SERVICE WITH MUSIC

My grandpa is amazing. My grandpa just turned 78 years old. He loves music and has been playing the harmonica since he was a little boy. He grew up without a lot of money so when he was given his first harmonica it was really special to him because he shows his love of music to everyone around him. He volunteers at a school in Mesa that kids go to without a lot of money. He teaches them how to play the harmonica for free and even bought them all their own harmonica and music book to keep. The kids loved their harmonica he gave them. My grandpa helps these kids who are poor and wouldn’t have a chance to play music if it wasn’t for him. Showing service is the best, especially teaching them music. I love my grandpa so much.
GREAT GRANDMA

My Great Grandma is from India. She comes to America to take old socks and old crayons and gives them to the schools in India. She takes my small T-shirts to the children in India. She asks my parents if she could take pennies and dimes to the poor. She even take one dollars to India. She goes to Chicago and helps people cross the road. She is very nice and very helpful. Right now she is gathering old socks and T-shirts at my house. She does not gather stuff is March or July. She even cleans my house. On my birthday she gets balloons all over the house. I love my Great Grama.
FERNANDO CASTELLANOS

My dad shows leadership by serving our family. I have ten kids in my family. Six are adopted. Two are foster care. I have a big family.

My dad is The leader of this family. He teaches us to be kind. He teaches us to say please and thank you. He teaches us to make our bed.

I love my dad. He is a good leader to us.
A LEADER

I think leadership through service is important and that my brother Dallin best represents that. He shows it by donating items to orphanages, done yardwork and housework for neighbors, and clean and picked up trash around the neighborhood even though it isn't fun. Who in your life is a good leader?

My brother Dallin Mayes has given several items to orphanages. First, he gathered things such as sport equipment, puzzles, toys, stuffed animals, jeans, shirts, and shoes. He put all the items in his truck and drove to an orphanage in Gilbert. Dallin was glad to see the kids joyful over the gifts they had received on that merry day.

Next, he did yardwork and housework for several neighbors. Dallin helped a man in our ward with remodeling his house. He sandpapered the cabinets and painted them a pretty brown. Dallin also helped the man by replacing the white tile with brown tile. He helped a lady in our ward with yardwork. He trimmed her bushes, moved the lawn, pulled huge weeds, and cleaned her front porch. She was very grateful for his service.

Last, he picked up litter around the whole neighborhood. He had a very big trash bag and gloves do the job. Dallin was very tired after doing this important thing to keep our grounds clean. He picked up a large amount of trash and everybody was grateful to have our neighborhood much more clean. Dallin does lots of things to help.

In conclusion, Dallin Mayes is a great leader through service. Dallin loves to work. He's always been very enthusiastic about it and he has spread the enthusiasm. You can be a great leader through service too.
Mr. Brett Erickson shows leadership through service. He helps our family all the time.

My family is different. My mom is a single mom who adopted the three of us. Gabe is eleven. He has trouble walking. Annabelle is three and used to have trouble hearing. My name is Ben, I can't walk so I am in a wheelchair. My family needs a lot of help.

Brett Erikson helps us in many ways. Mr Brett watches Gabe at Sunday School so mom can go to church. He visits us at the hospital when we are sick. Mr Brett and his came and wash our car. He is thoughtful.

Mr Brett helps us in many ways. Mr Brett is our friend how helps. Mr. Brett is a servant leader.
MONICA JIMENEZ

What does it mean to be a leader? What do they do, how do they act, and how do they help? Monica Jimenez is a great leader through service.

Monica serves as a volunteer at Friend of the Needy every two Saturdays. At Friend of the Needy Monica puts food in cardboard boxes and gives them to people who can’t afford it. She has to make sure that the food hasn’t expired and she has to cross out every single barcode. Monica is there from 8:00 A.M.-12:00 A.M. Other people volunteer too.

Monica is also a catechism teacher at Saint Anne Roman Catholic Church. She teaches Thursdays and Fridays. She teaches children to love God, people, and to love life. Monica teaches parents to have patience with their children.

Monica was a missionary for three years. She went to Chile, Ecuador, Columbia, Brazil, Mexico, and to the United States. Monica went from door to door preaching. She would also guide people through their needs.

Those were some examples of how Monica Jimenez is a great leader through service. You can also be a leader through service.
THE QUILT THAT HONORED LEADERS

What if I told you,
a tale so extraordinary,
of a girl who made a quilt,
of just a soldiers livery.

My father is my hero,
who fought everyday,
we’d pray he’d stay strong,
and that he’d come home to stay.

The girl worked hard,
both day and night,
to honor a true leader,
a country’s shining knight.
are happening, no more.

Pictures on the quilt,
his memories,
from his days out in war,
but those sad days away

Each patch represented,
the one’s who have died,
in each pocket a note,
from the ones who have cried.

Families have sobbed,
with anxiety on their shoulders,
but we know that when they cry
it’s in honor our soldiers.

They sacrificed celebrations,
dinners and parties too,
to keep our gracious freedom,
alive and still true.
A LEADER I CALL GRANDPA

Three years ago, my grandpa moved to Africa. He traveled there with a plan that one person would develop ideas and projects that would help make some financial profit. The profit that he made would be used to help the people in need.

My grandpa had three main goals once he was there. One idea was to dig water wells for fresh water. Their water is very scarce and polluted.

The second main goal he had was to build orphanages for children without homes or families. Therefore, he has been working with Kenyans to begin the orphanage. The orphanage hasn't been built yet, but they are setting plans to feed, shelter and teach grades K-6.

My grandpa has also begun a bead project. He has six widows that volunteer with him so far. They will sell the beads in the market. They will use the money for more materials and supplies.

One day my grandpa became very sick. He was ill for about three weeks which is actually normal in Africa. However, he got so sick that he finally went to the urgent care. When he went to the urgent care he got tested and ended up with a disease that was called “parasites.” He finally got better after he took medicine for about 3-4 days. This disease is unfortunately very common in Africa; he had bravely risked his life to go help the people in need.

My grandfather takes many risks and has an extraordinary heart. That is why I hope I can be a great leader like he is to me.
FINDING OPPORTUNITIES TO HELP

I volunteer some time to assist members of an organization called P.A.L., which provides schools and playground shelters for underprivileged children in the Dominican Republic.

Mr. & Mrs. Howell are my neighbors, and they frequently go to the D.R. to better the lives of children who have very little in their world. These are children whose fathers have not signed their birth certificates, which prevents them from attending public schools and receiving other privileges provided by their society. I feel very sad for these children, who have so little, and even fewer opportunities in life, for reasons that they have no control over.

The Howells and their P.A.L. friends volunteer their time, money and labor to build small school houses and provide teachers for these excluded children, to help them regain some of the opportunities that they have lost. They also pour concrete slabs for playgrounds for them, and set up sail shades to protect them from the sun. I see pictures of these children on the organization's website, and I know that they have become happy and filed with self-confidence, because of the wonderful work done by these volunteers.

There are so many opportunities to reach out to help those who are less fortunate then we are. We can find them here in Arizona, across the nation, or in almost any country in the world. Even though we are young, we can touch the lives of others. We just need to look for opportunities.
MAKING A DIFFERENCE

From a young age, I have observed an individual that has always led by actions rather than by words. He set high expectations for himself and always managed to reach them. This person is my brother.

In his sophomore year of high school my brother and his friend created a club with the goal of raising money for charities. He started by selling a few t-shirts for the hurricane Sandy relief fund. Even though his first attempt was a minimal success, he used this experience to learn from his mistakes and try again.

At the end of his sophomore year, he lost a friend to cancer. This friend inspired him to make a difference in her honor, through his club, by selling t-shirts for his peers to wear to one of the home football games. They advertised everywhere and sold hundreds of shirts in the process. In a few short weeks they managed to raise $10,000 for his friend’s charity. My brother thought that this was a great attempt, but set an even larger goal for the following year’s football game.

In his senior year of high school, after months of planning, his final fundraiser was implemented. He contacted radio stations, newspapers, and was even featured on the local news channel. They sold over 1,000 t-shirts. That night, as I stood at his football game, I watched my brother with pride as he handed an oversized $30,000 check to the charity. My brother really knew how to reach his goals.
A TRUE HERO

I remember impatiently waiting at home, straining my ears and trying to discern the deep rumble of his car. As my room is positioned directly over the garage, I lay down and pressed my ear to the floor, anxiously waiting to hear the metallic screech of the garage door opening. I was worried for him, knowing that he had exams scheduled for the morrow. But, once again Jason was out and about volunteering his precious time to the community that he valued so much. As soon as I head the hum of an engine outside, I bolted downstairs, slipping down the last few steps with my innate clumsiness. Attacking him with a bear hug, I could detect the faint but distinct smells of labor and toil. Although he was tired and fatigued, his eyes were alive with the joy that he derived from selflessly helping others.

During his last two years of high school, my brother ran a club by the name of The Veteran’s Heritage Project, a club with the mission of honoring those who have selflessly served by compiling their stories in a published book and storing their interviews in the Library of Congress. Through The Veteran’s Heritage Project, Jason gave countless veterans a voice and an outlet through which they were finally able to share their experiences in the armed forces to an interested and appreciative audience. Simultaneously working on the stories several veterans, Jason sacrificed his time by driving about the valley interviewing our wounded warriors and recording their stories late into the night. I was always amazed by the amount of dedication he put into his helping others. Jason is one of those rare people who genuinely enjoy helping others. He does not care for glory, nor does he care for acknowledgement. Jason constantly reminds me that human life is not measured by years, but by the way we impact the people around us. I know that everywhere my brother goes, he leaves a legacy and that he is always remembered for the sacrifices he makes and the kindness she shows to others.
Imagine sitting in a room alone. The walls are blank; the hospital room is so quiet the only sound is the air vents. It smells old and musty from years of decay, and there is no one to talk to. With no visitors, the feeling of humans is distant and you’re yearning to have human contact other than the cold hands of the monotone nurse from down the hall.

A short woman with rosy red cheeks and a bright smile across her face strolls into the old, chilly room. For the first time in months you feel happiness inside you. The room feels light and happy. She brings into the room the aroma of flowers and a delicious homemade meal, which she created just for you.

The smiley woman is named Beverly. She is one of my grandmother’s friends and is a hero to hundreds of hospital patients. Every morning, Beverly makes her way down to the hospital where she brings patients meals, flowers, does their makeup, or just sits and talks to them while touching their arm. These small actions make a huge impact on their lives and their recovery. After enduring test after test, Beverly makes these people feel human again. She gives them someone to hold on to and talk to. To heal better, patients have to feel better. She makes them feel their self-worth and gives them hope for the future.

One patient at a time, Beverly is making the world a better place. Just like Martin Luther King Jr, she had a dream. Her dream was to make all patients feel self-worth and loved. Beverly now owns a nation-wide organization making sure hospitalized people have a shoulder to lean on. Beverly is changing the world one person at a time.