they gave the order that Jews couldn't have bicycles anymore. We had to even bring in our radios. We had to deliver all our worldly goods to the Nazis, including our bank accounts.

We had to go into hiding. It wasn't safe. As a family, we went to the train station to catch a train out of Holland to Switzerland. They put us in a special compartment on an international train with another Jewish family. We were told that we had to get off the train in Cologne, Germany to get our visas and passports stamped. The moment we touched German ground we got arrested. Nine of us were sent to a Gestapo prison.

We were placed on a train inside a cattle wagon. There were no windows, no nothing in it. We were packed like sardines. When we finally got to Auschwitz the doors were opened. There was hollering and screaming. Mothers and children had to separate. Men had to be separated.

They had the young women step forward. We didn't know why. They were doing some sort of experiments with us. They brought us all in as guinea pigs. We had to stand and be counted. We didn't get counted by name, but by numbers. They had given us numbers when we came in the camp. My number was 47574. We got solid food twice a week. Too little to live on and too little to die.

The Nazis thought they could get rid of unwanted population by sterilizing the women. I like to talk to youngsters because they take the place of the children I could not have.

WORDS OF ADVICE: First of all, do not keep making differences between one and the other. We should stop blaming one another and making distinctions between one another. We should be more loving to each other.



WE SHOULD LOVE ONE ANOTHER

Honoring Ms. Margot DeWilde

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. RAND'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St Louis Park, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

E \flat **Gm**

We should love one a - no - ther. We should help one a - no - ther. We should

Cm **A \flat**

3 stop one a - no - ther from hurt - ing each o - ther. We should

E \flat **Gm** **B \flat**

4 love one a - no - ther. We should help one a - no - ther right now.

(VERSE)

E \flat **B \flat** **A \flat** **E \flat** **B \flat** **A \flat** **E \flat** **B \flat** **A \flat** **B \flat**

6 Back when I was so young. With my fa - mi - ly I moved

B \flat **E \flat** **B \flat** **A \flat** **E \flat** **B \flat** **A \flat** **E \flat** **B \flat** **A \flat** **B \flat**

9 from Ger - ma - ny to Hol-land. Back in World War



13

B \flat A \flat B \flat Cm

ll they tried to kill all the Jews. We should



WE SHOULD LOVE ONE ANOTHER

Honoring Ms. Margot DeWilde

[CHORUS]

*We should love one another
We should help one another
We should stop one another
From hurting each other
We should love one another
We should help one another right now*

Back when I was so young
With my family I moved
From Germany to Holland
Back in World War II
They tried to kill all the Jews

(CHORUS)

The bombs did fly for two days
From the sky down upon Rotterdam
If you don't surrender now
To Hitler's command
We'll bomb all of Holland

(CHORUS)

No bicycles, no radios
Everything we had Hitler owned
With a "J" For Jew on my papers
Out of hiding we had to go
To Switzerland through Cologne

(CHORUS)

The moment we touched German ground
The Gestapo took us away

In a cattle car packed like sardines
To Auschwitz on a train
All we had went down the drain

(CHORUS)

The children screamed
The mothers cried
Everyone had to separate
We had no names
Just numbers
Guinea pigs for the forces of hate
To little to live, to die, too late

(CHORUS)

The women were sterilized
So when the war was through
I could not have children of my own
That is why I like to talk to
Good children just like you

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. Rand's 6TH GRADE
CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)





MELKAMU NEGERI

Oromo Minister and Refugee from Ethiopia

MELKAMU NEGERI

My name is Melkamu Negeri. I was born in Ethiopia. I am an Oromo person. I am married and have six children.

My father was a farmer. The whole family farmed. Farming is not the way we think here in the United States. Here it is mechanized and big. In Ethiopia we farm by hand and oxen. My father died when I was young. My older brother and mom raised me and sent me to school. I also have five sisters—four of them alive. My older brother sent me to school. There was no one in the house who could farm except for myself. Mother said your brother isn't here, so you should farm. [I] quit school to start farming.

Before I came to the United States I was serving as a pastor for 19 years, as a parish leader and as youth director. Ethiopia was a communist country for some years. Communists don't believe in God and persecute religions. They don't allow children to go to church. If you go to church they put you in prison. I was put in jail because I worked with children.

The reason they tell us is that we should deny God. "We don't need God," they said. "The country doesn't need God." "Don't teach the young people. Don't teach them that God exists and that faith is important." I said, "No, I have to teach." I said, "No, I can't leave my faith." My church back home was known as Ethiopian Evangelical Church, "Mekane Yesus Church" (where Jesus is). I love this church.

My name was on the list of people the government was looking for, for years, to kill or put in jail. They think some individuals are working against the government if they talk about freedom and equality.

We speak Oromiffa in Ethiopia. It's the language of the people. "Bilisummaa" means freedom in Oromo.

I came to the United States in October 1995. The way we came was on a DV-95, which means diversity visa. This is a visa given for people from Africa, Asia, and so forth. We won this in the lottery in 1995. I sold my house which I had, and bought my tickets. That paid for the embassy in America and the United States, because you have to pay a lot of expenses. One interview paid 11,000 Ethiopian dollars.

The United States is a home for the whole world—for all the people from many parts of the world. Here we are brothers and sisters no matter what religion or which country we came. We are living here as brothers and sisters and really should be appreciated. Elsewhere in other countries this is very hard.

**"BILISUMMAA"
MEANS
FREEDOM
IN OROMO.**



WORDS OF ADVICE:

Appreciate the equality, the freedom and the peace you have.

IT'S THE RIGHT TIME NOW

Honoring Pastor Melkamu Negeri

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. IKOLA'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St Louis Park, Minnesota)

Swing

(VERSE)

Gm Cm

E - thi - o - pi-a. Where I come from they put me in

6 Gm D7 Gm

jail with - out bail for the God I love. When I asked them "Why?"

10 Cm

They said, "Be - cause". I could not

14 Gm D7 Gm (CHORUS)

teach free-dom of speech to the old and young. It's the right time

18 Cm Gm

now. It's the right time now. It's the right time



IT'S THE RIGHT TIME NOW

Honoring Melkamu Negeri

Ethiopia
Where I come from
They put me in jail
Without bail
For the God I love

When I asked them why
They said because
I could not teach
Freedom of speech
To the old and young
(CHORUS)

It's the right time now
It's the right time now
It's the right time now
Bilisummaa!
It's the right time now

My father farmed
By hand and ox
We just got by
On the food we grew.
Nothing was bought

In Oromo Land
I took a stand
"Where Jesus Is"
I have a friend
To lend a helping hand
(CHORUS)

I won the lottery
To the free country
We had one shot
We took the chance
To be all we could be

In America
We have a lot
Education
Freedom
To do what we want
(CHORUS)

Appreciate
All you have
Your parents who
Care for you
Through good and bad

To not be free
Imagine that
To pursue
All you dream
That's where I'm at
(CHORUS)



Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. IKOLA'S 6TH GRADE
CLASS of CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)



PATRICIA SEQUIRA

Teacher and Recent U.S. Citizen
from Calcutta, India

PATRICIA SEQUEIRA

Namaste! My name is Patricia Sequeira. I was born in Calcutta, India. I am married to Edric Sequeira and we have two lovely children, Eleanor, 19 and Elroy, 17.

I grew up in a loving family. My dad was an engineer and my mom was a high school teacher. I have six siblings and they are all in different parts of the world. I am the fifth child.

My childhood was full of happy memories. I sang in the choir, acted in school plays, learned Indian dancing, took piano lessons and played basketball. All subjects were taught in English. However, we had to learn Hindi, the official language of India, and Bengali, the regional language of my state, West Bengal. My parents spoke Konkani to each other and English to us.

After high school, I taught music for six months. I went on to get my Bachelor of Arts degree in English and then my Bachelor of Education degree.

We were married February 14, 1984. I joined Edric in Bahrain. We decided to start a family. Eleanor, Elroy and I were on holiday in India in the summer of 1995 when Edric called to say he had a job offer in Minneapolis at the Marquette Hotel. I asked him, "Do you know how cold it is there? Do you know there is snow and ice there?" But we decided to accept the offer and we packed our bags and left Bahrain on November 10, 1995. That was the hardest thing for Eleanor and Elroy. They had to leave all their friends behind and start a new life in a foreign country and in a foreign culture.

I could not work because I did not have a work permit. There were times when I was sad, lonely and depressed. I discovered the library, which opened up a new whole world for us, and I started volunteering at the school.

To live in the U.S., an immigrant must have a visa. We were on Edric's visa, and in 1997, we applied for the green card. This card is not green. However, it is the first step in becoming a U.S. citizen. We got our green cards in October 1998 and we became "lawful permanent residents." We had to wait for five years before applying for citizenship.

This past March, Edric, Eleanor and I applied for citizenship. We studied U.S. history and civics. This was difficult, as we had to cram a lot of information in a short time. However, both Eleanor and Elroy helped us. I was the first to be interviewed.

The interviewer verified my information on my application form and told me to write the sentence "I am very happy" on the bottom of my form. I wrote in my best cursive handwriting. He then asked me some questions. Then he said, "Congratulations, you passed. Please wait for your oath ceremony letter."

First, we took the oath of allegiance. After that, we raised our right hands and took the oath of citizenship. The judge congratulated us, and we watched a video of the president congratulating us. Finally, we received our Certificates of Citizenship.

WORDS OF ADVICE: I wouldn't say there are any more freedoms than India. There's more opportunities to get educated and study and get on top of it. You can do that in America. Great opportunities to be who you want to be.

**MY CHILDHOOD
WAS FULL
OF HAPPY
MEMORIES.**



JUST BE WHO YOU ARE

Honoring Mrs. Patricia Sequeira

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MS. SUNDLIN'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St Louis Park, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

D F#m Bm G

Just be who you are. Just be who you are.

(VERSE)

D F#m

5 I'm from Cal - cut - ta. Born to a lov - ing fa - mi - ly.

Bm G

7 My child - hood was full of hap - py me - mo - ries.

D F#m

9 My friends were Mus - lim, Christ - ian, Bud - dhist, Hin - du.

Bm G

11 Had to walk knee - deep in wa - ter to school in the mon - soon.



JUST BE WHO YOU ARE

Honoring Patricia Sequeira

Just be who you are

I'm from Calcutta
Born to a loving family
My childhood was full
Of happy memories
My friends were Muslim
Christian, Buddhist, Hindu
Had to walk knee-deep
In water to school
In the monsoon

Just be who you are

Mummy was my hero
Kindest person I've ever known
Her eyes so tender
Her soft black hair flowed
Over her white sari
Like a swan ready to take flight
There was always grace
And beauty in my life

Just be who you are

The day before my wedding
I had my Roce
The elders gave their blessings
I wore Mummy's sari
Felt like a princess
With flowers in my hair
In a white gown - red sari
My daughter too shall wear

Just be who you are

With Edric, my husband
We started a family
Eleanor and Elroy
Together we did leave
To a land so hot, so cold
At the same time
A new life in a foreign land
We left our friends behind

Just be who you are

The mosquitoes followed us
From India to here
I was sad and lonely
'Til I volunteered
Now I am a teacher
This to you I say
Share a smile, say hello
Be the best you can each day

Just be who you are

JUST BE WHO YOU ARE!
JUST BE WHO YOU ARE!
JUST BE WHO YOU ARE!

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Sundlin's 6TH GRADE
CLASS of CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)





STACEY BRUNO

.....
Hurricane Katrina Survivor from New Orleans

STACEY BRUNO

My name is Stacey Bruno. I moved to New Orleans when I was four years old. I have a husband and two children. I have one sister and she has four kids.

Right before the storm, everybody was watching the news. People thought Katrina wasn't going to be that big. The night before the storm my sister called me up on the phone. She was getting scared and said, "I think we should leave!" It was a restless night. It was raining. Late that evening there was a commercial on T.V. where this guy said, "Make the right decision." I took it as a message to leave.

Later that day, at 7 o'clock, we began evacuating. We packed the bare minimum, including a little clothing and one toy per child. Before we left, the kids kissed their toys goodbye. When they went back to their room they said, "We'll be back."

My husband, children and I went to pick up my sister. Everybody got in the car. We had to leave through Slidell, Louisiana. It normally takes 30 minutes to drive, but it now took us three hours. The kids are panicking. The storm is 8 hours away. We needed to find shelter. When we got to Meridian, Mississippi, there were no hotel vacancies. We started heading to Birmingham. While driving through the storm into Alabama the trees were all coming down. The wind is whipping us around.

We stayed in Birmingham in a hotel that charged us \$100 dollars a night. The same hotel room would normally cost \$55 dollars.

While watching the news, the kids are crying and don't know what's going on. They ask, "Will we see our friends again?" We have family members who stayed in the city. We tried to find out if they are okay. Have they lost their lives?

We called my parents in Minnesota and decided to go to Minnesota to live through this time. It took us 23 hours to get up here. That was a hard ride. Once we got here there was an immediate news story on Channel 11. As I get out of the car I'm hooked up to a microphone. Mr. Greg Lawrence from St. Louis Park heard the story. He kindly donated a house to us to live in for a year. His wife, Janet Lawrence, and their two kids presented us with the home, which is a big old blessing.

We've been getting tons of donations. They donated us a mini-van to get around. It snows up here, so people have been giving us quilts, blankets, hats and things. They even donated us bicycles. There's a beautiful park in the neighborhood. We found a church up here to go to. You have to give God praise!

We'll be leaving back to New Orleans to see if there's anything we can salvage. They don't want kids to come down with us because of the mold. It's going to be hard. There are so many different things we had to leave behind. We can't bring everything back. To rent a U-Haul, it costs over \$1,000.

It's very sad. There are all of your life memories, which you can't replace, like pictures. The pictures my kids drew for me I can't get back. It's very emotional.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Don't take anything for granted. Stay in school. Be nice to one another and talk to your neighbors.




KATRINA



Honoring Mrs. Stacey Bruno

Music by LARRY LONG
 Words by LARRY LONG and MS. TOLZIN'S
 6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
 (St Louis Park, Minnesota)

(CHORUS) Am





Ka - tri - na. Why did you? Ka - tri - na.

Dm E7#9 Am7
  6fr.  (Spoken Word)


4 **(VERSE)**

Why did you des-roy my home? I have lived in New Or-leans

E7#9 Am7 E7#9
 6fr.   6fr.



8

since I was four. New Or-leans a fes-tive place. The le-vee out-side my door.

Dm Em
  6fr.

11

Cre - ole food and craw - fish. My neigh - bor - hood was mixed.

Dm E7#9
  6fr.

13

On the shores of Lake Pont - char - train the wind be - gan to whip.



KATRINA

Honoring Stacey Bruno

[CHORUS]

*Katrina, why did you
Katrina, why did you destroy my home*

I have lived in New Orleans
Since I was four
New Orleans a festive place
The levee outside my door
Creole food and crawfish
My neighborhood was mixed
On the shores of Lake Pontchartrain
The wind began to whip

(CHORUS)

One time they blew the levee up
To save the rich folks' homes
To force a flood on the poor
Who had no place to go
Unlike George and Betsy
This flood had no name
Now here comes Katrina
A deadly hurricane

(CHORUS)

The night before the storm
My sister called me on the phone
She said to me I am scared
I think we should leave our home
The night was dark and restless
When a man came on TV
Said make the right decision
I knew it was time to leave

(CHORUS)

After my two children
Kissed their toys good-bye
The rain it fell like cats and dogs
We fled in the nick of time
We went to get my sister

With my husband, children, too
Will we live, where to go?
What on earth to do?

(CHORUS)

Everyone got in the car
We drove straight through Slidell
What once took 30 minutes
Took three hours of rain and hail
We rode the storm through Birmingham
They charged 100 bucks a night
For a fifty-five dollar room
That just ain't right

(CHORUS)

We watched the news on T.V.
The kids began to cry
Will we see our friends again
I hope they didn't die
Parents lived in Minnesota
Together we did drive
For twenty-three long hours
Thank God we're still alive

(CHORUS)

Stepped out of the car
Hooked up to a microphone
When a local businessman
Gave us all a home
Put us on KARE-11
Even on CNN
Live from Minnesota
With all of my new friends

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Tolzin's 6TH GRADE
CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)





CEDAR MANOR 2007





PORTIA BYRD

.....
School Board Member and Millinery Store Owner

PORTIA BYRD

My name is Portia Byrd. I'm from Bartow, Florida. I was born June 8th, let's say, in the 30s. What I may talk about might be offensive. It might make you feel bad or sad. I don't want to make you feel guilty. You're not responsible for the behavior of others. But after today if you do the things done to me I will hold you responsible for those actions, if I'm with you or not.

When I grew up I didn't have any mix races in schools. I went to an all-black school in Bartow, Florida. My parents went to an all-black college in Jacksonville, Florida. I grew up with a family of readers. They taught me if I learn to read and read well there is nothing you can't do. The learning process starts when you are reading and able to comprehend.

At the dinner table my two brothers and I would read comic books and newspapers. As I said, I went to the black school. I went to an all-black school. I should say, colored. That's what we were called then. There is colored, black, African American, and there was the N word, which is more prevalent.

At the black school I went to, they bused in black students from all over in that district. I had wonderful, wonderful black teachers. They made you learn and did not accept any excuse for not learning. My motto: Use your intellectual ability and learn about everything you can. I said to myself, if I can use discipline for my own life and not show [an] example of hate, I can overcome hatred. I believe in passive resistance. I don't believe in killings. You can have success without doing that. Words have power.

This is serious business. My father and mother were hunters. They would hunt for 'coons. They would skin the 'coon and dry the hide and sell it. One day my father told my brother and I to get under the bed. We didn't know why. They took the guns off the shelf. They nailed up the window.

My mother and father sat in the living room in chairs with the guns in their laps. The Ku Klux Klan headquarters were 12 miles away. We sat there. My brother and I were there. Soon, the Ku Klux Klan rode around in the yard. They had hoods on. They had white hoods on when I was a little girl. I was five or six years old.

You can imagine what that was like. I was exposed to Shakespeare, Aristotle and we had to memorize poems and poetry, and also the Bible.

After graduating from high school, I was voted the one most likely to succeed. Later, I would have a millinery shop, a hat shop. I love hats. If you see me around St. Louis Park, or at McDonalds, I will have a hat on. I wear hats a lot.

After graduating from high school, I went to a black college. I graduated but couldn't get teaching jobs, because I was black. I went to a family after school and took care of their kids and cooked and cleaned.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Simple advice. Love one another. Love is the only thing that takes care of everything. If you love someone you won't do anything to make them feel terrible or bad. You might disagree but it won't be hurtful. Second thing is to be a good friend. Always be respectful of each other.

USE YOUR
INTELLECTUAL
ABILITY
AND LEARN
EVERYTHING
YOU CAN.



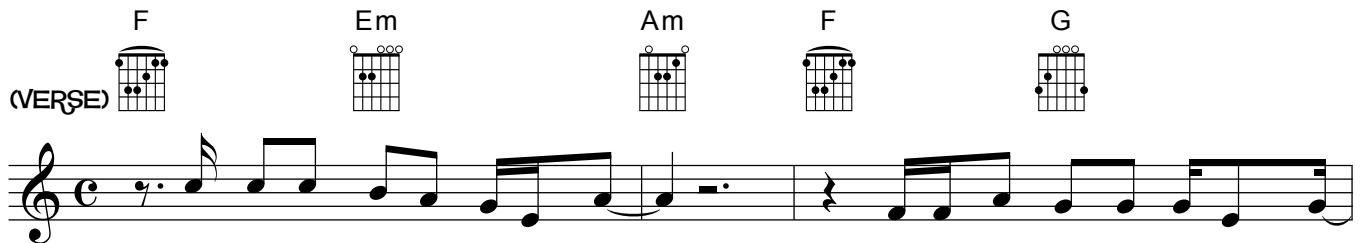
IF YOU LOVE SOMEBODY

Honoring Portia Byrd

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG, MS HANSON'S and MS. BAILEY'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR ELEMENTARY
(St Louis Park, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

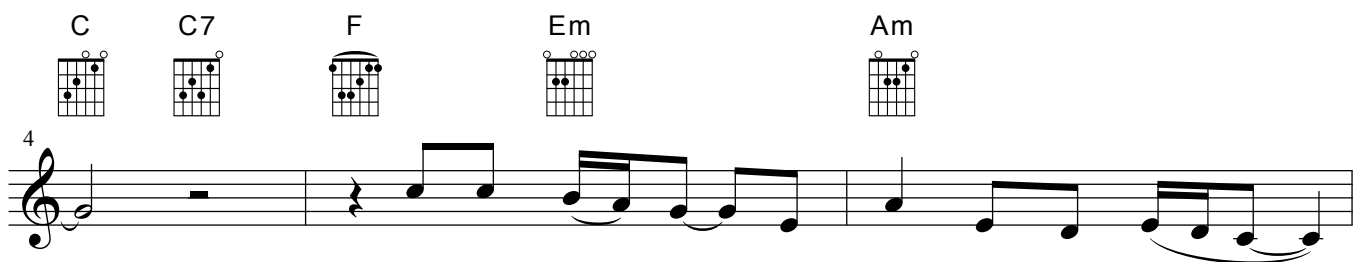
F Em Am F G



When I grew up I didn't have a - ny mix ra - ces in my school.

C C7 F Em Am

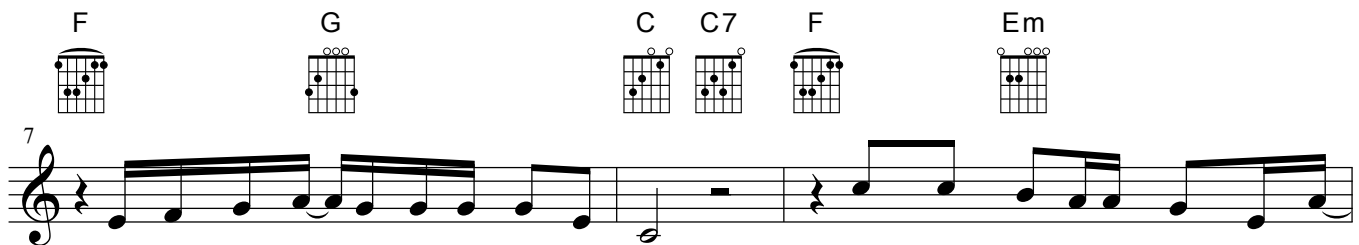
4



All my class - mates were black. Don't step back.

F G C C7 F Em

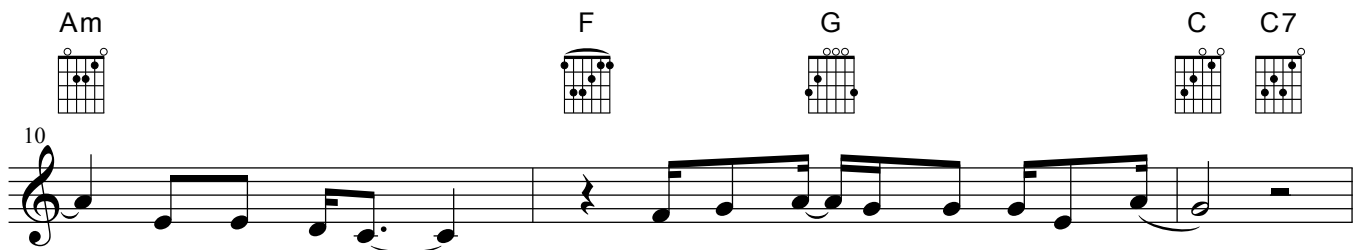
7



Mo - ther and fa - ther did - n't raise no fool. They taught me if I learned to read

Am F G C C7

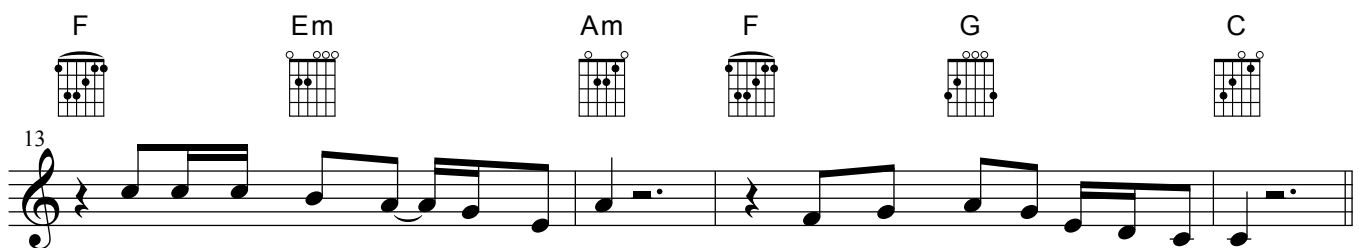
10



and read well there is no - thing you cannot do.

F Em Am F G C

13



My pa - rents were right with - out fail and these words I give to you



G
(CHORUS)



17

If you love so - meone you won't do a - ny - thing to

C

19

make 'em feel bad. Don't make 'em feel bad. Don't
make 'em feel sad. Don't make 'em feel sad. Don't

20

make 'em feel bad. Don't make 'em feel bad.
make 'em feel sad. Don't make 'em feel sad.



IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE

Honoring Portia Byrd

[CHORUS]

*If you love someone you won't do
anything to make them feel bad
If you love someone you won't do
anything to make them feel sad*

When I grew up I didn't have
Any mix races in my school
All my classmates were black,
don't step back
Mother and father didn't raise no fool
They taught me if I learned to read,
and read well
There is nothing you cannot do
My parents were right—without fail
And these words I give to you

(CHORUS)

I've been called by many names
Colored, black, and you know who
When they use that N word
I don't know who they're talking to
Show me the friends that you keep
Show me the books that you read
For today and years to come
I will tell you what you will be

(CHORUS)

From the back of the bus
To my front yard the Ku Klux Klan
Rocking with a shotgun on his lap
Father waiting to take a stand
Against the hatred we have known

Through love we shall overcome
That burning cross outside my home
Until all hatred is done

(CHORUS)

When you can do something good,
for someone
Don't let that opportunity pass you by
Be it a stranger at your door, or someone
you know
You'll be rewarded each time
For the good that you do
For the life you might save
Brother Martin had a dream
May his dream be reality

(CHORUS)

FEEL SAD...
DON'T MAKE 'EM FEEL BAD
DON'T MAKE 'EM FEEL SAD...
DON'T MAKE 'EM FEEL BAD

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Hansen's & Ms. Bailey's
6TH GRADE CLASS of CEDAR MANOR ELEMENTARY
(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)



BOB JORVIG

.....
Ski Instructor and WWII and Korean War Veteran

BOB JORVIG

My name is Bob Jorvig. [I was born] March 14, 1921. I moved to St. Louis Park in 1930 when I was about your age. I'm going to talk about my life in St. Louis Park. I'm 86 years old.

I will talk about World War II, Korean War, working life, and retired. I'm dressed crazy today because I'm a ski instructor at Hyland Hills. We have a sixth grade program and teach them how to ski.

My folks were both telegraph operators. My mom worked in Owatonna and my dad in the main office. They used the morse code on the telegraph. What you did is tap on it—[tapping] a dot and [tapping] a dash—that was a really important part of communication up until 50s and 60s.

They had telegraph operators, telegraph baseball and football games. They had a telegraph operator that would let them know if it was a ball or a strike through Morse code, so the guy on the radio in Minneapolis could pick it up.

Anyway, sometimes moms and dads talk and don't want the kids to hear it. Mom and dad would talk with a fork and lay it on the side and would click the knife against the fork and send telegraph messages across the table so we couldn't understand them.

In World War II everyone was involved. Mom was making bandages or making money for the war drive or work[ing] in a war factory. In World War II I was aboard a sea ship as a Marine. I admired the Marines and still do.

I came home and was a civilian. One of the best things in World War II was the passing of the GI Bill that enabled every veteran to go to college or graduate school, and the government paid for it. People had been in war and lost a lot of time. Graduate school at Harvard was the best. I applied there and got in.

Later I got called back to [the] Korean War. It's different going to war with a family and daughter. We went over there and I spent a year there. The Marines never retreat, and that was a tough battle.

The Great Depression made you realize the things you have are pretty great. I learned a lot about doing without things and making things for yourself. It gave you self-confidence. It was a good thing as well as a bad thing.

I think in the 1900s people didn't have as much things as we do now. Now, even if you are poor you have a lot of good things. At least in this country, maybe we don't appreciate it as much as we should. We have so many things and we need a way to stop poverty in other parts of the world.

We like it here. No plan to move anyplace. Hope my health stays. I feel like I'm lucky to be [86] years old and talking about it. I know a guy in the ski area who is a retired doctor. He's a fully certified downhill instructor. He's a snowboarder. He's a really neat guy. He's my role model. He gives a big high sign, "One more day."

WORDS OF ADVICE: I think it's important for you to think about what you have. I think we tend to take for granted everything we have. Some people have what others don't have, but still we live very well in this country. Appreciate what you got and be creative about what you do. Be creative, to think about your friends and not think about yourself. Help them improve.



ONE MORE DAY

Honoring Bob Jorvig

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG, MR. RAND'S and MS. BAILEY'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR ELEMENTARY
(St Louis Park, Minnesota)

Em



(Call and Response)

(VERSE)



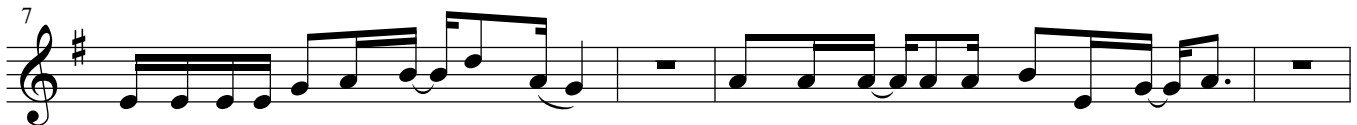
My mo - ther worked in O - wa - ton - na.

My fa - ther he did, too.



They were both te - le - graph o - pe - ra - tors.

Am



Talk - ing like a dan - cer with tap shoes.

This was back in the Great De - pres - sion.

Em



Peo - ple did - n't have much at all.

For the ra - di - o the te - le - graph o - pe - ra - tors

C



G



D



(CHORUS)



kept track of strikes and balls.

One more day.



19

G D F# Em C G B D F# Em

One more day. One more day. Huh_Ha!



ONE MORE DAY

Honoring Bob Jorvig

My mother worked in Owatonna
My father he did too
They were both telegraph operators
Talking like a dancer with tap shoes
This was back in the Great Depression
People didn't have much at all
For the radio the telegraph operators
Kept track of strikes and balls

One More Day

We would get some scrap lumber
And some wheels from roller skates
Nail those wheels to the bottom
For a scooter it worked great
Built a crystal set with lots of wires
The antenna used bedsprings
Rubbed a cat whisker to find a station
Listen to it purr, listen to it sing

One More Day

Then came Pearl Harbor
I joined up with the Marines
Never retreat, tough in battle
Went to sail the seven seas
Artillery fire to support the landing
On a ship called the Santa Fe
Hauled in seven hundred survivors
From a ship a Kamikaze hit that day

One More Day

Not long after the war was over
Got married had two kids
Sure enough sent to Korea
Got called to war again
On up to the Chinese border
To become the Chosin Few
Leather boots with rubber bottoms
Two thousand dead—more to lose

One More Day

Thirty below up in the mountains
Six thousand miles away from home
Without my wife nicknamed Bubbles
Who wrote me when I was alone
I think we take for granted
So many things looking back
From the Second World War to Korea
Now we are in Iraq

One More Day

Now I have five grandchildren
Thank God for the GI Bill
Working as a city planner
Now I ski down Hyland Hills
With my hero a snowboarder
Not long ago we would say
"One more year." Now that I'm older
A big high-five, "One more day!"

One More Day

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. Rand's & Ms. Bailey's
6TH GRADE CLASS of CEDAR MANOR ELEMENTARY
(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)





KOFFI MBAIRAMADJI

African Storyteller and Author from Chad

KOFFI MBĀIRĀMĀDJI

My name is Koffi Mbairamadji. Boys are called Koffi if you are born on Friday. Mbairamadji means God. The two names are mine. In our tribe we don't have our parents' name. They give you two names. None are from my father. We don't have parents' names like you here.

I was born in Chad, in the southern part of Chad. It is in the heart of Africa and divided in two parts. The southern part of Chad is Savannah. It is kind of a light forest with grasses, with lions and tigers. A lot of animals you see on TV.

I was born in Moundou, a small town. We have a lot of industries there, in the southern part of the country. It is unique over there. There is a lot of malaria there. We have two lakes by the city and one river. The river goes all the way to Lake Chad and that is where I was born. We have a forest by the town, so when you are a kid you can go there to eat and hunt birds.

The high school was a junior high school. Then I went to a commercial technical senior high school. When I graduated I moved to the capitol city in N'Djamena. I started my life by myself. I attended the college and commercial engineering. I learned theology, so in 1990 I was working as a librarian and bookseller in my church, through the Mennonite Church, working in Chad. They send young people to the United States [from] Africa on an exchange program.

I was sent to the States in 1991. They sent me to Colorado Springs, Colorado. In Colorado I used to work with children at the church. I'd tell African stories. When I went back to Africa I decided to write storybooks and send back to my friends in Colorado Springs. That is the genesis of this book, *African Savannah Stories*.

In the cities like Moundou, they are Christian. The northern part of the country, in the north, are people of Islam. There is another Islam from that area. It is hard to live with them. They want you to be like them and practice their Islam. We live in peace with everyone.

There are over 200 languages in Chad. I speak Ngambay. It is difficult to speak other languages from other tribes. They speak Ngambay and speak three or four languages. Most everybody speaks Ngambay.

The house I grew up in is like any house. Most of the houses are built with brick and iron on the roof and most everyone live there. It is a big family and we find a place to live for everybody who needs a place to stay. In my city and town it is hard to find homeless people. You share with everybody. No fancy things like heat or utilities to make a house. It's hard to understand that somewhere there is homeless people who sleep on the street. In Chad it is hard to understand that. Sometimes you build two or three or four empty rooms so someone can come and stay.


WORDS OF ADVICE: We are all related. We have things in common. Live in peace with each other. We are all related. You get a lot of morals with stories. I advise you to read stories. We mostly use animals in Africa in our stories. Our ancestors use animals to tell stories. You can easily keep those stories in mind. Once you see animals in the stories you recall the moral lessons when you see them. Now you can keep the book and read it. You can remember the animals and it's the easiest way to recall the stories. All the stories are traditional and expanded on them.

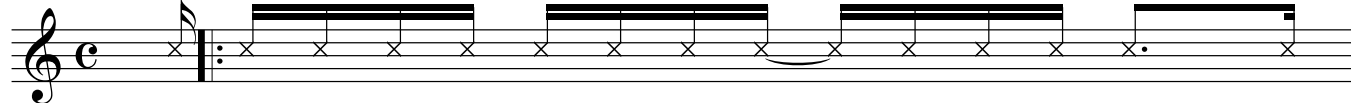


WAY DOWN IN THE SAVANNAH WHERE THE ANIMALS LIVE

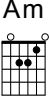

Honoring Koffi Mbairamadji

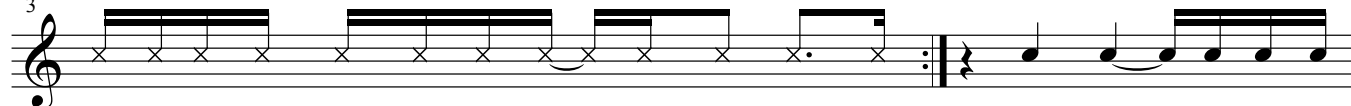
Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG, MR. GALLOWAY, MR. PLANTZ'S and
MS. BAILEY'S 6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR ELEMENTARY
(St Louis Park, Minnesota)

(CHORUS) 

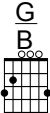

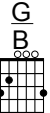




We all got diff' - rent cul - tures. We all got diff' - rent skin But


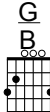
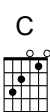



look in - to your heart and rea - lize we're hu - man. We Way down in the Sa -



van - nah where the a - ni - mals live. Way down in the Sa - van - nah where the a - ni - mals live.



Way down low with the flow. Low with the flow.

(VERSE RAP)    



low with the flow. Low with the flow.



WAY DOWN IN THE SAVANNAH WHERE THE ANIMALS LIVE

Honoring Koffi Mbairamadji

[CHORUS]

*We all got different cultures. We all got different skin.
But look into your heart and realize we're all human.*

Way down in the Savannah where
the animals live
Way down low, low with the flow,
low with the flow
Years ago, Pulapula, the giraffe had plain skin
He wasn't too beautiful but all the other
animals loved him
He served all those he met, creatures
big and small
So the elders of the Savannah met,
they sent out a call
To honor Pulapula for his humility
So they took Pulapula, the Giraffe,
to the blessing tree
Shaking all the branches until all the leaves
did drop
Now Pulapula has a yellow coat with black
spots

(CHORUS)

Ndirikor the cricket used to live in the bush
Until with new ambitions by hook or crook
Went to live with the humans, treating his old
friends with contempt
When he saw the Maybug larva, he just
laughed at it
'Til one day he met a stranger with such
beauty he was stunned
Haven't we met before, where do you come
from
I was once the larva; don't care to talk with
you again
Mocking your friends will injure you as well
as them

(CHORUS)

I'm from Chicago where some people are
homeless
But Mr. Koffi said that in Chad they'd have a
home

And a place to stay and rest your head
"We're all related." and that's what Mr. Koffi
said

(CHORUS)

Once upon a time on the great Savannah
a great sickness raged
Kolmatin, the tree God, said the animals are
to blame
So the wild dog lived with the panther,
the cat and mouse did the best they could
Instead of killing each other, worked together
for the common good
Then the cheetah saw Nase, the antelope,
drinking down at the lake
His shoulders tensed, his mouth dropped, he
began to salivate
Bad news travels quickly, always does, those
who are strong
Should live in peace with the weak that's the
moral of this song

(CHORUS)

Anishinabe, Chippewa, Ojibwe, Dakota,
Hungarian. We're all related!
Czechoslovakian, Irish, British, First Nation.
We're all related!
Scandinavian, Italian, Polish, English, Scottish.
We're all related!
German, Finnish, Bohemian, Sheba, Somali,
Cambodian. We're all related!
Welsh, African-American, Vietnamese,
French-Canadian. We're all related!
Swedish, Japanese, Chinese, Mexican,
Jewish, Lakota, French. We're all related!

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG & ANTHONY GALLOWAY with
Mr. Plantz's & Ms. Bailey's 6TH GRADE CLASS of
CEDAR MANOR ELEMENTARY
(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)





SABINA ZIMERING

.....

Author and Survivor of WWII

SABINA ZIMERING

My name is Sabina Zimering. I grew up in Piotrkow, Poland. I was born February 24, 1923. I am the oldest of three children. My youngest sister [is] Helka and little brother, Natek. My father was a businessman and my mother was a teacher. I had all kinds of uncles and aunts and cousins to observe holidays with.

I didn't know then, but knowledge of the Catholic religion and being excellent in Polish helped me survive the Holocaust. I never will forget September 1st, 1939, coming home from the farmers' market and a loud siren went off. I knew what it was. It was not another exercise.

I was 16 and boredom was my worst enemy. As mother and I were crossing the street, we detected a noise in the sky. Hardly time to look up and we heard a loud explosion, one after another. The ground shook and real bombs began to fall. I later heard that Romek, the 18 year old neighbor I hoped would eventually notice me, had died in the bombing attack, struck by shrapnel as he stood on a balcony—our town's first victim.

The whole family quickly gathered at our grandparents' apartment [in] the old part of town. We decided to flee and walk towards the Soviet border 100 kilometers away. We slept in the forests. German planes were dropping bombs. In exchange for clothes from our bundles, a farmer provided us a good, hot meal.

I rebelled. I didn't want to move and didn't want to leave friends Danka and Mala, who were Catholics. I loved our home. It was the only home I knew. Mother had been quietly getting ready to move into the ghetto. She sold or gave away most of our possessions. The one thing I wish she had kept was her green shawl. I loved that shawl. She used to wear the shawl for special occasions. It made her look elegant.

If our friends, Danka and Mala, gave us an ID we might have a chance. I got in touch with them and they came to the ghetto to visit, even though Polish people weren't allowed to come into the ghetto and Jews couldn't leave.

[Of] our extended family of 50 to 60 people, the cousins Felix, Arthur, Uncle Sam, Sara, and the three of us—Helka, Natek, and I—a total of seven, were all who had survived. Out of my mother's even larger family, I knew only of our cousin Paul and his sister Pola who remained.

We did come back, and shortly after that the University in Munich reopened. I went to medical school and met my husband who was studying electrical engineering. In 1950 I got my degree and came to Minneapolis because my sister and brother were here. Ever since then life had come back to normal except for the losses I had.

I practiced medicine for 42 years. We have six children and six grandchildren. When the children were young it was kind of hard to decide what we should tell them. Most mothers who were survivors of the Holocaust wonder, "Do we talk to the children about it or not? What do we tell them, or not tell them?"

**I WILL
NEVER FORGET
SEPTEMBER
1ST, 1939 . . .**

WORDS OF ADVICE: Continue to be tolerant and understand other people. First of all, study very seriously in order to end up as adults that know a lot and are humane and understand other people. We all hoped and expected the Holocaust would be the last inhumane treatment of one person to another. Unfortunately, people are still killing each other. We hope, sooner or later, it will stop.



HITLER KAPUT!

Honoring Dr. Sabina Zimering

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG, MR IKOLA'S and MS. BAILEY'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF CEDAR MANOR SCHOOL
(St Louis Park, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

D

A

Hit-ler Kaput! Hit-ler Kaput! No more Heil Hit - ler, nor click of their boots.

A7

5

With-out the right - eous where would we be? It's time to dance. It's time to

D G F#m

(VERSE)

8

sing. I grew up in Po-land the old-est of three. The young - est Hel-ka,

G F#m

12

Na-tek and me. A loud si-ren blew. A noise in the sky. In my neigh-bor-hood the first to die

Em Bm7 A7

17

was Ro-mek. The war had begun when Ger-ma-ny in - va - ded Po-land.



HITLER KAPUT!

Honoring Sabina Zimering

[CHORUS]

Hitler Kaput! Hitler Kaput!

No more, "Heil Hitler." Nor click of their boots

Without the Righteous where would we be?

It's time to dance. It's time to sing

I grew up in Poland the oldest of three
The youngest Helka, Natek, and me
A loud siren blew, a noise in the sky
In my neighborhood the first to die
Was Romek, the war had begun
When Germany invaded Poland

(CHORUS)

Before the war I would play
With Danka, Mala, on warm summer days
Out in the woods picking berries
And wild mushrooms for the family
Sometimes we would sneak into the park
To spy on young lovers,
who kissed in the dark
And when they did we would shout
"They are kissing!"
While they screamed, "Get Out!"

(CHORUS)

Within two weeks the Germans began
To persecute Jewish women and men
Making them wear Star of David armbands
Then confiscating all that we had
Into the ghetto all Jews forced there
"We know what's waiting,"
a young man declared
"Time to do something. It's time to fight!"
That young man vanished that very night

(CHORUS)

The German Shepherds
were trained to attack
Pity the child who could not run fast
Danka and Mala helped us to flee
Out of the ghetto with fake IDs
Mother arrested forever gone
Sister and I had to move on
To hide in the attic of our friends' home
When detected we had to go

(CHORUS)

Father told us to volunteer
To hide in the open through those war years
In Germany with a work crew
Of women suspecting that we were Jews

Where would we go? Where could we run?
South towards the border of Switzerland
Into the heart of the enemy
In Regensburg without money

(CHORUS)

The Gestapo kept asking, "Why have
you two
come here alone and not with your crew?"
We said, "We are lost!"

They screamed, "Stop lying!
Tell me the truth!" Then they hit me
When someone came in and said,
"You must go."



Then out of the room went the Gestapo
Then out through the door we said farewell
To find work at the Maximilian Hotel!

(CHORUS)

They gave us a room on the top floor
For scrubbing and cleaning
the windows and doors
Into the heart of the feared enemy
Until their collapse in Germany
First came the sirens, the eerie sounds
Squadrons of planes, bombs falling down
Flooding the streets all the GIs
From America I stood there and cried

(CHORUS)

What can I do? What can I say?
To those who fought. To those who gave
Like Mala and Danka and their mother who
Was sent to the camp with courage to
Fight against Hitler to keep alive
The spirit of those who did not survive
To answer the questions, so hard to ask
I pray that we all may learn from the past

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. Ikola's & Ms. Bailey's

6TH GRADE CLASS of CEDAR MANOR ELEMENTARY

(St. Louis Park, Minnesota)

IT'S TIME TO SING!
IT'S TIME TO DANCE!







ALBERT GALLMON

.....
Reverend of Fellowship Missionary Baptist Church

REVEREND ALBERT GALLMON

My name is Reverend Albert Gallmon. I was born in 1952 in Tampa, Florida. It was a time of segregation. African Americans had their place and the whites had theirs.

When I was in the seventh grade my mom decided to integrate a local white school with my brother and I. That meant that we were the first black children to go to an all-white school. It was not easy; we needed a police escort.

Sports were an important part of my life. I played basketball and received a scholarship to St. John Fisher College to play. I moved from Tampa to New York where I saw it snow for the first time.

While I was growing up, both my mother and father worked very hard. My dad was a truck driver and away from home a lot. He was never able to see me play basketball.

Even though we didn't see our dad much, he taught us that to succeed, you need to work. He was a good role model and instilled in us the work ethic.

My mom worked cleaning, and raising us children. She is a very Christian woman. She gave us most of our values.

I graduated from college in political science and math. My first job was with Kodak in California. Then, I was able to move back to New York, working for IBM.

While working for IBM I decided to quit my job and go back to school to become a minister. I was 30 years old.

I am now the minister at Fellowship Missionary Baptist Church. I am married and have a son and daughter.

Fellowship Missionary Baptist Church is very important to me. It is a vital actor in this community. Today we have to work very hard at closing the educational achievement gap. Those who have an education will benefit from all this society has to offer. Those who don't get an education will be angry and left behind.

GIVE PEOPLE
A CHANCE
TO CHANGE.
THERE COMES
A TIME TO
CHANGE . . .

WORDS OF ADVICE: Don't paint everybody with the same brush. Judge people individually. Give people a chance to change. There comes a time to change.



CHANGE! CHANGE! CHANGE!

Honoring Reverend Albert Gallmon

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with
Mrs. Adams' 4TH GRADE CLASS OF
CITYVIEW PERFORMING ARTS MAGNET SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)

(Call and Response) Em7

(VERSE)



When I was young se - gre - gate white from black in a

5 world of hate. There comes a time you must choose

Am7



(CHORUS)

8 to stand still or to move. There comes a time, a

B7



11 time to change. There comes a time to change, change,

Em7



14 change!



CHANGE! CHANGE! CHANGE!

Honoring Reverend Albert Gallmon

[CHORUS]

*There comes a time
A time to change
There comes a time
To Change! Change! Change!*

When I was young
Segregate
White from black
In a world of hate
There comes a time
You must choose
To stand still
Or to move

(CHORUS)

Mother said,
"Integrate!"
We were the first
She could not wait
Police escort
When I go
Through white
neighborhoods
Walking home

(CHORUS)

In high school
On the football team
Treated like a star
But at parties
Parents said,

"As long as you stay here
the party's through!"

(CHORUS)

Have to work
To succeed
That's one thing
My dad taught me
He drove a truck
Night and day
When growing up
Never saw me play

(CHORUS)

When Dad came home
We would go
To Dairy Queen
For ice cream cones
After that
We would drive
To the airport
To watch planes fly

(CHORUS)

Not until
I became a man
Did I

Understand
God so loved
The world he gave
His only son
So I might be saved

(CHORUS)

Do not paint
Everyone
With the same brush
God is the judge
You need a skill
To be trained
Give people
A chance to change

(CHORUS)

Do not fall
Into a trap
It's time to close
That achievement gap
It's time to talk
Time to improve
The future
Belongs to you

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Adams' 4TH GRADE CLASS
of CITYVIEW PERFORMING ARTS MAGNET SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)



STEVE XIONG

.....

Hmong Refugee from Laos
and Bilingual Education Teacher

STEVE XIONG

My name is Mr. Steve Xiong. I was born in a small village in Laos in 1965. My people are Hmong.

When I grew up, there was no electricity at all. We used candles to study by night. We lived in the very high mountains. We raised chickens, pigs, cows and water buffalo.

The Hmong are spiritual just like the American Indian. It is our belief that when we die we go to live with our ancestors.

When I was young there was a war in my country. We helped the United States. We saved American pilots that were shot down by the communists.

The Hmong wanted freedom and didn't want the communists to take over their country. Over two hundred thousand Hmong people were killed during and after the war.

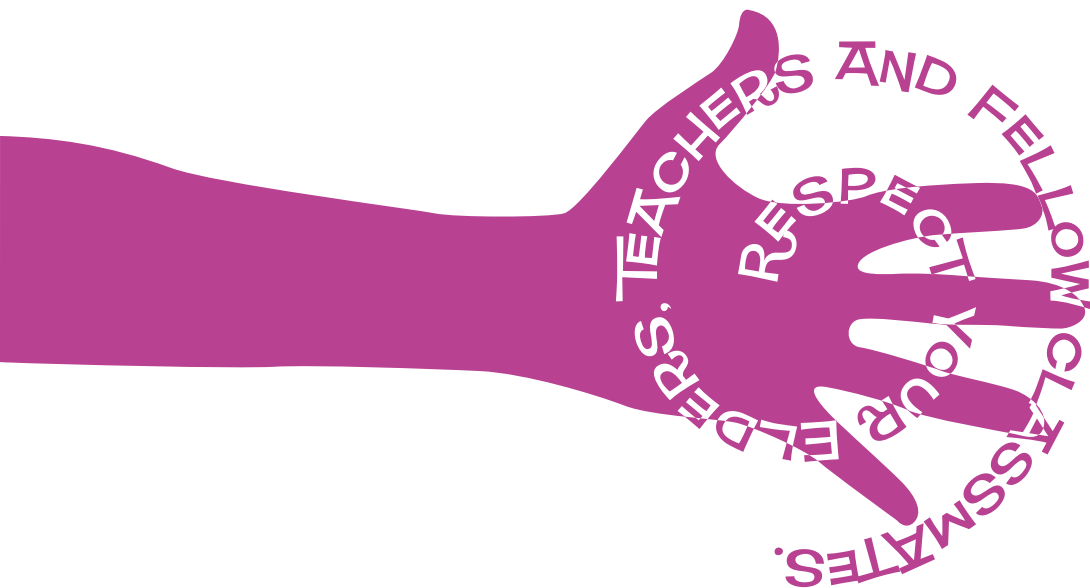
My parents had to move from village to village to keep us safe. Terrible things happened during this time. We had to hide in the jungle. Tragically, my parents were killed when I was only 12 years old.

I came to a refugee camp in Thailand. I then moved with a friend to safety in the United States. When my plane landed in Pennsylvania I was very confused. My friend was sent thirty miles away to work. I lived with a sponsor to go to school. He was very mean. I had to leave.

I moved to Minnesota to live with my uncle. I worked hard in Minnesota and got a degree in mathematics. Now I am a teacher in the bilingual program in Minneapolis.

I was married in 1982 to Nancy Xiong. We have six beautiful children. Each Hmong New Year we invite friends and relatives to come to the house and eat fish together.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Respect your elders, teachers and fellow classmates. Study hard.



HAVE TO KEEP MOVING


Honoring Steve Xiong

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Brandt's &
Mrs. Tara Wicks' 4TH GRADE CLASS OF
CITYVIEW PERFORMING ARTS MAGNET SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

Am


Em



Have to keep mov - ing, mov - ing, mov-ing a-way. Have to keep hop - ing, hop - ing

Am

5

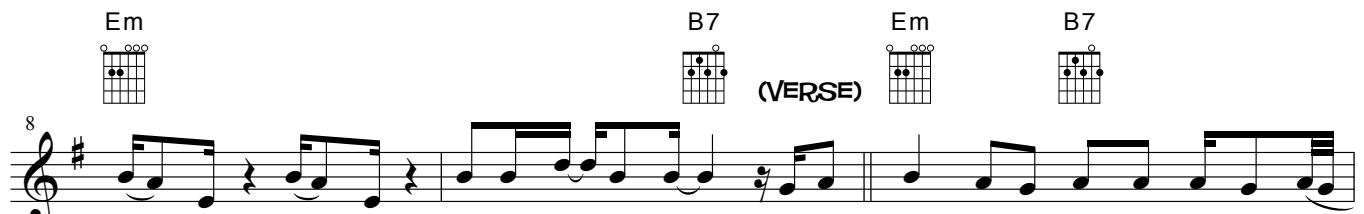


night and day. For some - one, some - one to help a-long the way. From

Em B7 Em B7

8


(VERSE)



dan - ger, dan - ger in the U. S. A. I was born in a small vil-lage in La -

Em B7

11



os. My peo - ple had to move from north to south. From



Em Am Em

way up in those hills. Far from those kill-ing fields. A - cross the Mèkong Ri-ver to get out

B7 Em B7 Em

in - to Thai - land far a - way from Laos. Have to keep

HAVE TO KEEP MOVING

Honoring Steve Xiong

[CHORUS]

*Have to keep moving, moving, moving away
Have to keep hoping, hoping, night and day
For someone, someone to help along the way
From danger, danger in the U.S.A.*

I was born in a small village in Laos
My people had to move
from north to south
From way up in those hills
Far from those killing fields
Across the Mekong River to get out
Into Thailand far from Laos

(CHORUS)

In a refugee camp in Thailand
Without a mother, without a dad
Fighting to resist
Killed by the communist
A stranger was I in a strange land
Without a mom or dad

(CHORUS)

Off to Pennsylvania I flew
When I arrived I was confused
Came here with a friend
Separated from him
To live with a man who was rude
He said, "You eat too much food!"

(CHORUS)

When I told my teacher, "I have no food."
My sponsor screamed, "How dare you
say that about me!"
Swung his fist I chose to leave
To live with my uncle who
lives in Minnesota with you

(CHORUS)

Got married and now have six kids
In a home with family and friends
With a prayer for wealth
A life of good health
With money paper to burn
With respect for my ancestors

(CHORUS)

To each of you I say
Study hard and do not join a gang
Always do your best
Always give respect
To your elders, teachers, and classmates
Your future just cannot wait

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Lynda Brandt's
& Mrs. Tara Wicks' 4TH GRADE CLASS of CITYVIEW
PERFORMING ARTS MAGNET SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)



COUNTRYSIDE 2006



ALBERT ALEXANDER

Banker and College Athlete

ALBERT ALEXANDER

My name is Albert Alexander. My journey started July 6, 1949 in Meridian, Mississippi. I was born in a house that had no running water. I didn't consider myself poor. If you've never had it you can't miss it. My philosophy isn't about where you start but where you end.

My first job was picking cotton at five years old. The going rate was twenty-five cents a pound. Once a month a vendor came by our home in a truck. He'd lift up the side and would have magic potions, needles, threads, and candy for sell. We ate what we grew. The meat we ate was from something we hunted.

When I was six years old the family moved to Dayton, Ohio. It was cultural shock to move from the rural south into a society that was liberal and open. At the age of ten we moved to Tennessee where they spanked you with a paddle if you were bad. To have a classroom like yours with different cultures and nationalities wasn't heard of.

In seventh grade I was fortunate to have teachers who challenged us to do better. I learned how rewarding it was to push yourself to learn and to do. Nineteen sixty-four was a historic year in the United States. The schools were desegregated. I was part of the first integrated school to graduate from Knoxville, Tennessee. I wanted to be an athlete. Fortunately I got lucky, or through divine intervention I grew and developed an aptitude for playing basketball. By the time I was a senior I was six-feet-four.

My mother is a hero in my life. She had dreams for me that were bigger than what I had for myself. She said, "You're going to college." I went to college on a basketball scholarship. In my senior year at Tennessee State we were the number one division college team in the United States. We went to the Final Four three times and the national championship two times.

Only one player from my team graduated from college and that was me. I graduated in business and finance. After college, I played a short while with the Harlem Magicians which spun off from the Harlem Globetrotters.

Later I coached college basketball where I met a man recruiting for U.S. Bank. In 1975, I moved to Minneapolis to work with them. After that I went to work at Marquette Banks until 2002 when Carl Pohlad sold his banks to Wells Fargo. In June of 2004 I went to work at Excel Bank.

Yesterday my wife and I celebrated our 24th anniversary. My wife has been a judge for 23 years. She, too, is a hero in my life. She has shown me what courage is all about. How to live by principle and not be swayed by public opinion. We have two daughters who are 16 and 13. The only life they have ever known is the life they live in Edina. Each year we take a trip together to visit our family down south.

The hope for my daughters is to be as happy as their mother and I have been in our life. I want them to live the life they want and to help someone less fortunate than they are. Those of us who are blessed have an obligation to share with others.

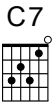
WORDS OF ADVICE: Treat people how you want to be treated. Don't judge a book by its cover. Don't let fear stop you from living your dream. You can do it! Everybody is not going to love or like you. It's not about them. It's about you. When you lower yourself to people who are hateful and bad you give them power over you. Be bigger than that, be who you are, be proud!



TREAT OTHER PEOPLE HOW YOU WANT TO BE TREATED YOURSELF

Honoring Albert Alexander

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with
Abby Wallin's 5TH GRADE CLASS OF
COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)

(CHORUS) 

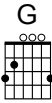
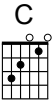



Treat o-ther peo-ple how you want to be treat-ed your-self.

3

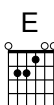




Treat o-ther peo-ple how you want to be treat-ed your-self. It's a

5   (VERSE)

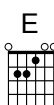




long way, long way, long way, long way back home.

9  



I was born way down south in Mis - sis - sip - pi

11  



with - out in - door plumb - ing. No e - lec - tri - ci - ty.

D7

13

For toi - let pa - per used a leaf or ca - ta - logue.

G7

15

For Christ-mas a shoe - box, piece of fruit and a can - dy bar.



TREAT OTHER PEOPLE HOW YOU WANT TO BE TREATED YOURSELF

Honoring Albert Alexander

[CHORUS]

*Treat other people how you want to be treated yourself
Treat other people how you want to be treated yourself
It's a long way, long way, long way, long way back home*

I was born way down south
In Mississippi
Without indoor plumbing
No electricity
For toilet paper used a leaf
Or catalogue
For Christmas a shoebox
Piece of fruit and candy bar
(CHORUS)

At the age of four or five
Had to walk those rows
The bag was long,
I was short
Wishing I would grow
The rate for a pound
Was twenty-five cents
Which I barely made
Picking cotton off the vine
(CHORUS)

When I walked to school
This boy picked on me
He would steal my lunch box
And I would go hungry
Until my older sister
Gave him a wicked right

Never had that problem
again
After she won that fight
(CHORUS)

Teachers pushed me
To study when I was young
At the same time
I could not walk and chew
gum
Through divine intervention
Somehow I grew tall
By the time I hit 9th grade
Fell in love with basketball
(CHORUS)

The only job my mom
could get
Was to clean, wash, or sew
Still she had ambition
For one of us to go
Off to college
To get a degree
Through a basketball
scholarship
That someone was me
(CHORUS)

To get in the NBA
Is like being struck
Twice by a bolt of lightning
It takes more than luck
It's not where you start
It's where you end
Get an education
That's where you should
begin
(CHORUS)

Now I'm a banker
I advise and give out loans
Have a wife, two daughters
With love and trust at home
Be proud of who you are
Live a good life
Help those less fortunate
That is my advice
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Abby Wallin's 5TH GRADE
CLASS of COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)





KEN DRAGSETH

.....
Superintendent and Vietnam Veteran

KEN DRAGSETH

My name is Ken Dragseth. I was born September 10th, 1945, on a dairy farm near Madison, South Dakota. Along with three brothers and one sister, twenty cousins lived within nine miles of our house. I graduated with twenty kids that had stayed together from kindergarten through twelfth grade. Sports made the school days go by quicker.

I played a lot of baseball. Pitching for two Little League teams in one summer ruined my arm; however, both of my teams made it to the championship. After much thought, I chose to pitch for the underdogs.

My brothers were also good at sports. However, my brother Gary suffered from polio. He spent eleven years in and out of the hospital. When Gary finally came home with a cast, kids made fun of him. Through this experience, I learned that kids can be cruel. My brother never would have survived without someone to help him.

My mother was a school teacher before I was born. Dad was a free spirit. Senators Humphrey and McGovern came to my house to talk politics. I thought this was a normal experience that all kids had.

My parents were unable to give any money for my college. Gary's operations nearly wiped them out. I was a good student, so I was able to receive some scholarships. However, I still had to work four jobs to pay the bills.

At my meat packing plant job, I learned not to waste. We used everything on a pig right down to the pituitary gland. Through this work experience I also realized that getting a good education was very important. I did not want to spend the rest of my life working at the plant splitting swine skulls in half.

When I graduated from college, I was offered a job teaching math at South View Middle School in Edina. While teaching there, I received a call from someone about my brother, David. He had been diagnosed with cancer. I went to see my brother David, not thinking this would be my last visit with him. Through my brother's life and death, I learned about the impact a person can have on many other people's lives. My brother was a teacher.

I was drafted during the Vietnam War. For two years I served as a supply officer for the Navy. When I came back from serving our country, a teacher asked me how my summer was. This reminded me that treating others with respect and making them feel like you actually care about them is important.

Now at the age of 60, I am finishing my career in education as the superintendent of Edina's public schools. I plan to spend more time with my wife, children and grandchildren.

**FOR TWO YEARS
I SERVED
AS A SUPPLY
OFFICER
IN THE NAVY.**

WORDS OF ADVICE: Follow your dreams. What do you want to do tomorrow? What do you want to do today? What are your dreams? If you don't live your dreams, you don't live your life. Life is not a spectator sport. You want to be in the field playing! I applaud you for getting involved.

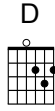


FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS

Honoring Ken Dragseth

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with
Mr. Monseth's 5TH GRADE CLASS OF
COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)

(BRIDGE)



Fol - low your dreams. One thing I did as a kid. Fol-low your

Bm



A



dreams. Don't let them slip a - way. Fol-low your dreams.

A7



D



Think a - bout to - mor - row. Fol-low your dreams. Get

G



D



(CHORUS)

G



D



out in the field and play! We ha-ven't got time to lose. We ha-ven't got

A



D



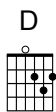
G



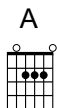
(VERSE)



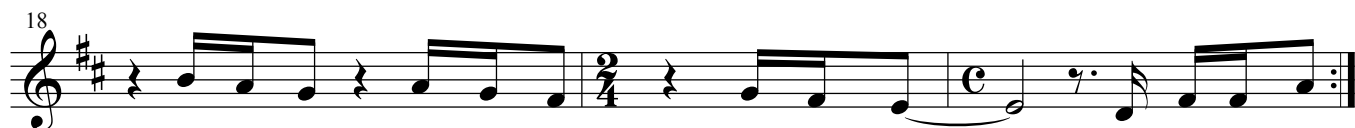
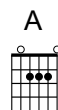
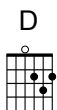
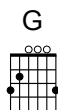
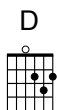
time to lose. The time is now! My



name is Ken Drag - seth. I grew up on the farm. We all



had work to do day and night out in the barn. Pick-ing eggs.



Milk-ing cows. Slop-ping pigs. Plow-ing ground. We ha-ven't got



FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS

Honoring Ken Dragseth

[BRIDGE]

*Follow your dreams
One thing I did as a kid
Follow your dreams
Don't let them slip away
Follow your dreams
Think about tomorrow
Follow your dreams
Get out in the field and play!*

[CHORUS]

*We haven't got time to lose
We haven't got time to lose
The time is now!*

My name is Ken Dragseth
I grew up on the farm
We all had work to do
Day and night out in
the barn
Picking eggs
Milking cows
Slopping pigs
Plowing ground

(CHORUS)

For fun I played baseball
Pitched for the hometown
team
Plus for a bigger town
Part of the American League
Had to chose
Between the two
And when I did
The big town did lose!

(CHORUS)

My brother got polio
When he was only two
For the price of medical care
We could not afford to lose
Full body cast
Kids would laugh
When they did
I watched his back

(CHORUS)

(BRIDGE)

(CHORUS)

Every Saturday we would
drive
To Minneapolis to see him
I would go along
They would not let me in
Looking through
His window
For ten years
In the hospital

(CHORUS)

After I got my degree
Drafted to Vietnam
With others like me
Two years come and gone
When I came back
Someone asked,
"How was your summer,
Ken Dragseth?"

(CHORUS)

Choose your path in life
You may lose, you may win
Always do your best
The glory is yours in the end
Share your dreams
For all to see
Let them shine
On you and me

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. Nathan Monseth's 5TH
GRADE CLASS of COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)





SHARON MING

.....
Chinese-American Businesswoman and Volunteer

SHARON MING

My name is Sharon Ming. I've lived in Edina since 1981. My birthday is April 9, 1951. I grew up in Cleveland, Ohio. After high school I attended college at the University of Chicago. I got my bachelor's degree and MBA from the University of Chicago. In 1974, I moved to Minneapolis and became a CPA.

When I was ten, the kids in my school were very good students. However, the kids in my neighborhood weren't always the best students. We used to hang out at the neighborhood playground and talk. There was less "scheduled" activities back then. When there was work that needed to be done, the kids did it. Family work was also considered playtime.

I've spent time over the past 16 years keeping businesses competitive. I own my own business now, which sells tools and things needed to make a product. We focus on cutting tools. I sell to businesses, not individuals.

Both of my parents were Chinese. We were first generation immigrants. I'm 100% Chinese but have never been to China. Someday I would like to visit China. Being Chinese and growing up in suburban America was different, because other than looking in the mirror, I don't think of myself as being Chinese. My father passed away 20 years ago. My mother is still living. She is 86-years old and lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

My dad was a chef. My mom was a waitress and hostess. They were busy feeding us and keeping a roof over our heads. My father always wanted to own his own business. He tried a number of times but wasn't successful. He filed bankruptcy and had to start over. Your parents influence you in ways you can never imagine.

My parents never spoke Chinese with me. I don't understand it and don't have the slightest fluency. My siblings and I were born in America. Our parents wanted us to be Americans so we spoke English.

In the 1940s, during the World War II era, there were a lot of things going on in China with communism. There were a lot of people who wanted to leave China to come to the U.S. Back in those days there were more people who wanted to come than the quota would allow. There was a quota for each family. My father was a Yee, but that quota was filled. He changed his name to Ming because that quota wasn't filled.

Part of the immigration dream is to work hard so your kids will have a better life than you. Chinese immigrants built a lot of the railroads out west. It was hard labor but the Chinese did it!

I have volunteered in the schools for about 15 years, since my son Mike was in third grade. My favorite volunteer task was serving on the Highland Elementary Site Council. I love the energy of the elementary building.

**I'M 100%
CHINESE BUT
HAVE NEVER
BEEN TO CHINA.**

WORDS OF ADVICE: Take advantage of the opportunities presented to you. You are lucky to have those opportunities. In the process of you being successful always think and know you need to give something back to the community. Without the volunteers, Edina wouldn't be nearly the place you now live.



I'M PROUD TO BE CHINESE-AMERICAN

Honoring Sharon Ming

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Stordahl's and
Mrs. McClure's 5TH GRADE CLASS OF
COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

D A

I'm proud to be Chi - nese: Chi - nese - A - me - ri - can. I'm

4

proud to be Chi - nese: Chi - nese - A - me - ri - can. My grand-

D A

6

fa - ther came to A - me - ri - ca. Found it hard to sur - vive

D

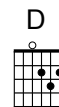
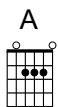
8

in the years of the De - pres - sion. Work was hard to find.

D A

10

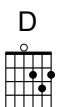
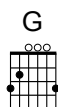
He went back to Chi - na. La - ter on he re - turned



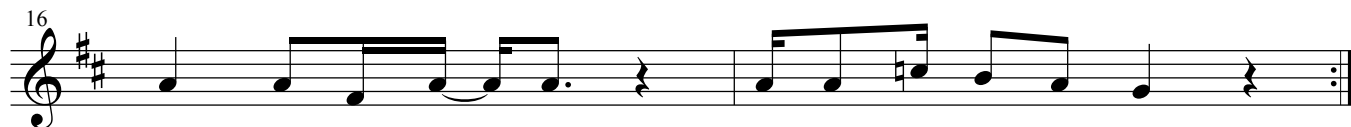
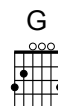
(CHORUS)



to work in a laun - dro - mat. This one thing I've learned. I'm



proud to be Chi - nese: Chi - nese - A - me - ri - can. I'm



proud to be Chi - nese: Chi - nese - A - me - ri - can.



I'M PROUD TO BE CHINESE-AMERICAN

Honoring Sharon Ming

My Grandfather came to America
Found it hard to survive
In the years of the Depression
Work was hard to find
He went back to China
Later on he returned
To work in a laundromat
This one thing I've learned
I'm proud to be Chinese
Chinese-American

When my father first came here
His last name was Yee
But the quota for that name was filled
He changed his name to Ming
Immigrants will do this
To find work in the U.S.A.
As it was back then
It still is true today
I'm proud to be Chinese
Chinese-American

Before people from China came
Immigrants came from the west
They all seemed to look the same
As all the rest
If you are the kind to hate
Those who don't look like you
The Japanese and Chinese
Became targets in World War II
I'm proud to be Chinese
Chinese-American

My father was an engineer
Before he came to this country
When he came here he became a chef
To support the family
Mom and Dad never spoke
Chinese to us when young
So we would learn to speak English
To be American
I'm proud to be Chinese
Chinese-American

Every parent wants their kids
In life to succeed
Yes I guess I have fulfilled
My parents' dreams
After working for big companies
My own boss I've become
To have more time
To be a mom
For my only son
I'm proud to be Chinese
Chinese-American

The volunteer side of my life
Has been fun for me
It's made me feel like I can
Influence the community
Always help those less fortunate
A helping hand to lend
Where in life would we be
Without family and friends
I'm proud to be Chinese
Chinese-American

IT IS STILL TRUE TODAY...
AS IT WAS BACK THEN

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Lisa Stordahl's & Nickie McClure's
5TH GRADE CLASS OF COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)





SHRIN MURTHY

.....
Vice President of a Major Corporation from India

SHRIN MURTHY

My name is Shrin Murthy. I come from the southern part of India. I have three siblings. I lost my mother when I was nine-years old, the age of many of you fifth graders. I grew up with my aunt and uncle. It was difficult growing up without a mother. I had to depend on myself and become an independent person.

We grew up in a small city. I went to school and participated in sports such as soccer and cricket. I also enjoyed bike riding. I graduated high school at the age of 15. I went to college and achieved degrees in science and engineering. I continued my education in the United States at the University of Minnesota.

I was raised a Hindu. Hinduism is a religion that is practiced by 80% to 85% of the Indian population. Hindus believe in reincarnation. They believe you come back to life as something else, such as another human being, an animal or other things. Hindus believe in doing good deeds, so you can get to God and Heaven.

Hindus have many gods but believe in one God with many forms. Brahma; he is the one that created the Universe and the human being. Vishnu is the protector; he protects the human beings. Shiva is the one that destroys the world.

You need to be nice to your fellow human beings. You need to always be honest. Hindus traditionally followed the caste system. A caste system has four different castes: ruling, merchant, warrior and farming. People from one caste were not to marry someone from another caste.

In 1971, I went back home to get married. Our marriage was an arranged marriage. The parents decide whom their son or daughter is going to marry based on family history. The two families meet and they talk face to face about their family history. I did not have a choice. I just respected my family's wishes and desires. You learn to love your spouse after you get married. Love is something you respect. You share your feelings. We have been married for 34 years. We have one son together.

In 1971, I started working for Dairy Queen. I started as an engineer and have been the Vice President for Administrative Services for 34 years. My favorite thing about working at Dairy Queen are the people. We are like a big family. The company has grown so much and people like one another.

My most interesting memory of coming to the United States is seeing the snow for the first time. In 1968, the winter was awful. I did not know that Minnesota would be so cold. I do not know how many times I fell on the ice and snow walking to school.

I enjoy the United States for its freedom of speech, religion, standard of living and the opportunity to earn money. With knowledge, desire and hard work you can do anything.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Be yourself. Be honest. Care for others. Care for your neighbors. Care for your parents and grandparents.

IT WAS
DIFFICULT
GROWING UP
WITHOUT
A MOTHER.



ALWAYS CARE FOR YOUR NEIGHBOR

Honoring Shrin Murthy

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with
Mrs. Paulson's 5TH GRADE CLASS OF
COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

My name is Shrin Murt - hy. I was born in En - gland.

I am from Ban - ga - lore in south - ern In - di - a. My

fa - ther worked for in - dus - try. Mom died when I was nine. My

aunt and un - cle took us in. What they could they would pro - vide.

Al - ways care for your neigh - bor. Ne - ver know a

stran - - - ger.



ALWAYS CARE FOR YOUR NEIGHBOR

Honoring Shrin Murthy

[CHORUS]

*Always care for your neighbor
Never know a stranger*

My name is Shrin Murthy
I was born in England
I am from Bangalore
In southern India
My father worked for industry
Mom died when I was nine
My aunt and uncle took us in
What they could they would provide

(CHORUS)

I was raised a Hindu
Something you're born into
Through good deeds
You are freed
From another life to live through
Vishnu the protector
Shiva destroyer of earth
Brahma is creator
Of the whole Universe

(CHORUS)

I never knew my father well
I was on my own
Guided by my uncle
Who taught me all I know
To become an engineer
And get my PhD
I didn't know it would be so cold
In this new country

(CHORUS)

When it came time for marriage
It wasn't up to me
The bride I was to marry
Chosen by my family
Together we have built a home
Now we have a son
Who fulfilled my biggest dreams
To become a physician

(CHORUS)

To learn to love your spouse
After your wedding vows
Is so very different
From what I know now
Love is to respect
The differences we share
The feelings within your life
To know that someone cares

(CHORUS)

Starting as an engineer
At Dairy Queen
Now as vice president
Of this big family
You children are the future
One day you will be grown
Be yourself, be honest
Give help to those alone

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Katie Paulson's 5TH GRADE
CLASS of COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Edina, Minnesota)





COUNTRYSIDE 2007





MATHEOS BALAFAS

.....
Restaurant Owner and WWII Survivor from Greece

MATHEOS BALAFAS

My name is Matheos Balafas. I am from Greece. I was born in 1936 in a small, poor village with only 50 homes. People were nice and helpful. You could not survive without your neighbors. We celebrated and worshiped together. We had no cars, telephones or doctors in the village.

I went to a one-room school house, with no bathrooms and five different classes. I went to school for three or four years and then World War II broke out. The Germans went through the country and chased people out of their homes. They burned down homes and schools. They killed the priest and teacher. The teacher was my uncle. The Nazis were threatened by educated people.

I stayed home and worked in the fields with my mother and father. I carried bags of produce to the city's flea market. This allowed my family to survive. I also helped with planting and harvesting fruits and vegetables. We did not have running water. For fun, we played soccer. We did not have a ball, so we filled up a stocking with grass and leaves.

Then the civil war broke out. They took all the horses and mules away, to be used for the army. We had no way to live from one day to the next. We saw soldiers come and we would hide in the bushes. We were without food and drink for days. We were in bad shape.

In 1956, I came to the United States with no language skills. For a living, I bused and washed dishes. I sent some money back to my mother and father. After 20 years [I] bought a restaurant business with a partner. I worked seven days a week. I quit after seven years so I would be able to spend more time with my family.

I met my wife Delores at Harry's Cafe downtown. We were reacquainted at Marigold Ballroom and started dancing. We have been dancing ever since. She actually taught me how to drive. We have a son, Dino, a daughter, Maria, and now have four wonderful grandchildren. I attend church every day at the Greek Orthodox Church in Minneapolis.

Instead of birthdays we celebrate Naming Day in Greece. Ninety-nine percent of Greeks are named after saints. A saint is like Christ's disciples. On Naming Day people come to wish individuals a Happy Naming Day. The women prepare snacks and the neighbors bring wine, and dance. In our tradition we name our boys after their grandfathers and girls after their grandmothers.

I am still learning English. I learned English in the United States through working with others and through my children. I still learn from my grandson, Matthew, every day. If you do not go to school you do not get the job you want, or advance in life.

**YOU COULD
NOT SURVIVE
WITHOUT YOUR
NEIGHBORS.**

WORDS OF ADVICE: Be good to each other. Love one another. Get an education and always help your neighbor.



ALWAYS BE GOOD

Honoring Matheos Balafas

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with KATIE PAULSON'S
5TH GRADE CLASS OF COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY
(Edina, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

Cm7 F B \flat
A

Al - ways be good. Help your neigh - bor. Al -
Love each o - ther.

(VERSE)

E \flat B \flat B \flat F
D D A

ways be good. I was born in a small vil - lage
We would walk or we would ride a

Cm7 F
A

with fif - ty hou - ses, with no cars, no te - le - phones,
horse for trans - por - ta - tion. worked the fields day and night with

E \flat B \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat
D D B \flat B \flat

with-out a - ny doc - tors. Al - ways be good.
help from our neigh - bors



ALWAYS BE GOOD

Honoring Matheos Balafas

[CHORUS]

Always be good / Help your neighbor

Always be good / Love each other

I was born in a small village
With fifty houses
With no cars, no telephones
Without any doctors
We would walk or we would
ride
A horse for transportation
We worked the fields day
and night
With help from our neighbors
(CHORUS)

When I went to school
I walked with friends and
siblings
Through ravines and over
creeks
That kept rising
When it rained, the water
came
Down hills and mountains
Had to wait for hours to
cross
Because we had no bridges
(CHORUS)

With five grades in one room
There was much confusion
When the teacher taught
one grade
The other kids kept talking

Without a bathroom
Had to hold it 'til school
was over
When it was I would run
Back home or to the bushes
(CHORUS)

The only source of fun
we had
Was playing soccer
Without a ball to kick
We filled up a stocking
With grass and leaves
We kicked the sock all
evening
After working in the fields
With mother and father
(CHORUS)

We were named after saints
Of our parents choosing
It was on Naming Day
Birthdays were celebrated
Mother prepared food and
snacks
For the celebration
All the neighbors joined in
With wine, food, and dancing
(CHORUS)

Then came World War II
The Germans took over

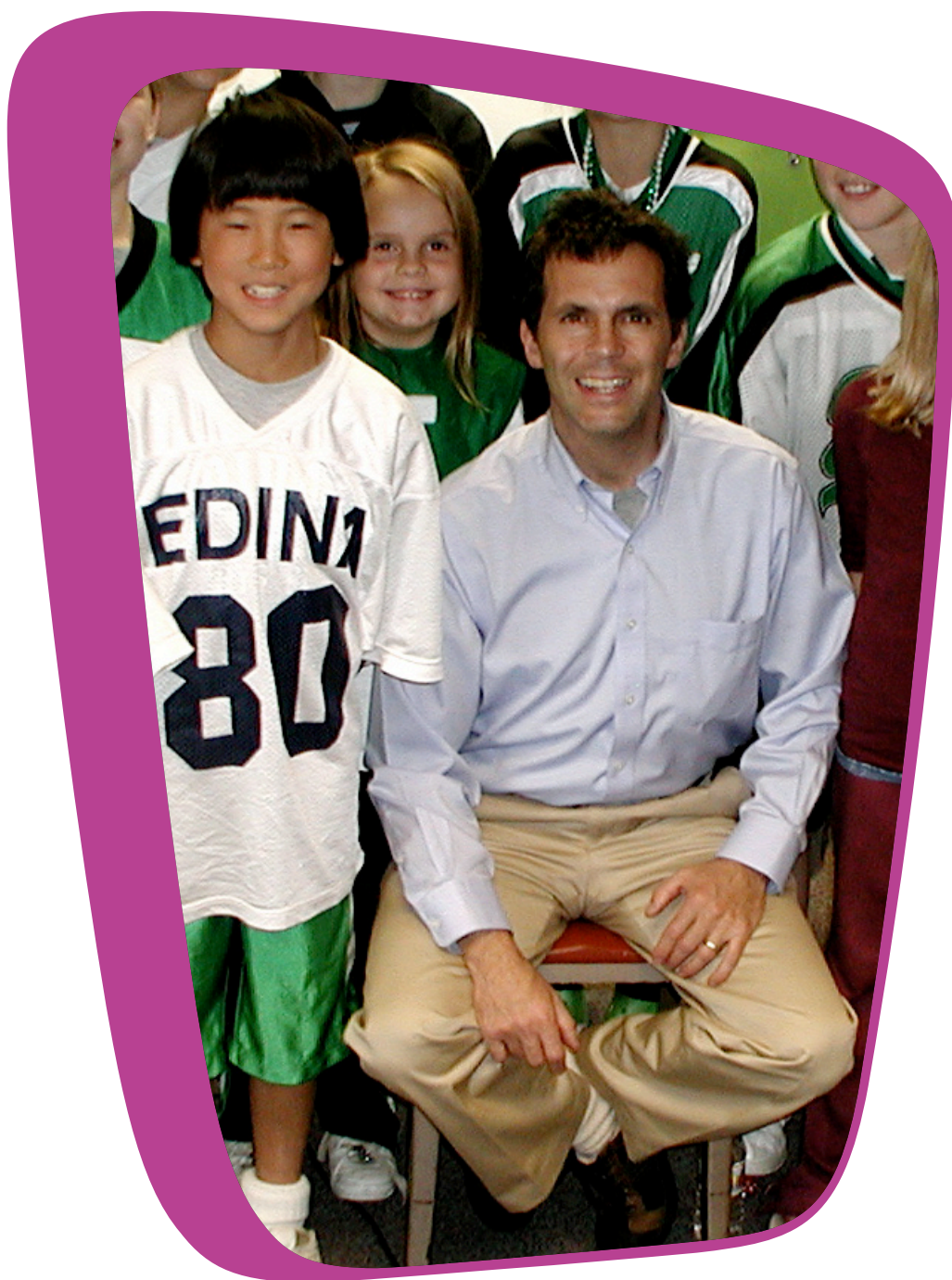
The land of Greece where
I come from
Chasing out the people
Burning down the homes
The schools and the
churches
We would hide in the hills
From the German soldiers
(CHORUS)

Didn't know if I would live
From one day to the other
When the war was through
My uncle came over
From the United States
From Greece we traveled
To the greatest town on
Earth
Minneapolis, Minnesota
(CHORUS)

From dishwasher to busboy
To become a waiter
A dining room manager
Twenty years later
Bought my own restaurant
Then I got married
With two kids, now have four
Wonderful grandchildren
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Katie Paulson's 5TH GRADE
CLASS of COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY
(Edina, Minnesota)



JOE CAVANAUGH

.....
Founder of Youth Frontiers and Mentor

JOE CAVANAUGH

My name is Joe Cavanaugh. I was born November 29th, 1958. We lived on Woodcrest Drive in Edina. It was on Minnehaha Creek, by the woods. All of us in the neighborhood would be outside imagining things and making up games and playing outside in nature. After school at the bus stop, we would spend hours by the bus stop building forts in the snow. We were never in the basement watching TV. I loved growing up in my neighborhood. It was a good place to be.

My dad is Irish. He traveled a lot and worked hard. He would take the summer off so we had a lot of time together in the summer. My mom grew up in New York. She's Italian and there weren't a lot of Italians in Edina. She was one of the best cooks in Edina. She would have feasts and would cook all day. The house smelled like garlic.

Because of my size, I didn't really shine in most sports in high school. What I was good at was wrestling. I became a really good wrestler. You didn't have to be really big in size to be good at it. You wrestle your own size. I wrestled in college and went to the nationals my junior year. In high school I had a lot of friends. I didn't have one clique. I had friends in every group.

I went to St. John's University. I loved it up there. One thing it taught me is the importance of character and the importance of community and getting along with people. They taught you to treat people with respect. They taught you to treat people with goodness and kindness. They taught me the importance of being loyal and having integrity. These are values that are important to learn.

When I graduated from college, I was going to go to law school. Then the church I grew up in asked me if I wanted to be a Youth Minister. I loved working with kids. Law school became less important to me. Working with kids became more important. I learned that whatever I did in life, I would have to love what I do.

After seven years I decided to start Youth Frontiers. Youth Frontiers works with schools to deal with values and character traits like respect, courage and kindness.

The most important thing to happen to me is getting married to my wife Jane, my soul mate. At 42 years old I reconnected with Jane after 15 years. Very quickly we realized we liked each other, a lot. We got engaged and married a few years ago. Our friends were so excited because we were a perfect match. People liked us as a couple. We were friends first and we built our love relationship around that.

We wanted to have children and kids but it was difficult to make that happen. After five years we were told we couldn't have a child. We accepted that and moved on in life. Then, all of a sudden we got pregnant. It was a miracle, really. Baby Tess was born.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Be good. Be good to yourself. Be good to others. Stand up for being good. Be respectful, generous and compassionate to other people. All people are worthy of being treated with kindness and dignity. I would like to be remembered as a man that was good to his wife, daughter, friends and someone who tried to make the world a better place. Stand up for goodness!

**I LOVED
GROWING
UP IN MY
NEIGHBORHOOD.
IT WAS A GOOD
PLACE TO BE.**



MAKE IT BETTER THE WHOLE WORLD AROUND

Honoring Joe Cavanaugh

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with KATIE PAULSON'S
5TH GRADE CLASS OF COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY
(Edina, Minnesota)

D



(VERSE)



Treat peo - ple well when there's no - thing to gain.
If some - one's scared, stand by their side.



Stop what you're do - ing, call out their name.
Be there for them. Don't run and hide.

A7

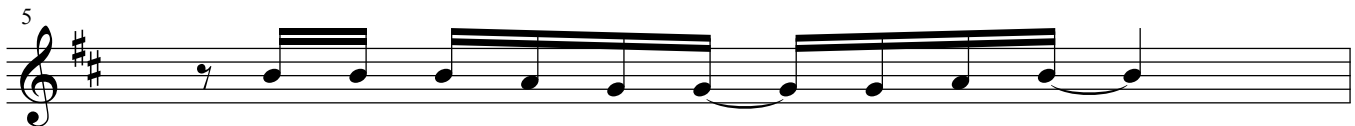


Say hel - lo. Don't turn your back on them.
Sit down list - and en to what they have to say.

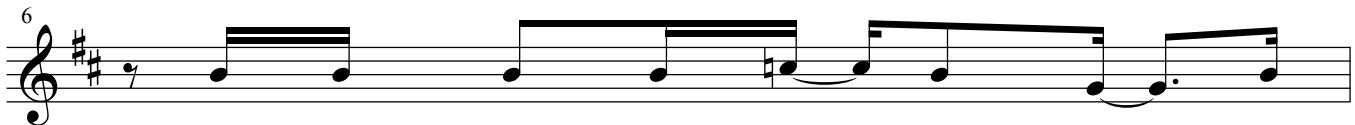
G



(CHORUS)



Make it bet - ter the whole world a - round.



E - very - thing be - gins right now! Be



D A7

7

good to your-self and to o - thers, too.

G A7 D

9

We ha - ven't got time to lose.



MAKE IT BETTER THE WHOLE WORLD AROUND

Honoring Joe Cavanaugh

[CHORUS]

*Make it better the whole world around
Everything begins right now!
Be good to yourself and to others, too
We haven't got time to lose*

Treat people well
when there's nothing to gain
Stop what you're doing
call out their name
Say hello
Don't turn your back on them
If someone's scared stand by their side
Be there for them, don't run and hide
Sit down and listen
to what they have to say

(CHORUS)

There was a bully when I was young
In my school who made fun
Of people like me who were not very tall
It hurt my feelings, made me mad
Now when I see someone treated bad
It breaks my heart when people are mean

(CHORUS)

As you go walking down the hall
Stand up for good, brave and tall
With what you say, think, and do
Give respect to all you meet
Never hang your head in defeat
Stand upon what you know to be true

(CHORUS)

I cannot take your sadness away
But if you need for me to stay
I'll be there to help you through
Just call me up when you get home
Whenever you feel alone
I'll be there waiting to talk with you

(CHORUS)

I love my wife and my family
My daughter, Tess,
means the world to me
There's nothing in life for them
I wouldn't do
Climb a mountain or an iceberg
There's so much in life to learn
Everything depends on me and you

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Katie Paulson's 5TH GRADE
CLASS of COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY
(Edina, Minnesota)





JEAN FOUNTAIN

Civil Rights Activist, Businesswoman
and Volunteer

JEAN FOUNTAIN

My name is Jean Via Fountain. My birthday was May 2, 1942. I grew up in southern Virginia. I am a Taurus, which means my personality is like a bull—tenacious.

My heritage is African American. One grandparent was European. As a result I celebrate Kwanzaa. I think African Americans are made up of many different colors.

I had teachers who believed in me. Six grades were in the same room. One thing I remember vividly was discipline. If we were caught chewing gum, fighting or talking, we were sent to court. The teachers decided our punishment. My favorite teacher was Mr. Harriston. He was strict. We had to be on time and do our work. We had exams twice a year. All of our answers had to be in ink. If we made mistakes, we started over.

My academic strength was math and science. I was valedictorian of my class. I took history, chemistry and physics. One of the reasons I learned so much was because I loved to read. The other reason was because my teachers set high expectations.

I was the first in my family to go to college. I went to Howard University in Washington, D.C. There were many students from all over the world. I made a friend from Jamaica. John F. Kennedy came to our campus and spoke.

I grew up during segregation. When I was younger, I could play with white children; however, during my later years of school I could not even use the same bathrooms and drinking fountains as the white people did. Our school books were handed down to use after white children had used them. All my years of education were segregated.

My husband's name is Woody. He was born in Virginia, but we didn't meet until college. I chose him to be my husband over others because he knew how to dance and had a good sense of humor. As a child he dreamed of being a pilot. Woody served as a pilot in the Air Force for seven years. He went on to become the first black pilot for Northwest Airlines. He primarily flew to Asia. Occasionally, I was able to fly with him and really enjoyed learning about people from different cultures. My favorite trip was to Tokyo. I found out that they knew more about America than I knew about them.

We have a daughter, Tamara. In seventh grade, she was in track and cheerleading. Following in my steps, she was also valedictorian of her class at Edina West. Tamara went to Stanford to study biology. Upon graduating, she continued her education at a medical school in Boston and became an optometrist. She is also married and has two children, Nicholas and Natalie. They live in Chicago.

For my career I worked as a teacher in the Twin Cities. Then I worked at Pillsbury for thirteen years. My job was to make dessert. I also started my own business, called Via Fountain Associates, which helps people find jobs.

Currently, I am the president of the University of Minnesota's Alumni Association. I also serve on the Zoo Board, volunteer for a medical foundation, and other community service projects. I still read and dance a lot.

WORDS OF ADVICE: I would say the most important thing to learn is to love what you do. We all have a talent. Know what it is. I would also say, push away from the television and video games every now and then. Getting good grades is important. That doesn't mean getting the highest grade. It means doing the best you can.



THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME HERE

Honoring Jean Fountain

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. MONSETH'S
5TH GRADE CLASS OF COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY
(Edina, Minnesota)

(CHORUS) C7



Thank you for hav-ing me here. Thank you for hav - ing me

(VERSE) G7 C7



3 here. I was born in Vir-gi-nia, way back in those days

7 called se - gre - ga - tion, where I could play

G7



9 with white and black neigh-bors, un - til we came of age.

C7



11 Then all of a sud-den, to - ge - ther we could not play.



THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME HERE

Honoring Jean Fountain

I was born in Virginia
Way back in those days
Called segregation
Where I could play
With white and black
 neighbors
Until we came of age
Then all of a sudden
Together we could not play
Thank you for having me here

I grew up with good teachers
They believed in me
We were never hampered
With low self-esteem
No one ever told me
That up I could not go
Raised with high
 expectations
At school and at home
Thank you for having me here

Six grades in one classroom
The old kids helped the
 young
If you got caught talking
Fighting or chewing gum
You had to go to court
In school to testify
If you were found guilty
Had to do time for the crime
Thank you for having me here

I always did my best
In all that I did do
I always raised my hand
Kids called me goodie-two-
 shoes
They called me smarty-pants
That's all right by me
The harder you work
The more you will succeed
Thank you for having me here

As valedictorian
Of my graduating class
After I gave my speech
Everybody clapped
I went off to Howard
In Washington, D.C.
Not far from the White
 House
And John F. Kennedy
Thank you for having me here

Many of my classmates
Went on the Freedom Ride
Down south to Mississippi
To help the poor folks sign
Up for registration
So they could vote
In those days of integration
Looking for some hope
Thank you for having me here

Then I met my husband
He grew up with a dream
To become a pilot
In the military
With few black pilots
Then in '69
Became the first black pilot
For Northwest Airlines
Thank you for having me here

We were one of the first
In Edina who was black
My daughter gave a speech
 like me
For her graduation class
Now she is a surgeon
I'm so proud of her
Love what you are doing
This one thing I have
 learned
Thank you for having me here

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Nathan Monseth's

5TH GRADE CLASS of COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY.
(Edina, Minnesota)





KAMALA PURAM

Businesswoman and Mentor from India

KAMALA PURAM

My name is Kamala Puram. I am from India and was born in 1956. In India there are 26 states. Every state speaks different languages. I am from Andhra Pradesh, but grew up in a different state. My mother's tongue was Telugu. The local language was Kannada. Our national language is Hindi.

Since I was born in India I am Hindu. At the end of the day Buddhism, Christianity, and all religions all share the same values. The foundation is the same. In Hinduism we are not expected to go to the temple, we can pray at home. We have hundreds of gods we pray to, different gods for different purposes.

Growing up, education was given the most important preference. When you think about it, education will carry you throughout your life. No one can take it away. You could be rich one day and poor the next. When you study well, you will be successful. EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION!

In India we did not have organized sports. We went to school, did our homework and played games with the neighborhood kids. We played marbles, ring tennis, and volleyball. I learned English when I was 12 years old. Because of British rule in India we use different words and speak very quick English.

One thing different in India than in the United States is the arranged marriages. I have an arranged marriage. This means your parents select your partner for you. Here in the United States you find your own partner. I was 22 when my parents selected my husband. My husband's uncle visited with our family in Rome. They proposed that I marry their nephew. We got married 27 years ago in 1979.

I first came to the United States when I was 23 years old with my husband. I asked a friend what it is like in Minnesota, and he said, "Put your head in the freezer for an hour and you will get an idea." I was a housewife and did not work. I felt bored, so I began volunteer work in schools and libraries. I decided to go back to school and got an MBA from the University of Minnesota in communication systems.

My father had a big influence on me. I have a lot of respect for him. I believe if you work hard you will always be successful in life. I started on the first level and worked up to a vice president of a large corporation. When you work hard, people recognize that and give you a chance to grow.

My first son is Sid Puram. He is 23 and doing his PhD at Harvard. My second son, Rishi Puram, is a junior at MIT. My children learned a lot from debate and speech. You have to present yourself, do a lot of research, and think on your feet. Those are great skills to have. Studying and doing well is important.

I was active in the PTA, developing curriculum in schools, the homework, languages being taught, and the technology task force. The world is opening up. Now you will be dealing with kids outside the United States. Your community is your world from China, India, Russia, Europe and all over.

Today I do mentoring for women. Menttium is the name of the organization. They identify women in leadership roles and team up with a mentor who has met some achievements in their life. I have been helping women like me who have come from India and need guidance.

You say Namaste to welcome a person, which means you respect them. You put your hands together, bow, and say Namaste when you see another Indian. This is a gesture of kindness and friendship; it lessens our sense of ego and self-centeredness, requiring some humility to do it well.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Get an education. If you do not get educated, you will not get a job. Do the best that you can; you have wonderful teachers and take advantage of this. In many places, kids cannot go to school because it is too violent, but you are safe here. My advice is to take advantage of your opportunities here.



NAMASTE

Honoring Kamala Puram

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Stordahl's and
Mrs. McClure's 5TH GRADE CLASS OF
COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY (Edina, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

D A C# G B A D A C#

My name is Ka-ma-la Pu - ram. Can you guess where I come from?

G B A D A C# G B A D A C#

I am from In-dia. Mo-ther spoke the Te-lu-gu tongue,

G B A7

the lo - cal lan-guage Kan - na-da, na-tio - nal lan - guage Hin -

D A C# G B A D A C# Bm

di. When you get an e-du - ca - tion You will suc - ceed

(CHORUS)

G D

Na-mas - te,

Na-mas-te.

Na-mas



NAMASTE

Honoring Kamala Puram

My name is Kamala Puram
Can you guess where I come from?
I am from India
Mother spoke the Telugu tongue
The local language Kannada
National language Hindi
When you get an education
You will succeed
Namaste, Namaste

The British controlled India
For many, many years
We had to learn English
To persevere
When you think about it
Education will carry through
Be you rich or be you poor
No one can take it from you
Namaste, Namaste

Unlike here my marriage
By my parents was arranged
With my husband's uncle
On my wedding day
Everyone was invited
Two thousand people came
One year after marriage
Moved to U.S.A.
Namaste, Namaste

When I first came to this country
Stayed home and woke up late
I became a housewife
I needed to escape
Went to the library
Became a school volunteer
Then went to college
Got my MBA in a few years
Namaste, Namaste

One month after graduation
My husband and I moved
I was expecting
I'm telling you
Only two weeks later
In the name of love
Did work between contractions
For Siddarth, our first son
Namaste, Namaste

Three years later
Gave birth to Rishi
Now both are doing well
From Harvard to MIT
Always do your homework
Do your best to get A's
If you do less than your best
It is not okay
Namaste, Namaste

My parents are Hindu
That's my religion, too
As in all religions
I salute the divine in you
Trust and respect each other
Never tell a lie
Always be humble
Put hatred aside
Namaste, Namaste

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Stordahl's & Mr. McClure's
5TH GRADE CLASS OF COUNTRYSIDE ELEMENTARY
(Edina, Minnesota)



EARLE BROWN 2006



RALPH VAN BEUSEKOM

.....
Air Force Pilot and Farm Co-op Employee

RALPH VAN BEUSEKOM

My name is Ralph Van Beusekom. I was born October 28, 1929, in the doctor's office. The stock market crashed on October 29. I grew up on a farm by the little town of Delano, Minnesota. Back in those days you were born in the doctor's office.

I had five brothers and sisters. We all had our own chores to do on the farm. We had a big round-roofed barn. In the lower level of the barn were 36 cows and six horses. In 1931 there was big fire in the barn; a fire started in the middle of the night. The whole barn burned down and all 36 head of cattle died in that blaze.

The fire spread to the machine shed. All the machinery with wood burned up. The fire spread to the hog shed and burned everything except the house. In those days we didn't have any insurance. My dad started over from scratch. Neighbors donated calves to us. We were able to build the farm back up.

I went to St. Peter's Catholic school in Delano. In the mornings we didn't just jump on the bus and go to school. We rode one hour and a half to get to school. The bus stopped at every farmhouse.

I like basketball. Like all of the kids today, you like some kind of athletics. A lot of us who were farmers couldn't play basketball, though. We didn't have activity buses to take us home. We had chores to do on the farm. We slopped the hogs and threw down the hay.

When we did any farm work we had to hitch up a team of horses. We did everything with a team of horses. When lunchtime came, we'd bring horses [to] the barn to remove the harnesses, and feed and water them and so on. Mom would have lunch ready. After lunch we would go back out and work in the field all day. When we got our first tractor, it was quite a contrast. Instead of bringing horses in at noon we drove a tractor home for lunch. We simply turned off the switch and ate.

In 1950, the Korean War started. On December 30, 1950, three buddies and myself enlisted in the Air Force. After taking many tests, I was trained to fly planes. I graduated from navigation school on March 23, 1953. A month later I got my wings. About a month before I completed that training the war ended in Korea. They sent me to fly a cargo plane, which was a big Globemaster. They sent us to Korea as replacement pilots.

I was in a B-26. The B-26 has a plastic bubble nose. To get to where I sat down I had to crawl through a small space to get to the pilot compartment up in the nose. It's like sitting out in the middle of nowhere. We flew along the allied side of the 38th parallel, monitoring the border between North and South Korea. After Korea, the whole unit was sent to Japan. I was there for 16 or 18 months. I was on a base named Johnson Air Force Base, that the Americans captured in World War II. I spent 16 or 18 months in Japan flying B-26s.

In 1956, I was sent back to the U.S. for discharge. I enlisted in the active reserves through the 934th in St. Paul. I went to look for a job. I found work with Land O' Lakes, Inc. They make butter and cheese. I worked over 31 years for them. When I came home from the service I married my girlfriend, Ruth Calloway, from Buffalo, Minnesota. We will be married 50 years this coming December. We have five boys and five grandchildren.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Get an education. Pay attention in school. Do your homework. You all can probably do better than what you think you can do. Set high goals for yourself and strive to reach those goals. Go for it! Give it try!

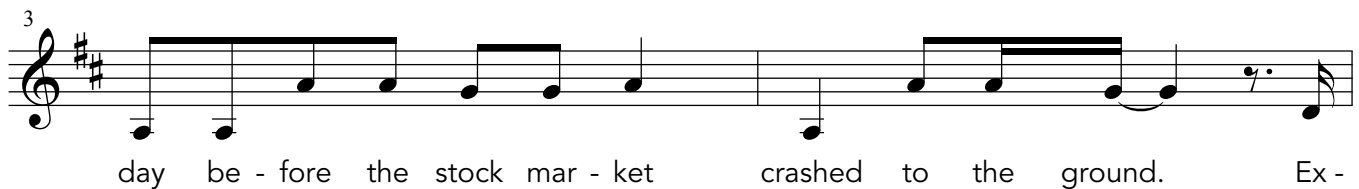
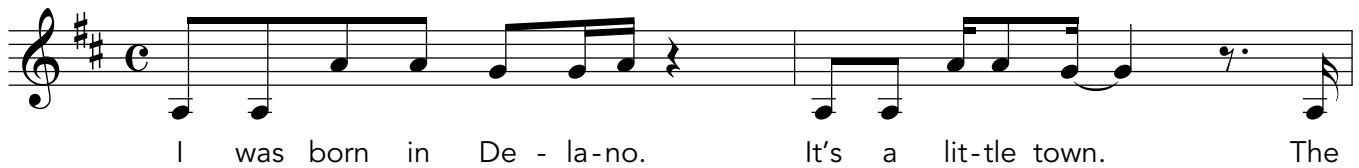


SOLDIER WELCOME HOME!

Honoring Ralph Van Beusekom

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MS. MARTINEAU'S and
select students from MR. WENNDT's 6th GRADE CLASSROOM OF
EARLE BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)

(VERSE)
A7



D7



A7



E7



D7



A7

(CHORUS)

D

(CALL & RESPONSE)

11

Huh_ah! Huh_ah! Al - ways get an e - du - ca - tion.

E7

15

Al - ways set high goals. Sol - dier wel - come home!

A7

19

Huh_ah! Huh_ah!

ALWAYS GET AN EDUCATION! ALWAYS GET AN EDUCATION! ALWAYS GET AN EDUCATION!



ALWAYS GET AN EDUCATION (SOLDIER, WELCOME HOME)

Honoring Ralph Van Beusekom

[CHORUS]

*Go for it. Give it a try
Don't just let your life go by
Always get an education
Always set high goals
Always get an education
Soldier welcome home!*

I was born in Delano
It's a little town
The day before the stock market
Crashed to the ground
Except for cows and horses
Dad had no stock
We grew what we needed
Few things store-bought
(CHORUS)

Five brothers and sisters
Working on the farm
Thirty-six cows to milk
Horses in the barn
With a dog named Laddie
He'd bring the cows in
We would have to milk them
Before the day would end
(CHORUS)

Don't know how it started
But the fire spread
Coming from the hay mound
To the hog shed
All of the livestock

Perished in that blaze
Big round barn burned down
Laddie was saved
(CHORUS)

When I joined the Air Force
Basic training
Aviation Cadet School
Where I got my wings
To learn navigation
To be a bombardier
Way off in Korea
I flew for many years
(CHORUS)

If you know soldiers
Fighting in Iraq
Please write them a letter
Give thanks when they come back
We have many freedoms
And democracy
I am patriotic
I love my country
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Martineau's and Mr.
Wenndt's 6TH GRADE CLASSROOMS OF EARLE
BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)





ALICE COOPER

Teacher and Daughter of a Sharecropper

ALICE COOPER

My name is Alice Cooper. I was born in 1953 on January 25th in Crawford, Mississippi. My family is the product of sharecroppers. I had a challenging childhood. I had a lot of chores to do. I have six sisters and three brothers. We all have college degrees. I now teach fourth grade at Earle Brown Elementary.

We are going to start in the south with Negro Spirituals. The spiritual was a tool used for communication. In the fields, slaves used a choice of spirituals to communicate with each other. Slaves [who were] due to escape, took the lead part in certain songs so everyone would know who was going to escape that night.

My great grandfather was Alford Short. He was born in 1864, one year after the Emancipation Proclamation was signed. The South did not get the news. Slaves were still being sold even though the emancipation document was signed. His mom was sold as a slave.

Let me tell you about my mom and dad. Mom was more of the overseer in the house. Dad ran the fields. He operated the farm. He was the one who got the seeds and borrowed the money. We were poor, but we always had plenty to eat. We grew potatoes, cotton, peanuts, corn and cabbage. We raised turkeys, chickens and beef. We had pigs that we butchered for our own pork. We milked 60 cows a day by hand!

My family is very religious. We believe in God and church-going. We never had a chance to say "no." We got up early to milk the cows, feed the pigs and put new straw in [the stalls]. We got ready for Sunday school after breakfast and sometimes we stayed all day.

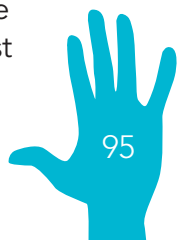
During the harvest season I couldn't go to school like you. You can go every day, unless sick. I couldn't attend school from the second week of August until the end of October or November. It depended on how plentiful the harvest was. We had to be in the field from 6:00 am to 6:00 pm. We had a sack in the back and hand-picked the cotton we raised. We worked and brought our lunch. We had 20-gallon cans we put water in to take to the field to drink. I can't explain how it felt to see the school buses go by without me. The bus left. During the harvest season we only got to school when it rained.

When we couldn't attend school, my mom house-schooled us. She would drive twenty miles to the school each day. She would take homework to the teachers and meet with each one of them. We'd come home after work, eat, and then go through our schoolwork. She'd collect the bundle of work and take it into the school the next day.

When we went back to school, after missing so many days, we weren't behind the other children. I went from first grade to third grade missing all of those days. I didn't go to second grade. I moved on. In our school we had a one-room school with 50 students.

On the farm Dad would say I don't want you guys to work as hard as I do. I don't want you to work as hard as Ma and me. Get an education! We had to set goals and tell them what we wanted to do in life. They would guide us through. They tried to guide us so we would know how to prepare ourselves.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Close your eyes everyone. Think about where you live and what you have. What kind of job your parents have. How difficult is it? I want you to think about when you become an adult. What do you want to do? It starts now. I challenge every one of you to dream, focus, study, do your homework, and read one hour a week. It will enhance your ability and you can be a tutor for yourself. What are you not good in? Be better. Find someone that is good in that area that can help you. This is where I end my life story of growing up in the South. Hope you've learned something. Be the best you can become!

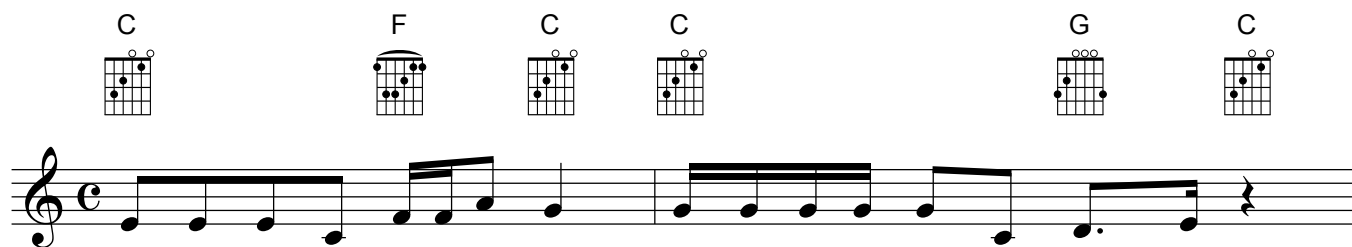


NOTHING BUT THE LOVE OF FREEDOM

Honoring Alice Cooper

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. KELLEY'S and
select students from MR. WENNDT's 6th GRADE CLASSROOM OF
EARLE BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)

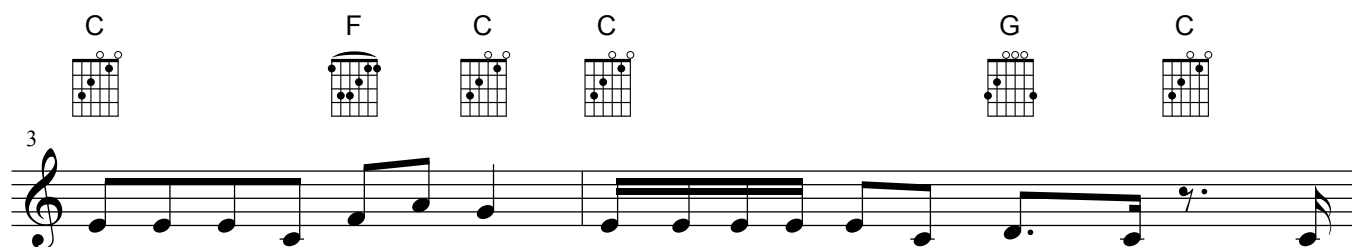
C F C C G C



I was born in Missis-sip - pi. No-thing but the love of free - dom.

C F C C G C

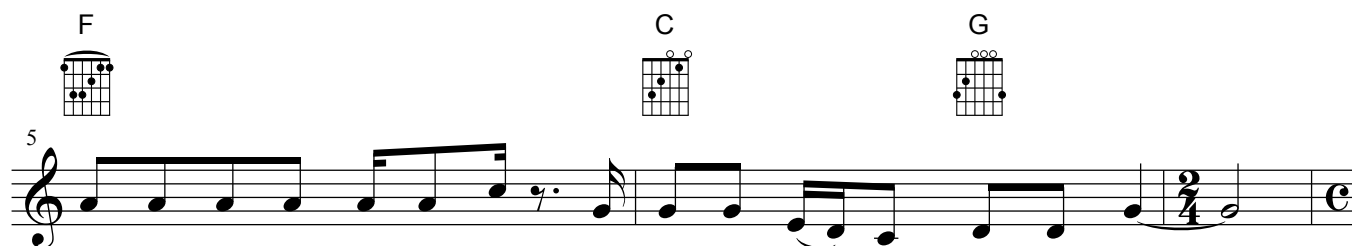
3



Free-dom is my le - ga - cy. No-thing but the love of free - dom. When

F C G

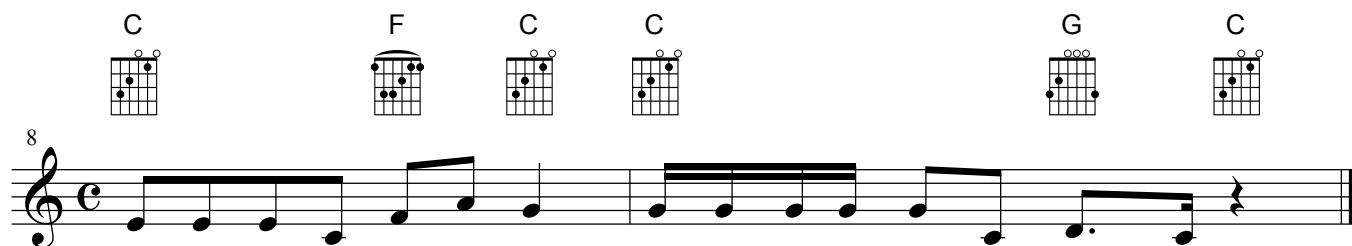
5



some-one sang that free-dom song it was a sign they'd soon be gone.

C F C C G C

8



Far a - way from sla - ve - ry. No-thing but the love of free - dom.



NOTHING BUT THE LOVE OF FREEDOM

Honoring Alice Cooper

I was born in Mississippi
Nothing but the love of freedom
Freedom is my legacy
Nothing but the love of freedom

When someone sang that freedom song
It was a sign they would soon be gone
Far away from slavery
Nothing but the love of freedom

On Great Grandfather's birthing day
Nothing but the love of freedom
My great grandfather was taken away
Nothing but the love of freedom

From my great great grandmother who
Never heard about the news
Of that proclamation signed
Nothing but the love of freedom

My father he sharecropped
Nothing but the love of freedom
The owner's gain was his loss
Nothing but the love of freedom

He bought some land
Bought some seed
Bought some cows, chickens, pigs, turkeys
Milking cows everyday
Nothing but the love of freedom

We worked from six to six
Nothing but the love of freedom
Instead of school cotton we picked
Nothing but the love of freedom

When I came home my back it hurt
Then Mother made us do homework
We were poor, but we were proud
Nothing but the love of freedom

With ten kids to feed
Nothing but the love of freedom
Each of us earned a college degree
Nothing but the love of freedom

Father said, "I don't want you
To work as hard as I do
Get an education, set high goals"
Nothing but the love of freedom

All ten kids on their own
Nothing but the love of freedom
My look how far we grown
Nothing but the love of freedom

Doctors, lawyers, finance planners
Teachers, bakers, programmers
All from the seed of a sharecropper
Nothing but the love of freedom

You can be what you want to be
Nothing but the love of freedom
Do homework, turn off TV
Nothing but the love of freedom

Think about where you live
What you have and where you've been
You're not too young the time is now
Nothing but the love of freedom

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. Kelley's and Mr.
Wenndt's 6th grade classrooms of Earle Brown
Elementary School
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)





MAGGIE PROFT

Hair Stylist and Recent U.S. Citizen
from Tijuana, Mexico

MAGGIE PROFT

My name is Maggie Proft. I was born in Mexico. I'll soon be 45 years old. I grew up in Tijuana. We didn't have much. Life was difficult. I come from a family of six. I'm the middle child. I went six years to school in Mexico. When Mother bought land we built our house. We had two bedrooms for the eight of us. The sisters slept in the same room. My brothers sleep on the floor.

When we built our house, neighbors got together to help. We spent two years in a house without windows or doors. Mother put up drapes to cover the windows. There was no glass on the window. We also didn't have a bathroom in the house. We had a bathroom outside. We showered outside in a little shed. We had no gas or electricity. This was only about thirty years ago!

My mom would go from Tijuana to San Diego across the border to the United States to iron clothes and clean houses, so she could provide for us. Sometimes she had to spend a month or two away from us doing that. The lady she worked for wanted her to stay and help all the time. She'd come back home to buy groceries for us. She might spend a couple of weeks with us and then go back to work in San Diego again.

I have a lot of respect for my older sister. While Mother was working she was the one taking care of us. Imagine you are 14 or 15 years old and having to take care of five kids. She did her best to take care of us, so Mom could work.

I went to school in Mexico from first grade to sixth grade. Being poor, they push you to go to sixth and then you are ready to go to work. By sixth grade we know everything a kid needs to know. We know math, algebra, and history. We are ready to go to work.

I had a big problem in first grade. Back in those years it was a big problem not being able to write with your right hand. To write with the left hand was really bad. I'm left handed, so I went through a lot. Teachers hit me with a ruler when I wrote left-handed. I couldn't concentrate because I was afraid I'd get hit. They kept me from going to second grade. I had to repeat first grade twice, simply because I was left-handed.

For discipline here they [make] you stop and learn. In Mexico they had a stick and would spank you with it a few times. If you didn't do good in the math test they [would] sit you up by the blackboard and put donkey ears on you.

On Christmas every year we got a new pair of pajamas. There wasn't enough money to buy presents but there was always something under the Christmas tree. Christmas wasn't so much about getting presents. Christmas was one of the times us kids could stay up late.

When I was 16 we moved to the United States permanently. I went to one year of high school and had to give up school in order to give my younger brothers and sisters a chance to go to school. I had to go to work to help support the family. I learned my English by listening to people talk. I struggled through that to provide for the family. I pushed myself. I became a U.S. citizen nine years ago.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Stay in school and do the best you can. Do your studies, get good grades and learn Spanish. Spanish will open a lot of doors for you when you go to college. You can get a really good job if you can speak both languages.



ABAJO EN MEXICO-DOWN TO MEXICO

Honoring Maggie Proft

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. UMPHREY'S and
select students from MR. WENNDT's 6th GRADE CLASSROOM OF
EARLE BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

Am

G

I was born in Me - xi - co.
In Ti - jua - na work hard to find.
With eight peo - ple sleep-ing in two rooms
No glass for win - dows. No e - lec - tri - ci - ty.

F

E

3

1, 2

I am now for - ty five years old.
In Ti - jua - na on the bor - der - line.
head to toe.
No in - door plumb - ing.

E

(CHORUS)

Am F Am F

5

3, 4

no room to move, A-ba-jo en Me-xi - co.
for my fa - mi - ly.

Am F E7

Am F Am F E7

8

A - ba - jo en Me - xi - co.

ABAJO EN MEXICO (DOWN TO MEXICO)

Honoring Maggie Proft

I was born, in Mexico,
Yo nasi, en Mexico,
I am now, forty-five years old,
Aora tengo, quarenta y cinco anyos
In Tijuana, work hard to find,
En Tijuana, no i muchos trabajo
In Tijuana, on the borderline,
En Tijuana, en las fronteras
With eight people, sleeping in two rooms,
Con ocho personas, con dos cuartos,
Head to toe, no room to move,
Cabes a pie, no i curates para mover,
No glass for windows, no electricity,
No l bidrios para ventanas, no electisidad,
No indoor plumbing, for my family,
No banos adrento, para mi familia,

(CHORUS)

Abajo en Mexico (2x)

My father drank, never home,
Mi papa tomaba, nunca en casa
Left mother to, raise us alone,
Dejo a mama para, cuidarnos solos
In San Diego, Mama house cleaned,
En San Diego, mama l ympia la casa
My older sister, cared for the family,
Me hermana mayor, cuido a la familia
Each day to school, we would walk,
Cada dia a la escuela, caminabamos
Where the teachers, would not let us talk,
Cuando los maestros, no nos dejaban abler
For writing left-handed, teachers would hit,
Por escribiendo con la mano derecha,
mi maestros pageda
Me with a ruler, on my fingertips,
Con una regal, en mis dedos.

(CHORUS)

In cardboard houses, with one meal,
En casas de carton, con una comida,
Families living, up on the hill,
Familias viviendo, ariva en la montania,
Each year for Christmas, all we got,
Cada anio para navidad, todo lo que
teniamos,
Was a paper doll, pajamas store-bought,
Fue una munickade papel,
pajamas cprado de la tyenda,
To California, in the U.S.A.,
A California, en los estados unido,
With my sister, I, too, came,
Com mi hermana, yo, vine tambien,
Had to learn English, all on my own,
Ternia que aprender ingles, yo sola,
The money earned, I sent back home,
El dinero que ago, yo lo mando a la casa

(CHORUS)

At sixteen, I became,
A los disyseys onyos, me comberty,
A permanent resident, in the U.S.A.,
En un residente, del los estados unidos,
With a green card, picture I.D.,
Con la targeta berde. Con la foto del I.D.
I could not vote, but I was free,
No podia botar, pero estaba libre,
To work and live, without fear,
Para trabajar y vivir, sin miedo,
Of deportation, after twelve years,
De ser deportada, despues de dose anios,
I met my husband, with him I did go,
Yo conosy me esposo, con el yo me fuy
To Minnesota, far from home,
A minnisota, ljos de casa,

(CHORUS)



Now we have two children,
now I've become,
Aora tenemos hijos, aora yo me comberty,
A citizen, of this land I love,
En un residente, de esta tyera que amo
Where there is freedom,
where I have choice,
Donde i libertad, donde tengo que esqojer,
Where my children, have a voice,
Donde mi hijos, tyenen una voc,

To speak up for, those in need,
Para abler, los que nesesytan ajuda,

To work hard, to spread your wings,
Para tradajr duro, para abry tu alas,
Like a condor, monarch butterfly,
Me gusta a condor, mariposa de monarca
To never know, a borderline

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Umphrey's and Mr.
Wenndt's 6TH GRADE CLASSROOMS of EARLE
BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)

WHERE THERE IS FREEDOM, WHERE I HAVE CHOICE /
DONDE TENGO QUE ESQOJER, DONDE I LIBERTAD.





CHIA YANG

.....
Hmong Oral Historian and Author

CHIA YANG

My name is Chia Yang. I was born in Laos in 1973. I grew up in Thailand. From 1975 until 1979 I lived in the jungle. I don't know exactly when I was born. I just know the village I was born into. I'm not really sure if my age is 35. I am Hmong. I was born Zoua Yang in 1973. I was born in the harvest season of November.

During the Vietnam War the Hmong, who had been living in the mountains, helped the Americans. General Vang Pao was our leader. He has a lot of power in the Hmong community. He was able to do the many things the Americans wanted the Hmong to do.

We lived in the valley when the Vietnamese came into Laos and burned down our homes. We moved to the mountains. When I was six months my father died. When my father died my mother remarried and moved to a different village and started a new family. Walking to her village took three days. Mother lost her children, so we were raised by my father's parents.

During and after the Vietnam War, we lived in the mountains with thirty to forty families. They had five to six children with them. During the time in the mountains in the jungle we didn't have clothes to wear. We had one pair of clothes and no supplies and no food. We ate what we found, like wild potatoes or tubers. We cooked them and that's all we ate besides deer and wild boars. The Hmong are good hunters.

I didn't know where my mom was. Then one day like a dream my mom came to see me. She was crying. She said to me, "God has taken your father and left you with your grandparents. . . . You have to be a good person," she said. She held me all day long by the mountainside.

It was raining and we were under the tree. She had taken her foot and made her footprint for me. She said, "If you ever miss me, come to this spot and see my footprint." During that time I came to that spot and watched for her everyday. My grandparents, they couldn't find me, so they came looking for me. One day they found me under the tree. I had taken some leaves and covered the footprint. They purposefully erased the footprint. I missed her and they didn't want me to know her. I was about three years old.

We lived in the jungle from 1975 until 1979. During that time many of my cousins and relatives died in the jungle [because of] the Vietnamese. We still had the weapons from the Americans. The Americans had given the weapons to us before we left. The war was still going on secretly.

After a couple months we decided to move to Thailand with 4,000 to 5,000 people with the Hmong soldiers. My uncle said, "We need to go to Thailand because it isn't safe here for us to live anymore." It took us three months to travel through the jungle to get to the border of Laos and Thailand, along the Mekong River. When we reached the border I turned around and looked back and said, "I have left my father and the uncles, killed by the soldiers. I have left all the soldiers and the one I called uncle." Then I thought I would now have a better life.

To cross the Mekong River into Thailand we had to make floats from bamboo. A float would fit six people and there were big ones that fit ten people. That was in November 1979. We then lived in the Ban Vinai refugee camp from 1980 to 1990. I came to the United States with my husband and children in 1991.

WORDS OF ADVICE: You need to learn. Tomorrow may never come. If you have something you have to do, do it tonight. Don't wait for tomorrow. Say to yourself, "I have to finish my homework tonight. I don't want to wait until tomorrow." All of your teachers are your friends and relatives. If you need help, always go to them. You learn from the teachers and from each other.



WE'RE THE HMONG

Honoring Chia Yang

Music by LARRY LONG
 Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. LEACH'S and
 select students from MR. WENNDT'S 6th GRADE CLASSROOM OF
 EARLE BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
 (Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

F

E7

We're the Hmong. We're the Hmong. We're the Hmong, Hmong, Hmong. Go and tell Washing-ton

F

E7

Am

(VERSE)

what we did, what we done back in the Vi-et-nam War. Long time a-go we are told

G

Am

G

Am

lived in an i - gloo shaped home. Felt like a cave down in the ground way up in A-la - ska.

Am

G

To Mon-go - li - a we did move. Down to Chi-na we did rule a

Am

G

Am

dy - nas - ty un - til Chi - na drove my peo - ple in - to hid - ing. We're the

WE'RE THE Hmong

Honoring Chia Yang

[CHORUS]

*We're the Hmong. We're the Hmong.
We're the Hmong, Hmong, Hmong.
Go and tell Washington what we did,
what we done, back in the Vietnam War.*

Long time ago, we are told, lived in an
igloo-shaped home.
Felt like a cave down in the ground way up
in Alaska.
To Mongolia we did move.
Down to China we did rule
a dynasty until China drove my people into
hiding.

(CHORUS)

To Vietnam, Laos, Thailand
Where we helped the Americans
fight the Viet Cong way up north
We fought many fierce battles
under the leadership of General Vang Pao
When American planes were shot down
we were the ones who rescued them
Way up in the mountains

(CHORUS)

When the war in Vietnam did end that's
when my story begins.
Six months old when Father died before
he became a soldier.
The spirit of the tiger came. His spirit fled
but his flesh remained.
Made a path to where we should go
when my father became a Tiger.

(CHORUS)

Mother remarried. I was raised by my
father's parents. It took three days
to see my mother, so far away from the
village we called the Eagle
With forty families we all fled.
If we had not we would be dead
Into the jungles without food with one pair
of clothes we traveled

(CHORUS)

I didn't know where my mother was
Then one day she did come
Under a tree she held me all day in the
jungle
She left her footprint behind
I still hold her in my heart and mind
Way up on the mountainside my people
are dying

(CHORUS)

I was two when we first ran
After five years up in the mountains
a blind dog came up the path
to give us all a warning
We followed him from where he came
We were safe but those who remained
were put to death on that very day
by the Vietnamese soldiers

(CHORUS)



With soldiers still in the fight, who took
us in, who saved our lives
With them we prayed day and night for
strength from the milk of our mothers
With ancestors like Long Mae helping us
along the way
With long black hair the Hmong soldiers
came to take us into Thailand
(CHORUS)

Four thousand Hmong divided up
We traveled hard for three months

When the bamboo had no leaves we came
to the Mekong River
Water poisoned, could not drink
Legs too tired, could not think
Making rafts of bamboo to cross over
(CHORUS)

But before we did I said farewell,
to my father and uncle killed,
to the soldiers who gave their lives,
so we could live in freedom
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Leach's and
Mr. Wennedt's 6TH GRADE CLASSROOMS of EARLE
BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)





EARLE BROWN 2007





STEVEN MICHAEL "CHIP" NELSON

.....
School Custodian and Classroom Mentor

STEVEN MICHAEL “CHIP” NELSON

My full name is Steven Michael Nelson. My grandmother gave me the name Chip on the day I was born. She said I didn't look like a Steven. She said, "He looks like a Chip." So that's the name that stuck.

I was born in Brooklyn Center a few blocks from Earle Brown. My parents were big people of the community. Sheriff Earle Brown hired my dad. Back then it was a village. My dad was the first policeman at night. He had to use his own car, which didn't have radios. The way my dad got calls was my mom would turn on the front porch light and my dad would go in the house and get the message from mom.

When I was young there was no Brookdale Shopping Center, no parks, only woods and potato fields. When we were kids we played "kick the can" out in the street. My dad had an extra lot next to us and we played baseball and softball there all the time, used to ride the bikes on the old Earle Brown farm on Highway 57.

My mother always told me, "Kill people with kindness. If you don't bring a fight to them, there is no fight."

My parents didn't have a lot of money. One day my dad said if I wanted a tent I would have to go earn the money. When I was eight years old, I cut lawns and raised about thirty dollars to buy the tent. I felt so proud of myself to get a tent from working so hard mowing lawns.

My dad always told me, "If you want something you must go out and earn it. If you do, you'll be proud of it." He tried to teach us that if you want things and you appreciate things that you must work for them.

I have a learning disability. I can't remember what I have read. Kids used to make fun of me because I struggled in school. I had good teachers who taught me to look inside to find my inner self and my parents encouraged me all along.

Got my job here in '76. I've worked here ever since, cleaning. When I come to work I really love it. Some days are not as great as other days. Best part of it is you kids. Being around you and being able to help you. I was there and remember how hard it was for me. I know some of the struggles you're going through. If I can get through and have a successful life anybody can. I want to stress that to you.

It is important to help others. I try to make the kids feel good by talking to kids who are struggling. Telling people they look nice. When I see someone with shoes untied I stop and tie their shoes. My biggest thing is to make sure these rooms are clean. The minute that teacher walks in that door how she feels will affect the kids all day long. I try to make sure the teachers are happy because keeping their world better is to help them and by helping the teachers I am also helping the students. Everything trickles down to the kids.

WORDS OF ADVICE: I would try my hardest in school. I would be good to my teacher because they care about you and love you. Sometimes you think they are mean but they love you. Be good to your parents and good to each other. In the long run you have to know how to get along with people. If you make it hard for your teachers and for your parents you are making it hard for yourself. Try to be the best person you can be. Don't expect anyone to give you anything. Work for the things you want in your life. If you do, life will be better and more gratifying.



EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALRIGHT

Honoring Steven Michael 'Chip' Nelson

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. UMPHREY'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF EARLE BROWN SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)     (VERSE)

E-v'ry-thing's gon-na be al-right E-v'ry-thing's gon-na be al-right My

3    

name is Ste - ven Mi - chael, but my grand - mo - ther called me Chip

5    

on the day I was born. I've been called that e-ver since.

7 

Born in Brook - lyn Cen - ter, a few blocks from Earle Brown. My

9    

fa - ther was the first night po - lice - man in town



A7



(CHORUS)



work-ing for Mis - ter Earle Brown in Brook - lyn Cen - ter town. Got to

G



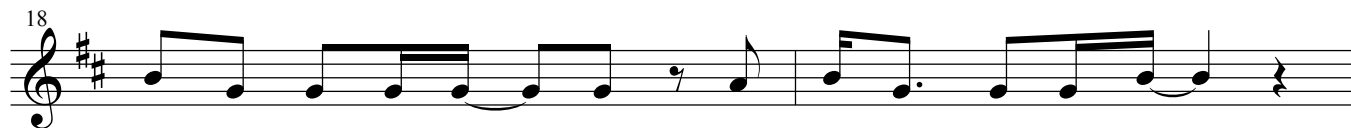
work to make a liv - ing. Got to work to be fed. Got to

F#m



work to make a - chieve - ments. These words my mo - ther said:

G



"Kill peo - ple with kind - ness. If you don't bring a fight,

F#m



A7



there will be no fight-ing." Eve - ry - thing's gon-na be al - right in



23

D

Brook - lyn Cen - ter to - night.



IN BROOKLYN CENTER TONIGHT

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALRIGHT!

Honoring Steven Michael "Chip" Nelson

[CHORUS]

*Got to work to make a living / Got to work to be fed
Got to work to make achievements / these words my mother said,
"Kill people with kindness" / "If you don't bring a fight,
there will be no fighting." / Everything will be alright
In Brooklyn Center Tonight
Everything is going to be alright (4x)*

Everything is going to be alright (8x)

My name is Steven Michael,
But my grandmother called me Chip,
On the day I was born,
Been called that ever since
Born in Brooklyn Center,
A few blocks from Earle Brown,
My father was the first
Night policeman in town
Working for Mr. Earle Brown
In Brooklyn Center town

(CHORUS)

Back then there was no Brookdale
There was no shopping mall
Just woods and potato fields
And that was all
Kick the can and baseball
In the vacant lot we played
With friends and neighbors
Outside night and day
These words my dad would say
To me everyday

(CHORUS)

Kids use to tease me,
Back in the third grade,
The things they would call me,
I would never say
As I got older,
I learned to be friends,
With those disrespected,
Always be kind to them

Why can't we all be friends
With each other 'til the end

(CHORUS)

When I was eight I wanted
To get a pup tent,
Dad said, "If you want it,
You'll have to work for it."
Mowing lawns all summer long,
Washing dishes, too,
There's nothing I like better,
Then being here with you
When people are in a good mood,
It trickles down to me and you

(CHORUS)

Being head custodian,
Here at Earle Brown,
Gives me more pleasure,
Than putting people down
Cleaning up the hallways,
Sweeping up the floors,
Makes the teachers happy,
When they walk through the door.
If you ask for more,
You I won't ignore

(CHORUS)

Everything is going to be alright (4x)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Umphrey's 6TH GRADE
CLASS of EARLE BROWN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)



KHOUA XIONG

Hmong Refugee from the Vietnam War in Laos

KHOUA XIONG

My name is Khoua Xiong. I was born in 1976 in San Quan. I'm an orphan child, so I lost track [of] my family. I lived with my mom and grandma until I was five. Then my mother, she went to get married again, so I lived with my uncle and aunt (on my father's side). I grew up as an orphan child in Laos. The communists captured and killed my father.

It was a war between the Vietnamese and the people in Laos. The Vietnamese tried to take over the country. The American CIA was in Laos fighting. Because we lived in the jungle of Laos we were experts of the jungle. The CIA asked us to fight the war and if we helped them they would help us. General Vang Pao was our leader with the American CIA. We helped them fight the war.

We lived up in the mountains. We [went] to a farm and cut forest to grow all the food. As you live in the jungle you grow rice, corn, and some wheat. We also had chicken, pig, cow, goat and water buffalo.

Every day I woke up in the morning at 3:00 to prepare food for all the animals and then I [would] go down to the valley of the creek to bring water; carry water buckets, on bamboo across my shoulders, down the village and the mountain. We [didn't] have watches, so [didn't] have time. I only tell time by the cricket sounds. When the cricket sounds it tells me it is late and I should go home.

We had to feed the communists all the time. Feed them nice food like they are special people to us. Not free to go wherever we want. Wherever we go we have to be very careful. We don't really want to work for our enemies. That's why we try to escape.

My uncle pays somebody, some Thai people, to pick us up after we escape across the Mekong River. There is nobody there to pick us up. The camp we were going to had a fire so all the police came to the camp and nobody wanted any trouble. We had to walk from Mekong River to the camp. It takes us about two to four nights to walk around the Mekong River to the camp.

When we escaped my uncle's baby was crying. So the babies were given medicine to sleep. But when we got in the house the baby was almost dead. All night we were really afraid the baby was going to die. In the morning the baby was cold and all pale white, but he cried so we knew he was safe.

I was 13 years old when I came to America. My first impression when the plane landed in Georgia was when we walked to the waiting area. People hugging each other and kissing each other. In my whole life I never thought about or seen something like that before. Never. I couldn't believe it. It was so exciting. People were crying in front of each other.

The first English words I learned were "I miss you." I learned them in Thailand. I had children when I was young and couldn't stay in school. I learned English from the television. I learned the most from watching *Sesame Street*.

**BECAUSE WE
LIVED IN THE
JUNGLE OF
LAOS WE WERE
EXPERTS . . .**


WORDS OF ADVICE: You students are fortunate to grow up in this country, to have what you have. Don't take it for granted. When I grew up I couldn't be a student like you guys. Take advantage of your education. When you are educated you can help the less fortunate who don't have the opportunity like you have to succeed in this country.



KOUN CHO KO - I MISS YOU


Honoring Khoua Xiong

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. KELLEY'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF EARLE BROWN SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center, Minnesota)

C7
(CHORUS)  (VERSE)


Koun Cho Ko. Koun Cho Ko. I'm an or-phan child. Lost
Vi - et - na - mese

6
track of my fa - mi - ly. When I turned five, my mo - ther re - mar-ried.
told us where to go; to live with the cows, pigs, goats and buf - fa - los.

G7


9
Lived with my aunt and un - cle on my fa - ther's side.
Each day in the morn - ing, woke up at three to

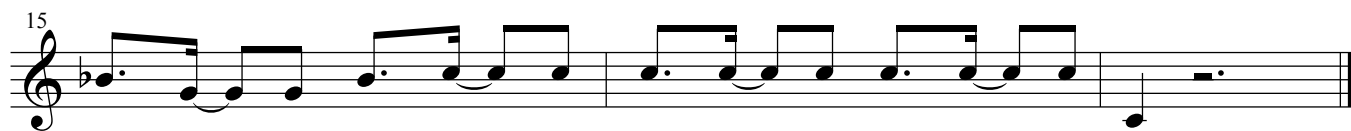
11
1
Lived out in the jun - gle. A - fter my fa - ther died, the

C7


13
2
walk down to the val - ley to get wa - ter from the creek. I



G7



"KOUN CHO KO" I MISS YOU

Honoring Khoua Xiong

I'm an orphan child
Lost track of my family
When I turned five
My mother remarried
Lived with my aunt and
uncle
On my father's side
Lived out in the jungle
After my father died
The Vietnamese
Told us where to go
To live with cows,
Pigs, goats and buffalo
Each day in the morning
Woke up at three
To walk down to the valley
To get water from the creek

(CHORUS)

I miss you (4x), I do
"Koun Cho Ko" (4x)
Working in the fields
All day alone
When the crickets sound
It was time to go home
Walking with a bucket
Of corn and squash filled
No one could see me
When I walked up the hill
Had to feed the communist
Whenever they came
As if they were special
No one could complain
Not free to go
Looking to escape
From Laos into Thailand
To the United States

(CHORUS)

We grabbed a little rice
To put on our back
We traveled by night
With food in a sack
By day we lived
In the jungle in a hole
From village to village
To the Laos capital
We paid some money
To get a boat
When we got in
The boat would not float
So many people get killed
Trying to cross
The river in Thailand
So many lives lost

(CHORUS)

Had to drug the babies
So they would not cry
Because if they did
The bullets would fly
We made it to Thailand
One baby pale and white
Put it in cold water
To save the baby's life
From camp to camp
Filled with refugees
It felt like jail
Guards of security
Had to learn English
Ready to go
To the U.S.A
Where I now call home

(CHORUS)

All the way from Thailand
To Georgia I came

Everybody hugged and
kissed
When I got off the plane
Never seen nothing like that
In my whole life
I was only thirteen
Soon to be a wife
When I got to Georgia
My marriage was arranged
Through my father's brother
In the U.S.A.
Got married young
Four children in a row
Working at night
Raising children at home

(CHORUS)

What do I do
What do I dream
I want to go to school
To get my GED
My days have been hard
Working my whole life
My shoulder blade hurt
As a mother and a wife
Sesame Street
Each day on TV
Many miles from
Rice and the bamboo tree
When I first came here
I could not read
The first thing I learned
Are these words you hear
me sing

(CHORUS)

Words & music by LARRY LONG with Mr. Kelley's 6TH
GRADE CLASS of EARLE BROWN SCHOOL
(Brooklyn Center)







LUL GELANI

Somali Recording Artist and Care Provider

My name is Lul Gelani. I was born in Shangani, Somalia on the continent of Africa. I was born in 1957. I started singing at the age of eleven. A producer in Somalia by the name of Ahmed Nagi recorded me. It was hard growing up where I lived.

I lived with family members. Everyone put their money together to live in a nice house by the ocean. I could see dolphins and whales. I could go fishing and swimming. It was a beautiful place to live.

When I was young I would travel and sing. I sang in big hotels in Somalia and Italy.

I went to a religious school and everyday I would get whooped. They would separate the boys and girls in school. School started at seven in the morning. I had to walk to school in the hot sun. I liked playing hopscotch at recess.

The war started in Somalia in 1991. Millions of people fled from Somalia to Kenya. The road was full. Thousands of people driving in cars and walking filled the roads into Kenya. There was a war and you would get killed if you stayed in Somalia, but in Kenya you would get your stuff stolen. I don't like to think of those times.

In 1996, on the 18th day of September I found out I could come to the United States of America. It was a big door that opened, and I came. I flew to France and then to Atlanta, Georgia. It was beautiful looking out the plane window on America.

A month later someone told me I could go to Minnesota and sing in a Minneapolis hotel. I liked it here. There was a lot of snow that first night and it was beautiful. I brought the whole family to Minnesota.

I now work for Minnesota Quality Care. I care for people because they cared for me. I did homecare for my mother; my mother was a giving person. If someone needs something, help them because everything you do for other people will come back to you. Treat others the way you want to be treated.

People are nice to me because I am a singer. Somali people like me. They give me respect because I sing. When people ask my son, "Who is your mom?" and he says, "Lul Gelani," people treat him good.

THERE WAS
A LOT OF SNOW
THE FIRST NIGHT
AND IT WAS
BEAUTIFUL!

WORDS OF ADVICE: Stay in school and help all your family members. Don't ever betray your mom. Never forget where you grew up and never forget who raised you.



I'M FREE NOW

Honoring Lul Gelani

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. SWANSON'S
3rd GRADE CLASS OF EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

D7 G D7

My name is Lul Ge - la - ni. I was born in
I - ta - ly to southern A - ra - bia it was hard

G D7 D7 G D7

So - ma - li. I start-ed sing - ing when I was e - le - ven. Ah -
liv - ing there. No - bo - dy had in - su - rance for liv - ing. When

G D G D

med Na - gi re - cor - ded me. Ah -
I walked out - doors. I was scared. When

G D G D7

med Na - gi re - cor - ded me. From
I walked out - doors. I was scared. I am

(CHORUS)



G D A7 D G A7 D7

15 4

free now to live my life to help those in need.



I AM FREE NOW

Honoring Lul Gelani

My name is Lul Gelani
I was born in Somali
I started singing when I was eleven
Ahmed Nagi recorded me

From Italy to southern Arabia
It was hard living there
Nobody had insurance for living
When I walked outdoors, I was scared

*I am free now to live my life
To help those in need*

Mother raised us without a father
In a house my father gave
Whenever he would earn some money
Father would drink, nothing saved

In Somalia had to pay money
To go to school at your age
The boys and girls were often divided
The teacher would whoop us every day

*I am free now to live my life
To help those in need*

Where we lived everyone gathered
Around the fire all would eat
Rice and pasta with the neighbors
Alone go hungry, together we feast

Looking out on the ocean
Whales and dolphins jumping up and down

When the war came to Somalia
There was no peace to be found

*I am free now to live my life
To help those in need*

The roads were filled
with millions of people
Into Kenya we did flee
Where they stole all my possessions
Before we came to the land of the free

Flew to Paris into Atlanta
With my mom, kids and grandkids
On that Mike Tyson was fighting
Never too old to start again

*I am free now to live my life
To help those in need*

Stay in school, help your family
Give support to your mom
Remember you have God above you
Never forget who you are

As my mother, I give to the people
As my mother, I do homecare
Plus I sing to make a living
There's so much joy in life to share

*I am free now to live my life
To help those in need*

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Jill Swanson's 3RD GRADE
CLASS of EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)





ALAN PAGE

.....

Minnesota Supreme Court Justice
and MN Vikings Hall of Famer

THE HONORABLE ALAN PAGE

My name is Alan Page. I am 61 years old. I was born on August 7, 1945. I am the youngest of four Page children. I grew up in Canton, Ohio. My mother worked in a country club as a locker room attendant and my father fixed and maintained jukeboxes.

As a child I felt a lot of love from my mother, father, brother and sisters. My parents felt strongly about education and encouraged us to work hard in school. They made sure we did our homework assignments. My parents expected us to be good citizens.

My parents stressed that you could be as good as you can be at whatever it is you do. Whether it was cleaning my room, which I wasn't good at, or washing dishes, which I didn't like to do, or playing tag with my friends, they wanted me to seek excellence.

For the most part I was a decent student, though I have to admit I didn't work as hard as I could have in school. My mother made me take piano lessons, which was difficult. I played the tuba in the band and by ninth grade I tried out for football. There were no ice rinks in Canton, so I didn't play hockey. I was too clumsy for basketball and too scared of a baseball, but when it came to football I had an aptitude for it.

At the end of high school I was fortunate enough to be given an athletic scholarship to the University of Notre Dame to play football. While attending Notre Dame I played on one national championship team in 1966. When I grew up I wanted to be a lawyer. I graduated from Notre Dame with a degree in political science.

In 1967 I was drafted, not to fight in the Vietnam War, but to play football with the Minnesota Vikings. I continued my journey of becoming a lawyer. During my second year with the Vikings, I enrolled at William Mitchell Law School. Within two weeks I dropped out. I was lost and not sure what my career would be when football ended.

I continued to play professional football and went back to law school at the University of Minnesota in 1975. This time I graduated. I had to take the bar exam two times before I passed. In 1981, after playing for 15 years, my football career came to an end. From football I learned that winning is important but it's not everything.

I have practiced law since 1981. I worked for the Minnesota Attorney General's Office for eight years and was elected to the Minnesota Supreme Court in 1992. My goal as a Supreme Court Justice is to write decisions that people can understand. It has been challenging and fascinating and has forced me to extend myself.

Today, I have a wife who has allowed me to grow and develop into somebody that I otherwise would not have been. I have a son and daughter from my second wife and two daughters from my first marriage. I have started an education foundation to assist young people of color to go beyond high school. The goal of the Page Scholars is to use education as a tool to better their lives and give back to their communities.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Treat your fellow students with respect, work hard in school and prepare yourself so you can achieve your hopes and dreams for the future. When you see someone less fortunate than you are, reach out and give them a hand. How you travel your life journey will determine how successful you will be in the end.



THE THINGS THAT MATTER MOST TO ME IN MY LIFE

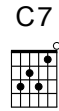
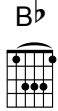
Honoring Alan Page

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG, MRS. BELVEDERE'S and MRS. TREIBER'S
3rd GRADE CLASS OF EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)

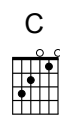
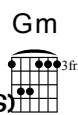
(VERSE)



My name is A-lan Page. I grew up in Can-ton, O-
When it came to foot-ball I had an



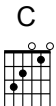
hio. A foot-ball town. Too clum-sy to play bas-ket-ball nor
ap-ti-tude for it. In-stead of working in a steel mill, I got a



(CHORUS)



pitch from a pit-ching mound. The things that matter most to me in life are
foot-ball scho-lar-ship.



each of my chil-dren, my fa-mi-ly and wife. My name is A-lan



THE THINGS THAT MATTER MOST TO ME IN LIFE

Honoring Alan Page

[CHORUS]

*The things that matter most to me in life
Are each of my children, my family and wife*

My name is Alan Page
I grew up in Canton,
Ohio a football town
Too clumsy to play basketball
Nor pitch from a pitching mound
When it came to football
I had an aptitude for it
Instead of working in a steel mill
I got a football scholarship

(CHORUS)

My name is Alan Page
My parents felt strongly
'Bout education, encouraged me
To do my homework
To be the best I can be
To treat other people fairly
To be honest, to show respect
Even through times of hardship
They taught me excellence

(CHORUS)

My name is Alan Page
I played the tuba
In the band a sousaphone
Part of that I was big enough
All I played was 'umph-pah-pah'

Mother made me take piano lessons
For me it was really hard
My first memory was sitting
On Father's lap driving his car

(CHORUS)

My name is Alan Page
On a couple occasions
Didn't know what I wanted to do
I said, "I want to be a lawyer."
Like Perry Mason on the TV tube
At first I chased the money
Later found it a waste of time
It's the journey not the destination
Lift up those left behind

(CHORUS)

My name is Alan Page
I played for the Vikings
Four times in the Super Bowl
What I love most about football
Are the friends I got to know
Like Jim Marshall, like Carl Eller,
Like Paul Krause, like Clinton Jones
But none compares to the woman
I married thirty-three years ago

(CHORUS)



My name is Alan Page
I studied law
Didn't pass the first bar exam
The second time I learned to study
It made me better in the end
To win is important
As it is to learn to lose
Striving to be good
At everything you do
(CHORUS)

My name is Alan Page
Your Supreme Court Justice
By your questions I would say
Each of you has a bright future
You impress me in so many ways
Respect yourself and each other
Prepare yourself to hope and dream
Give a hand to those less fortunate
Lift up your community
(CHORUS)

TO LEARN HOW TO LOSE
IS IMPORTANT... AS IT IS TO WIN



Words & music by LARRY LONG with Jeni Belvedere's &
Tammy Treiber's 3RD GRADE CLASS of EISENHOWER
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)





JIM SHIRLEY

.....
Lifelong Hopkins Resident and Volunteer

JIM SHIRLEY

My full name is Jim Cooper Shirley. I was born in 1936. We lived on the east end of Hopkins. At two years old my family moved to 11th Avenue North. My wife, Mary, and I are still living in that same house today.

We were fortunate that my dad had a decent job all through the Depression. We were nicely dressed and had nice toys. My parents were older. My father was 47 years old when I was born. He was retired by the time I was in high school. My parents didn't always understand what the modern generation was up to. One great blessing about my mom and dad was they always saw humor in things and had a lot of fun.

Many are the stories about Grandpa Cooper, whom I get my middle name from. He was the first police officer in Hopkins. At that time there were eleven bars in this area. It was a rough town. Grandpa Cooper was a pretty big guy, but kind and very persuasive. He didn't get pushed around. Many people who grew up in Hopkins thought Cooper meant cop because he was the only police officer in town.

My first grade teacher was Alice Smith, after whom the school was named. She taught me how to read. My children went to Alice Smith Elementary School and now my grandsons go there. That's three generations of us who've gone to Alice Smith.

I went to both elementary and junior high school in the old school building, which is now an apartment building on Main Street in Hopkins. That school got too old and small, so they built Eisenhower High School in 1956. I was in college at the University of Minnesota before this school was completed.

After graduating with a degree in economics, I went into the National Guard for six months. I came back to work in the banking business. Five years ago I retired as a person working for the Association of Professional People.

I have been a very active citizen in Hopkins. There is something about giving back to the community that provided me with an education. We all need to give back to help make this a better community.

The year I graduated from high school is when I met my wife. Her parents had a lake cottage by our family cottage. I heard there were girls out on the beach. I went out in the boat and there was a girl that waved at me. I came in and we got acquainted. We started dating and ended up getting married. We have a son and daughter.

My roots are so deep here in Hopkins. I feel it's important to know what Hopkins was all about, to find out what it once was, and what it has become. Because of this interest, I was involved with the Hopkins Historical Society. I've also served on the financial advisory committee for the school district; have been involved with Hopkins Center for the Arts, my church, Hopkins Rotary, and even the book club.

**WE ALL NEED
TO GIVE BACK
TO HELP MAKE
THIS A BETTER
COMMUNITY.**

WORDS OF ADVICE: Each of you has a tough road ahead of you but with knowledge you'll have lots of opportunities. The business with all the drugs is important to not get messed up with. Being honest and taking responsibility for the things you do and don't do are all important.



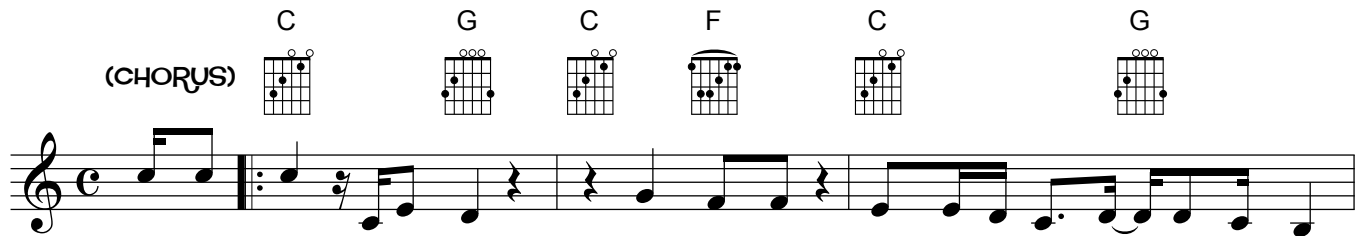
I GREW UP IN A TOWN CALLED HOPKINS

Honoring Jim Shirley

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. MCKENZIE'S
3rd GRADE CLASS OF EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

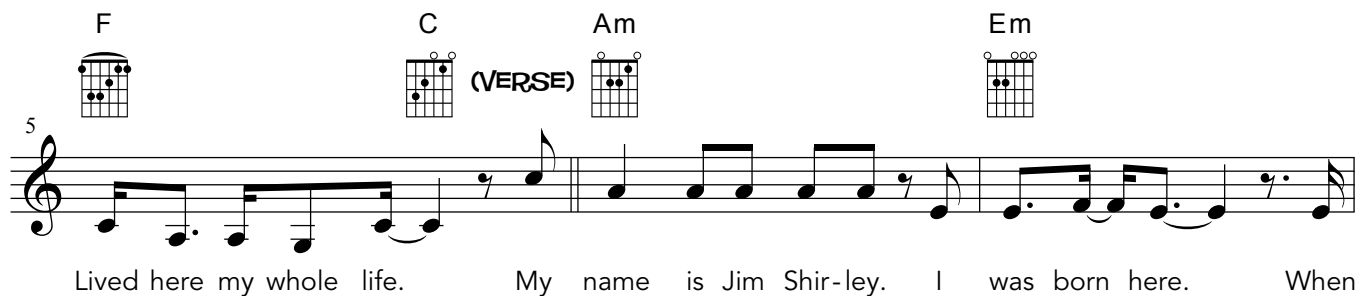
C G C F C G



I grew up in a town called Hop-kins. Long time a-go I called it home.

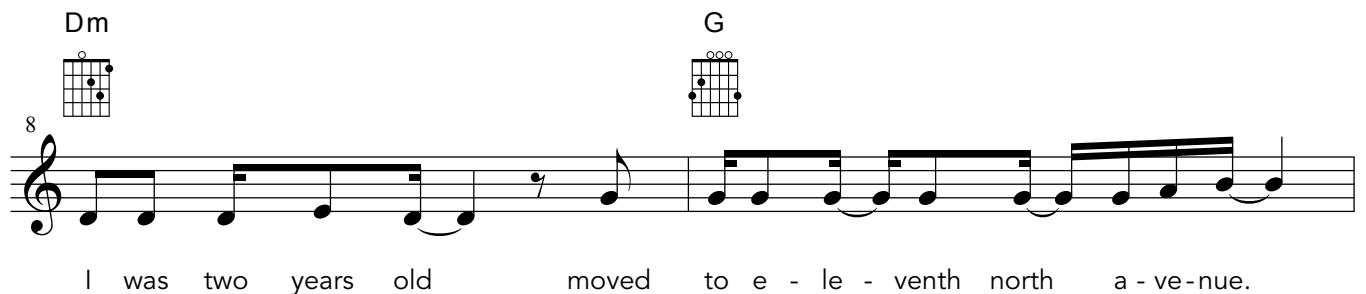
F C Am Em

(VERSE)



Lived here my whole life. My name is Jim Shir-ley. I was born here. When

Dm G



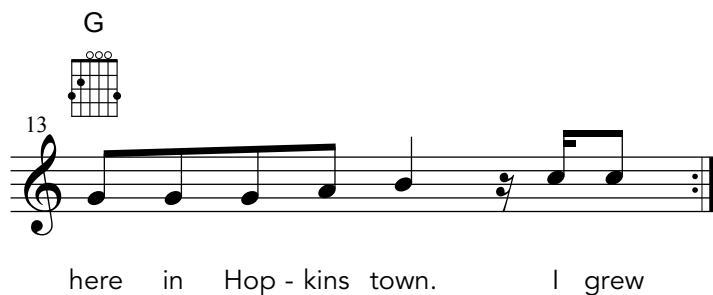
I was two years old moved to e - le - venth north a - ve - nue.

Am Em Dm



Two blocks a-way from where we are now. That's where I still live. Right

G



here in Hop - kins town. I grew



I GREW UP IN A TOWN CALLED HOPKINS

Honoring Jim Shirley

My name is Jim Shirley
I was born here
When I was two years old
Moved to 11th North
Avenue
Two blocks away
From where we are now
That's where I still live
Right here in Hopkins town
(CHORUS)

*I grew up in a town
called Hopkins
Long time ago I called
it home
Lived here my whole life*

My first grade teacher was
Alice Smith
After whom the school
Was later named
She would often wear
A purple dress
With Oxford shoes
So matronly
(CHORUS)

My Grandpa Cooper
Was the first policeman
A pretty big guy
The only officer in town
Back then it was tough
But so was he
A persuasive man
Who did not get pushed
around
(CHORUS)

There were Protestants and
Catholics
Not much in between
Except for me, raised in a
Christian Science family
Who don't believe in Adam's
Original sin
But later on
I became Lutheran
(CHORUS)

Most people worked for
Minneapolis Threshing
Machine Company
Which became Minneapolis
Moline
Lots of people came here
To work from Czechoslovakia
Plus start a little farm
Growing raspberries
(CHORUS)

A streetcar once came here
On 9th Avenue
Over a high bridge
A man came walking
When a streetcar came
He didn't know what to do
So he slid down a pole
It ripped off all his clothes
(CHORUS)

We had mixed classrooms
Multi-age
With one teacher
Who taught two grades
This was back

In World War II
With an uncle who
Never healed from those
wounds
(CHORUS)

My father work
For a bank trust
To earn a buck
Through all those years
Mother was a housewife
Took her task seriously
Cooked all the meals
Kept the house clean
(CHORUS)

Now my wife and I
Drink a cup
Of coffee
Each morning
We read the paper
Then do crosswords
It's good for us
Never too old to learn
(CHORUS)

Each of you has a tough road
Ahead of you
With lots of good
Things to do
I am so impressed
By the faces I see
In this school
In this community
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Karin McKenzie's 3RD GRADE
CLASS of EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.
(Hopkins, Minnesota)





EISENHOWER 2007





PAUL BENGSTON

All-State Wrestling Coach
and School Board Member

PAUL BENGSTON

My name is Paul Donald Bengston. I grew up in Owatonna. I was born December 3, 1933. I loved where I grew up in Owatonna. I went to grade school and high school there. Everyone who grew up in Owatonna is so proud of that town. Our door was never locked. We never took the key out of the cars. Things were safe all the time. We had to be home during mealtime. Life was different then. When you grew up back then everybody in town watched out for you.

I came from a large family. I was called Donny, my middle name, because my father's name was Paul. You can imagine living with a Tom, Jack, Dick, Donny and Sammy. We all got into trouble. My brothers and I fought all the time but also good buddies.

In upper elementary I played little league baseball. In high school I played football, basketball, wrestled, track and baseball. I was a state wrestling champion. I was a center and a linebacker in the high school team. I was the Captain of the Southern All-Stars.

I knew this girl in Owatonna. I finally had the nerve to ask her out in 11th grade. She was tall and captivating, had dark hair and was very attractive and very nice. She lived on the farm. We dated five years. I never went out with anyone else. I came home from Basic Training and proposed to my wife. She's still the one I want to be caught behind the wood shed with. We're still married today and I love her very much.

The Korean War was on and everyone got drafted. I attended college for two years and decided it was tough. I decided not go to school for four years and then get drafted. So I volunteered to be drafted. I tell people I was drafted to fight in the Battle of Fort Lewis. Fort Lewis is in Washington, which means I never served directly in Korea.

I graduated from the University of Minnesota. My first job was in Amery, Wisconsin as a history teacher and a football, track and baseball coach. After that, I went to the University Of Chicago to be a coach until I heard about this job in Hopkins. In my interview I said, "My name Donny Bengston and I heard you're looking for wrestling coach. If you hire me, we will win the state championship in five years." They were not impressed so I said, "We'll win in three years and if we don't you can fire me." They said, "Don't call us. We'll call you." Nobody called so the next morning I called the Superintendent and said, "This is Mr. Bengston." He said, "Yes. I've been waiting for your call. How quick can you get up here?"

Our team, with Gary Hoehn, Pat Marcy and bunch of those guys was good. The custodian would write on the black board, "Three years! Bye, bye Bengston." In my third year, we had eight kids for the State Wrestling Tournament and sure enough, we won the state championship!

I started the girls track program in Hopkins. We did wonderful things in Hopkins. We combined girls and boys program and changed the entire curriculum. I taught physical education, history, and health. I retired in 1992 and then I ran for the school board. I spent 13 years on the school board. The biggest contribution I made was the Lindbergh Center. I was the one who spearheaded that one issue.

I'm 73 years old. I exercise and keep my fingers crossed. I thoroughly enjoy my life. I get up in the morning and read the whole paper. I particularly like to read the editorial page. I'm very active right now. I jog around the Lindbergh Center and I lift a little weight.

WORDS OF ADVICE: If I can leave anything with you it is not to lie. If you do something wrong admit it. Try to be honest. I have a great big mantle across the fireplace. I have inscribed in German on the mantle, "to be an honest person, is to be a happy person." I think I'm an honest person. Do whatever you want to do but do it in moderation. And don't get yourself in trouble.



TO BE AN HONEST PERSON

Honoring Mr. Paul Bengstom

[CHORUS]

*To be an honest person,
Is to be a happy person,
To be an honest person,
Is to be happy, to be alive*

I grew up in Owatonna,
a town I really love
In a big family and I the
middle son
Each of us went to State
on the wrestling team
There was Jack, Tom and
Dick; me and Sammy
(CHORUS)

Let me say I was not the
best kid in my class,
I could have been a stronger
student in the past
How can you trust someone
who does not trust you
To tell a lie is something
I would never do
(CHORUS)

Let me say my brothers
and I fought a lot
The more we fought
the stronger it seemed
we got
Baseball, football,
basketball, wrestling, track
Itching for four days after
we fought
in a chigger patch
(CHORUS)

I got married to the same
girl I knew
In high school I still love her
you know I do,
She's still the one I want to
be caught with behind
The wood shed by anyone,
anywhere, anytime
(CHORUS)

After college and the army
I did go
To teach and coach at the
University of Chicago
Got homesick, heard about
a job in Hopkins town
For the interview, they said
nothing at all when I sat
down
(CHORUS)

"So what are you going to do
Bengston, if we hire you?"
"Win the State Wrestling
Championship in three
years, it's true
And if we don't, you can fire
me, on the spot."
"Well Bengston, 'Fireball,'
do you want this job
or not?"
(CHORUS)

With Gary Hoehn, Pat Marcy
and a bunch of those
good guys
The superintendent said,
"In 3 years Bengston-bye-
bye"
It's not if you win or lose
it's how you play the
game
On year 3, we took state,
what more can I say
(CHORUS)

Every person wants to learn,
from the time
They are born into this world
if only you and I,
Could unlock the secrets in
the many ways
That people learn,
we could all make a real
change
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Treiber's 3RD GRADE
CLASS of EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)





SHERI DAVIS

Teacher and School Board Member
from Harlem, NY

SHERI DAVIS

My name is Sheri Bryan Davis. I was born in New York City in the borough of Manhattan in 1947. My father drove the subway and my mother worked in payroll for the New York City Fire Department. I am the youngest of three children. I was a precision ice skater, a Girl Scout and my siblings and I took piano, ballet and tap lessons.

I went to a very integrated Catholic school through 8th grade. Then I went to a girl's Catholic high school for 9th and 10th grade where I was one of three black students. In 11th grade I went to George Washington High School, a coed, public school for students who had traveled from countries around the world. I was the Vice President of my high school class.

During high school we moved uptown to a special place called Harlem, where mostly people who were African American lived. It was the time of the Harlem Renaissance. The jazz musician Noble Sissle was my uncle. He had a jazz quartet that included Eubie Blake. He played and wrote the campaign song for Harry Truman, *I'm Just Wild About Harry*. Dinah Washington lived down the street. I remember Harry Belafonte and Adam Clayton Powell.

I was the first person in the family to go onto college. I chose to go to Florida A & M University in Tallahassee, Florida, a predominantly black college. I studied to become a teacher. I experienced so much racism in Florida. There were white and colored only water fountains in downtown Tallahassee. My family felt that if you worked hard people would accept you for who you are. I found out it wasn't always true and because of their racial bias sometimes people exclude you mainly because of your skin color.

During my freshman year I met Ron. After he graduated he came to Minnesota to be a teacher. A year later, in 1970, we got married and then I moved to Minnesota. I got my first teaching job at Horace Mann Elementary School. What I liked best about teaching was having students who came to school each day wanting and willing and prepared to learn. I also liked developing relationships with my students and their families. Some of my students honored me by giving me the June Gill Teacher Inspiration award.

Our daughter was born in 1980. During that time I had just taken a job in a Minneapolis Schools as an early childhood family education director. My husband Ron decided to run for the Hopkins school board. We worked hard campaigning and got him elected. He was the first black school board member. He was a school board member for ten years and for eight of those years he was the chairperson. He was a person who thought unselfishly about serving the entire community. In 2001 he passed away from cancer. After being on the school board for ten years they had a building named in his honor called the Ronald B. Davis Community Center.

After 30 years of being a Minneapolis teacher and administrator, I retired in 2000. In 2002 I became a Hopkins School Board member. After finishing my four-year term I retired. My mother is now living in Minnesota with me. She is 86 years old and she has Alzheimer's disease. My daughter and I are still very close. I speak in schools and all around the Twin Cities. I enjoy my life. I wear my pedometer everyday and try to get 10,000 steps of walking each day. I'm concerned about my health and want to live a healthy and happy lifestyle.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Try to get as much information about what you are learning. You have access to so many opportunities—not only the library, but also the Internet. As you access information you don't want a tidbit of information. You want as much as you can get and use it to your best advantage. You never know how that information may help you in your life's journey. I would say always be respectful to others and always be a good listener and you will go very far.



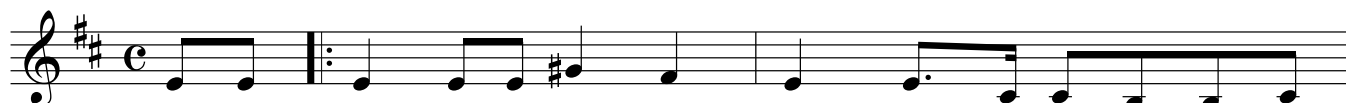
WHEN YOU WORK HARD

Honoring Sheri Davis

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MS. MCKENZIE'S
3rd GRADE CLASS OF EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

E A E



I grew up in a spe - cial place called Har - lem. There were
up with my un - cle No - ble Sis - sle, who

E B7 E



peo - ple liv - ing in my neigh - bor - hood like Di - nah Wash - ing - ton.
wrote, "I'm Just Wild A - bout Har - ry". With a sax - o - phone, bass,

A E E B7 E



Har - ry Be - la - fon - te. A - dam Clay - ton Po - well sure was good. I grew
drum and pia - no when we ga - thered as a fa - mi - ly.

AM7 A7



When you work hard you will be ac - cept - ed. That's
When you work hard you keep get - ting bet - ter and



12

D E7 A

one thing my fa - ther taught me.
bet - ter. I be - lieve. My



WHEN YOU WORK HARD

Honoring Mrs. Sheri Davis

[CHORUS]

*When you work hard you will be accepted
That's one thing my father taught me
When you work hard you keep getting better and better, I believe*

I grew up, in a special place called Harlem
There were people living in my
neighborhood

Like Dinah Washington, Harry Belafonte,
Adam Clayton Powell sure was good
I grew up with my uncle, Noble Sissle
Who wrote, "I'm Just Wild About Harry"
With a saxophone, bass, drum and piano
When we gathered as a family

(CHORUS)

My father drove the subway,
the Underground Railroad
Passed away at fifty-eight years old.
Mother worked for the New York
City Fire Department
Working on their payroll
Youngest of three, everyone graduated
from high school, except for me
Who went on to get a college education
Way down south in Tallahassee

(CHORUS)

While riding on a train from New York City
To Florida A & M University
At each stop there were students
On that train to freedom like me
And one of them I met became my husband

He was only one year ahead of me
Came to Minnesota after graduation
One year later we married

(CHORUS)

Got married in the same church
I went to in Harlem
From way back in my early days
To a selfless public servant, father, teacher
Mr. Ronald B. Davis was his name
Together we both went on to get a
master's degree, but most assuredly
The greatest thing we did together
Was to give life to Kamarrie

(CHORUS)

From the learning center he got persuaded
To join in the business world
From a scholarship fund, community center
In his name, to help boys and girls
When he passed away, I, too, got elected
Like him, to the school board
Get as much as you can from your education
When you do it will open many doors

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. McKenzie's 3RD GRADE
CLASS of EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
Hopkins, Minnesota



ROLANDA DESHIELD

Bank Teller and Liberian Civil War Survivor

ROLANDA DESHIELD

My name is Rolanda Deshield. I was born May 31 over 30 years ago in Monrovia, Liberia, located in West Africa. We had the rainy season and the dry season. I was the cutest little baby in the family. My grandmother would sew all my clothes.

Liberia is the oldest Republican country in Africa, founded in 1876 by free slaves from America. Our first President was Joseph Jenkins Roberts. The capital city is called Monrovia named after James Monroe, the American President who helped the people form the country. Our constitution is similar to American constitution. Our flag has 11 stripes and one star, which represents Monrovia.

When I was five years old I went to school. My mom was a teacher. I got to go to school every morning with my mom. I remember going to school to draw, color, sing songs and write poetry. The school was so similar to the school here. All through school I loved school. I went to a Catholic Junior High School. The teachers were nuns. It was so strict in school. I went to a Methodist High School. My family was Methodist. I then went to college and it was great. Now I took classes and made my own decisions.

After three years in school something terrible happened. We had a coup. My stepfather was the Finance Minister. When the coup took place he was arrested and put in jail. The military people executed President Tolbert. It was so sad and all of a sudden my whole life changed. We went to another city with an aunt and all that night there was shootings and killings. The only thing I had was the clothes I wore. Our home was destroyed. Everything was in chaos. That was in May of 1980. I had to leave because my country wasn't safe anymore. It became a dictatorship. There were no jails or courts anymore. The person who had power was the person with the gun. They would kill and get away with it. My mom went to the embassy of America and got us a visa. This is a travel permission to leave and enter another country.

I had to leave Liberia and come to America. I was 21. I was fortunate enough to come to Minnesota because my uncle lived here. It was cold here. I went to California and went back to school. I finished my degree. I started to work for a bank. I got married and had two boys. I stayed in California for 15 years and loved it. Then, things didn't go well. I got a divorce and left California and I came back to Minnesota. I hooked up with my high school sweetheart. Now we've been married for 12 years. My oldest son is Ricky, my younger son is called Ryan and my daughter is Renelle. My name is Rolanda. R is the pattern.

I came to work at North Junior High in Hopkins. I was hired to be their learning coordinator to work with 7, 8, and 9 grades. I helped with homework and problems. After I worked for a year a two I went back to school to Concordia. I will be a licensed ESL teacher. I'll be able to work with kids. I am so thrilled. I love making a difference in their lives.

My favorite place is Liberia. So many good things happened to me there. I hope my country will become stable where people can return home. We all want to go home and see our friends and be comfortable and safe. The U.S. wants Liberians to go home and help rebuild their country so they can be independent again. They have a democratic government. Now we have a lady President, the first female President in the continent of Africa. Still there's no electricity in the whole place. No running water. She is trying her best. She is working with people outside of Liberia to help bring all those things that the terrible people destroyed and took out.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Be kind to each other. Children need to be respectful of their adults. They need to listen to their parents and teachers and be kind to each other.



MONROVIA, LIBERIA

Honoring Rolanda DeShield

Call and Response

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. SWANSON'S
3rd GRADE CLASS OF EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)

E



(VERSE)



I was born in Mon-ro-vi-a,

Li-be-ria, West A-fri-ca.

B7



E



Cut-est lit-tle ba-by you e-ver saw.

First grand-ba-by for my grandma.

E



Grand-mo-ther she would go

to the store to look at clothes.

B7



E



Then come home and sew a dress.

Spoiled me good. I looked the best.

E



In a big house where Grand-mo-ther lived.

Aunts and un-cles and cou-sins.



B7

E

21

Three le-vel house. Nine bed - rooms.

We al-ways had room to move.

B7

E

(CHORUS)

25

Mon-ro-vi-a,

Li-be-ri-a.

What will become, what will be-come of you?



MONROVIA, LIBERIA

Honoring Rolanda DeShield

I was born in Monrovia,
Liberia, West Africa
Cutest little baby you ever saw
First grandbaby for my grandma

Grandmother she would go
To the store to look at clothes
Then come home and sew a dress
Spoiled me good, I looked the best

In a big house where Grandmother lived
Aunts and uncles and cousins
Three level house, nine bedrooms
We always had room to move

Monrovia, Liberia
What will become of you?

Founded by slaves set free
Africa's oldest democracy
From America they did come
Back to the land where they came from

Along the coast they built a home
Named it after James Monroe
With eleven stripes and one star
And a constitution a lot like ours

Where Great Great Grandfather would
Sail to America to buy goods
To bring back to sell at home
Not far from Sierra Leone

Monrovia, Liberia
What will become of you?

Went to school each day with mom
To color, draw, and sing songs
We read books like *See Dick Run*
We always had lots of fun

From Catholic School to Methodist
We wore clothes from the west
Ate Southern foods like collard greens
Fried chicken, rice and beans

Then came a military coup
Telling my people what to do
Lost our freedom, lost our rights
The whole country was in a fight

Monrovia, Liberia
What will become of you?

Military shut the school down
Took control of Monrovia town
Wasn't safe, had to leave
Mother went to the embassy

Flew to Minnesota where my uncle lives
Now I have three beautiful kids
In one week will graduate
Soon to teach in the United States

Now after years of war
Liberia studies war no more
Now they have a lady President
First in the African continent

Monrovia, Liberia
What will become of you?

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Swanson's 3RD GRADE
CLASS of EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)





ZELLA GOLDBERG

.....
Sephardic Jew from Panama and ESL Volunteer

My name is Zelia Goldberg. My last name when I was born was Fidanque. I was born in 1921. I was born to a family where my mother had 10 sisters and brothers and a father with 10 sisters and brothers. I grew up with a lot of cousins and a lot of friends. I was born in Panama, a little, tiny, narrow piece of land that connects two large pieces of land. Panama is close to the equator. It is very hot and is rainy for nine months and dry for three months.

My family's history is interesting. The Sephardic are a group of Jewish people who lived in Spain many years ago. The Jewish people lived in Spain at the same time as the Muslims and they got along very well. Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand became the rulers of Spain and didn't like the Jewish people and made them convert to another religion against their will. We are the Spanish and Portuguese Jews who left Spain during the Inquisition in 1491. We went from Portugal, to Holland, to Curaçao, and then to St. Thomas. Finally, we went to Panama during the time that the canal was to be built in 1855. They owned ships and traded with the colonies. They had to learn English for business reasons. My father and mother both spoke English when growing up. I learned Spanish first but also learned English at the same time. I have been bilingual my whole life. Makes it easier to get along in this world.

The most important thing in the Jewish religion is Tikkun Olam, which means to repair the world. The basic Jewish belief is that God put us here to do his work, to do the good. God has given us the will to be either good or bad and it's up to us to choose the right way.

My mother taught me how to read before going to school. I went to 2nd grade right away. First four years of school I went to an American school. When I was 15 years old I was sent to the States to a boarding school. All the years I spent in the states studying I never went home but three months of the year. In those days the airplanes didn't fly like now. I had to sail on a ship for six days to get from the States to Panama.

I went to college at Northwestern University. I went there for four years. Pearl Harbor was bombed in 1941. I was in college when I heard the news. I went back to Panama while World War II was going on. During WWII they had a lot of American soldiers in Panama. I met a young man who was a Major in the Army. We fell in love and got married.

When the war was over, we came back to the States. I've lived in Boston, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and even Florida. Here in Minneapolis I love to get outdoors. I love to walk around the lakes.

I have four kids, 11 grandchildren and eight great grandchildren.

Now I volunteer at the school. I have been very fortunate my whole life. I have not gone out and done great things in the community. This is one thing I can do. New immigrant children they should be in a different school system. I've learned this system is wrong because it pushes them into the next grade level so they'll know less than the year before. Some of these kids won't be able to read enough to get a job, if they can even make it through high school.

WORDS OF ADVICE: The advice I am going to give you is what your parents and teacher probably tell you. If you want to get along in the world you have to get a good education. No one can give you an education. They can help you get it. It's up to you to work at it. My greatest wish for all of you is to really find something you want to do and learn how to do it well. You have to study. You have to work for it.



TIKKUN OLAM

Honoring Zelia Goldberg

Music by LARRY LONG
 Words by LARRY LONG, MRS BELVEDERE'S and
 MRS. FRONDELL'S 3rd GRADE CLASS OF
 EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SHOOOL
 (Hopkins, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

Am C#dim7 Dm

My name is Ze - lia. I'm Se-phar - dic. Born in Pa - na - ma. A
 When I was born I spoke Spa-nish, but la - ter on I

E7 Am

lit - tle ti - ny piece of land south of Me - xi-co.
 learned En-glish. At my school in a

Am E7 Am (CHORUS)

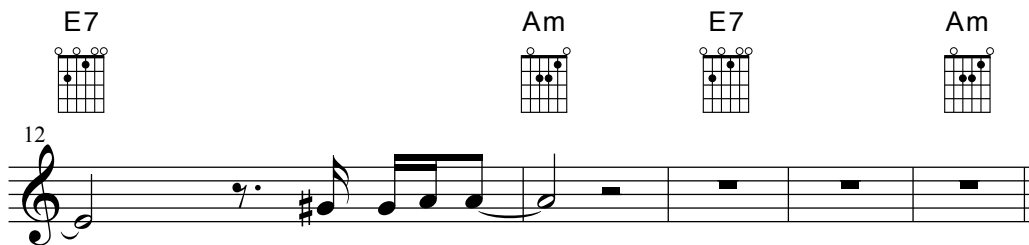
world where I be-longed. Tik-kun O-lam. Tik-kun O-lam.

G C

We must do what we can to re-pair this world.

A C# Dm

We must do what we can to re-pair this world. Tik-kun O-lam.



Tik - kun O-lam.



TIKKUN OLAM

Honoring Mrs. Zelia Goldberg

[CHORUS]

We must do what we can to repair this world

We must do what we can to repair this world

Tikkun Olam, Tikkun Olam

My name is Zelia
I am Sephardic
Born in Panama
A little tiny piece of land
South of Mexico
When I was born
I spoke Spanish
But later on
I learned English
At my school
In a world where I
belonged
Tikkun Olam, Tikkun Olam
(CHORUS)

From Portugal, Spain
Into Holland
In 1491
Either convert
We were told
Or else put on the run
King Ferdinand
Queen Isabella
The rulers of Spain
Didn't like Jews
Nor Muslims, too
We had to change our
names
Tikkun Olam, Tikkun Olam
(CHORUS)

When they built
The canal
In 1855
In Panama
My ancestors came
Leaving their old world
behind
Father and mother
Ten sisters and brothers
Family and friends
At grandmother's house
On Shabbat
To do good is to live
Tikkun Olam, Tikkun Olam
(CHORUS)

From the U.S. of A.
Soldiers came
To Panama in World War II
A young G.I.
Caught my eye
What else could I do
But marry him
We had four kids
Eleven grandchildren, too
Plus five great grandkids
Who all now live
In America with you
Tikkun Olam, Tikkun Olam
(CHORUS)

Now I volunteer
Year after year
For children who can barely
speak
To somebody else
In need of help
To understand English
I have not done
Great things in my life
But this is one thing
I can do
God put us here
To do His work
With a free will to choose
Tikkun Olam, Tikkun Olam
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Belvedere's & Mrs. Frondell's
3RD GRADE CLASS of EISENHOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Hopkins, Minnesota)



FAIR 2006



MELISANDE CHARLES

Arts Commissioner, Muralist,
Clothing Designer and Trauma Survivor

MELISANDE CHARLES

My name is Melisande Charles. I arrived on Earth June 28, 1931. My father came from Holland when he was 20. He met my mother in Los Angeles. They were married when the depression hit. My father worked as a composer at a movie studio but lost his job during this period. I lived on a five-acre ranch with my three sisters and aunt while my parents went off to New York City for other work. We lived on their ranch until our parents came back. I lived in New York City for many years after that.

I went to public and private school. When I decided to become a visual artist my parents were very supportive. I became an art student at the Brooklyn City Art School. It was an exciting time in New York City. I was part of the art league at age sixteen and by nineteen I was at the Brooklyn Museum. I then lived in Mexico for two years to study mural painting.

A couple of years after that I got married. I continued to work as an artist and proceeded to have three children: Rachel, Alexandria, and Justine. I went to Mexico again with my children for two years. They went to a Spanish-speaking school and learned to speak it fluently. I bought and dyed wool for rugs and designed clothes to make a living.

After two years I came back with my children to the United States. I became the executive director for an art center in New York. It had a gallery and I got all of the schools in the area to be involved so they would have shows there. It became one of the premiere art centers in that part of the country.

I came to Minneapolis to be executive for the arts commission, for the city. We mounted a laser show on top of the IDS building. The problem was that people came into the city and turned all of the lights on in the building so on the first night we couldn't see the lasers. The newspapers called me a fraud. The next night, though, was perfect for the laser show. Creating a web of light was one of the more exciting things I ever did!

When I left the arts commission I thought I'd go back as an artist. I was then hired to run the Minnesota Dance Theater. From there I went back into animation. I always wanted to do moving paintings. I became very interested in computers. The computer at that time was really big and really loud. It wasn't like computers today.

Then one day I was in an automobile accident while coming home from work. I got out of the car and everything seemed to be okay. I kept going downhill, though, for a month. I ended up in the hospital in a coma, which was the end of my working life. I essentially was not expected to live; now here I am. They say I am a miracle. It took a lot of work to come back to where I am today. In order to recover I took a long trip visiting old friends around the United States. I came back to Minneapolis and began to live my life as an artist. I have been doing that for three years, painting and working on the computer.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Follow your hearts. Find out what is inside of you that you love that you most like to do. Don't let anyone tell you who to be and what to be. The best thing in life is to be pleased with what you do and where you are going.

**DON'T LET
ANYONE TELL
YOU WHO TO BE
AND WHAT
TO BE . . .**



FOLLOW YOUR HEART

Honoring Melisande Charles

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MS. ISAKSON'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)

(CHORUS) 






Fol-low your heart. Find out what's in-side of you. Fol-low your heart.





Be pleased with what you do. Fol-low your heart. Don't let

  (VERSE)



a-ny-one tell you what to be. Fol-low your heart. Fol-low your heart.





Ar-rived on earth June twen-ty-eighth, nine-teen thir-ty-one.



Em



My fa-ther came here as a young man all the way from Hol-land.

Em



He met my mo-ther in Los An - ge - les when the De - pres - sion hit.



My fa-ther was a com - po - ser. Lost his job. Made the best of it. Fol-low your heart.



FOLLOW YOUR HEART

Honoring Melisande Charles

Arrived on Earth June twenty-eighth
Nineteen thirty-one
My father came here as a young man
All the way from Holland
He met my mother in Los Angeles
When the depression hit
My father was a composer
Lost his job, made the best of it

(CHORUS)

Follow your heart
Find out what's inside of you
Follow your heart
Be pleased with what you do
Follow your heart
Don't let anyone tell you what to be
Follow your heart
Follow your heart

When I was ten-years old
Studied how to paint signs
Intrigued by the letters of
Space within and outside
Studied with Max Beckman
Made murals in Mexico
The real beauty of drawing
Is to take you beyond what you know

(CHORUS)

Got married then divorced
Three children on my own
Weaving rugs on the loom
Back down in Mexico
Came back north to New York

Weaving threads of community
From orchestras to potters
From poets to dance companies

(CHORUS)

To Minneapolis I soon came
Where I organized
For the arts commission
The whole citywide
Take a risk, take a chance
It may not turn out right
But if you do, I'm telling you
You can weave a web of light

(CHORUS)

Then one day while driving home
A man slammed into me
I was not expected to live
All I was I could not be
It took work, a miracle
Took a ride on that train
To all the close ones I know
That trauma I overcame

(CHORUS)

Weaving life with a camera
Taking one photo every day
Connecting threads of memory
In my own way
You are important
Be what you want to be
Stick to it and do it
And you will be happy

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Isakson's 4TH GRADE
CLASS of FAIR SCHOOL.
(Crystal, Minnesota)





LILLIAN JOHNSON

School Librarian and Daughter
of Immigrants from Canton, China

LILLIAN JOHNSON

My name is Lillian Johnson. I was born in Galesburg, Illinois on July 3, 1950. I was the first American-born member in the family. My parents were born in Canton, China. It's right across the water from Hong Kong. My dad came to this country as a teenager. I had to explain a lot to my parents because they didn't understand American culture. My family motto is: *Work hard and don't get in trouble!* If I heard "Don't get in trouble!" once, I heard it a thousand times.

I spoke nothing but Chinese until I was four or five. When I started hanging out with other kids I learned English and dropped the Chinese. I could think in Chinese but couldn't speak it anymore. That is something I regret. My parents spoke nothing but Chinese in our home.

By the time I got to junior high I had a large circle of friends. I was a cheerleader then. I remember having to explain to my parents what cheerleading was. In junior high I experienced my first milestone. A milestone is when something happens to you and you remember where you were at in that moment. President Kennedy was shot. I was in a class and heard about his assassination. For days after that I watched it happen over and over and over again on television.

I went to Western Illinois University, which was an hour away from home. It was there I experienced for the first time being treated differently in life. Although we were the only Chinese kids growing up in our school, I always felt like an American. I never felt different, perhaps unique, but it wasn't until college I felt different. The English teacher treated me as if I couldn't speak English. I never said much. I thought possibly it could be to my advantage to have her think this way or possibly I should speak up and let her know I could speak English.

After I left Western Illinois, I came back to Galesburg and went to work for the Illinois Power Company. I did that for ten years. Within that time I got married. The man I married was a friend in high school. We moved to Minnesota in 1984. I had a job working for the city of Edina. I did their water and sewer bills. After a couple of years my daughter Alex was born, in 1987. I decided to stay home with her after she was born. I got to share her childhood and kind of experience childhood again.

I never got interested in Chinese culture until I was an adult, when I read a book from Chinese authors. The books reminded me of my childhood and family. America is a melting pot. It's easy to come to this country and assimilate. I have never gone to China, but I would like to go. My mother has never been back since she came here. For some reason she's always been afraid to go back. I would like to experience that with her.

I'm the library clerk at FAIR School. I do all the physical work to maintain your library. My favorite part about being a librarian is finding out what children are interested in reading and finding out what you want. It's also introducing new things to the children.

WORDS OF ADVICE: What has enriched my life has always been to have a creative outlet. When you have that outlet you experience a passion for something. Sometimes it gets you through difficult times and gives you a lot of joy. My advice to you is to find your passion and learn from it and practice it.

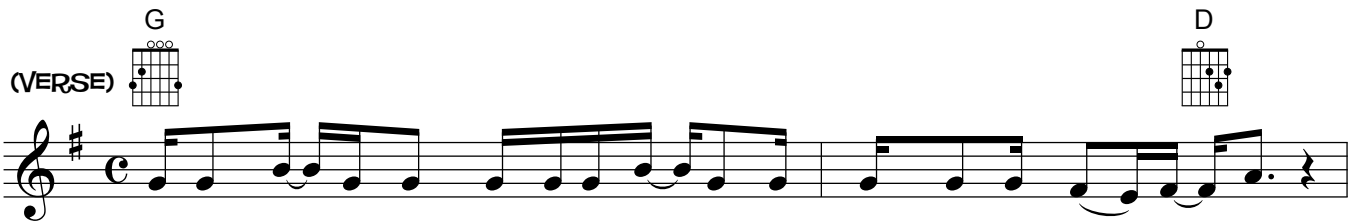


WHEN YOU HAVE A PASSION

Honoring Lillian Johnson

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. VALME'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)

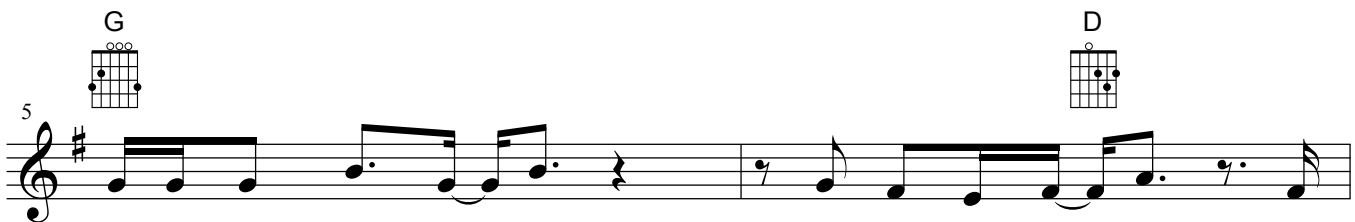
(VERSE)



I was born in Gales-burg, Il-li-nois. In the home-town of Carl Sand-berg



and George Fer-ris who in-ven-ted the Fer-ris wheel.

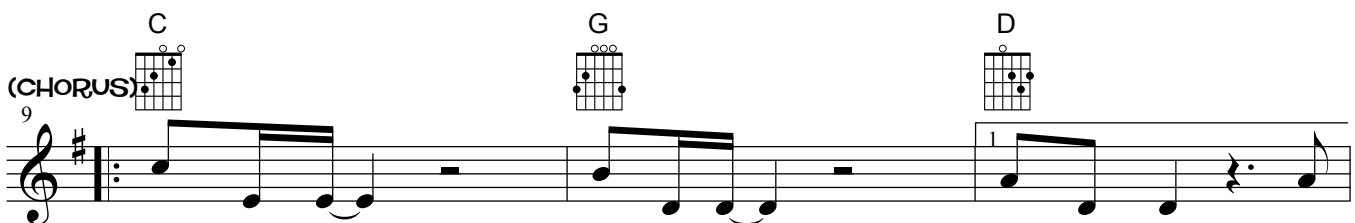


My pa-rents both were born In Can-ton, Chi-na, a-



cross the wa-ter from Hong Kong. Dad came here as a teen-a-ger.

(CHORUS)



When you have a passion for some-thing, it
Learn from it. Prac-tice it.



12

gets you through. It will al - ways be there for you.

GETS YOU THROUGH...
 HAVE A PASSION FOR
 WHEN YOU
 SOMETHING IT

WHEN YOU HAVE A PASSION

Honoring Lillian Johnson

[CHORUS]

*When you have a passion / For something
It gets you through
Learn from it / Practice it
It will always be there for you*

I was born in Galesburg,
Illinois
In the hometown of Carl
Sandberg
And George Ferris who
invented
The Ferris wheel
My parents both were born
In Canton, China
Across the water from Hong
Kong
Dad came here as a teenager
(CHORUS)

Then went back to meet my
mom
Wasn't long until they married
When they did my brother
born
Had to stay with family
All because immigration law
Would not accept my brother
It wasn't 'til I was five-years
old
He could come over
(CHORUS)

I spoke nothing but Chinese
Until I learned English
And when I did I dropped
Chinese
Which later I regretted
My family owned a restaurant
Neighbors owned a laundry

Work hard. Don't get in
trouble
Was my family's motto
(CHORUS)

In grade school I always vied
To get the best grades in my
classroom
It was between this girl and I
Who didn't care for
gymnastics
Because of that I always won
Good to be well rounded
Except for boys I did not
enjoy
Touching them when square
dancing
(CHORUS)

The funny thing about TV
I recall now that I'm older
Running to get my mom
When I saw a Chinese
person
On TV it was rare
To see someone Chinese
in the movies
I guess like you, like
everyone
Wants to be included
(CHORUS)

In high school only boys
Could play sports when I
was younger

If a girl you took home-ec
Tried out to be a cheerleader
When I did a coach came in
To explain it to my father
Because my mom and my
dad
Didn't understand American
culture
(CHORUS)

I never felt different
Until I went to college
When a teacher treated me
Like I could not speak
English
I thought possibly it could be
Used to my advantage
But instead I spoke up
And said, "I am American!"
(CHORUS)

In 6th grade I was picked
To work in the library
Which prepared me for
today
Working with you children
Finding out what you like
to read
Helping you discover
There is so much to learn
In this world of wonder
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG and Mrs. Valme's 4TH GRADE
CLASS of FAIR SCHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)





GARY & MARY JEAN SAMPSON

.....

Minnesota Couple, Descendants
of Polish Immigrants

GARY & MARY JEAN SAMPSON

My name is Mary Jean Sampson and I was born in 1935 in a small town in Minnesota. My mother was Polish. During the holidays we'd have a lot of Polish foods like poppy-seed coffee cake and Polish sausage. We would always sing together. When I was a little girl my mom taught me to sing Polish songs. I think a lot of my wonderful hobbies came from the Polish side of my family.

My name is Gary Sampson and I was born in 1934. I also grew up in a small town in Minnesota. The total population was 1,000 people. I went to St. Peter's Elementary School. It was a parochial school. We had to walk from the farm a mile and a half to get to that school. I went there for eight years.

I was born at a farm ten miles from where Mary was born. Never knew her or any of the people in her school. Our nearest neighbor was about a half mile away. We got to town only once a week to buy groceries. There was a truck that came around to deliver milk.

I thought it was an advantage to go to a one-room schoolhouse. If they were doing arithmetic on the blackboard in the upper grades, the rest of us were in the same room to learn it also. If you were in the first grade you could see eight grades of arithmetic being done.

If you were a farm kid you were needed at home to do chores. They started pretty early at five in the morning. Twenty to twenty-five cows to milk, and it had to be done by hand. We didn't have electricity, indoor plumbing, or indoor water. When I was a fourth-grader the World War was going on. The world was very focused on the war. We had a scrap drive and we gathered scrap metals and had a big cart to put it all in.

In high school I met my husband. When I finished high school I went to college and became a nurse. We married while Gary was still a college student. We were 22 and had children right away. We have been married 48 years and we have four children and ten grandchildren. I was a stay-at-home mom and loved it. I was there every-day when they came home from school.

When our children were a little older, I went to work as a nurse in the operating room. I love my profession. Through all those years, I sang in a community chorus. I kept involved in my interest in music and I play a lot of golf.

When I was in the Navy I was the one who did the clerical work. We had our own court system with the ship. The higher-ranking officers listened to the testimony of a person charged with committing a crime. I had to type it up for it to be part of the record.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Love your school days. Love all the wonderful people you meet in your school. Take advantage of all the wonderful things available to you. Think of others and what motivates them. Just be satisfied to be happy with yourself.

We hope to pass down our good habits. Every family has good things and bad things. Hope the good things pass on to our grandkids and our children. Hope they love the similar things that we do. We can enjoy those things.



TO GIVE OF YOURSELF

Honoring Gary & Mary Jean Sampson




(call and response)

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. VALME'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)




(VERSE)




Born on a farm with a wood stove. Each day we would walk down a long dirt



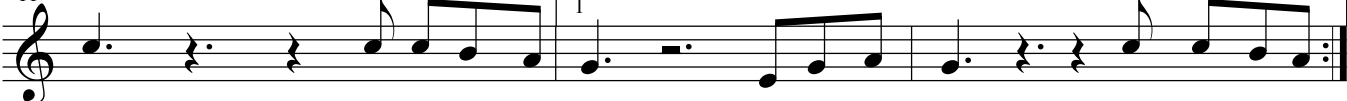


road to the school house. All grades in one room. Af-ter the






(CHORUS)



chores we had more work to do. To give of your self. To al-ways be
else. In all that you



there. To to-tal - ly give. To al-ways care for some-bo-dy
do. In all that you



give. I give to you.



TO GIVE OF YOURSELF

Honoring Gary & Mary Jean Sampson

[CHORUS]

*To give of yourself
To always be there
To totally give
To always care
For somebody else
In all that you do
In all that you give
I give to you*

Born on a farm
With a wood stove
Each day we would walk
Down a long dirt road
To the school house
All grades in one room
After the chores
We had more work to do
(CHORUS)

I sang in the choir
In the 6th grade
I played the pipe organ
In church on Sundays
I played the flute
In the High School band
Together we walked
Through life hand in hand
(CHORUS)

We fell in love
When school was done
After the Navy
We married young
The children were born

We were both twenty-two
After they came
We had more work to do
(CHORUS)

While one of us worked
The other stayed home
The children we raised
Soon they were grown
There's nothing on Earth
Greater than love
We are so proud
Of our daughters and sons
(CHORUS)

Sara and John
Jordan and Jake
Angelia
Granddaughter Kate
Mia and Jill
Carter, Matthew
All our grandchildren
We're there for you
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Valme's 4TH GRADE
CLASS of FAIR SCHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)





VALERIE VALME

.....
Fashion Designer from Jamaica

VALERIE VALME

Hello, my name is Valerie Valme. I was born in Kingston, Jamaica, July 2, 1951. My parents were divorced. My mom was a nurse in Jamaica but went to England with her new husband, and dad migrated to the United States. There were three of us left: my brother, myself and a younger sister. We were raised by my very strict but loving grandparents. I had a happy childhood.

Although we would be considered poor, we never thought of ourselves as poor. We felt more fortunate than others around us. Our parents, who had migrated, sent money to support the family. My grandfather worked and grandmother had a business outside the home.

As children, we would invent and make our own concerts. Kids would come over and one would be a singer. Someone else would recite a poem. I would have a fashion show with dolls, because I always had a love for clothing and fabric.

Our food staple is rice. We eat things like plantains, which are like bananas. We eat codfish, cooked with ackee, which is both a fruit and a vegetable. That is our national dish. The fruits in Jamaica are like nothing you've ever heard of here.

Before going to bed my grandparents would sit us down and ask, "What do you want to be?" My sister wanted to be a doctor. My brother moved from being a pilot to a teacher. Mine would change every night. I loved to make clothing for my dolls. That wasn't looked upon well by my family. They didn't see it as being a designer, but as a seamstress slaving over a machine. My grandmother and grandfather wanted titles like doctors, lawyers, teachers or nurses.

Everyone was encouraged to get an education. Some children, who did not have electricity or kerosene at home, would study under the streetlights at night to do their homework. As far back as I can remember I never cared much for school. It was not uncommon to be spanked by the teacher if you did something wrong in school. You wouldn't want to go back and tell your parents because you'd get another spanking.

I lived in Jamaica until age 13. I migrated to the U.S. and it was a different experience. I flew from Kingston to Miami as a port of entrance. Everything seemed much larger to me. As I started to settle in it was different.

When I came here some American black people said "you talk funny." I feel when I came here I was more accepted by white people who didn't accept their own black people from their own country. I have had white people tell me, "You're from Jamaica, so you're not black." The black people resented me for being a stranger, coming in and being more accepted than they were. This is their country also.

After graduating from college, I went back to live in Jamaica for a year. I wanted Tamara, my daughter, to be brought up there. Because I had left the country and came back, some people there see me as a traitor in a way. I lived there for a year and decided to come back to the U.S.

Now, I live in the same house as my daughter and her husband and my granddaughter. It's like the Jamaican tradition. When my granddaughter was born I took a year off from my job to be with her.

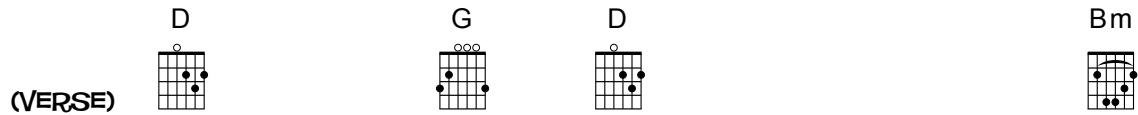
WORDS OF ADVICE: It's so important to respect yourself, so you can be respected. It's important to appreciate what you have. You have a lot to be thankful for and to give back. There isn't the need for expensive material things. You don't seem to miss those things when there is love in the family.



IN A LOVING FAMILY

Honoring Valerie Valme

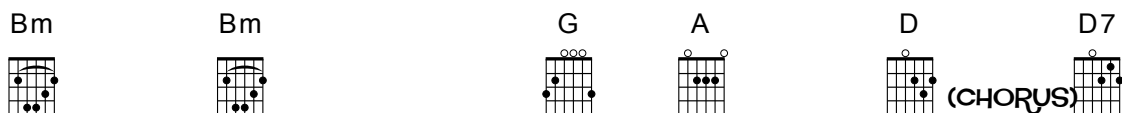
Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. NORDSLETTEN-SODERSTORM'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)



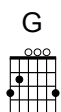
I was born in King-ston, Ja-ma - i - ca. I will give you a lit-tle back-ground. My
Three of us left be-hind, bro-ther, self, and youn - ger sister.



pa - rents came to the States when I was two years
We were raised by my Grand - pa - rents. They were strict, but I grew

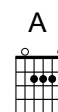
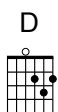


old. up in a lo-ving fa - mi - ly Res -



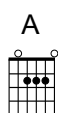
pect is what we have to show to the el - ders and each o - ther. Ap -





12

pre - ci - ate all you have, so says this mom, grand-mo-ther.



15



IN A LOVING FAMILY

Honoring Valerie Valme

[CHORUS]

*Respect is what we have to show
To the elders and each other
Appreciate all you have
So says this mom, grandmother*

I was born in Kingston,
Jamaica
I will give you a little
background
My parents came to the
states
When I was two-years old
Three of us left behind
Brother, self, and younger
sister
We were raised by my
grandparents
They were strict, but I grew
up
In a loving family
(CHORUS)

Before going to bed
Grandmother would set us
down
Asking us what we wanted
to be
Doctor, lawyer, nurse, or
teacher
We were part of the British
Commonwealth at that time
Where the people labored
As servants or farmers
In a loving family
(CHORUS)

Some had electricity
But all had determination

Each of us we were told
To get an education
Some did homework under
the lights
On the streets in the
evening
When the power it went out
We would laugh and tell
stories
In a loving family
(CHORUS)

Grandfather worked in a
shipyard
Grandmother never
graduated
She had good taste and
manners
She was self-educated
Because of her I fell in love
With fabric and clothing
Because of her I fell in love
With fashion designing
In a loving family
(CHORUS)

Grandmother so intent
Not to be poor Jamaicans
Raised us to be Anglican
Above our class distinction
Our bloodline goes way
back
To the slave rebellion

Our ancestors the Maroons
Gave courage like Bob
Marley
In a loving family
(CHORUS)

When I migrated to the
states
There weren't many people
Who knew about from
where I came
I was teased, alienated
Then I met people who
Traveled, or from Jamaica
Got married, now we share
Tamara, beautiful daughter
In a loving family
(CHORUS)

Now I live with my
daughter's
Family in Minnesota
Where I am near to help
them
Raise up my dear
granddaughter
It has been a dream of mine
To fulfill life's expectation
Passed on by my
Grandmother
To guide each generation
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Nordsletten-
Soderstrom's 4TH GRADE CLASS of FAIR SCHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)



SHIRLEY WASHINGTON

New Orleans Ninth Ward Commissioner
and Hurricane Katrina Survivor

SHIRLEY WASHINGTON

My name is Mrs. Shirley Washington, and I was born December 19th, 1929, in New Orleans. I come from a good family. The way they brought me up is the way I brought my children up. My mother was a housewife and father provided for us. I was raised with a family of ten. I'm used to being around a lot of sisters and brothers and I had ten kids myself.

My grandfather was a black man and my grandmother was a Cajun white woman. I was raised in the days of segregation. When I was a child on the bus, we had to sit behind a screen. The white people would sit in front of us. If a person who was white wanted the seat you were sitting in, you had to move. Then they would move the screen farther back for you to sit behind.

I met my husband when I was a young girl taking a message to him from an older girl on the block. He was seven years older than me. After he went in the service in World War II, he started writing to me. I wrote back. We married in 1946 and stayed together until he died in 1982.

New Orleans? That was my home. I liked everything about that city. We lived a good piece from the French Quarter. As the children grew up I went into politics. I am a commissioner for the city and help with elections and any other political events they have. You have a voice when you are registered voter.

I'm a Hurricane Katrina survivor. I got scared because water was up on the porch. I watched how the wind was blowing the trees. When I got up the next morning I saw tree limbs and other things blown all over the streets. The cars couldn't pass. I saw my car was underwater.

The water went up seven feet at my mother's house. The dining room table was trying to make it into the bedroom. Her TV was floating around on the floor. CNN was flying all around the house. I saw a big ship coming down the water. They picked us up in the boat and took us straight down to Napoleon and St. Charles streets.

There were busses coming to take us to Houston. We rode so long, way into the night. In Houston they started complaining that they didn't have any room for us. So we were taken on further. They wanted to take us to Dallas but they said they didn't want us either. So I just got off the bus.

It's a hurting thing to leave the place that you love. I brought my kids up there. I've seen the ups and downs there. My grandchildren really want to be in New Orleans. They talk about it every night. They wonder when I'm going back.

IT'S A HURTING
THING TO LEAVE
THE PLACE
THAT YOU LOVE.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Stay in school and make sure you learn your lessons and pay attention to your teacher, and you will always come out ahead. It used to be that everybody wasn't on an equal level. Everybody is looking to thrive in this world. You need an education for everything you do.



WHAT WILL BECOME OF NEW ORLEANS TOWN

Honoring Shirley Washington

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. MUSTA'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

Bm A

My name is Shir-ley Wash-ing - ton. From the 9th

4 Bm Bm

Ward I do come from a good fa - mi -

7 A Bm (CHORUS)

ly. Way down south in New Or - leans. The le-vee

10 G D A

broke. The rain came down. What will be - come New Or-leans

13 Bm

town? It was my



WHAT WILL BECOME OF NEW ORLEANS TOWN

Honoring Shirley Washington

[CHORUS]

*The levee broke
The rain came down
What will become
Of New Orleans town*

My name is Shirley Washington
From the 9th Ward I do come
From a good family
Way down south in New Orleans

(CHORUS)

It was my home. Loved everything there
Zydeco, Hip-Hop, Jazz, Blues filled the air
When that barge hit, that levee fell
The lives lost, none can tell

(CHORUS)

My grandfather he was black
He refused to step on back
My grandmother was Cajun white
Together they gave us life

(CHORUS)

The water rose seven feet
Sewage spilled out on the street
Saw it rise, had to go
Jumped in a boat to the Superdome

(CHORUS)

Fled to Georgia, got relief
Money for shelter, food to eat
Moved up north. Live with my son
And grandchildren, I do love

(CHORUS)

Keep on going never stop
Always give thanks for what you got
Family and friends are there for you
Together we will make it through

(CHORUS)

BROKE . . . THE RAIN
CAME DOWN THE LEVEE

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mr. Muata's 4TH GRADE
CLASS of FAIR SCHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)







NAOMI GOEDERT

Keeper of Okinawan Traditions
and Bridge Builder for Peace

NAOMI GOEDERT

My name is Naomi Goedert. I was born in April 1966, in Okinawa, Japan. I am half American and half Okinawan. My mother was a World War II survivor. She lost her parents, her grandmother, and four siblings in the war. On the island of Japan you see a lot of memorials. But in Japanese education curriculum they don't teach the students about the war. The government doesn't want to talk about it. But in Okinawan schools they teach what really happened. The Okinawans who live on the island and who survived the war don't want the children to forget.

The popular form of karate now is from Okinawa. It came to Okinawa from China in the 1600s or 1700s. From Okinawa it went all over the world. In Okinawan culture we also have Taiko drums. We use them in the Obon ceremony. On Obon the Okinawans believe that our ancestors will visit the family for three days. On the first day the spirits will come into the house, and we have a big party with a lot of food and dancing. By the third day we have to send the spirits back. So we dance from house to house in the town all night long. Some will play the sanshin, which is a three-stringed guitar, like a banjo with a really high pitch. And some play the Taiko drums while girls dance behind them.

When I started school, kids recognized I was different from them. They teased me because of what I looked like and the language I spoke. I talked to my mother and she said, "They tease you because you have something they don't have. No matter how they are mean to you or tease you, just be kind to them." When I was growing up I was really confused. I didn't know if I was Japanese, Okinawan or American because I looked in the mirror and looked different than everyone else. But once you understand yourself more, you love yourself more and you know who you are.

In Okinawa I thought America was one big family. But it's like I tell my daughters, "Even families fight." One time at the store my girls and I heard an American cashier say really bad things about a Korean customer. This Korean lady was so old, and she didn't speak any English so they couldn't communicate. The cashier's line was long and she was frustrated because the Korean lady was slow. So the cashier said negative comments and cursed in front of me and my kids. My girls and I were shocked. That's the first time that they actually heard people saying those kinds of things.

When I was young, I liked to wear black or darker clothes. But since I moved here, I started wearing more color. I missed the color in my country. Back home we see so many colors in art and nature. I love to be surrounded by it and I think other people do as well. It's okay to be different colors on the outside because as long as we are all red on the inside then we are the same. The U.S. has so many different cultures here. Everybody is different and that gives us something to talk about. But I do miss Okinawa. Okinawa made me who I am now. No matter where I live I will be Okinawan.

**THE OKINAWANS
WHO SURVIVED
THE WAR
DON'T WANT
THE CHILDREN
TO FORGET.**

WORDS OF ADVICE: Like I say to my kids too, even families fight. The parents and kids fight. Parents sometimes fight. It's just a little thing. So it's hard to be one family, but hopefully as a family [we] can get a little more closer.



OKINAWA

Honoring Mrs. Naomi Goedert

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. HUDSON'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

B \flat Cm A \flat Cm B \flat Cm A \flat Cm

O - ki - na-wa, peace on this earth. O-ki - na-wa, the place I was born O-ki

B \flat Cm A \flat Cm Fm

(VERSE)

na - wa, the place I was born My name is Na-o-mi. I was born

Fm E \flat Cm Fm Fm E \flat

in O-ki-na - wa, Ja-pan. My mo-ther sur-vived World War II. My

G7

fa - ther was A - me - ri - can. O - ki



OKINAWA

Honoring Mrs. Naomi Goedert

[CHORUS]

Okinawa

Peace on this Earth

Okinawa

The place I was born

My name is Naomi
I was born In Okinawa, Japan
My mother survived World War II
My father was American

(CHORUS)

Where everybody knew, everybody else
There was some teasing going on
Because my skin was a different shade
I had to be strong

(CHORUS)

Some kids would ask, "Why is your nose
so tall and your eyes so brown?"
Most everybody there looked the same
How could I stand my ground

(CHORUS)

My mother said,
"They tease you because
You have something they don't have
No matter how mean they are to you
Be kind and don't treat them bad."

(CHORUS)

It was safe. I could go anywhere
I wasn't afraid of the dark
Down by the river. Down in the woods
All day playing in the park

(CHORUS)

When my brother married
and he the first son
They moved into my parent's house
It was tiny. Where could I go?
So I had to move out

(CHORUS)

That's when I met, my husband to be
He, was a Marine
We would walk, down to the beach
Later, he proposed to me

(CHORUS)

We moved to the United States
Where, he had family
Now we have beautiful daughters
Skye and Miyabi

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Hudson's 4TH GRADE
CLASS at FAIR School
(Crystal, Minnesota)





BEVERLY JACKSON

African American Foster Parent and Mentor

BEVERLY JACKSON

My name is Beverly Jackson. I was born June 21, 1928. I'm the youngest of ten. I have four brothers and five sisters. The majority of my life was spent in the hospital or convalescent home. A convalescent home is a place where you go when you are recuperating from an illness. I was born with a heart condition; had to make sure I didn't over-exert myself. I wasn't able to play. A lot of the time I had pain in my joints and bones. When I started having pain, I would go to the convalescent home to be just in a bed. I got to read books but there was no TV. I would have visitors that would come.

I loved to walk. My sister and Mary Jane would walk to the capitol and lie on the grass and look up at the sky and would daydream; wish upon things we would like to have. My sisters taught me how to play jacks. Those were the two main things. Sometimes we would catch a bus and would just ride. We didn't have a lot of money. It wasn't like being able to hop in the car and go on the bus and shop at the mall. A lot of the things we did were free things. We jumped rope a lot and did roller-skating. Because of my illness, I would have to tone it down. I could do it for a little while and would have to stop.

Making the right choices is the most important thing in life—listening to someone and paying attention—when mom asks you to do something you have a choice. You can either do what mom says or not do what mom says. You make choices every day at school. You choose to pay attention and choose to be a friend. It's either a good choice or a bad choice. If you have a bad habit—making a bad choice—you are not happy. We all have choices to make. Either way will make us happy or not happy.

In 1992 my husband and I moved up here to Minneapolis, Minnesota to take care of our two granddaughters. We started doing foster care and loved it so much we adopted three children. While doing foster care we lost two members of the family: my husband and daughter. Though I was sad, the choice of adoption made us happy.

While doing foster care, I've had dozens of kids. Foster kids can stay for up to ten years. I love it because I love kids. I love to sit down and read to them. I love to take them for walks and go outside. I like to look at the ants. I would show them how the ants like to walk around. I tell them, "Don't step on the ants. Watch those little things. God made them." They need that one-on-one time and getting close to nature. It's beautiful.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Make the right choices. I think that is the most important thing in life. It's either a good choice or a bad choice. Either way will make us happy or not happy.

MAKING THE RIGHT CHOICES IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN LIFE



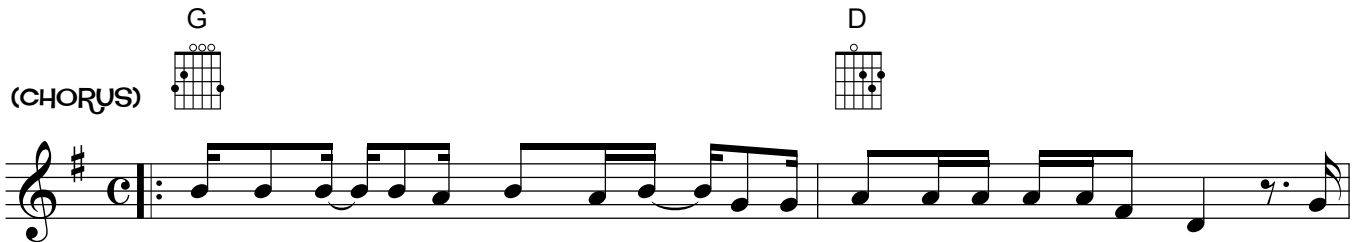
YOU ARE SO VERY BLESSED AND LUCKY

Honoring Mrs. Beverly Jackson

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. VALME'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)

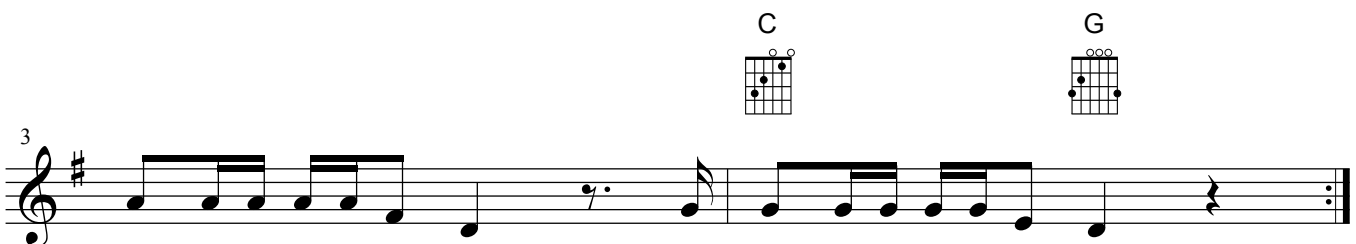
(CHORUS)

G D



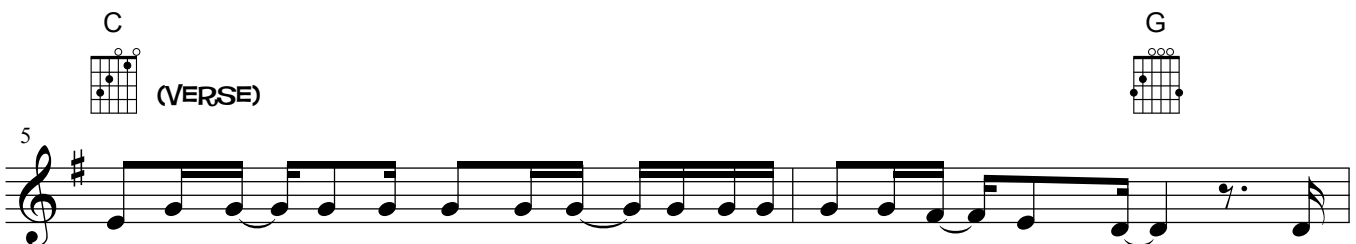
You are so ve-ry blessed and lu - cky to have such a beau-ti-ful school, to

C G



have such a beau-ti - ful school, to have such a beau-ti - ful school.

C (VERSE) G



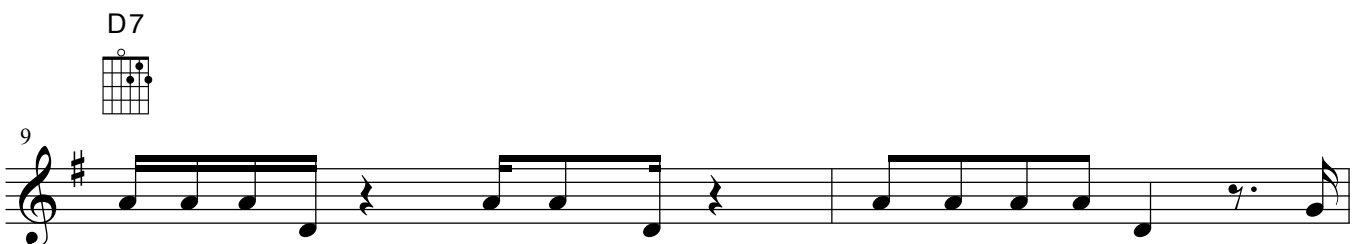
I grew up with a heart con-di - tion in a con-va-les - cent home. I

C G D



could not play. I had pain in my joints and bones.


D7



Lay - ing in bed. Read - ing books. There was no T. V. I




11



hat - ed it when my fa - mi - ly had to get up and leave.

G





YOU ARE SO VERY BLESSED AND LUCKY

Honoring Mrs. Beverly Jackson

[CHORUS]

*You are so very blessed and lucky
To have such a beautiful school*

I grew up with a heart condition
In a convalescent home
I could not play. I had pain
In my joints and bones
Laying in bed. Reading books
There was no TV
I hated it when my family
Had to get up and leave
(CHORUS)

With big huge doors for the patients
Who could not get up and walk
They pushed my bed to the patio
To get fresh air and talk
Listening to the wind blow
Through the branches and trees
On those beautiful grounds
Where the birds, would sing so sweetly
(CHORUS)

When I got well I came home
To the other side of the tracks
To the river bottoms where we lived
With folks brown, red, white, and black
My brothers would fish,
then come home

With carp and buffalo
Skin them down in Des Moines town
And fry them up at home
(CHORUS)

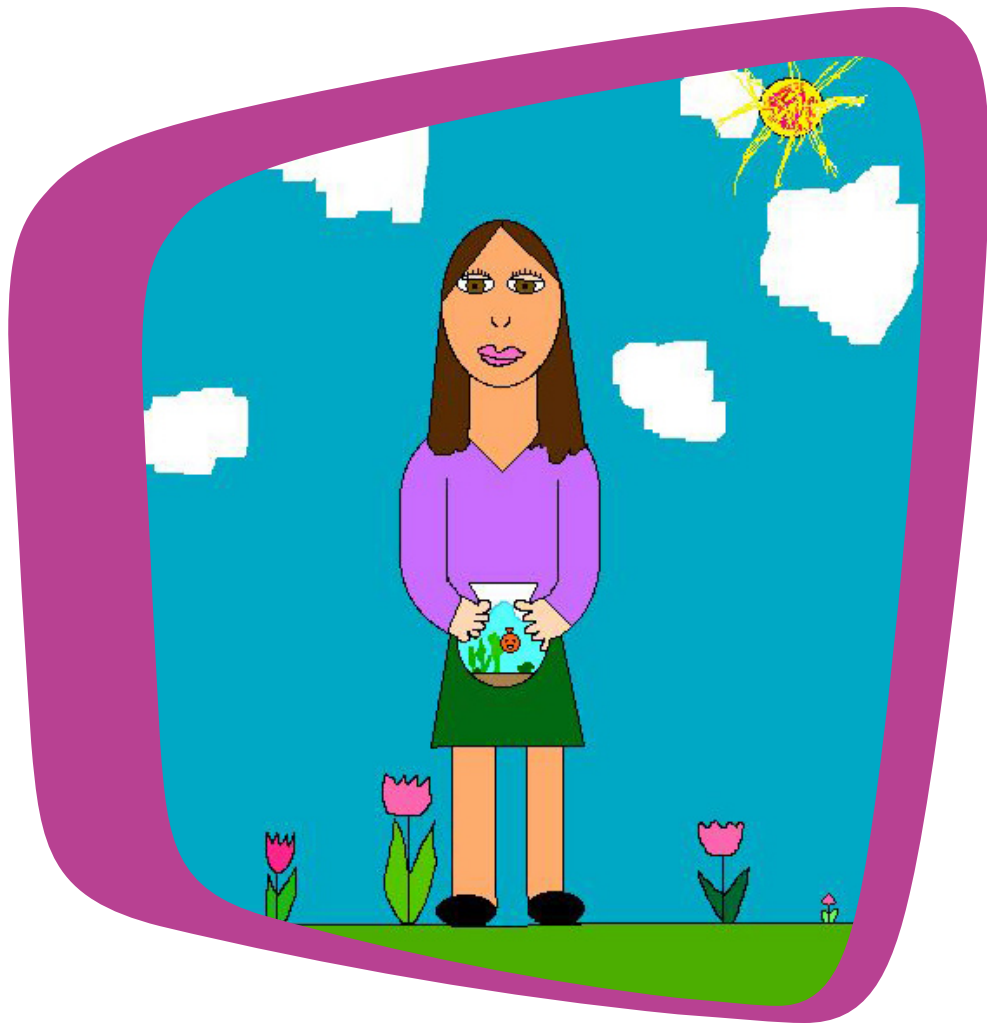
Mother would make home-made soup
From her garden of vegetables
Carrots, corn, tomatoes,
Onions and potatoes
My father worked as a bicycle
repairman to survive
While I would lie on the grass
And look up into the sky
(CHORUS)

The man that I was married to
For over thirty years
I met back in high school
Before we moved up here
To do day care and foster care
For children who are in need
To give a hug, to share love
What more does a person need?
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Valme's 4TH GRADE
CLASS at FAIR SCHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)





MARIA OLSON

.....
Airline Employee and Immigrant from Mexico City

MARIA OLSON

My name is Maria Olson. I was born in Mexico City on March 25, 1966. Before I got married my name was Maria Isabel Teran Rodriguez. When we are born we use the mother's name and the father's last name. Everyone in Mexico grows up with two last names. My family had seven kids. Every day the girls would cook breakfast and the boys would set the table. On a school day we would go to school at seven in the morning and come home at four and have dinner with our parents at the table. It was important that we all sit together for dinner. Everyone would have to say how their day was. Dad would then go back to work. We would do homework and sit and watch TV. On the weekends Dad would take us for a bike ride. Afterwards he would put us to work to do chores.

When I moved to Minnesota I had a lot of new experiences. Here you see cows and squirrels. In Mexico you don't see squirrels, and I had never seen a real cow until I came to Minnesota. When I came here I was living on a farm with a family. I had to take care of cows and chickens. My life was totally different. In Mexico I went to an all-girls school. But here I went to a school with boys and girls. Here we have snow, which we never see in Mexico. Over there the climate is the same year-round. America gives me a lot of experiences. There is a lot of diversity in this country. It feels good to get the opportunities that we have here.

In Mexico people always celebrate. On April 30th we celebrate all of the children. All of the kids go to school, but they have activities for the children. It's a day to appreciate what the kids do and who they want to be. Another holiday is the Day of the Dead. We have big bread out on the table and people come to eat and celebrate with candles. There are big parties for three days in a row. There is also the Quinceañera. When girls turn 15 years old there is a big party for them. They have a dance and put on a dress that is like a gown and the girls dance with boys. It's a classic dance. It takes two months to have that party for the girls. They are not considered girls anymore.

It's hard to learn English when you're not young. It took six months to understand what people were saying. The hardest thing is the pronunciation. Sometimes the sounds and reading is hard. In Mexico when you write, you write the sound of the vowels. To write in English is difficult because it's not always the sound you hear that you are supposed to write. A lot of people can read in Spanish because the letter they see is also the sound it makes. For me it's easier to read and to speak in Spanish.

WORDS OF ADVICE: My advice to everybody is to pay attention in school and enjoy school and enjoy being kids. The older you get the harder it gets because of more responsibility. Enjoy being a kid.

**WHEN I MOVED
TO MINNESOTA
I HAD A LOT
OF NEW
EXPERIENCES.**



WHEN I FIRST CAME TO AMERICA

Honoring Ms. Maria Olson

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. MACHOVSKY'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)

(BRIDGE)

G C G

The wea - ther chan - ges from hot to cold, Tra - v'ling north from Me - xi - co.

C Am G7 FM7

4 When those cold winds start to blow, I find a way to get back

G C G B Am C G FM7 Dm7

(VERSE)

8 home. When I first came to A - me - ri - ca I could - n't e - ven say hel - lo.

G7 C

11 In the U - ni - ted States of A - me - ri - ca, where I call home.

F Em Dm C

13 I was born in Me - xi - co Ci - ty for - ty years a - go.



15

F Em Dm G7

Four bro - thers, a fa - ther and mo - ther, two sis - ters at home. The

17

F Em Am

old - er you get, the hard - er it is to speak a - no - ther tongue.

19

G7 C

That is why, you should all learn Spa - nish now that you are young.

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO AMERICA

Honoring Ms. Maria Olson

[BRIDGE]

*The weather changes
From hot to cold
Traveling north from Mexico
When those cold winds start to blow
I find a way back home*

When I first came to America
I couldn't even say hello
In the United States of America
Where I call home

I was born in Mexico City
40 years ago
Four brothers
 a father and mother
Two sisters at home
The older you get the harder it is
To speak another tongue
That is why, you should all learn Spanish
 now that you are young.

When I first came to America
I saw my first cow
In the United States of America
Where I live now

The first job I had
Was working on a farm
Feeding chickens, milking cows
 working in the barn
Then I worked as a teacher
Then for the airlines
To be the first at the gate
 the last to say goodbye

When I first came to America
A man proposed to me

In the United States of America
I got married

First, we had one boy
 and then, we had twins
From the time, they were born,
I would speak to them
In both English
 and Spanish at home
That is why
 they can all speak Spanish
 down in Mexico

(BRIDGE)

When I first came to America
I came with six kings
In the United States of America
With gifts to bring

On Christmas Day
We leave shoes at the door
Baking bread
On the Day of the Dead
For those who've come before
Every culture has traditions
 and I have one too
And that is why I have come
 to share my life with you

When I first came to America

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Machovsky's 4TH
GRADE CLASS at FAIR SCHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)





KELLY PENIATĀ

.....
Vietnam Veteran and Immigrant from Samoa

KELLY PENIATA

My name is Kelly Peniata. I was born in Western Samoa around 1950. I was the second youngest of 16 children. When I was two years old my aunt lost a child. It is a Samoan custom that if sisters have children that are around the same age and one of the children passes away, the other sister will give her child to her sister to help ease her pain. Around the same time my father passed away—killed while gathering coconuts for the family. Because of the custom and the stressful circumstances in both families, I was sent to live with my aunt's family.

My family decided to immigrate to America. Knowing no English, I had to quickly learn the language and American culture. As a teenager, the 60s was an exciting era for American youth. The music scene was exploding, and we lived in California, which was at the heart of the explosion. My older brother, Oscar, was in a band and was very involved in the music scene. So I grew up listening to the Beach Boys, the Beatles and Motown soul music. There was an infectious excitement during the 60s that had a lot to do with the youth.

My life back in Samoa was a lot different from the life that kids in America have. We had to do a lot of chores that took a long time. We would have to collect bananas, haul firewood from the forests and help make fires to cook food. We didn't have ovens or microwaves, so instead, we would cook our food on kettles over open pit fires. When I did have free time, I liked playing games with my friends, especially tag. A special treat for us was when it would rain, we would take large coconut leaves and slide down the mountainside; it was like a gigantic slip-and-slide.

As a teenager, I faked my date of birth and left Los Angeles to volunteer for the war in Vietnam. I spent many years there and worked as a clerk in the army. It was kind of scary and confusing. Even though we were soldiers, in reality we were just young kids. We didn't really know why we were there. We just did what they told us to do. It was hard seeing so many young men my own age die, not knowing for what or why. I have been affected by the war ever since.

**THERE WAS
AN INFECTIOUS
EXCITEMENT
DURING
THE 60S.**

WORDS OF ADVICE: My number one message to my kids was always to respect others and I hope this message was instilled in their brains and hearts. I also always tried to instill in them a love for their family. My children were constantly encouraged to develop relationships with each other and this has paid off because my family is very tight-knit and close. I also wish to pass along the Samoan culture of love, respect and support that has carried me throughout my life. As a result, I believe my children have learned to be giving of their time and things to their fellow man.

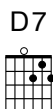
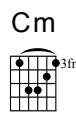
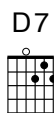
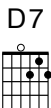


SLIDING DOWN ON COCONUT LEAVES

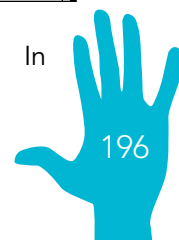
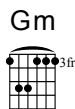
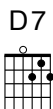
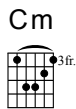
Honoring Mr. Kelly Peniata

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. BESSANT'S
4th GRADE CLASS OF FAIR SHOOL
(Crystal, Minnesota)

(VERSE)



(CHORUS)



SLIDING DOWN ON COCONUT LEAVES

Honoring Mr. Kelly Peniata

[CHORUS]

*Sliding down, sliding down
Sliding down on coconut leaves
Sliding down*

I was born in Samoa, yes I was
From a family of sixteen,
 where I come from
After my father died, had to say goodbye
To live with my mother's sister who
Lost a child the same age
 to help her through
 (CHORUS)

Into a burning fire, I fell,
As a very young child,
 in order to get well
Thrown into the ocean,
 salt water covered me
My healing came from the sea
 and from my loving family
 (CHORUS)

From Samoa, met a bad fate
While traveling to, the United States
Got lost in Hawaii,
 a Samoan rescued me
Gave me a warm place to stay
We are friends to this day
 (CHORUS)

Then I moved, to California,
As a teenager, far from Samoa
It was tough, could not speak
 a word of English

Listening to the sounds
 of the Beach Boys
With my friends on the beach
 making noise!
 (CHORUS)

Lied about my age, and volunteered
To fight in Vietnam, for many years
Saw many young men die,
 recently classified
A disabled veteran for sure
Exposed to Agent Orange, that burns
 (CHORUS)

After the war, I fell in love
With a woman, from Minnesota
Moved to a farming town,
 where I worked the ground,
Together raised a family,
 who I love and they love me
 (CHORUS)

When life, it gets tough
When I feel like, I've had enough
I find that I go-a
 back home to Samoa
To swim and fish in the salty sea
With so many memories
 (CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Bessant's 4TH GRADE
 CLASS at FAIR SCHOOL
 (Crystal, Minnesota)



IDDS 2006





STANDING BEAR

Iroquois Elder, Hollywood Actor, Wild West
Show Horseman and WWII Veteran

STANDING BEAR

My name is Standing Bear. I was born in Time, Pennsylvania on March 19, 1926. I was raised out in the mountains of Pennsylvania with ten aunts and uncles and their families. I had no brothers or sisters. We raised everything we ate and dug coal for a living. We had big fields of corn and all kinds of vegetables. We also raised chickens and pigs and other animals for our meat.

When I was young I went to a one-room schoolhouse. My aunt was the teacher. She taught eight grades in one school. I had only one year of high school. At age 15 I went to work in the coal mines. I had to try it and see if I wanted to do it for a living, if I could do it for a living. I also went into town and worked in a glass house making canning jars.

My nation is the Iroquois; they range from Canada to South Carolina. There are six nations in the Iroquois Confederacy: Seneca, Mohawk, Huron, Erie, Algonquin, and the Cree. My mother was a Delaware Indian. We're from the Bear Clan; it is my family name. Clan means we are related. I was raised traditionally on the Pennsylvania land grant—700 acres of land granted to our family for showing the white people across the mountain.

When I was about 11 years old I took my vision quest. A vision quest enters a boy into manhood; it shows that you were ready to be a good young man. All I had was a knife and a snare, for three days alone in the woods. That was no problem. I had spent most of my childhood in the woods. While on my vision quest I stopped to get my drink of water. There was a bear standing across the stream from me. At the end of the month I was given the name Standing Bear. I've had this name for almost 70 years.

At the age of 12 I joined the Boy Scouts of America. I learned many skills and a lot about myself. I became a Scoutmaster when I grew up. In California, my troop had 14 Eagle Scouts; that's an accomplishment by itself. I've received the Silver Beaver award, which is the highest honor an adult can earn in the Boy Scouts of America. I've also served as an Eagle court commissioner and an advisor for the Order of the Arrow, which is a Boy Scout honor for Indians.

I went into the United States Army in 1942 and served in Europe until 1947. I drove a truck in the Battle of the Bulge in the Red Ball Express, carrying ammunition and fuel to tanks. The Iroquois teachings helped me during the war. I became a scout for the officers and drove them in Jeeps across Europe. Because I spoke First Nation Code, we were part of an elite troop used in the front lines.

As a child I went to wild west shows and dreamed of riding a horse and being something! After getting out of the Army I went to California and got involved in the American Venture Wild West Show. My dream came true. I performed and rode horses in the shows and in movies like *How the West Was Won*. I became friends with stars like Gene Autry and John Wayne through my work. I also rode in 17 Rose Parades. I spent 32 years with the American Venture Wild West Show.

I moved to Minnesota several years ago to be with family. I live with my daughter in Dalbo, Minnesota. I have three children of my own. I also have 20 some grandchildren, another 10 great grandchildren and two great great grandchildren.

The things I've done in my life, I've enjoyed doing. I'm hoping that talking to you, some of it will rub off and you'll learn a little bit about life. Not about my life, but what I'm trying to do is help youngsters pick out something they want to do. You can't be what I am. You can be what you want to be. Be the best at it.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Do something you want to do and work hard for that. I can't say enough about that. I came from a very poor background. We had nothing and I have to say, I became a wealthy person over the many years that I did what I wanted to do. My children, I'm happy to be here with you.

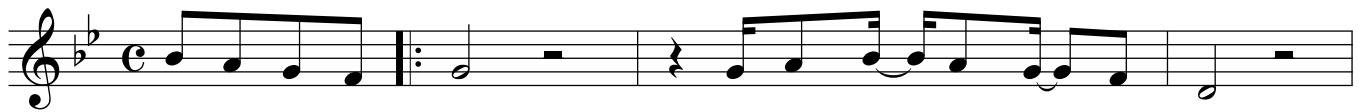


MY NAME IS STANDING BEAR

Honoring Standing Bear

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. SIVERSON-HALL'S
4th AND 5th GRADE CLASS OF
INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL (Hopkins, Minnesota)

(VERSE)



On a vi-sion quest in the moun-tains I call home.

Gm



Be-side a glis-tening stream stood a bear a-lone.

Cm



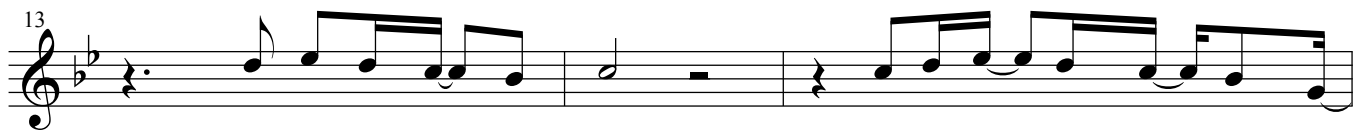
(CHORUS)

Gm



My name is Stand-ing Bear. I stand u-pon a hill.

Cm



I of-fer you this prayer in a world that won't stand still.



From the great I - ro-quois



I am Standing Bear, an elder of the Onondaga Peoples of the Great Iroquois Confederacy. In the name of the Great Spirit I call on the Grandfathers and the Grandmothers to hear us in the prayer given us by our elders: *O great spirit—whose voice I hear in the winds, and whose breath gives life to all the world, hear me. I come before you, one of your many children—I am small and weak, I need your strength and wisdom. Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things you have made, my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make me wise, so that I may know the things you have taught my people, the lesson you have hidden in every leaf and rock. I seek strength not be superior to my brothers, but to be able to fight my greatest enemy—myself. Make me ever ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes, so when life fades as a fading sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame.*

MY NAME IS STANDING BEAR

Honoring Standing Bear

[CHORUS]

*My name is Standing Bear
I stand upon a hill
I offer you this prayer
In a world that won't stand still*

On a vision quest
In the mountains I call home
Beside a glistening stream
Stood a bear alone

(CHORUS)

From the great Iroquois
Six-nation confederacy
Seneca, Mohawk, Huron,
Cree, Algonquin, and Erie

(CHORUS)

The constitution of this land
Came from my people long ago
Listening to our elders speak
Is to honor all they know

(CHORUS)

I was called a Lone Scout
Prepared for anything I meet
I learned to hunt, learned to snare
Learned to find wild food to eat

(CHORUS)

I spoke the First Nation Code
A soldier scout in World War II
In the Battle of the Bulge
Far from home 'til war was through

(CHORUS)

I joined the Wild West Show
Rode in the Rose Bowl Parade
Starred in How the West Was Won
With my good friend John Wayne

(CHORUS)

I don't know what's on your mind
Until your question flow through
These traditions that I love
To sing, to dance, to be with you

(CHORUS)

I seek strength not to be
Better than anyone
To fight my greatest enemy
Myself before the setting sun

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Linda Siverson-Hall's
4TH GRADE CLASS OF of INTERDISTRICT
DOWNTOWN SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)





STANLEY BROWN

.....
Harlem Boys Choir Member and School Teacher

STANLEY BROWN

My name is Stanley Brown. I was born in Harlem, New York in 1956. I lived in an apartment with no heat and no hot water, called a railroad flat. We used our stove for heat. There were no elevators. We had to walk up five flights of stairs and drag our grocery cart up the stairs behind us. Everyone lived in apartments there.

I was raised by my mom, grandmother, great grandmother and great aunt. My father left when I was four-months old. My mother was very ill when I was a kid. I grew up fast because I had to do the food shopping and go to the laundromat. My grandmother will be 90 years old in July. She lives with my mom.

I spent summers with my aunt on her farm in South Carolina. I rode the bus from New York to South Carolina. Life was very different there than in New York City. I worked on tobacco and cotton farms. It was hard work. Blacks were treated differently in the south. My cousin and I went to a store to buy meat. We had to wait about two hours, because they wouldn't serve us until all the white people were served. We politely waited. When we went to the white folks' church we had to sit in the last pew.

While on the way to South Carolina, I had to move to the back of the bus in Washington. My mom told me not to go into a bathroom until I saw a colored person go in first. She told me to wait and watch what drinking fountain black people drank from. Life wasn't like that in Harlem. In the south I wasn't treated good.

I went to an all black school. My teachers knew that as black people we have to get an education to combat the discrimination that was forced on us. Our teachers gave us backbone. They gave us a sense of pride. They always told us we were smart and that we were good people. They were very strict about us getting that education. They wanted us to break out of the bad things happening in Harlem like gangs and drugs. I went to an all white high school in Harlem. It helped me to foster relationships with all people.

Dr. King came to our church in Harlem when I was a boy. There was such a big crowd when he spoke. He was our first spokesperson. He said "No, we are not standing for this anymore!" We knew he was trying to awaken the nation to what was going on. We were willing to listen to him and to what he had to say. Until Dr. King said that black people should have the same rights as white people, we thought that was how it was supposed to be.

When I was young, I played violin and piano. I was a ballet dancer. I enjoyed acting and singing. Those of us who danced and played violin were teased because we were doing things boys don't normally do. Two of the boys became very well known dancers. People were trying to put us in a box about what they thought we should do. People still try to do that to others. They put them in a box that fits what they think others should be. Black people were put in a box by white people. We were diminished to what white people thought we should be.

I knew I wanted to be a teacher in fourth grade. I went to college. My first job was on the Lakota reservation in Pine Ridge, South Dakota. That was a big change from living in the city. We were 100 miles from a Target store and 65 miles from a theater. It was hard to leave my family. I came to Minnesota in 1983 to teach sixth grade in Coon Rapids. I later became a principal in Columbia Heights. I came to IDDS to teach when it opened. I think the kids here are wonderful.

Racism hasn't ended for me. If black people go in a department store with a shopping bag today, they still get followed like they might steal something. When I buy something, I take it to my car and go back in so I don't get followed. I also saw blatant racism against Native Americans when I taught at Red Cloud School in South Dakota.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Keep your dignity. Keep who you are. Know who you are as an individual person. If you know who you are, no one can rob you of that. Once you have a sight of who you are and your dignity, nobody can rob you of that. You want to keep that dignity.



BREAK OUT OF THAT BOX

Honoring Stanley Brown

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. HEBERT'S
4th AND 5th GRADE CLASS OF
INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL (Hopkins, Minnesota)

Dm



(VERSE)



My name is Mis - ter Stan - ley Brown. I was
in a no hot wa - ter rail - road flat.
I was raised by a sing - le mo - ther, grand -
At a time when we were fight - ing for



Dm



(CHORUS)

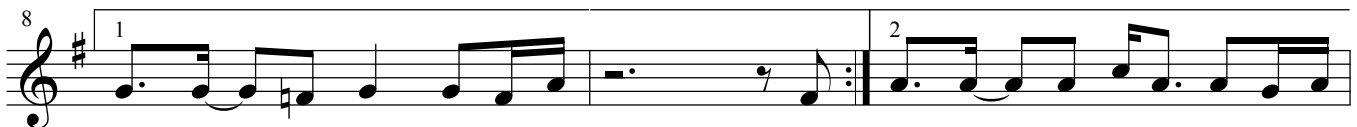
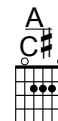


born Oc - to - ber fourth in fif - ty six What -
In Har - lem, New York.
mo - ther and great grand - mo - ther, too.
e - qual rights now gi - ven to you.

G



e - ver we think a boy should do we
e - ver we think a girl should do, we



put him in - side of a box. What put her in - side of a box.

11

Dm

Break out of that box! To

THAT BOX! BREAK OUT OF THAT BOX! BREAK OUT OF THAT BOX!

BREAK OUT OF THAT BOX

Honoring Stanley Brown

[CHORUS]

*Whatever we think a boy should do
We put him inside a box
Whatever we think a girl should do,
We put her inside of a box
Break out of the box*

My name is Mister Stanley Brown
I was born October fourth in fifty-six
In a hot water railroad flat
In Harlem, New York

I was raised by a single mother
Grandmother and great grandmother, too
At a time when we were fighting
For equal rights now given to you
(CHORUS)

To South Carolina I would ride
When I got to Washington
Someone screamed,
"All you '_____' get on back."
To the back of the bus we had to go

If I did not, I might land in jail
If I did, I might die of thirst
'Cause mother said,
"Don't go to the bathroom
till you see someone colored go in first."
(CHORUS)

In Harlem mother sent me
To the market to buy six slabs
Of pork chops before credit cards
The shop owner would put it on the tab

I recall hearing Mr. King
Speak at church when I was ten
On the night Brother King was shot
There were riots all around my block
(CHORUS)

I went to college for four years
After I received my degree
I taught school out west in Pine Ridge,
South Dakota far from New York

I had never seen in modern times
Blatant racism like I saw
Indian schools losing ball games
To white schools for referee's bad calls
(CHORUS)

What helps us in the human race
Is to celebrate who we are
The mosaic of the human race
Each of you are shining stars

Remain true to the gifts you have
No one can do just what you do
Don't ever let anyone
Take your dignity away from you
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Sherry Hebert's 5TH GRADE
CLASS at INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)





MEHDI ESLAMOU

Persian Historian and Sufi Immigrant from Iran

MEHDI ESLAMLOU

Love is a covenant of faith; trust, support, appreciation; for lovers in love. This is called unity. My name is Mehdi Eslamlou. I was born in Tehran, the capital city of Iran, in August of 1960. The city of Tehran has great mountains to the north and beautiful desert to the south. I would hike in the mountains and swim in the river. The wind comes through at certain times of the year and the sand moves from one side to the other, changing all the time. Iran was part of the great empire of Persia. Persia was a major power and ruled most of the world for a long time.

My mom was very religious. Women are strong in the house, making all the decisions. The woman is devoted to the family and kids; she keeps the family all together. This way the culture stays in the house. We grew up practicing Islam. My dad was hard to see; he was always working and came home late at night. In my family there were two daughters and in our culture they look to having a boy in the family. As in ancient times, when the father retires the son can take over. This concept stays with the generations. They were waiting for me to come.

I was happy all the time. I would wake up early in the morning to prepare breakfast. I would fire up coal to heat the pot of water and put dry tea into the boiled water. It is a long process to make tea. When tea is made this way you benefit from waiting. Persian meals take a long time to prepare and much care is put into the cooking.

Persian alchemists created the foods rooted in the wisdom of good health. Alchemy is the knowledge of combining the elements. An example is the combination of meat and tomato on a shish-ka-bob. This combination takes away much of the cholesterol in the meal. All Persian food is based on the knowledge of alchemy.

In school I loved to play. I liked to make things and would tell my mother that I didn't like to study, but I enjoyed creating things and without knowledge you cannot build things properly. I put my effort into studying more.

There was revolution with our government in 1978. People didn't want the King to have the power to force people to obey him. Mohammed taught, "If you ask people to do something for you, you must assure their freedom, as well as freedom for yourself. If you order people to do something they don't like, you take away their freedom." At 17 I learned that revolution can bring books and ideas to the people. In the middle of the revolution, Iraq attacked Iran and I volunteered to go to war against Iraq. Everybody got together to help the unorganized army. I had good friends who were killed in the war. After two years of fighting, I was tired. The fighting was no longer defending my country; it was about power. I needed to leave Iran and to go back to my studies. I decided to come to the United States to study electrical engineering at the University of Utah.

My idea is to complement my faith with other religions. The power for me is the great teachings of the prophets going back 1400 years ago to Buddha, Zoroastrian, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. I always wonder if you put these great prophets all in one room together, what would they talk about. Would they argue? If you look at the trees, they all have different kinds of branches, but they don't fight with each other.

What you want to do you do. You can do anything yourself, you are built to be independent. There is so much power inside. Islam is when you are ready and wise enough to submit yourself to God.

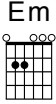
WORDS OF ADVICE: You all have a gift from your creator. You have a beautiful heart. If you ignore your heart it will become stone. Don't let your heart become stone. You will not be good for society or your friends or your family. For a long time I ignored my heart. It would give me messages to wake up, but I didn't listen. Whatever my heart tells me is the right thing. If you practice listening to your heart you will be the best human and that is what you are created to be. The whole of creation happened with love.

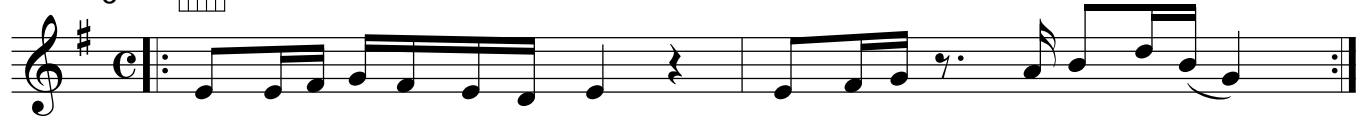


LOVE IS A COVENANT OF FAITH

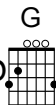
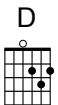


Honoring Mehdi Eslamlu

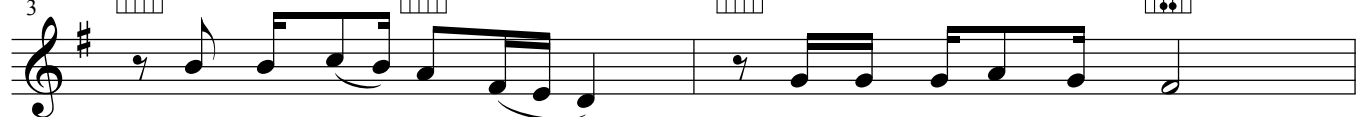
Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. MCCAULEY'S
4th AND 5th GRADE CLASS OF
INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL (Hopkins, Minnesota)

(CHORUS) 

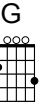
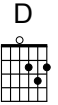
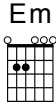




Love is a co-ve - nant of faith. Trust, support, ap-pre - ci-ate.

(VERSE)    

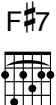




I am from I - ran. From a beau-ti - ful town

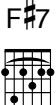




by the name of Teh - ran. Moun-tains, seas, de - serts all a-round.



I have two sis - ters and I the on - ly son.



In the heart of Per - sia prac - ti - cing Is - lam.



11

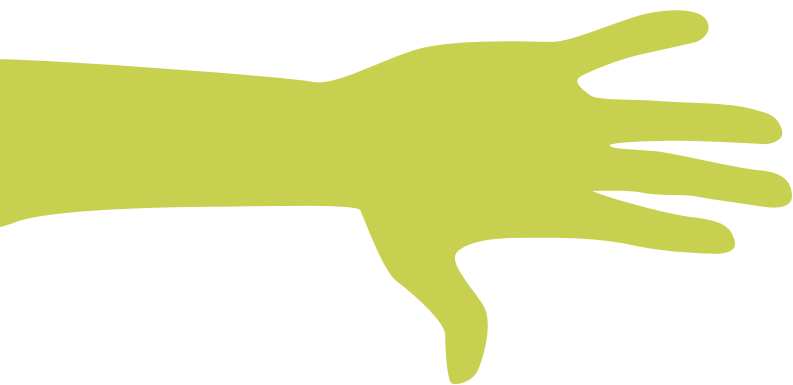
G D G D

I don't re - mem - ber a day that I was sad.

13

G D F#7

I woke up ear - ly to buy fresh bread for Mom & Dad.



LOVE IS A COVENANT OF FAITH

Honoring Mehdi Eslamlu

[CHORUS]

*Love is a covenant of faith
Trust, support, appreciate*

I am from Iran
From a beautiful town
By the name of Tehran
Mountains, seas, deserts all around
I have two sisters
And I the only son
In the heart of Persia
Practicing Islam
I don't remember
A day that I was sad
I woke up early
To buy fresh bread for mom and dad

(CHORUS)

I would go hiking
In the mountains not far away
I would go swimming
In school I loved to play
Without knowledge
You cannot build things
Just like a guitar
Without beautiful strings
When the Shah of Iran
Tried to Americanize
My homeland of Islam
Many people died

(CHORUS)

The people started shouting
Down with the King
From the Shah to Khomeini
Islamic monarchy
Mohammed taught us
Whatever you do
You must give freedom
To those who help you
In the name of religion
So many have died
Dance and be joyful
Be glad you are alive

(CHORUS)

What we are is what we are
Lovers of life at heart
What we give will come back
Passions of love spark
Each of us to be a gift
Please don't turn to stone
Open up your heart and give
You are not alone
Keep your life running
On love from the Beloved
Keep your life running
On love from the Beloved

(CHORUS)

Words & Music by LARRY LONG with Mari McCauley's
4TH GRADE CLASS of INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN
SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)





MANI VANNAVONG

Lao Refugee and Metro Transit Employee

MANI VANNAVONG

My name is Maniphone Vannavong. They call me Mani for short. I was born in 1972 in Laos. My grandfather was the governor of our town that was known as the land of a million elephants. My family was the first to civilize their home there. My family has a long and rich history in Laos.

At this time there was a war going on between the U.S. and Vietnam, which is to the east of Laos. Because the United States was stationed in Thailand, which is west of Laos, we were stuck right in the middle. Laos was a neutral country and decided not to go to war. The United States used our border to enter Vietnam and because of this our people became involved. We became a reluctant part of the war.

People in Laos live in simple homes made of bamboo. There was no protection in the village from the bombs. Everyone came and lived in my grandmother's house because it was the only house made of concrete. A couple hundred people lived in my grandmother's house. My mother said I chose the worst fighting time to be born into. When a cannon went off, that's when I came!

In 1974 and 1975, the communists came and took over the whole country. Since my father was part of the military and a leader in the community, he was captured and put in a concentration camp along with other family members. Anyone who was educated, had political ties or owned businesses were captured or killed. The communists got rid of people they thought would be a threat to them.

A lot of people from Laos decided to flee. My family included. When my father was released, we fled. In the morning my mother packed us all up and put us in the back of a van. A tarp was thrown over the van so the communists couldn't see there were people in it. We drove close to the Thai border. We waited until the sun went down and at night we crossed the Mekong River. When you crossed the river you had to submerge yourself or pretend you were swimming, or they would shoot at you.

After we crossed, we lived in a refugee camp for a couple of years. It's not really a prison but you are in a very small community. It is gated and you can't leave the area. It is a holding place. The camp was set up by United States to help victims of the war.

We had to wait for people in the U.S. to sponsor us. Our family was so big it took a long time for a church group to take us. When we were sponsored we changed our names and identity and relinquished everything we had back home. We had to start over.

We arrived in Minneapolis in 1981 when I was 9 years old. Living in America was really tough when I first came here. In the 1980s there was a lot of anger towards people who were refugees. The only word of English I knew was "toilet." I had a tutor for a few months who taught me English. At first I didn't have a lot of friends and I was very quiet. But things did get better and although some people could be mean, there were others who helped.

My family now is doing well. Many of us went to school and completed high school and go to college. I have family living here, back in Laos, in Florida and in France. My dream is to reestablish my connection to Laos. We are rebuilding our family businesses back in Laos. I want to get my grandfather's farm back in production. It is a big venture and will take a lot of investment.

WORDS OF ADVICE: I think that in everyone's life you are going to have a lot of different challenges. You are going to pick a path. That path may not go where you want it to go. Appreciate it and remember who you are and be proud of who you are. We came from a different way of life. I am the first generation here and my son is the first generation born here. I volunteered to do this because I want him and you to know to appreciate everything you have. You help enhance this world.



I CHOSE THE WORST FIGHTING TIME

Honoring Mani Vannavong

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. SEGBARTH'S
4th AND 5th GRADE CLASS OF
INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL (Hopkins, Minnesota)

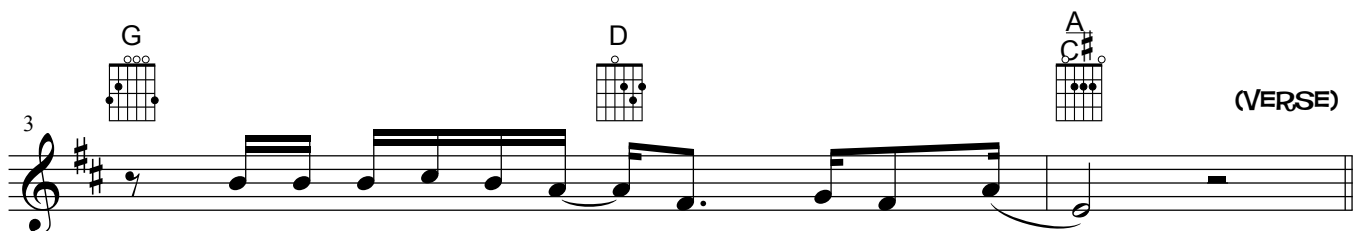
(CHORUS)



D F#m G D

I chose the worst fight-ing time to be born in - to.

3

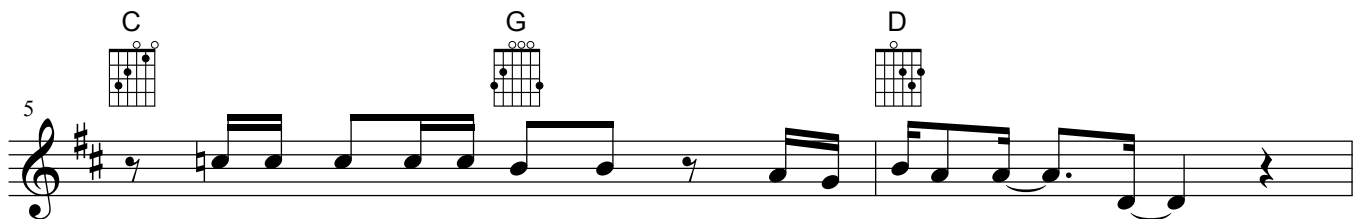


G D A

(VERSE)

When a can-non went off that's when I came.

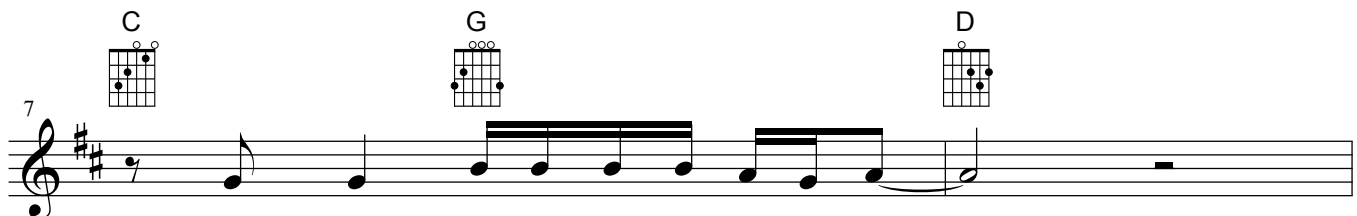
5



C G D

I was born in the on - set of the Vi-et - nam War.

7



C G D

My grand - fa - ther was the Go - ver - nor

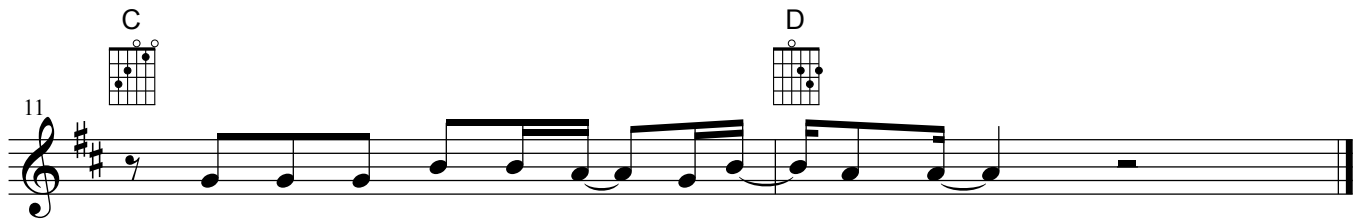
9



C G D

of the coun-try es - ta - blished one thou-sand years a-go.





My fa - m'ly was the first to call it home.



I CHOSE THE WORST FIGHTING TIME

Honoring Mani Vannavong

[CHORUS]

*I chose the worst fighting time to be born into
When a cannon went off that's when I came*

I was born in the onset of the Vietnam War
My grandfather was the governor
Of the country established one thousand
years ago

My family was the first to call it home

(CHORUS)

My country was neutral but got
pulled into war
Everyone stayed in grandmother's house
There was no protection in the village
made of bamboo
Her home of concrete gave us shelter from
the war

(CHORUS)

The communists came and took over the
whole country
My father was part of the military
He was captured, placed in a concentration
camp

When he was released the family fled

(CHORUS)

With seven children we left early one
morning

Put us all in the back of the van

Threw a tarp over, headed south to the
border

At night we crossed the river called the
Mekong

(CHORUS)

We lived in a refugee camp for a couple of
years

Getting food and water, standing in line
Surrounded by barbed wire, sleeping on
concrete floors

'Till someone in the U.S. took us in

(CHORUS)

Living in America at first was really tough
We didn't have the basics like shoes, coats,
and hats

With a big family the sponsor took a risk
Good neighbors like you took us in

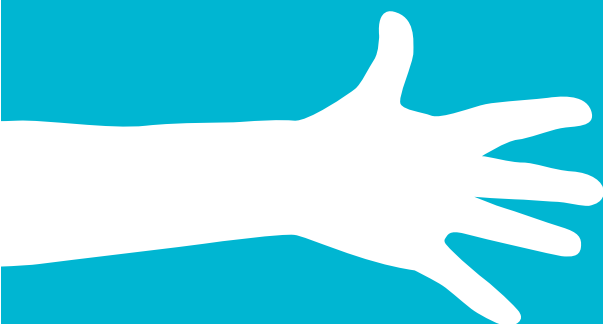
(CHORUS)

It's now my turn to help others in need
Helping people is very important to me
I volunteer to raise money for the poor
For people in Laos and living here

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Lannie Segebarth's 5TH GRADE
CLASS OF INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)



IDDS 2007



NASRA ADEN

.....
Islamic Refugee from the Civil War in Somalia

NĀSRĀ ĀDEN

My name is Nasra Osman Aden. My date of birth is June 1, 1972. I was born and raised in the capital city of Somalia, called Mogadishu. It was a beautiful city in Somalia. Our country people describe it as bright and blue. It is on the Indian Ocean. The view is sunny with a bright blue sky. The people always tried to wear bright colors. I'm the youngest of ten—six girls and four boys. Now I'm married and have four children. Their names are Bilal, Ayub, Bushra, and Adam.

The biggest thing in my family was culture, values and religion. The number one thing was education and doing the best you can. Reach your potential and do your best. My father was a soldier. My mother was a stay-at-home mother. When there were no other children to care for at home my father made her a big shop to sell goods. I used to help her when I didn't have homework.

My family's religion is Islam. It is a religion of peace. There are five pillars of Islam. The first: you have to believe in God and Prophesy, Mohammed his messenger. The second: practice Ramadan where we fast for thirty days. The third is Salah: We pray five times a day—morning, noon, late in afternoon, when [the] sun sets (evening), and at night [before going] to bed.

We started learning our religion as early as five. We had another school where we use to go to study the Koran. We also learned about the hijab and why girls are different than boys. The Koran is in Arabic so we learned the Arabic language so we could understand the Koran.

Civil war broke out in Somalia when I was 18. Everything was completely changed. We stayed in Mogadishu for three days but things started getting worse and worse, so we fled. We went to the southern part of Somalia but it still wasn't safe. There was shooting everywhere and people were killing each other.

We decided to leave Somalia and go to Kenya. My family was large and we split into two groups. We went to Kenya by boat. The boats were overcrowded with people. The boat my father, mother and three siblings were on had 1,000 people on it when it was only supposed to carry 300. As a result it sank. I lost my family who was on this boat except for my mother. It was a miracle and simply not her time to die. Even though she couldn't swim she managed to make it to shore.

In Kenya we lived in a refugee camp for three years. It was very difficult. I was a city girl who was used to having everything I wanted and all of a sudden it was gone. There wasn't a lot of food and clothes to wear. It was very, very tough but luckily I was old enough and I survived, but it was challenging. I met my husband Saeed in the refugee camp.

In 1993 we came to the United States. I was scared and excited at the same time. I didn't know the culture, people or weather. But I was excited because I knew I would be safe and able to take advantage of opportunities in the U.S.

I miss my country. I would love to go back to Somalia but it is still not safe. I can't wait to have the chance to go back and show my kids all the different places I used to play!

WORDS OF ADVICE: Always be respectful. You cannot assume everybody is the same. Yet, we are all human. We all laugh the same way. We all cry the same way. We all have feelings. We can always respect each other. Be respectful towards others. Also, the best thing you can have to survive in the world is education. Because you can educate yourself, there is nothing you can't do in life. One thing I learned in the United States is that you can do or be anything you want to be. The sky is the limit to your goals. Never cut yourself short.



WE MUST DO OUR BEST

WAA INAAN SAMAYNAA WIXII AWOODEENA AH SI AAN U GAARNO GUUL

Honoring Mrs. Nasra Aden

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. SEGBARTH'S
4th AND 5th GRADE CLASS OF
INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SHOOL (Minneapolis, Minnesota)

(CHORUS) Dm

A7



We must do our best if we want to reach out po - ten - tial.

(VERSE) Gm

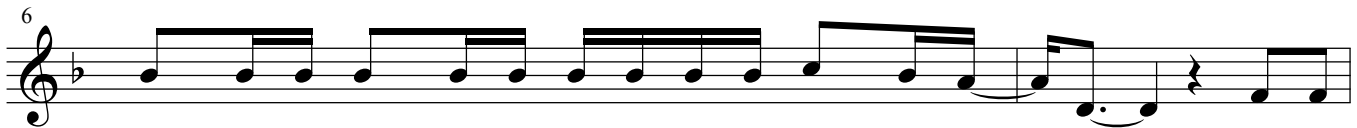
Dm



I was born in the Ca - pi - tal of So - ma - lia.

Gm

Dm



Young - est of ten in a fa - mi - ly in Mo - ga - di - shu with a

A7



mo - ther and a fa - ther. We



WE MUST DO OUR BEST

“WAA INAAN SAMAYNAA WIXII AWOODEENA
AH SI AAN U GAARNO GUUL”

Honoring Mrs. Nasra Aden

[CHORUS]

*We must do our best
If we want to reach out potential
Waa inaan samaynaa wixii awoodeena
Ah si aan u gaarno guul*

I was born in the capital of Somalia
Youngest of ten in a family in Mogadishu
With a mother and a father

(CHORUS)

My father was a soldier, he provided
For my brothers, sisters and mother
She would help me, I would help her.

(CHORUS)

We went to school from the age of five
we studied
The Holy Book called the Quran
in my country
Five times daily
Praying toward Mecca

(CHORUS)

The water and sky so bright blue
along the ocean
I was young excited to go to college
Bad things happened
Civil War started

(CHORUS)

My family so big in two boats
we divided
At the refugee camp in Kenya I waited
For my mother, for my father

(CHORUS)

The next day my brother-in-law
came running
“Your mother survived. Your father died
in the ocean.”

Like the Titanic
Their boat flipped over!

(CHORUS)

When you have everything in life
it means nothing
Until someone takes it away from you
Always be thankful, be helpful

(CHORUS)

With one telephone in camp for thousands
Waiting in line to hear from somebody
To call you, to save you

(CHORUS)

From Kenya to America I came flying
With Saeed we now have four children
Bilal and Ayub, Bushra and Adam

(CHORUS)

We all laugh and cry the same
we’re all human
Yet we’re not the same, be respectful
Of each other, of your elders

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Lannie Segebarth’s 4TH & 5TH
GRADE CLASS of INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)



CHARLES NICHOLS, SR.

.....

Presidential Advisor, Director of Vocational
Education and Founder of Flying Club
for Youth of Color

CHARLES NICHOLS, SR.

I was born in Duluth, Minnesota, 82 years ago. In the ninth grade I became interested in aeronautic engineering. My teacher told me, "Negroes can't be aeronautical engineers. No sense in signing up for that. Get a job working in a hotel." I quit school in the ninth grade.

My father told me, "Son, in this house we have two kinds of people: workers or students. You are either a worker or a student. Make your choice now." I went out to find a job the next day. I worked in the lumber mills and steel plants. Then I took a job at the country club shining shoes, with some hustling on the side. A member noticed my interest in planes and blueprints and encouraged me to go into drafting. He was the Chairman of the Board of Directors at Dunwoody. I was accepted into the program that fall.

I attended Dunwoody only for a few months. I was rooming with a couple of men who attended the University of Minnesota. They started calling me a "Dumb-woody" student and teased that I wouldn't even know how to enroll at the U of M. On a 25-cent bet, I went to the U of M to collect enrollment information and the timing couldn't have been better; I entered the enrollment office and was handed a stack of papers to fill out before I could explain my intentions. I received a call a few weeks later saying I needed to pay \$35.50 to complete the enrollment process and be accepted.

I met my future wife soon after beginning at the U of M. Much to our parents' protests, we married after only our second year of college. She had a rare heart disease and wasn't expected to live long. We did not want to waste any of that time! We raised five of our own children and "adopted" 23 "strays" through friendships and an open placesetting at the table. I lost my wife 12 years ago.

I studied industrial education at the U of M and also worked to support my family during that time. After graduation I taught electronics in the Minneapolis Public Schools. It was tough to support five children on a teacher's wage so I moved into administration. The school asked me to design a school for high school dropouts. I developed the Work Opportunity Center to meet that need.

I became director of vocational education for Minneapolis Schools. Because of the success of the vocational programs and the Work Opportunity Center, I was contacted by the office of President Johnson and the Secretary of Education to advise Congress on educational programs. I worked in Washington, DC, for over 12 years, mostly on weekends. I was also doing educational consulting and covering many miles across the country. It was during that time that I started flying.

While working in Minneapolis, I was also involved in the design for MCTC. As part of my doctoral program through Colorado I helped design a school similar to that of IDDS, very open. I worked in that field for a number of years and built schools in Minneapolis and Anoka related to aviation.

Flying had always been an interest of mine. When the opportunity came to take flying lessons I jumped on it. Little did I know I would suffer from airsickness and I struggled through that for my lessons. I wanted to share the joy of flying and started a flying club at the Crystal Airport for youth of color.

My greatest achievement was raising those five children and getting them through school. Having your youngsters grow up and be successful in their own right and to love you, that's an achievement. My children grew up to be a nurse, a teacher, a manager at Northwest Airlines, a manager at Xerox, and one works at the University of Minnesota.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Never hurt anybody. Secondly, have more friends than enemies. And lastly, do anything you can to make others happy. It will rub off on you. Those are lessons from 82 years of life.

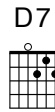
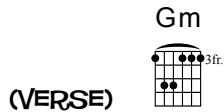


REACH OUT & SPREAD YOUR WINGS!

Honoring Mr. Charles Nichols, Sr.

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. SIVERSON-HALL'S
4th AND 5th GRADE CLASS OF
INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL (Minneapolis, Minnesota)


(Swing)




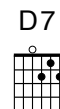
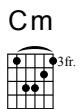
I was born with a set of good pa - rents who took care
dumb things. I did some smart things. There's



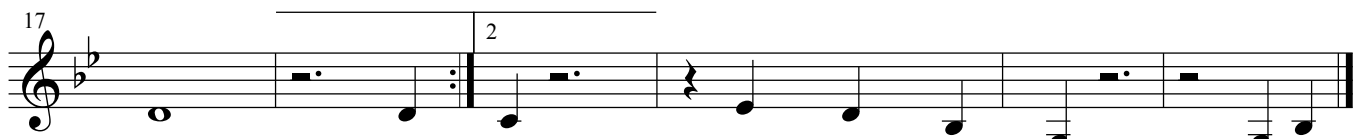
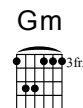
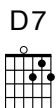
(CHORUS)



of me from the start. I did some the lon-ger you
one thing that lives in my heart:



stay in school, the smar - ter you get, I be -
same goes for your pa - rents. Reach



lieve. The out and spread your wings!



REACH OUT & SPREAD YOUR WINGS!

Honoring Charles Nichols, Sr.

[CHORUS]

*The longer you stay in school
The smarter you get, I believe
The same goes for your parents
Reach out and spread your wings*

I was born with a set of good parents
Who took care of me from the start
I did some dumb things

I did some smart things
There's one thing that lives my heart
(CHORUS)

I quit school back in the ninth grade
It was a dumb thing for me to do
Then I got smarter, went to Dunwoody
Then to college to get a degree
(CHORUS)

I got married we had five children
Could not support them
on a teacher's wage
From teaching to administration
Adopted twenty-three kids
along the way
(CHORUS)

Designed a school
for high school drop-outs
Who like me did a very dumb thing

Through their successes,
President Johnson
Called me up to work in D.C.
(CHORUS)

It was there I started flying
It was there I got my wings
Bought my own plane began to travel
Where I saw magnificent things
(CHORUS)

Make a place at your table
For the stranger passing through
There's no greater life achievement
Then raising children who love you
(CHORUS)

Never hurt anybody
Have more friends than enemies
Do anything to make people happy
Always help others spread their wings
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Linda Siverson-Hall's 4TH & 5TH
GRADE CLASS FROM INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)



JANG-YEON PARK

South Korean Pro-Democracy Activist
and Nuclear Physicist

JANG-YEON PARK

My name is Jang-Yeon Park. I was born in 1970 in Seoul, South Korea. Seoul is the capital of South Korea and one of the biggest cities in the world. Over 10 million people are living in Seoul. More than one-fifth of the whole population lives there.

When I was 27 years old I met my wife and one year later she gave birth to Do-Hyoung. It was a very happy time for my wife. We are a very happy family. Our names come from Chinese old letter. My name is Jang-Yeon Park. "Jang" means scholarship. "Yeon" means let it be with nature. My wife's name is Eun-Mi. "Eun" stands for graceful beauty. "Mi" means beautiful. "Do" means to cover the world. "Hyoung" means to shed the light. Our youngest boys name is Do-Yun. "Do" stands for law. "Yun" means to be rich and prosperous.

When I was in high school I really liked to study, especially math and science. So I wanted to go to college and major in physics. So my major in college was nuclear engineering. I then went to graduate school majoring in the philosophy of science. I came to the United States and studied medical physics at the University of Minnesota in 2001.

For 20 to 30 years in Korea the military army took control of the government. It was not a democracy. The students were in front of the fight against the government for a democracy. A very important part of my life was involvement in these kind of student movements. I fought for freedom and democracy.

In Korea there is a very big tradition to respect the elders. In a New Year there is a tradition you have to visit the elders you know. When you meet someone you bow and say hello, put your hands on your thigh. In the New Year you get down on your knees and hands and bring your head to the ground and wish him good health in the rest of his life.

In Korea we are faced with North Korea. I know it is a very tragic history. In Korea a man with a healthy body and mind has to go to the military. It is mandatory. I went to the military in 1991. I went back to normal life in 1993. It was seriously scary. In the military it is stressful. There is a lot of training and practice. There is no respect; you are isolated. It was a very terrible feeling.

Now religion is important to my life. The concept of truth has been changing. I'm always interested in the ultimate truth. I didn't give up on religion. I had a lot of questions. Science didn't answer all my questions. At the very moment I felt the love and felt Jesus, lots of questions were almost solved, but not logically. Even though there are terrible things in the world, even though lots of things in the world don't make sense, we don't understand now, we will. There just might be something more.

WORDS OF ADVICE: One great and good tradition is respect of elders and the teacher. That is what I really want you to know. Keep trying. Every culture has its own virtue. The other thing is to keep trying to find out what you want in your life. I want you to keep trying it. If you are very lucky you will make a living with a job that you really want to do. Why don't you keep in mind that the work you are doing is something helpful to others. Not only for you, but the kind of work that can be really, really great. Those two things I would like to give you today.



Honoring Dr. Jang-Yeon Park

INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SHOO (Minneapolis, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

B

My name is Jang Yeon Park. I come from South Ko - re -

Detailed description: This image shows the musical notation for the verse of the song. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff. Above the first measure, there is a box containing a chord diagram for a B major chord (B4, D5, F#5). The lyrics 'My name is Jang Yeon Park. I come from South Ko - re -' are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The notation includes eighth and quarter notes, rests, and a double bar line. A small 'x' mark is placed below the final note of the phrase 'Ko - re -'.

4


F#7

a. My home-town was ve-ry small, a-

7

long the east of the sea, where I swam

10



where I ran, in the moun-tains a-long the hill - side. A

[illegible]

B (CHORUS) **E**

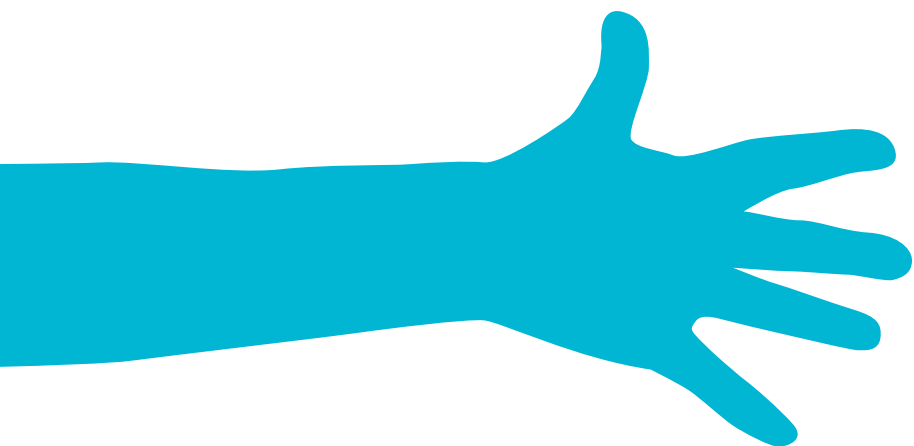
16 why. To have res - pect for your el - ders. To

F#m **B** **G#m**

19 have res - pect for your tea - chers. To have res - pect for each o -

C#m **F#m** **B**

22 ther. To have res - pect for your - self.



TO HAVE RESPECT

Honoring Jang-Yeon Park

[CHORUS]

*To have respect for your elders
To have respect for your teachers
To have respect for each other
Have respect for yourself*

My name is Jang-Yeon Park
I come from South Korea
My hometown was very small
Along the Sea of Japan

Where I swam and where I ran
In the mountains along the hillside
A scientist I wanted to be
Since young I don't know why

(CHORUS)

I was small not too tall
I sat in the front of my classroom
Where the teacher paid attention to me
Honestly I liked to study

To become a nuclear
Engineer was my ambition
Both positive and negative
Forces made up my decision

(CHORUS)

At that time democracy
Was not stable in my country
The military took control
Several years I did not study

With classmates we organized
On the streets with several million
Until the military stopped
Controlling Korea

(CHORUS)

From engineer to philosophy
To analyze the basic
Concept of modern science
Became my new ambition

Until I met my wife
Eun-Mi filled with graceful beauty
Through our love we had Do-Hyoung
And Do-Yun my light and riches

(CHORUS)

A woman prayed for us
Before we came to Minnesota
For a happy life beyond my field
Of medical physics

While searching for the truth
I found strength in Jesus,
Newton, Einstein, Heisenberg
and quantum physics

(CHORUS)

A paradox I can explain
In Newton's Determinism
And Heisenberg who says you can't
Determine velocity nor position

Yet Einstein said, "God never throws
dice." (With elders' wisdom)
All will meet at one point
May love be life's ambition

(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mari McCauley's 4TH & 5TH
GRADE CLASS from INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)



JOHNNY SMITH

Annishabe Ojibwa Instructor
and Keeper of the Drum

JOHNNY SMITH

My name is Johnny Smith. I'm a Red Lake Chippewa Indian from Red Lake, Minnesota. I graduated from high school when I was 23 years old. I had quit school and tried to get a job, but was too dumb, so I went back and got a diploma. I've gone to many different schools to learn a lot of different skills. I have learned to be an accountant, barber, teacher, draftsman, counselor and a business administrator. I learned the importance of education from my second grade teacher.

I speak the Chippewa language. There aren't many people left who speak the Ojibwa language. I travel all over the United States and sing and dance at a lot of Pow Wows. I have learned much about all the different cultures and can understand many of their languages. No language is hard to learn if you put your mind into it.

My Ojibwa name is Way-sa-quo-nabe. It means Yellow Feather. We had a big naming ceremony. It was time to carry another name. My first name used to be Little Man. They brought out a horse and a rifle and brought gifts. They gave me this name and said now you carry this name. You have to carry on my ways and my teachings. I've tried my best to follow.

I got my name Johnny Smith when the government came in to count us up. They keep track of you if you are Indian. When they asked my name, I said Way-sa-quo-nabe. They could not say it or spell it so they gave me a name. I am named after my great grandfather, John Smith.

I went to a mission school. They taught their own religion. They expected us to talk in English. If we didn't know the English word, they hit us. They would pull our hair. They were mean and cruel to us back then. We didn't know their ways and rules and they beat that into us. They wanted to convert us into Christians. They called us pagans because they thought we had no spirit. They didn't understand that we have a whole way of living.

My grandparents raised me. I had a better learning situation with my grand folks. I didn't feel threatened and didn't feel lost in the home of my grand folks. My uncles taught me how to cure people through Indian medicines. They taught me some songs. They taught me the old ways, the spiritual ways of the old people.

I live for singing and dance day after day, even though kids my age that were the same as me made fun of me when I was young. I didn't care about that. I knew what I did was good because I felt it in here. I have been dancing and singing for 62 years. It has always been important to me to learn the honoring songs and the background and culture of the Ojibwa.

I am a teacher at Oh-Day-Aki School. I teach American Indian history and American Indian singing and dancing. I was talked into being a teacher even though I didn't want to do it. I went back another year and then got my teaching license. The reason I stay there is all those little kids grew on me even though I could have other jobs and make more money. It is rewarding to watch young people and see them learn.

My spirituality works like this: when I go back home, I take my hand drum with me and go out in the woods and sing praising songs. I sing honor songs that praise our creators for what they give us. I honor people who do extraordinary things. A traditional life to me is just doing the things I learned. Being respectful of all things. Treating people kindly. Doing the things I learned that mean something to me in my heart.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Most of you know that this world we live in is rough out there. There are a lot of people who will hurt and harm you. You watch out for them. Stay away from alcohol and drugs. Do not join a gang. Don't be lazy and just watch TV. Stay in school because without education you can't get a job anywhere. The more education you have, the more earning power you have.



I AM PROUD TO BE OJIBWE

Honoring Mr. Johnny Smith

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. HEBERT'S
4th AND 5th GRADE CLASS OF
INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL (Minneapolis, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

G

D7

My name is John-ny Smith from the Red Lake Band. Chip-pe-

D7

G

3 wa - A - ni - shi - na - be, first peo - ple of this land. Way - saquo -

G

D7

5 na - be, Yel - low Fea - ther. Giv - en on my nam - ing day.

D7

G

7 Raised by my grand - pa - rents. I'm proud to be O - ji - bwe.

C

(CHORUS)

9 Thank you Great Spi - rit. Ge - shay - ma - nid - do. For

11

G A7 D7

all you have giv - en to help us through.

THE RED TAKE BAND . . .
 IS MY NAME
 FROM THE RED TAKE BAND . . .
 IS MY NAME

I AM PROUD TO BE OJIBWE

Honoring Johnny Smith

[CHORUS]

*Thank-you Great Spirit
Geshay-manid-do
For all you have given
To help us through*

My name is Johnny Smith
From the Red Lake Band
Chippewa-Anishinabe
First people of this land
Waysaquonabe Yellow Feather
Given on my Naming Day
Raised by my grandparents
I'm proud to be Ojibwe

(CHORUS)

They called us pagans
They thought we had no
Belief in the Great Spirit
In this world we call home
Sent my people to the mission
To learn their white man ways
We have our own traditions
I'm proud to be Ojibwe

(CHORUS)

I could not speak English
I flunked the second grade
Held me back until I learned
How to speak their English ways
My grandfather said, "You can talk
all day long and not say
a thing in the English language."
I'm proud to be Ojibwe

(CHORUS)

Kids use to tease me
They called me Pow-Wow Smith
Ran me down for speaking my language
I didn't care about it
Time went on they started asking
Me how to say
Words in their native language
I'm proud to be Ojibwe

(CHORUS)

At sixteen became a pulp cutter
Swung an axe with both hands
Learned the old songs and dances
From the elders in my clan
Now I am a teacher
Living on a teacher's wage
I like to help the children
I'm proud to be Ojibwe

(CHORUS)

Treat people kindly
Be respectful of all things
Geshay-manid-do is happy
When he hears the people sing
Feed the drum and feed the people
At the Pow Wows I love to play
Songs for my people
I'm proud to be Ojibwe

(CHORUS) 2X

Words by LARRY LONG

Music by LARRY LONG with Sherry Hebert's 4TH & 5TH GRADE
CLASS from INTERDISTRICT DOWNTOWN SCHOOL
(Minneapolis, Minnesota)



NORTH PARK



RUSSELL CRAIG GARY

NFL Football Player and Youth Worker

RUSSELL CRAIG GARY

My name is Russell Craig Gary. I was born July 31, 1959. I was born on the Southside of Minneapolis. Ever since I was kid I've always enjoyed sports. My father was one of the first black coaches in the state of Kansas. My mother and father were both professors and they stress academics. They made sure I did school work. My parents kept me on the straight and narrow.

I have two older brothers and three older sisters. My brothers played football, basketball and track. I tagged along with my brothers and got into athletics. When in high school I excelled pretty good in all sports. Played basketball, football and ran track. In my senior year made all-state in football, basketball and track, which was unique.

I went to the University of Nebraska on a football scholarship. Coach Osborne was honest and fair with me and looked me in the eye I could get an education and if I was good enough in school I could play. Andre Franklin and I were the first freshmen to play on the varsity team and go to the Rose Bowl. My senior year I made All-American. I played in the Senior Bowl and then I played in the East West Shrine Game for the Shriners Hospitals.

After my senior year I got drafted into the NFL in 1981. I was the first pick in the second round to the New Orleans Saints. I was a strong safety in defense. I played for the Saints for six and half years and then I was sent to the Philadelphia Eagles. When I played football, you weren't free. Now there's a thing called free agency when you sign a contract. When I grew up the team owned you, it was like a slave mentality. I couldn't leave. They wouldn't let me go.

I had friends who went down the wrong path. You have to do the right thing and make the right choices. I was happy and God blessed me with good talent, parents, brothers and people who help me out. I have a son who is 21 years old and he lives in New Orleans and goes to University of Tulane. His name is Russell Craig Jr. I have a daughter named Letricia, she goes to the University of New Orleans. My family is my most prized possession.

All my football honors and trophies and pro and college awards were lost because of Katrina. All of it is gone. The rings are gone. Everything I had I left with my son, and his house is gone. It affected me mentally and emotionally because of the way the people of New Orleans were being dealt with. That affected me more than property. It affected me how the government didn't do anything for the people. When I think about that it touches my heart and I wish there was more I could do to help out.

The worst racism is hidden racism and we have that in the north. You can't be scared. You can't live your life scared. You need someone to identify with that is your own race, so you can have someone to talk with, who shares something happening in your culture. When you don't know your own neighbors it's tough. When young we all looked out for each other. It takes a village to raise children.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Never give up and never quit. You can be what you want to be. By being on a team you learn a lot of things. People depend on you, you have teammates that depend on you. You're playing for the team and not just for yourself, people share and help each other and know each other. I enjoy life and live it to the fullest every day. That's why I work with kids. They give me something and it's joy and fulfillment. They keep me young.

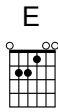


IT'S A CRIME

Honoring Russell Craig Gary

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. NEMEROV'S
5th GRADE CLASS OF NORTH PARK ELEMENTARY
(Columbia Heights, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)



It's a crime what they're do-ing down in New Or - leans. It's a

B7



crime what they're do - ing down there. It's a

B7



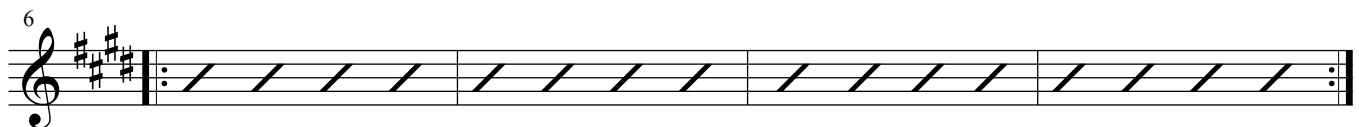
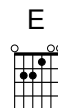
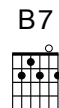
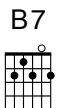
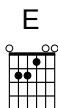
crime what they're do - ing down in New Or - leans. It's a

E



crime what they're do - ing down there. It's a

(RAP)



IT'S A CRIME

Honoring Russell Craig Gary

[CHORUS]

*It's a crime what they're doing down in New Orleans
It's crime what they're doing down there*

My name is Russell Craig Gary, I lived on
the south side
Across the alley from school, still I couldn't
get there on time
I would wait 'til the last minute, my father
coached football
Two brothers and three sisters, played since
I was small
Track and basketball and football was my
life
If I didn't do my homework or get my
grades right
Mother and father wouldn't let me play,
had to do what they said
Sure enough I did homework before I went
to bed

(CHORUS)

I played football all day long, then would
go inside
Shooting hoops with a homemade rim with
my brothers all the time
As a matter of fact we had the same team
with the same starting guys
From fifth grade through high school, older
boys I idolized
In my senior year made all-state in
basketball, football, track
With a scholarship off I went, no time to
look back

To Nebraska, Cornhusker State, first
freshman on the varsity
With Andre to the Liberty Bowl in Memphis,
Tennessee

(CHORUS)

Where Andre and me made history in the
Senior Bowl
Got drafted by the NFL to New Orleans I
did go
Out of college into pro-sports at the age of
twenty-one
Bought a brand new Porsche, 604, had lots
of fun
When you do good in one thing, helps in
others things too
Make the right choice, do your best in
everything you do
A strong safety in defense with the Saints
way down there
In the 9th ward, they might be poor, but
they showed me how to care

(CHORUS)

Without free trade, I was a slave to
the NFL
I could not fight, they owned my rights,
all I had was up for sale
The trophies, rings, everything I left with
my son



In New Orleans all I had got lost in the
flood
But there's one thing that troubles me
more than all of that
It's a government that makes the poor go
pass the hat
Friends in FEMA trailers from Atlanta to
Houston
If you are poor they'll slam the door on you
in Washington

(CHORUS)

Now I work in the schools as an urban
liaison

Social worker, counselor, now an elder for
this song
Listen to your parents and to your teachers,
too
Set your goals to get there - then follow
through
If you want to be a basketball star, or the
President
Or garbage collector, be the best at it
Don't let anyone keep you from what you
want to be
Do it all to your fullest and you will be
happy

(CHORUS)

Words & music by LARRY LONG with Coleman
Nemerov's 5TH GRADE CLASS of NORTH PARK
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
(Columbia Heights, Minnesota).





DR. DON KUDLUBOY

.....
Swede Hollow Resident, Mentor and Psychologist

DR. DON KODLUBOY

My name is Don Kodluboy. East St. Paul was the land of immigrants from eastern Europe. My family was raised in Swede Hollow.

December 20th, 1947 is when I was born. I went to school with students like me—first generation born in America. Teachers had to speak a different language. The church was a huge part of all communities then.

Schools were segregated. I didn't understand why. My parents were open-hearted with everyone. They had to go to work after 8th grade and couldn't even go to high school. They told me that there are no excuses for not doing well.

I am a psychologist. Psychologists study behavior. At the University of Minnesota, there were people who looked after me. I was in college during the Vietnam War. It was a difficult time, and I became active in the anti-war movement.

During that era, I was interested to see what to do to help students with behavior and brain problems. I worked with them to learn how to behave and help others.

My wife and I met teaching in Minneapolis. I became interested in different cultures. I worked in the Native American community, but Asia was my primary interest. I guide the Hmong and help them be successful. We've traveled to Laos, Cambodia, and soon Vietnam.

We help build schools and libraries. In Laos you would be lucky to have a school like this. You would sit at tables and benches that you make yourself. School is a very special privilege in most countries. My parents often said, "You are so lucky to be here and have what you have." Now I know what they meant. That's why your teachers push you so hard to do well.

I also went from California to British Columbia and wrote a book on street gangs. We know that students who have a reliable adult in their life are more likely to succeed. It's also important to pick good friends.

My goal is to make a difference with children. It is a fun and good life. Mentors will be the most important people in your life. Start with your teachers. Now that I am retired, I like to choose what I want to do.

WORDS OF ADVICE: If you want to be successful, read. Study hard and read a little bit each day. Read a lot when you can. Always be truthful. Seek help when you need it. Help others who do and you'll be happy.



THERE'S NO EXCUSES

Honoring Dr. Don Kodluboy

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. PRICE'S
5th GRADE CLASS OF NORTH PARK ELEMENTARY
(Columbia Heights, Minnesota)

(Call and Response)

Am

Dm

(CHORUS)



There's no ex - cuses.

No ex - cuses.

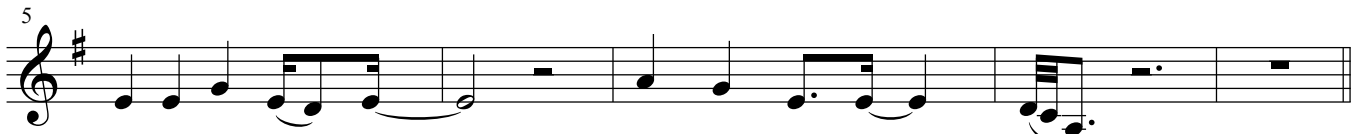
No ex - cu - ses.

There's

E7



Am



no ex - cu - ses now

for not do - ing

well.

(VERSE)



My people came from up in the moun-tains.
new im-mi - grants in Suede Hol - low

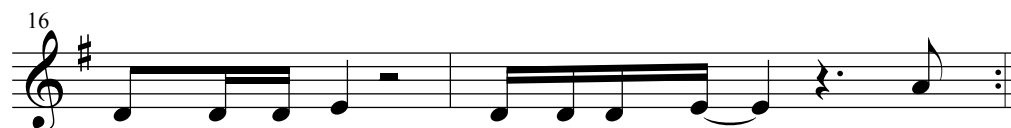
My peo-ple were far-mers. Trained
from East - ern Eu-rope. Soon

E7



white stal-lions. Came to A - me - ri - ca
to fol - low more im-mi-grants

to St. Paul.
from South - east A - sia, Me - xi -



That's where I lived since I was small.

With

co, So - ma - lia,

Gua - te - ma - la.

There's



THERE'S NO EXCUSES

Honoring Dr. Don Kodluboy

[CHORUS]

There's no excuses, no excuses, no excuses, no excuses

There's no excuses now for not doing well

My people came, from up in the mountains
My people were farmers, trained white stallions
Came to America, to St. Paul
That's where I lived. Since I was small
With new immigrants in Suede Hollow
From Eastern Europe, soon to follow
More immigrants from Southeast Asia
Mexico, Somalia, Guatemala

(CHORUS)

The school I went to was about the same size
But it was different, segregated
The whites went here, the blacks went there
If Latino, everywhere
In 6th grade began to study
Neuron-science, Dream to Discovery
Psychology grabbed my attention
Hippocrates, Galen the Physician

(CHORUS)

When I was younger, studied Judo
Was uncommon in Minnesota
When I was thirteen my best friends were
From Korea and Japan
Civil rights movement, just beginning
With few channels on television
Everything live. Learned about it
Then went to college, started marching

(CHORUS)

Found a mentor and a teacher
He dropped titles, names of authors
Have you read this? He would ask
Have you ever considered doing that?
What he told me I would do
The more I listened the more I knew
To study harder and read more
Give your life to help the poor

(CHORUS)

Became a doctor of Psychology
When I retired went to Yosemite
Along Big Sur my friends I called
So they could hear the waterfall
There's so much beauty. Do not hang
Your life up in a gang
I've known children, younger than you
Who didn't listen. Their life is through

(CHORUS)

To love somebody, takes courage too
When your friends get mad at you
Speak the truth, don't let it slide
When someone shoots. Someone will die
Study hard, read a little bit
Every day, when you need it
Seek help from others, as others do
You will be happy. I know it's true

(CHORUS)

Words & music by LARRY LONG with Leah Price's
5th GRADE CLASS of NORTH PARK ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL
(Columbia Heights, Minnesota)





JO-ANNE STUDENT

.....

Long-time Columbia Heights Resident
and Community Volunteer

JO-ANNE STUDENT

My name is Jo-Anne Student. I was born on September 8, 1936. I grew up by the University of Minnesota. My folks always lived around the university. My dad thought it was a wonderful place to live. I lived around educators and politicians. One thing we had was diversity. We had students from all over the world coming to the university. We didn't deal with differences. We dealt with things in common like being productive and good kids.

I was born after the Great Depression. I was sort of lucky. My dad was I guess. He didn't lose money. Most people lost all their money in the Great Depression. We didn't feel the sting of being poor. My folks had the responsibility to help people who were. We had folks come and sit on the porch for dinner. They ome every night to have dinner.

I never went to fifth grade. Pretty hard to believe. I went to grade school, high school and college, but never went to fifth grade. When I was in school back in the 40's and 50's, a long time ago, we didn't have what you kids have today. You have classes for gifted and talented kids today. You have kids with special education. They didn't have that in my school growing up. What they did is let you skip a grade. I skipped 5th grade. I am 70 years old and still regret not being in 5th grade.

I've lived here for 44 years. We came when our first child was three. The reason we came here is that the schools were superior. They had wonderful education and focused principals and a community of parents involved. Many had districts where all (the students) look the same. We wanted an environment where everyone was unique. Columbia Heights had that in the early 50's and still does. That is the best part of the district. We are different but we learn how to share and relate to each other.

One of my children was twenty-six when she died. Death is a part of life, but it is hard. Grandparents die and aunts and uncles die, but kids shouldn't die. We miss her to this day. That's part of growing up. You lose pets. Your favorite neighbor moves away. We are prepared. Nothing stays forever except education and things we know will always be ours.

Our second child Mike is a nifty guy. He is an artist. We knew he was talented. You see his commercials on television. Mike married Mary Ann and she was never sick a day in her life. She would run 5 miles every morning. She was a business person and doing very well and she called one Sunday and said to come over. She had decided to give up her job and go back to college and get a teaching degree. I was excited. She was an enthusiastic and a wonderful mother. On Tuesday my son's boss called us at 10:00 in the morning and said Mary Anne died. She died in the car in front of the school waiting for the kids to come out for lunch. Again, way down deep in my bag of faith I can't help this nor understand it. Lord help me. You don't have time to think of yourself. There are two children without a mom. We learned a lot from her. We do the best for them everyday.

We also had Anne, whose name was Anne Student. Life was a gifted dream for her. You know she is a teacher and a real good one. My husband? There's not a person in the world that met him who didn't like him. I knew him as a best friend first but knew all about him. His mother and my mother knew each other. He is a good listener. He sort of likes everything and everybody. In public I call him the Silver Haired Fox.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Continue your education and do the best you can. Knowledge is something no one can take from you, ever. Like yourself first and if not, you won't like others. Be generous with your thoughts and talents. Be generous. It enhances how important you are. Think. Trust people. You have a lot of good people in your life: in church, synagogue or mosque. Those are people you can trust. Just be a good person. You are my future. Don't disappoint yourself or me. There is nothing more important than children. That's the beginning and end of it for me.



EDUCATION, EDUCATION

Honoring Jo-Anne Student

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MR. MRAZ'S
5th GRADE CLASS OF NORTH PARK ELEMENTARY
(Columbia Heights, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

D

F#m

Don't let a - ny - thing in - ter - rupt you from reach - ing your goals. E - du -

G D G D D

3 ca - tion. E - du - ca - tion. It does - n't mat - ter if you're young

F#m G D G D

6 (CHORUS)

or if you're old. E - du - ca - tion. E - du - ca - tion. The

A D

9 good Lord knows. The good Lord knows. It

D F#m G D A7 D

13 (BRIDGE)

o - pens doors for you all a - round the world. My

A



D



17
 pa-rents al-ways lived a-round the u-ni-ver-si-ty. As a child it was a

A



20
 wonder-ful place for me. Stu-dents from a-round the world lived

D



22
 in my neigh-bor-hood. Sur-rounded by di-ver-si-ty in life is good.

Bm



F#m



25
 Though I had it ea-sy ma-n-y did not. Back in the De-pres-sion my pa-rents

Bm



28
 heard the door knock. Standing on the back porch look-ing for food to eat

A



A7



31
 were the poor. Be



EDUCATION, EDUCATION

Honoring Jo-Anne Student

[CHORUS]

The good Lord knows

It opens doors for you all around the world

Don't let anything interrupt you
from reaching your goals
Education, Education
It doesn't matter if you're
young or if you're old
Education, Education

(CHORUS)

My parents always lived around the
university
As a child it was a wonderful place for me
Students from around the world
lived in my neighborhood
Surrounded by diversity in life is good
Though I had it easy many did not
Back in the Depression
my parents heard the door knock
Standing on the back porch
looking for food to eat
were the poor
Be generous with your thoughts
and your talents, too
Education, Education
Knowledge is something
no one can take from you
Education, Education

(CHORUS)

I never went to 5th grade, pretty hard to
believe
Yet I graduated and went on to college
Didn't have special classes
for the gifted, Special Ed

Back when I went to school, so I skipped
ahead
It's hard to start over with new relationships
Now that I am older I regret it
We were segregated, no boys in my school
That wasn't cool!
When you have a book
you have a special friend
Education, Education
A friend that will stay with you
until the end
Education, Education

(CHORUS)

My mother knew the mother of the man I
married
We soon had a baby girl had to quit
college
That's what women did back in those days
Cleaned the house,
stayed at home with children to raise
Nothing stays forever; death is a part of life
It's hard to lose a daughter, son, husband,
or wife
With education your life will be whole
Love yourself
There are so many good people in your life
Education, Education
People you can trust, who are there day or
night
Education, Education

(CHORUS)



Now I have grandchildren from 15 down
to 5
The oldest one is learning how to drive
The one who is 13 now plays guitar
There's Charlie the fifth grader
who's reaching for the stars
Then we have the twins,
who know everything in the world
May God be with every boy and girl
With a husband that I love,

I call the Silver Haired Fox
Life is good
Don't disappoint yourself, you are the
future
Education, Education
No matter who you are
there's always more to learn
Education, Education
(CHORUS)

Words & music by LARRY LONG with Stanley Mraz's
5TH GRADE CLASS of NORTH PARK ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL
(Columbia Heights, Minnesota)





RICHFIELD 2007





EMILY DAY

.....

Settlement House Director, Richfield Historian
and Nature Center Volunteer

EMILY DAY

My name is Emily Day. I was born October 20, 1913, in Chicago. I grew up in Columbus, Ohio. My mother's name was Vera. She had been a schoolteacher and taught Latin, French and German. My dad's name was Harry West, and he was a lawyer. I had two older brothers and two younger sisters.

I remember the people marching down the street when World War I was over in 1918. I was five. When I was seven, women got the right to vote. There were black and white kids in our grades. I went to public school and was just sixteen when I graduated. I went away to Oberlin College in Ohio. It was the first college in the whole United States that accepted women as well as men in 1833. There were black and white girls in my dormitory. I grew up with a feeling that all of us were people who were together. I marched with other people in Washington D.C., for the civil rights movement.

When I graduated from college in 1934 there were no jobs. It was in the depths of the depression, and poverty in the United States was very severe. I found a way to get a master's degree in social work. I worked in a settlement house in Cleveland and Chicago. I was still in Chicago when Pearl Harbor came. I volunteered for the Red Cross. During the war we got vouchers for everything. Women began to work and began to wear slacks.

After moving to Minnesota to work in another settlement house I met a man who was the head of the Big Brothers and ran a camp at Lake Milacs. A. Whittier Day was his name. I got to know him and married him two years later. We lived on a farm in Bloomington and then found a house in Richfield in 1949. We had four children. I have lived in the same house for 57 years.

When my youngest child was in first grade I went to night school and got a teaching degree so I could be on the same schedule as the kids. I became a teacher in the Richfield schools until I retired. I thought I could really teach children how to read.

I left teaching, but continued volunteering. I'm on more things than you can shake a stick at. I volunteer at the Richfield Historical Society and over at Centennial every Friday. I'm also on the board for the Woodlake Nature Center. I do as much volunteering as I can. I can do things other people need. When they tell me I can do something well it makes me feel like I'm worthwhile.

My greatest hobby is to travel. I just love to learn about all the fascinating people on this earth. I started quite young when I first graduated from college. I have been very lucky being able to travel to a lot of different places. I've been to all the continents including Antarctica.

I'm proud of my kids. I have three doctors. Sally is a pediatrician. John is a neurologist. Tom is in charge of a family practice. My fourth child is mentally challenged. The thing I am most proud of is probably my work with mentally challenged people. My appreciation for what they do for her in her group home and how I can help other mentally challenged people is the thing I get the biggest kick out of. I have nine grandchildren but none of them are married. They are busy.

I am grateful to have such a wonderful chance to live. Shakespeare could tell about getting old. He wrote, "That time of year thou mayest in me behold. When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

WORDS OF ADVICE: Keep your eyes open and take every chance you've got to learn more about this wonderful Earth we happen to all be on. You'll find more and more places you like. You can support yourself with helping others. There's no place on Earth that you couldn't be helpful.



IN THESE TIMES WE'RE LIVING NOW

Honoring Emily Day

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MRS. CARROLL'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF RICHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL
(Richfield, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

D F#m Bm G

In these times we're liv-ing now. In these times we're liv-ing now.

D F#m Bm G F#7

6 (VERSE)

Don't know where I'm bound. In these times we're liv-ing now. My name is

Bm7 F#7

11

E-mi-ly Day. I was born in Chi-ca-go back when wo-men could not vote. I grew

Bm7 E7

16

up in O-hi-o. It's hard to re-a-lize where on earth you're bound

A7

21

when you are young. In these times we're liv-ing now In these



IN THESE TIMES WE'RE LIVING NOW

Honoring Emily Day

[CHORUS]

*In these times we're living now
In these times we're living now
Don't know where I'm bound
In these times we're living now*

My name is Emily Day
I was born in Chicago
Back when women could not vote
I grew up in Ohio
It's hard to realize
Where on Earth you're bound
When you are young
In these times we're living now
(CHORUS)

The man who across the street
From me was a veteran
Of the Civil War
He was seventy years young
Twenty years younger
Than I am right now
From the war to end all wars
To these times we're living now
(CHORUS)

I recall one little boy
Joseph Walker was his name
Who happened to be black
In my early grades
He had the most perfect
Handwriting in my class
He got the highest grades
Of anybody white or black
(CHORUS)

I went to college
When I was sixteen
To a place called Oberlin
Back in 1833
They were the first to
Admit both women and men

Of every race and class
In my school back then
(CHORUS)

I found work in a Settlement House
Before World War II
Without running water
And a bathroom
Everybody had to go
Down many flights of stairs
To find a bathroom
To wash up and comb their hair
(CHORUS)

When the war started
The whole world began to change
Women began to work
In slacks building planes
While the men were off to war
The women had more say
Then they ever had before
Thank God some things do change
(CHORUS)

That time of year
Mayest in me behold
When the yellow leaves or none or few
Hang above that creek so cold
I am so grateful
To have such a wonderful chance
To have lived a full life
I think it's time to dance
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Valorie Carroll's

6TH GRADE CLASS of RICHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL
(Richfield, Minnesota)





FRANCISCO MENDEZ DIAZ

Steel Worker, Medical Student
and Navy Veteran from Mexico

FRANCISCO MENDEZ DÍAZ

My name is Francisco Mendez Diaz. I was born in Puerto Escondido, Mexico. My mother's name is Gloria Diaz and my father's name is Francisco Diaz.

I finished secondary education and high school. I also finished one year of college. I went to the Technological Industrial Service Institute Center of Mexico.

I joined the Navy in Mexico and I got to work in the lab. I wanted to become a naval doctor.

I should have finished school, but stopped because I wanted a better future for my kids. It was for the good of my family.

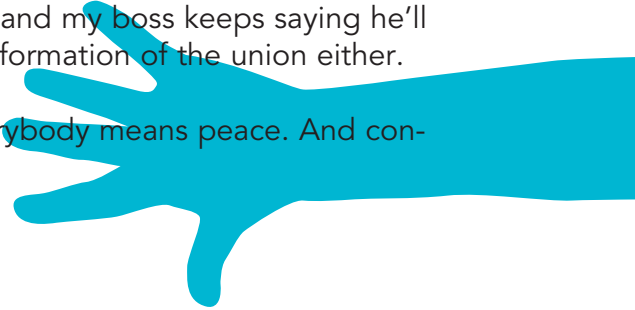
When I got a work permit to come to the U.S. I had hopes that my kids would go to college and finish college. It was hard in the beginning for us.

We didn't understand English. My kids cried because they didn't want to go out and play with the other kids. Everyone spoke English! So I went to English classes every morning for a month at 8:00 am. I also worked from 4:00 pm to 4:00 am.

My wife and I both work. She used to work for a cleaning company but quit. She quit because of racism and they didn't pay her for her hours. She worked 30 to 40 hours and they paid her for only half of that time!

I know Americans are getting better pay than me. They make \$1 to \$2 dollars more than I do. I worked for my company for six years and my boss keeps saying he'll give me the raise, but never does. I was never given information of the union either.

WORDS OF ADVICE: Respecting everybody means peace. And continue to study, study and study!



TO LIVE THE LIFE OF THEIR DREAMS

Honoring Francisco Mendez Diaz

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MS. JENKINS'
6th GRADE CLASS OF RICHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL
(Richfield, Minnesota)

(VERSE)

A

E

G#

My name is Fran - cis-co Men-dez Di-az. I was born in Puer-to Es-con-di -

A

A

E

G#

do. Now I live in the U. S. of A. Far a - way from my home

A

D

in Me - xi - co. When we first came here my chil -

A

(BRIDGE)

D

B7

fifth back to third grade. Now he will not say a-ny-thing in Spanish a - ny -

17

E E D A C# E G D

more.

While I work in the fac - to - ry

21

G D G

mak-ing mo-ney for the fa - mi - ly.

So one day my chil -

24

D A B7 E E/D A C# E/B

dren might be liv - ing the life of their dreams.

To

(CHORUS)

28

F#m

have res - spect for e - very-bo-dy's rights is the peace on earth to-night.

30

E7 G# F#m

That's one thing my momma said.

Black, red, yel-low brown, or white. E - very-

33

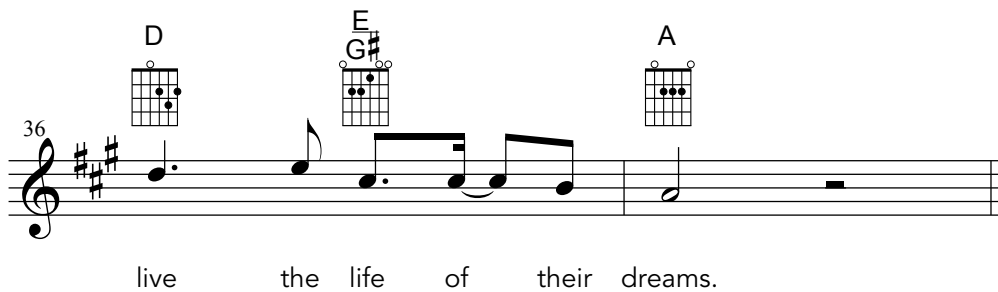
E7 G#

bo-dy on earth has a right to live the life of their dreams.

To



36



D E/G# A

live the life of their dreams.

TO LIVE THE LIFE OF THEIR DREAMS

Honoring Francisco Mendez Diaz

[CHORUS]

*To have respect for everybody's rights
Is the peace on Earth tonight
That's one thing my momma said
Black, Red, Yellow, Brown, or White
Everybody on earth has a right
To live the life of their dreams
To live the life of their dreams*

My name is Francisco Mendez Diaz
I was born in Puerto Escondido
Now I live in the U.S. of A.
Far away from my home, Mexico

When we first – came here –
my children could not speak
English, so my son –
was moved all the way
From 5th back to 3rd grade,
now he will not say
Anything in Spanish anymore

While I work in the factory
Making money for the family
So one day my children might be
Living the life of their dreams
(CHORUS)

My father worked in the Army
He quit when I was six-years old
To become a police officer
In the Capital City of Mexico

After high school I found work in the lab
Doing research on HIV

Plus worked on a ship just like my dad
In the military

Now I work here bending steel
Making money to pay the bills
To buy my children
those Chucky-Cheese meals
Living the life of their dreams
(CHORUS)

Grandmother had a plantation estate
Growing five thousand bags of coffee
A year when my grandmother died
Mother received the wealth of her family

While I work up north, 40 hours a week
Trying my best to make it on my own
With benefits and overtime pay
To bring back home

To help my kids get a college degree
To be the doctor I wanted to be
In this land of the free
Living the life of my dreams
(CHORUS)

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Mrs. Tamara Jenkins

6TH GRADE CLASS of RICHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL
(Richfield, Minnesota)



HARRY JENKINS

Ex-Gang Member and School Security Guard
from Chicago

HARRY JENKINS

My name is Mr. Jenkins. I was born December 19, 1962. My mother's name was Ella Mae Jenkins, and my father's name was John Loren Jenkins. My mother was born in Chicago, like me, and my dad was born in Texas.

My mom and dad separated. I moved to the south side of Chicago. I lived with my grandmother, Mildred Polk, and my auntie, Celestine Robinson. We went to live there after a man come in our home and jumped out the 11th floor window while my sister and I were watching TV. I was 10 years old.

If the parents don't want to be together or go separate ways, it puts wear and tear on a kid's heart. The kid wants to know who his father is. Possibly the mother doesn't want the kids to know the father. This causes the kids to come up in the world without a dad or anyone to guide them.

I met my father for the first time at the age of 21. When I was a young boy I didn't know who my father was; but you still have the love in your heart for your father.

In high school I played football and was very academic. My 12th year in school was a struggle. There were a lot of fights going on. When you encounter things you shouldn't be part of, it puts a tug on your life. I joined a gang when I was 16 years old.

Gangs are hard to get out of. I was in for almost 15 years. I was into it to where my position didn't allow me to just leave and walk away. My mother talked to me for four and half years to get out of the gang. She told me she didn't want to be standing over me in my grave. I found myself getting out of the gang. I walked away.

My mother got ill in 1992. I moved my family back home to take care of her. That same year my grandmother passed away. In 1993, my auntie died of cancer. I took that deeply because we were close to each other. In 1994, my uncle died. One person died after the next person. Life started getting hard.

I prayed to God to overcome all the hurt and pain I went through. I became a Christian in 1995. When my mother was on her deathbed, she gave my wife tickets for us to fly to Minnesota. As soon as we arrived here, she died. I felt like she was telling me to move on. There was no one left from my family but me.

I started working security at Richfield Middle School in 2001. I'm here doing a diligent job to make sure that kids are safe and aren't bullied around. I monitor the hallways to make sure the kids are in class and the boys aren't doing graffiti in the bathroom. I'm watching for gang members and anything coming into the school.

My other job is supervision of the cafeteria. Some times the kids make me laugh; everyone runs back to their seat when I walk into the room. As long as there aren't any fights, it's okay. Everyday is a good day for me when 4:00 comes around and all the kids are safe and on the way home to their parents. I take this job very seriously.

My advice to you is to go to class and achieve your education. Don't be followers. I don't want you to do what I did. You are the new generation and you guys can achieve your goals. Go to college and be the kids for the world. Things will go better only if you make them better. My grandmother told me that if there ever came a time to leave this world, I had to know how to be safe, and live and to walk right in this world. Show your loyalty to your family.

WORDS OF ADVICE: I tell kids in the school there is nothing like having your mother. Love your mother and love your father. Once they are gone you are all alone. I have many kids I take care of. I do my best to be the father to them that my father wasn't to me. It is hard not to have your parents around you. You got to love them all the time like it was your last day.



LOVE THEM LIKE IT WAS YOUR LAST DAY

Honoring Mr. Harry Jenkins

Music by LARRY LONG
Words by LARRY LONG and MS. HARPER'S
6th GRADE CLASS OF RICHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL
(Richfield, Minnesota)

(CHORUS)

D A7 D G6 D A7 D

Love them like it was your last day.

(VERSE)

5 A G D Bm

My mother's name was El-la Mae. My father John

8 A G D Bm F#m G

Lo - ren al - ways a-way. I never knew him when I was young.

11 D Bm F#m G A7

I never met him un - til I turned twen-ty - one.

14 D A G D D A

Raised on the South - side of Chi-ca - go with drug dea-lers



17

G D Bm F#m G D

all a-round my home. Mom-ma kept us in - side. Trying to keep us safe

20

Bm F#m G A7

from all the gang war - fare that kept us all up late.

LOVE THEM LIKE IT WAS YOUR LAST DAY

Honoring Harry Jenkins

Love them like it was your last day

My mother's name was Ella Mae
My father John Loren, always away
I never knew him when I was young
I never met him until I turned twenty-one

Raised on the Southside of Chicago
With drug dealers all around my home
Momma kept us inside,
trying to keep us safe
From all the gang warfare,
that kept us up late

Love them like it was your last day

Lived with my auntie and my mother too
It's hard to understand, what I've been
through
When I was ten, a man came running
through my door
Jumped out the window from the 11th floor
Hard to love somebody when that
somebody's gone

Went to church on Sunday to sing those
gospel songs
From the pulpit we heard Reverend Daniels
preach
About a new life far beyond these city
streets.

Love them like it was your last day

My grandmother told me there will come
a time
When you will leave this old world behind
I was a poor man and then I walked away
To become a rich man on that day
I was saved

Hard to get attention without money
Always do your homework, always study
Don't fall into the shoes of so many
I've known
You're the new generation! Work hard!
Achieve your goals!

Love them like it was your last day

Music by LARRY LONG

Words by LARRY LONG with Ms. Lynn Harper's 6TH
GRADE CLASS of RICHFIELD MIDDLE SCHOOL
(Richfield, Minnesota)



ABOUT LARRY LONG

Larry Long has made his life work the celebration of American stories and heroes. In a curriculum called *Elders' Wisdom, Children's Song*, he has brought these heroes to the classroom to share their life history with a younger generation. Now a *Smithsonian Folkways* recording artist, he has sung at major festivals, concerts and events throughout the country, Europe, Russia, Brazil and South Africa. Long produced *I Will Be Your Friend: Songs and Activities for Young Peacemakers* through the Southern Poverty Law Center, honored with a PARENTS CHOICE Award. Long is a recipient of the Bush Artists Fellowship, the Pope John XXIII Award, Leadership In Neighborhood Fellowship (St. Paul Companies), Sustainability Award, and In The Spirit of Crazy Horse Award for his work in forgotten communities.

WEB SITE: www.larrylong.org
EMAIL: larryl@larrylong.org



PHOTO CREDIT: Paul Irmeter

ABOUT COMMUNITY CELEBRATION OF PLACE

The demand for Long's work sparked the creation of a non-profit organization, *Community Celebration of Place*. Community Celebration of Place works with communities to use music, performance, art and oral history to bring together children and elders, and people of different backgrounds—economic, faith, racial, and cultural—to honor and celebrate our commonalities and differences.

WEB SITE: www.communitycelebration.org

ABOUT WEST METRO EDUCATION PROGRAM (WMEP)

The West Metro Education Program (WMEP) is a voluntary consortium of eleven urban and suburban school districts in the Minneapolis metropolitan area that was formed in 1989 to cooperatively address integration issues in the west metro area. The mission of the WMEP is to build the collective capacity of its members to raise the achievement of all students, eliminate the racial achievement gap and prepare all learners to thrive in a diverse world through regional leadership, integrated learning opportunities, shared resources and mutual support.

WEB SITE: www.wmep.k12.mn.us

