First place essay, primary category

This is a story about my brother and how he helped our community. Once my brother wanted to help out our neighborhood. So he asked if he could pick up trash because our neighborhood is pretty trashy. Once he thought of it he really didn't want to do it. He thought it was really fun! That's why helping can be fun! Trust me I have tried it. And the first time I did it I had so much fun, but you really should not litter because we need good air in our bodies. These are the things my brother did for service.

Ryan Weltz, 2nd grade, Franklin Northeast, Mesa
Second place essay, primary category

We help people in Mexico. We give them food, shoes and other things. We help School children. We give them money. We help grandparents and grandads and children and we give them books water bottles, Coloring books and paper. I learned that it is fun to help people that need us.

Azul Pedraza, 2nd grade, Franklin Northeast, Mesa
My grandpa, who we call Tutu, served in the army. He was born in Hawaii in the year 1941. Two months after he was born, Pearl Harbor was bombed. When he grew up Hawaii wasn’t a state until he was eighteen. He went into the army because the military protected his family.

When he went to the army he was in Alabama. He couldn’t go in the whites or blacks stores, restaurants or anything because he was Hawaiian. He was in Germany to help protect the German people. He learned lessons serving in the army. He learned in Alabama that people should be treated the same no matter what color their skin is, like Martin Luther King Jr. taught. He also learned in Germany it’s nice to protect and help the people for their freedom like the military protected his family in Hawaii.

Malie Enos, 2nd grade, Franklin Northeast, Mesa