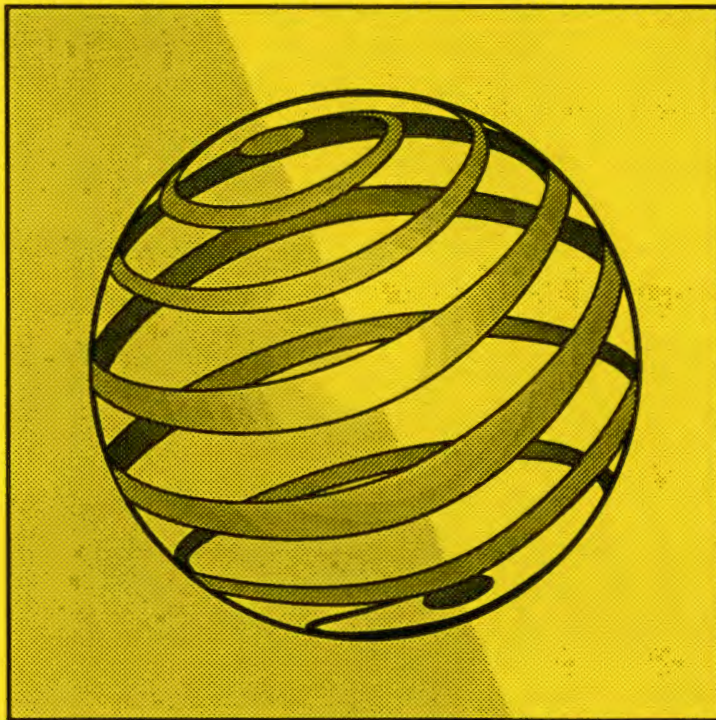


# FULL CIRCLE



**A Journal of Essays by Returning Students  
Kapi'olani Community College  
1992/1993**

Curtis Kissel  
Vicky Dacuycuy  
Harry Kahue  
Wendell Austria  
Leanna Brake  
Sherri Chow  
Yong Ran Liu

Ruth Smith  
June K. Yamaki  
Dolores Yacapin  
Nelson Ganhinhin  
Marybeth Empleo  
Yuki Mitsuyasu  
D. M. Jewell

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with support from the CARE Club

*Cover:*

*Jeff Chun, a former contributor to this collection, suggested the title Full Circle which embodies the idea of classroom learning as one starting point in an individual's preparation for life. Coming full circle then symbolizes return to the classroom by those who have left it.*

*The term 'returning students' refers to students who for various reasons left programs of formal study and who now also for various reasons decide to return. Such students are more commonly known as 'non-traditional students.'*

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Essays by Returning Students

Published by the Board of Student Publications  
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# Introduction

They return for many reasons—some because they yearn to complete an academic program that the circumstances of their lives forced them to abandon prematurely; others because they hope to qualify for career or study opportunities; still others because a long-held or newfound respect for learning makes staying away impossible. There are other reasons as well.

Whatever the reason, returning students, in two senses of the term, often meet their 'moment of truth' in an English composition class. Here they encounter the assignments which teach and test the mastery of verbal communicative skills on which any successful academic career must be built. They also find the opportunity, even the necessity, to think through and articulate the defining experiences of their lives since nothing is more natural than to use these experiences as the subject material of assigned essays.

Returning students have in common a wealth of personal experience that can and does serve them well as writers. They also, sometimes, confront daunting obstacles. They may doubt their ability, after so long, to reconnect the severed thread of their educational development or despair about meeting responsibilities to jobs and family while taking on a demanding and rigorous program of study.

Not all of them succeed for reasons that can as much relate to the general problems of being a student as to the special problems of being a returning student.

We, the authors and editor of Full Circle, hope that persons who are deciding on a possible return to study at KCC will find these essays to be informative and encouraging but also helpful in realistically assessing the challenges of coming full circle.

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# Decisions, Decisions

*by Curtis Kissel*

As quickly as it seems that the days go by now, it is hard to imagine that only recently I was living my childhood dream. Leaving the Air Force behind for the option of returning to college and furthering my education was one of the toughest decisions I had to make.

It was just a few months ago that I was discharged from that career to make it home for college. The chance for me to re-enlist had arisen right after I returned home from the Gulf War. Going through my six months in the Middle East had some effect on the decision I had made.

The Gulf situation was a very trying experience for anyone to go through. It wasn't exactly the type of travel I had looked forward to in the service. I had a lot of time to think about how much better college would've been. It got so good-looking it would've ranked right next to Disneyland on my list of things I wanted to do when the crisis ended. Not any more of course—college doesn't even compare to Disneyland; there is no Magic Mountain here.

Back in high school I never looked forward to going to college following graduation, or any time. A career in the service was all I dreamed about—G.I. Curtis, that was me. I should've graduated in fatigues. The decision I made then was pretty obvious—the military over college.

The reason I used to justify my decision was I never really was interested in math, English, religion, science, or social science for

that matter. So why bother suffering through it a few more years? I only excelled in two things: lunch and dismissal—never being late and always in perfect attendance.

I thought nothing I would see or do could change my mind about the service. I was wrong. It was a lesson learned and not forgotten. I don't blame the Air Force, but I blame myself for building it up to be bigger than life, bigger than what it really is. I have no regrets and many happy memories to reflect upon.

Slowly, as my military career moved on, I felt as though something was missing. More and more I got interested in attending the courses offered on base during my off-duty hours. As luck would have it, when I finally signed up my unit was mobilized to the Persian Gulf. It was such a disappointment to miss those courses, so I promised myself to register at Kapiolani Community College once I came stateside again.

Not taking a chance of doing both and having it pushed back by another long deployment, I decided that if I was accepted to KCC I would not re-enlist. So the wait was on for a reply to come at homestation. Obviously, I was accepted and here I am.

The college atmosphere was better than I expected and it was not difficult to cope with transitioning from soldier to student. My schedule is the most difficult, having classes so far apart each day. Two of my classes are the leftover ones and the type new students get stuck with when they register. Surprisingly, I like those classes better than the ones I wanted.

The fall semester is about to end and finals are coming up soon. It's hard to believe I was fixing aircrafts only a short time ago. I'm glad that I came though, because the saying goes, "Better late than never" not "Better never than late." Still, there are some areas I need to improve in or polish up—only a matter of time hopefully.

It is sad to think I could've missed this opportunity in my life. My

eyes are open, searching the different paths to success that are in front of me now. The decision to return has been a wise one.

To conclude all this, I am still not too fond of math, English, religion, and so on. Lunch isn't a class and the only thing still popular is dismissal.

# Starting All Over Again

*by Vicky Dacuycuy*

Coming back to school was a mystery to me. I did not know if I wanted to come back because I was afraid that I would not be able to meet the college requirements. After I graduated as a Medical Assistant in 1983, I told myself that this was it! I would not go back to school anymore. From then on, I started working and enjoying myself because money was appealing to me in those days.

My first employment was in a doctor's office where I worked for three years, but left because of the low pay range. Then I transferred to Straub Clinic where I was not satisfied with my working environment. I worked in an Oncology Department which specializes in dealing with cancer patients. It was sad and frustrating, so I left after two years of serving. I have been working at Kaiser Permanente Clinic, which I think will be my last stop, for almost four years now.

My supervisor at Kaiser Permanente always does an evaluation of nurses and clerks every year. Every employee has her own appointment time and day. In April, 1990, my evaluation was quite different and had gone longer compared to those in the previous years. She approached me on that particular day to see if I wanted to go back to school. I was stunned but I responded that I would think about it. Every time she made her rounds at the clinic, she came to me to see if I had decided. I made a lot of excuses like, "I cannot go back to school because I have to help my grandparents in the Philippines and especially I have to help my parents." I made

a lot of excuses, but this did not stop her from bugging me to return to school. Thus, last year, I put away the excuses and finally decided to make the commitment and return to school.

I applied for the Spring 1991 semester here at Kapiolani Community College, but before a student enters college, he or she needs to take the placement examination. When I took the placement test, I did not know what I was doing. I was taking my time in every module of the test. The result turned out so awful that I wanted to withdraw from that moment on. When I saw that I had to start from the bottom, like English 10V, I felt ashamed, but this did not hinder me. Every semester I had to take English—this was frustrating for me, but I had to accept it. Wholeheartedly, I guess it was the English class that I feared in coming back to school.

This semester, I finally reached English 100. I knew from the beginning of the semester that I would be exposed to vast numbers of term papers that are necessary to pass the English curriculum. From this moment on I acknowledged that I was not a good writer, but I hope that I will continue to write so that I can improve my writing skills.

I feel very fortunate to be able to return to school with few complications. I live with my uncle and my auntie who are very supportive of my education. I do not have the stress of paying mortgage or rent so I work only part-time for Kaiser Permanente Clinic, earning enough to pay for college and other expenses.

College life is a whole different world for me. It is exciting and scary, but I will not give up. I have come this far and I will continue to pursue my career in the field of nursing in order for me to continue to serve the community. Through the years, I have come to realize that knowledge is power, that obtaining knowledge is the key to realizing your life's dreams.

# My Return to School

*by Harry Kahue*

My decision to return to school after 15 years was due to circumstantial events that occurred during my employment at Small Tree Service. During my second year at this company, I was injured on the job, severing my right hand above the wrist.

As a result, I had to seek other employment that would be better suited to my challenging situation. I attended the Rehabilitation Hospital of the Pacific for a year. There I learned how to negotiate everyday functions with an artificial prosthetic limb (such as grasping, articulating and manipulating various objects). Subsequently, I entered a vocational rehabilitation program. There, I was counseled as to what my options were, as far as re-entering the labor force.

The state labor regulations regarding vocational rehabilitation required that I fulfill a few prerequisites before I could be considered for any career change, job training, or schooling. The vocational counselor and I discussed whether or not I could be placed in my original position at work. But, this proved to be futile, as my employer went out of business shortly after my injury. The second idea was that I work in a lesser capacity at the same job. Both hinged directly on the premise that the company would still be in operation. As a result, the third process was necessary, which involved searching the job market for careers that would be appropriate in wages and cumulative experience. Therefore, I was given a series of tests, to see how well I could do various things. These were given

to measure aptitude, dexterity, and comprehension. At the end of these validations, it was decided that I should look at the possibility of returning to work as a semi-truck driver. In the past, I had worked at a few wholesale distributorships, as a delivery person. It was something I had enjoyed before my injury, and I was hoping that I could do whatever would be required to insure a smooth transition into that vocation.

Prior to being put behind the wheel, I was given a physical examination to determine if I was able to manage the operation of an eighteen wheeler. I was disappointed to find out from the physician that a federal regulation prohibits the operation of a commercial vehicle by anyone who has lost a limb or an appendage. Although I had a prosthesis, this was not enough to sway the doctor's decision.

At this point, I started to get anxious thinking about alternatives, if there were any. My main concern is insuring the financial stability that is needed to care for a family of four. This included some budgeting, bargain hunting and penny pinching by our family. In retrospect, we have persevered through many hardships and I, for one, have a more enhanced appreciation for life's simple pleasures. Just to be able to see my children grow into young adulthood is incentive enough for me to continue the process of vocational rehabilitation. The last choice ultimately was by far the most appealing to me, but I had some reservations.

In compliance with our last vocational rehabilitation assessment, it was concluded that I could be considered for some sort of technical training school or college. Again, tests were administered and when they were over, I was given confirmation to start the summer session at Kapiolani Community College. I was excited at the thought of going back to school. In contrast, I had mixed feelings as well. One was that I would look and feel out of place. The second

was the fear of failing to meet the standards of my peers in college. Lastly was the fear of not being accepted socially because my impairment is not unnoticed. I attended that summer session, and realized that my fears were unfounded. To my astonishment, there were many people like myself, who were re-entering school after long pauses.

Ultimately, I find myself rather intrigued and pleasantly perplexed by the many new things that I have experienced this semester. My pre-college phobias were unwarranted and speculative. All in all, I am hoping to continue to do well in my classes. It has not been easy for me, but is anything worthwhile ever easy?

# The Second Time Around

*by Wendell Austria*

Going back to school as soon as I got out of high school was not my idea of fun, but then, what else was there to do in Hilo? Most of my friends were going away for college or entering the military just to get away.

In the heart of the half-moon Hilo Bay (that is where Hilo got its name) sits the city of Hilo. The community is slow paced, quiet and in every other sense a small town. In Hilo, everyone knows everyone and everything they are doing— or so it seems. In 1976, the last year I lived in Hilo, the population was approximately 13,000 people. Since then, the population has more than doubled. Still, the atmosphere remains friendly and in spite of its growth, the small town feeling still exists.

Following my graduation from high school, I realized that I had not made any future plans. So, with nothing but time to burn, I ambitiously applied for a job as a delivery person at Hilo Drugstore and simultaneously enrolled myself into Hilo Community College's Liberal Arts program. It was then I began to have some direction in my life. Unfortunately, my college experience was short-lived. College turned out to be a very lonely and unsuccessful experience for me. Not only was I working long hours at the drug store which decreased my time for studying, but I was also unsuccessful in making friends at school. In addition, I still did not know what degree program I wanted to pursue in school.

I eventually left Hilo Drugstore for a bigger and better job

opportunity. I had advanced to the position of a carpenter. As a carpenter I built homes for a local contractor. The work was hard, but the pay was good and I was able to work at different sites all around the island. Unfortunately, this did not last long either. After just a few months of work, the demand for new housing on the Big Island of Hawaii began to slow down. I was eventually laid off and found myself out of work for over two months. At the prompting of my father, I packed my bags and moved to Maui where the demand for construction workers far exceeded the supply.

As a child I spent quite a few summers on the island of Maui. At that time, I would visit my grandfather in Keki. Keki at that time was just a small fishing community on the beach. It consisted of a grocery store and a single pump gas station. I would go down and walk for miles on Keki's empty white sand beach and never see a soul. It was hard to believe I was on the same island. Keki was now buried under condos and shopping malls and its beaches were carpeted with people. This town was booming! It had jobs waiting in line for people!

Within a few days, I was at the construction site before sunrise with my hammer in hand. Work at last. I could finally afford to live—or so I thought. It was then that I discovered the cost of living on Maui was double that of the Big Island. So even with a good construction job, I needed to get a second job just to get by. This made me wonder, maybe school wasn't that bad after all. I survived on Maui for three years.

Tired of paying the high price of paradise, I moved on to Los Angeles, California. I was grossly unprepared for this experience. Labeling it culture shock would be an underestimation.

Stepping off the plane in Los Angeles International Airport was an experience in itself. Every time I turned a corner someone was there handing out free flyers on free knowledge and being free. This

freedom was promised to be delivered for a donation of five to ten dollars or more. I freely felt sorry, but I just could not afford anything free. It made me wonder—if this is free, how much does it cost to live here?

I was fortunate to already have some friends living in Los Angeles. I quickly landed a job at a research company as a test driver for new cars. From there I went on to work as a precision sheet metal fabricator. Our company produced precision sheet metal for the aerospace industry. So when the space shuttle crashed and our company lost its major contract, I was out of a job. I also began to feel that life in Los Angeles was more than I could tolerate, even with the low cost of living. I was never quite able to get used to the noise, traffic, crowds, smog, the rainbow colored hair people wore, and the Night Stalker. So following my most recent job termination, I returned to Hawaii.

I had been living in Honolulu for the past eight months not really knowing what direction to take. In trying to recuperate from life in Los Angeles, I spent a great deal of time surfing, working out at the gym, and watching videos. My cousin, who was my roommate, suggested I try going back to school. I couldn't imagine myself in school after all these years, and it would be too hard to go to school full time and work full time.

It was in Hawaii that I met my wife Kitty. She worked with developmentally disabled adults as an instructor and a home health aid. Helping people is what she enjoyed the most. She enjoyed helping people so much that she eventually enrolled in the University of Hawaii at Manoa School of Nursing. She seemed to study endlessly. She memorized words that I could not even pronounce. I often wondered—was this all worth it?

Kitty graduated two and a half years later with a Bachelor of Science in nursing, top ten in her class and a mother of two boys—

one almost two years old and the other, two months old. She then went on to obtain the job of her dreams as a critical care nurse at Queens Hospital.

During her schooling I was employed as a graphic artist at Duty Free Shoppers of Hawaii. Working there was great except for the long hours, last minute changes, and high performance pressure from my extremely temperamental managers. I felt like I wasn't really getting ahead. I began to realize the growth my wife had experienced because of her schooling and I thought that maybe I could do the same.

Because of her influence in my life I am now almost finished with my first semester at Kapiolani Community College. Getting into a habit of studying hard and working less was a scary transition for me, but I liked the challenge. The big difference was having the great teachers and classmates which made it enjoyable the second time around.

# Rebuilding the Future

*by Leanna Brake*

Sitting in my car, I glanced at the hands of my watch. I had an hour before my first class started. I was early because I was told that parking was a problem. It had been 15 years since I had been in a classroom. The closest I got to a school in these past few years was taking my children to school. They were so excited for me. As I gave them their goodbye hug and kiss and dropped them off at school they both exclaimed, "Have a good day at school! Study hard!"

As I sat waiting, I could not help but recall that some things never change. As a child, sleep came to me slowly due to the anticipation and anxiety of the first day of school. Now I worried about the impression I would make looking half asleep on this first day of school.

I gazed once again at the pink slip. I held it hoping it would give me some comfort. It represented to me the reality of my decision to go back to school. Even now sitting in the parking lot I wondered if I was doing the right thing. But I knew for months that I needed to do something with my life.

I knew it was not going to be like attending college as I did after high school. That was in my past. Now I had to rebuild my future. It would have been easier if my husband were here also to give me the moral support I had grown accustomed to. In my heart I knew going back to school was necessary. I was a widow and was left with the job of raising two little boys alone. It had been a while since I held a job and I knew I needed the education and training to

qualify for a good job. I chose to stay home with my sons and raise them because they only stay little for so long, and I wanted to be their primary caretaker. I never once regretted that decision of becoming a stay-at-home mom.

Now I would like to work with people and help them with their life. It would be great if I could work with children. My first concern is getting used to being a student again. Everything seems so new and strange. I need to get my study skills refined, my time organized, and adjust to my new life.

Putting my life back together has been a struggle. I feel like a toddler learning to first walk. Making the decision to go back to school is the start to moving my life forward and being productive again.

I left the safety of my car and slowly walked to my class. The teachers were great. Their enthusiasm began to ease my fears. Getting a syllabus was like meeting an old friend I had not seen in years. The classrooms were also like any other classroom I had been in. A sigh of relief also came over me as I noticed other students my age walking around campus.

I carry my pink slip around with me for the symbolic courage it represents for me. I have spent many mornings sitting in my car waiting for class to start. I wait no longer in fear but with great anticipation. I survived that first fateful morning. I am also surviving the death of my husband and moving on. Like that toddler learning to walk, I am taking steps forward.

I know I made the right decision to go back to school. School offers me a path to journey down full of hope, knowledge, and with a supportive cast to help me achieve my goal.

Now when I pick up my sons from school they ask, "How was school Mom? Were you good today? What did you do at school Mom?"

# A Profile of a Continuing Student

*by Sherri Chow*

Today more adults are returning to college to further their education and learn new things. We usually think of people who attend college as students just out of high school. But nowadays half the population of students are older people. I have a friend, Claire, who is an older person returning to college. Claire is an unclassified student who takes Chinese at KCC. She has been taking Chinese for the past four years. Out of the four years that Claire has been in college, she has taken Chinese 50 for six semesters repeatedly. When I asked her what made her do that she said, "I did it for continuity and also I wanted to make sure that I understood what was going on, being that Chinese is such a hard language to learn." If you knew Claire you would know what I mean. Whatever Claire does it must be done correctly. At times she can be finicky.

Learning a second language sometimes makes you feel that you are starting to learn the alphabet again. This is how I met Claire. Last semester I took Chinese 101. It was a very difficult task. Claire also took 101 and she volunteered to tutor me because all of the tutors' schedules conflicted with my classes. Claire is a sweet and helpful person. She is always willing to help me when I need it. I asked her what made her decide to return to college and take Chinese. She said, "I wanted to learn Chinese. For one thing I am Chinese and second, since my parents passed away I lost the knowledge of speaking Cantonese. So I decided to take Mandarin being that Mandarin is the national language of the People's Republic of

China, and I always wanted to learn to speak Mandarin. Now that I'm retired I don't have anything else to do, so I decided to return to school."

Although Claire went to college after graduating from high school, she dropped out in 1947. When I asked if she noticed a difference between school in the past compared to now she laughed and said, "I noticed a big difference. In the past we didn't have any community colleges. This was hard. Classes were much more difficult and there was not much of a good selection of courses that you could take." Also I asked her about the books and materials used. She said, "Everything has changed drastically since I remember going to school. We didn't have audio and video tapes as help to guide us along and the books didn't explain as well."

Many senior citizens who return to school after retiring usually go to school on a part-time basis. When I asked Claire if Chinese was the only class that she has been taking all these years, she said, "Yes for three years I've been taking one class at a time because I strictly wanted to concentrate on Chinese." But when I asked her if she was taking any other classes this semester she explained, "This semester I added one more class, math, because I want to take an accounting class but there is a prerequisite—so probably next semester I'll take accounting." I asked her if she found school to be difficult. She responded, "Well there's a yes and a no. I've been out of school for forty years, and when I first returned to school I found it to be a struggle and it was difficult. After a while I adapted to the language and started to concentrate harder. I noticed it started to flow much easier."

When you take different Chinese language classes you learn different techniques. I asked Claire if she had taken other courses in Chinese. She responded, "I've taken three other classes prior to KCC, four years ago, through the senior citizen program."

"Have you noticed any difference in how each teacher teaches?"

"Yes I did. Every teacher had a different teaching method and the materials that they used were all different. Some of the books that I used did not explain as well as other books did."

To some people learning their native language means a lot. I asked Claire, "How do you feel towards your culture?" She responded, "It makes me feel stronger, and also takes me back to ancestral days. Although I don't have any material ties with my family, learning the language has made a difference. I don't have any active contact with my family besides my immediate family."

Many students enjoy going to school. A lot of times the environment makes a difference in the student's attitude towards learning. I asked Claire how she liked the environment at KCC. She said, "I really like it here. The campus is nice and so beautiful." Another question that I asked her was "How do you feel about the mixed age group on campus?" She answered, "I have no problem. I do my own thing, and everything goes fine. The mixed age group does not bother me. I find that it's not a problem." Another question that I asked Claire was, "As an adult how do you feel about returning to college?" Claire responded, "I feel great about taking advantage of the great opportunity of learning. Many retired people are starting to return to education. I went for the goal of education—four years of taking Chinese. I feel that is enjoyable and I'm not afraid to go for the gold."

When you decide to learn a foreign language sometimes you ask yourself these questions: How different would it be if I had learned the language in the country or would it be easier to stay just where I am and learn? Claire had the opportunity to go to China and learn the Chinese language. I asked her if she had the choice of learning Chinese in China or in college, which would she prefer? She answered, "I would rather learn in China, because it flows through

you better. The environment towards learning is also different." I also asked her, "What do you feel is the difference?" She answered, "Well here in Hawaii I am English oriented and in China you cannot rely on your English to back you up." There was one other subject that I was curious about. I asked Claire what kind of strategies she uses to help her remember the many different characters and vocabulary words. She replied, "I have many different tricks that I use such as splitting words. Here's an example: zher means here so I split the word to be z-her and I learned the word to be here. Another strategy that I use is self-development and word association between Mandarin and English like I previously explained."

Claire has learned a lot of Chinese but she does not plan to further her education. She doesn't plan to teach. I asked Claire, "With all of the Chinese that you learned what are you planning to do with it?" She replied, "I believe that it is for my own etiolation and so I can be bilingual. I have no goal of learning any more Chinese and it is for my own good." The last question that I asked Claire was if she would continue to tutor. She said, "I enjoy tutoring and it is for the benefit of the students that they understand the language."

Coming back to college as an adult in a complex teaching environment can be challenging. Claire has proven no matter how old you are, age does not make a difference in your ability to learn. She also has proven that not only young people can accomplish goals in education but senior citizens can go for the gold too.

# School, I Am Back!

*by Yong Ran Liu*

I was in my third year of Medical School in China, and everything was simple and normal—until October 5, 1989. “Watch out! A man named Neal is going to write to you.” At the other end of the phone, my cousin in Hawaii gave me a warning. Penfriend? I was surprised. A few days later, Neal’s letter arrived. “My wish is that you and I can become very good friends by writing to each other as often as possible.” Neal was my cousin’s college friend. He got to know me by seeing me in some of my cousin’s family pictures. Neal’s handwriting was clean and neat, and what was more, he was very sincere. How can I refuse a friend like him? We began writing to each other frequently, and our friendship grew rapidly as weeks passed. After we celebrated our third month anniversary, something out of friendship was happening. I guess we were in love! Although there was a very large ocean between us and we could not nurture our love by spending a lot of time together, we still felt very close to each other. I talked with him in my heart, shared with him my happiness and sadness. And every time I faced a difficulty, thinking of him gave me courage. On March 18, we were engaged. On July 16, 1990, he crossed the Pacific Ocean, and we finally came together. Since no college student is permitted to get married in China, to get our marriage certificate I had no choice but to quit school.

Did it mean my academic life was over? No. School is very important in my life, and my husband, Neal, quite understood this.

Actually, in his letters before we married, he had mentioned about my continuing school in Hawaii. He had been familiarizing himself with any special requirements that I might have to fulfill to enter the University of Hawaii.

In the middle of August, after our honeymoon, Neal had to come back to Hawaii to start his new semester. We were separated again. I was sad for quite a while, but not for too long. I realized I had to do something to be reunited with my husband. I started to apply for a Chinese passport and a visa from the American Embassy. The process took about six months. While writing to each other more frequently, I was also helping my mother, a retired Mathematics professor, distributing spring water to support the family. However, for the first time in my life, I felt as empty as a tin. Sometimes, I saw students riding bicycles, heading to school. Their faces, flushed with excitement, lifted toward the fresh-risen sun. My eyes would fill with tears on such occasions. I missed school very much. However, since I got married, I was not allowed to enter the school gate anymore.

How to spend the six months in China more meaningfully? I started going to the library every day. One day, I saw a poster outside the library. It said that the Acupuncture Massage Investigation Institute and Intelligence Development Amateur School had jointly opened a course on acupuncture, moxibustion, and massage. It was for people who had some medical knowledge and experience. The tuition for it was quite expensive, and the classes were quite long. They met from Monday to Saturday, from eight o'clock in the morning to twelve o'clock noon. But in between, there were three fifteen-minute breaks. The course was three months long. Chinese medicine is a great treasure. Before I quit school, I had spent almost two semesters learning Chinese Medicine, and I was deeply engrossed in it. Considering my time and my background,

I decided to enroll in this course. It was a class outside the college campus, but the professors were from the Guangzhou Chinese Medicine college. Students of all ages came to take this course from all over the world. Some were from Hong Kong, Macau, Japan, Indonesia, the United States and Germany. Of course, they were all of Chinese ancestry, and could understand Chinese very well. We learned from each other too. Three months passed; I passed all the examinations and got a certificate for the course. The most wonderful thing I learned was ear acupuncture. Instead of using acupuncture needles, we use Chinese medicine seeds. It is safe and effective. I had tried it on my father, brother, and other relatives. They appreciated it. Actually, there was a small wish in my heart: to use it to help my husband stop smoking. Massage was very interesting too. I applied it to my brother after his athletic meeting, and to my parents when they had headaches.

After I got the diploma, I joined a class to learn Chinese cooking and pastry—to help me become a better wife. To my surprise, I was the only young woman in class. However, this did not prevent me from learning to cook. I took notes and asked whenever I did not understand. Chinese cooking is magic. With practice, my cooking skill highly increased. Hearing I was going to go to a foreign country, our teachers—chefs from the restaurant—brought me many cooking books as gifts. They told me, “We hope these books may help you learn more, and then you can find a job in a restaurant.”

On March 23, 1991, I arrived in Hawaii. My husband and I were finally reunited. Following my uncle, we joined Chinese parties and shook hands with many relatives on my father’s side, but we could not remember their names. Two weeks later, on April 9, I started working in a dentist’s office as a dental assistant. However, I never gave up my dream of continuing school. My husband took

an application form for me from U.H., and we filled it out to apply for fall 1991. Since I did not have a TOFFEL score, my application was not acceptable and finally I turned to KCC.

The KCC English placement test gave me a big shock. Most of the words in the test were alien to me. Anyway, I put down "B" as an answer to whatever I did not know.

I should be thankful that U.H. turned me to KCC. Since the first day of school, I have fallen in love with this beautiful campus. After one year and two months, I finally came back to school. The joy of my heart was beyond description. However, in my eyes, school is not a port of refuge to avert the harsh reality of society. What I really feel is by learning English and other sciences, the doors of opportunity are opened in front of me, in front of everybody. School, I am back!

# School Daze

*by Ruth Smith*

Here I am 38 years old and still in school. Actually I've been attending school for more than half of my living years. Of course there have been breaks, long breaks, between semesters. Breaks during which I got married, raised 3 children, and eventually found myself as a single parent trying to find a decent job, without the benefit of a college education.

I had always dreamt of being a nurse as far back as I can remember. My high school summers were spent as a volunteer candy striper at Queen's Hospital, which just confirmed my desire for nursing. I loved everything about the profession; from the smells of the hospital to the interaction with the patients. My mother always said that was my calling. But there would be obstacles that would delay my education. I wasn't a good student in high school and I knew that I wouldn't take college seriously had I pursued it at that time. Instead, I married my high school sweetheart and settled down into a comfortable life with a husband and eventually three children. The dream of being a nurse faded with the years. Life seemed content; there was nothing I wanted materially. But as the years passed and my children grew older and more independent, I started to feel a void within me. There was something definitely missing, I just couldn't put my finger on it. At times I would catch myself daydreaming, staring out of my living room window, thinking of all the opportunities I was missing out on. There had to be more to life than just the everyday humdrum

of housework and picking up after the family. The urge to want to seek more out of life became so great I knew I had to quench my curiosity.

At the time I had a neighbor who lived downstairs in the complex where I lived. Terri and I would meet for mid-day “rap sessions” while we sipped on our cups of coffee. She would tell me to chase my dreams or I would never know what could have been. She had become a very positive force in my life and it was her belief in me that made me finally act on my dream. This would be the start of my metamorphosis.

The process of getting back into school was, to say the least, overwhelming. I didn’t know where to begin or how to go about beginning the process. I found myself in the career counseling office at KCC, browsing through the various pamphlets that described the different technical trades offered through the college. As my eyes scanned the rack, the LPN brochure stuck out like a sore thumb. All my dreams came back to me and I felt an excitement surge through me. I knew what I had been missing in my life: experience of growth, trying my abilities to their limits. I suddenly felt alive!

Paying closer attention to the requirements needed for the program, I knew I was in for a long haul. It had been 12 years since I had graduated from high school. A long time to be away from the mental stimulation of the educational process with no transferrable credits, I was starting from scratch.

Not one to be intimidated easily, I plugged along finding out what I needed to do in order to enroll. Just to register for school can be a long and sometimes testing experience. But I persevered, making sure to ask questions when I didn’t know the next step to take. The prerequisites were many: math and English placement tests, copies of high school transcripts, TB tests. But it paid off. I

would eventually receive my letter of acceptance into the LPN program. I was overjoyed, but I knew this was just the start of my long journey into my educational experience.

My most vivid recollection of my first day of classes was one of panic. So many doubts were running through my mind. Was I able to cut the grade? Could I get back into the studying mode after being out of school for so long? Was my desire strong enough to carry me through this intense learning process? Whatever the answers, it was too late to turn back. So it was time to put my blinders on and look straight ahead. And yes, there were times I wanted to give up, surrender, and say, "I can't do this anymore." But I took it one day at a time and eleven months later I found myself part of the LPN graduating class of 1984. The feeling of achievement is one I can't describe. It was as though I had conquered the world. I felt as though there was nothing I couldn't do. The world was at my fingertips.

The learning process is a wonderful thing. Life is one of change and growth. And education offers one the opportunity to expand their horizons. I've since been taking classes sporadically over the past 5 years, hoping to one day receive my R.N.-A.D.N. Eventually I would like to get my B.S.N. but I'm taking it one step at a time.

# Returning Student from 1988

*by June K. Yamaki*

1986 was an exciting year for me. I graduated from high school and moved to Hawaii to attend college summer school at the University of Hawaii. I enjoyed my stay so much that I applied to Kapiolani Community College. I attended KCC for three full semesters until I realized I wasn't enjoying college life so much, so I stopped. I got a full-time job and attended night school. My working hours changed so I quit night school. It has been four years since then and I felt my life slowly slipping away.

It took me four and a half years to re-enroll into college. I finally realized how good it feels to get an education if you want to succeed. I am still working full-time, but I am taking two night courses now. I enjoy going to class even though every week I get burned out from all the homework and studying. I feel my life is complete, although I don't have much of a social life, but there are years of that to come after graduation.

Upon returning to KCC, I have been establishing a good relationship with my teachers. It feels good to return after a long break. It does feel kind of weird walking through campus and feeling like an older student, but I have to be proud of myself for having the courage to return. I just have to think about all the other students who don't have the courage or will power to return to or finish college. When I think about that, I feel proud of myself. I find a lot of my friends praising me and admiring me for returning to college even though I have a full-time job. It is very encouraging when I

have support like that.

I have also noticed that since I have returned to college, it has made me more responsible, mature and independent. When I first started college in 1986, I never established good communication with my instructors because I was told that they didn't really care. I was told that they are there just to teach, but now that I have returned I know that is not true. Being a returning student makes you realize a lot of things that you wouldn't have when you first started.

# The Changing Time

*by Dolores Yacapin*

The love of nature led me to work at one of the largest plant nursery businesses in the whole state. Amfac Garden Nursery has been operating for 15 years in a well-known neighborhood in Waipahu. The nursery has 18 acres of leased land from Campbell Estate. The land was used for planting landscape plants and trees, propagating different varieties of evergreens, and mainly, importing plants to different parts of the U.S. mainland and to the other islands.

With the number of years that I had been involved in the nursery business, the significance of caring for and loving a plant was very satisfying. I had watched a seed grow, transplanted a plant to a bigger pot, and been able to sell the plants when they were ready.

One day, all of a sudden, we got a memorandum from the main office, stating that the business would end. My whole body felt as though I had been electrocuted. I never thought the nursery would come to an end.

The demand for housing was the main cause for this closure. Owners and investors were always on the lookout for advancement and profitable ways to make their assets grow.

Following this incident, all I knew was that my co-workers were crying and angry, because they could not accept, nor could I, what was really happening.

Immediately, the manager announced a short meeting. Everybody was gathered in the dining room. I could see in their faces the

agony they were going through. I still could not manage to think properly either. I was confused and puzzled. I was too worried about what would happen to me next.

Then the manager gave us some comforting words just to calm us down. She told us that the company was willing to give compensations for the years of service to them. It was like separation pay. She also stated that there were agencies that would help us to get training if we planned to change careers.

The feeling of being laid off was the hardest and worst feeling I had ever felt. Having no job, lots of bills to pay, and children to support were the problems I was going to encounter.

So one day, I spent my time seriously deciding what I was really going to do. Then I went to my room, closed the door, shut off the television, and laid down on my bed. I closed my eyes and there I envisioned what I really wanted to be for the next five to ten years.

First, I recalled the dream I had when I was a sixth-grader. I always wanted to be a nurse because I thought I could help take care of the senior citizens and help them to make adjustments to elderly life. But since my family could not afford to send me to school at the time, I was not able to fulfill my dream.

But with a glow in my eyes, I suddenly exclaimed, "Yes, I could make it now. I could go to school and follow my dream." As quickly as I could, I ran to my mother and discussed my plans with her. She argued with me at first, but I finally convinced her.

Then I hurriedly dialed the agency that my manager said could help me. This agency was able to help to support my expenses while I was at school. The agency was called the Honolulu Action Program. This program was federally funded and would help me to achieve a better and higher quality of education.

As soon as I contacted the counselor, Hazisah Muh, she set a date for my interview. On the day of the interview, I was nervous. I

never even noticed that everything went all right. All I knew was that the counselor scheduled me for the next training class they had in the Employment Training Center, Student Services. This training class was designed to upgrade basic English and mathematics. Then after completing the course or training, I was able to enroll at Leeward Community College. I took mostly the pre-requisite courses for my major.

Since this was my first year of college life, I was scared to death. I even spent a day ahead at the college just to look for my classrooms and to familiarize myself with the school.

Soon the first day of instruction began. I went to school early, since I could not sleep that night. All my things had been prepared a month before. While I was sitting on one of the benches in school, I noticed that I had forgotten to brush my teeth. "This is terrible," I mumbled.

But this never stopped me from attending my class. While I was inside the classroom, I was able to overcome my fears. I discovered that fear was nothing to be scared about. Everybody was friendly and able to help me adjust myself for the rest of the semester.

Going back to school was the best decision I made in my life. It was a great challenge to me and a big step toward my future.

# Back on Track

*by Nelson Ganhinhin*

I felt my life as being an empty shell. I was breathing, but yet I was choking. I was living, yet I was dead. I was looking for something, but I didn't know what it was. I was roaming, wandering, following a road that led to nowhere. I desperately wanted to get off that road, but I didn't know how.

So there I was, following that road, and day by day I travelled farther and farther away—almost to the point of no return. Until one day it happened. I had seen the light, and that light showed me the way back—back to where I came from so that I could start again.

These were the trials and tribulations I experienced a few years ago, just before I graduated from high school up until I was about 21. I was a typical kid. I thought I knew everything, but I didn't. My initial plan after high school was to work for a year before I attended college so I could get a taste of the real world. But the taste was pungent. I didn't realize how hard the real world was. However, I did fulfil my plan and attended college when I was 19.

Although I didn't want to go back to school, I felt I had to go. I felt the norm was that a high school graduate was supposed to go to school, so I did. I didn't have my priorities straight and after a year of schooling, I dropped out.

And so the days went by. I felt as though my life had been reduced to nothing. I felt as though my life had been moving backward instead of forward. There was no reason for me to wake up in the morning—nothing for me to look forward to. The only

obligation I had was working at a gas station and doing work that I didn't want to do. I became a slave to the grind—another puppet for society to play with. I had fallen and I couldn't get up.

However, I knew that there had to be more to my life than just doing the same old monotonous thing, day in and day out. I refused to let my temporarily stagnant life bring me down. So, for the next year after I dropped out of college, I tried to find myself. It was a long and dreary process, but it was well worth the effort.

During my search, I discovered a lot of things about myself that I never realized before. First of all, I remembered one of my teachers from high school saying that in order to live a successful life, you must set goals for yourself. I did set goals for myself, but those were goals I felt I had to make. However, the goals that I made now were goals that I wanted to make. And one goal I made was to go back to college and pass. I didn't want to live my life knowing that I could've tried harder in school the first time I went, but didn't.

And secondly, I was sick and tired of people always telling me that I should get good grades in school so that I could find a good job that paid a lot of money. To me, that sounds greedy and selfish. Granted, money can make the material part of a person's life a lot easier, but money isn't everything. The reason I'm going to school now is that I want to get an education and help make a difference in the world. I want to be able to help ease the suffering that people in this world go through. I don't know if contributing to a noble cause pays a lot of money, but right now I don't care, because getting a job that pays a lot of money corrupts people in one way or another. And when that happens, people become different kinds of slaves to the grind and different kinds of puppets for society to play with. Those are two things that I never want to experience ever again.

My life is not much better now than it was a couple of years ago,

but at least it's now in perspective. At least now I'm back in school because I want to be there. At least now I'm in school to receive an education to help make a difference in the world. At least now my life is back on track.

# Nursing Trials and Triumphs

*by Marybeth Empleo*

Two years ago I started nursing school at Kapiolani Community College. At the same time I met Nelda, Lisa, and Barbara—three local girls who are presently my closest friends. All of us came to KCC because of our aspirations to become nurses. Unfortunately, the LPN courses were more than we bargained for. Because of the difficulty of the courses, we experienced similar problems concerning our study habits. No matter how hard we studied individually, we never seemed to be able to pass our exams. As a solution to our problems, we established a study group to encourage and support one another.

On October 12, 1990, our first session began at Barbara's house on the outskirts of Salt Lake. It was 5:30 p.m., and our meeting was originally set to start at 6 p.m. It was a cold, windy, and rainy night when I departed in my car to Barbara's house. It was raining hard and the road was wet, which made driving difficult.

Finally, I arrived safely, and ran quickly towards the door and knocked several times. Barbara eventually answered the door and apologized for her delay as she was busy preparing dinner. Barbara, age 22, was always known to apologize for being late. She also often agreed with what I said. I never really knew her to disagree with me. She's easy to get along with and always treats us with her fine cooking.

As I entered the house, the pleasant aroma of Italian food lingered in the air. Barbara decided to surprise us by baking lasagna

while waiting for us to arrive. She excused herself and returned to the kitchen as I collapsed on her couch to rest. Being the eldest in the group, I was always considered the clown, the talker, and I always took the initiative to start conversations within the group. I guess one could say I was a leader. I suppose I was proud of it. But that night, I was far from being a leader.

After a few minutes, Nelda and Lisa arrived together. We had all finished work, so we were still wearing our white uniforms. It must have been a hard day for us because of our ragged clothing. My dress was wrinkled, my hair was put in a sloppy bun, and my glasses were hanging from the tip of my oily nose as if they were pleading to be removed. I couldn't see through the foggy, greasy, worn-out glasses. Nelda, looking so fatigued, walked wearily into the room, slouching her back like an old, worn-out lady. Mumbling to herself, she said, "I am so tired." Nelda was usually more upbeat, except for the night she walked into the room complaining that she hadn't had enough rest the night before. She often questioned me when I tried to prove a point. She studied hard and usually excelled in whatever she did. Nelda is a short Filipino girl with a lot of spunk, which is probably why she and I are close among the four girls.

Lisa, the last of the three, came in all fixed up because she got home early to take a shower. Nelda and I looked at each other in disgust, knowing that we could have at least made ourselves presentable.

Turning to Lisa, I asked sarcastically, "Girl, you look clean. Did you go to work or did you call in sick?" With her head up high, Lisa replied, "No, I just got off early and decided to go home and shower." Lisa was often quiet. She frequently argued with me, but we always came to terms with each other. I always ended up being right. To me, she was always a follower.

After exchanging greetings with one another, we wandered into

the kitchen to visit Barbara. She was wearing an apron and her hair was pulled back. She was reaching into the oven to remove the prepared dish. Without a moment's hesitation, I immediately exclaimed in a high-pitched voice, "Let's eat!" Everyone agreed, exclaiming, "It's hard to study with an empty stomach."

At the dinner table, we discussed how we were going to organize the study group. Barbara started by saying, "So, how we gonna do this girls?"

I replied, "Well, how about we study the hard subjects first?"

"But how? We can't even get through the easy subjects," Nelda said.

"Somehow, ladies, we're studying the wrong way," Barbara replied.

Lisa offered a suggestion. "First of all, did everyone read their own material?"

"Yes," we replied.

"Okay, what if we all ask each other potential test questions and try to answer them? Then, if we answer them, great! If not, all of us should look for the answer in the book and come up with an answer that we all agree on," said Lisa.

"Great idea," Barbara said. "We can also use acronyms, you know, a word formed from the initial letters of words in a phrase. For example, everyone knows what S.C.U.B.A. means. Self Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus."

"But what if we can't form words for certain phrases? Sometimes acronyms don't make sense, you know," I responded.

"Well, we can always jumble the letters to make a word. I don't know. We'll just go with the flow. Make sense?" Barbara said. She concluded the meeting and started gathering all the plates. "Great! Now, let's clean up and start our studying. By the way, how was the food?"

“Masarap! Ono! Bellisimo! Deeelicious!” I said.

“Straight from the horse’s mouth,” Nelda joked. We all laughed and helped Barbara clean up.

We studied until about midnight, going through questions, pictures, and acronyms. We had fun that night, making up idiotic yet helpful solutions to whatever obstacles we faced. After the session, we said good luck to one another and to think positively. That night, I left the group with a big smile on my face, feeling confident that I would be a good nurse in the future. Of course, my dream will only come true if I exert more effort or do the best I can to be successful in the career I have chosen.

We did this throughout the year, studying late at night at each other’s house or even immediately after our classes were finished. We went beyond the walls of our homes and tried studying at different places. We tried a park, a pizza hangout in Waikiki, and a library. But through all this, we found that studying at home was the best place for us. We were free to dress comfortably, eat whatever we pleased, and act however we wanted to.

When we took our first test after we began our study group, our grades were higher than usual. Furthermore, they gradually improved along the way. This method of studying really worked for us. All the late night studying really paid off. We graduated with LPN Degrees in Nursing on July 15, 1991. Walking down the aisle was like walking onto a golden road that promised the fulfillment of all our hopes and aspirations. We felt proud of our accomplishments and we had every right to, considering that our class started out with 60 students and ended with only 31 graduates. Everyone in our group made it!

# No More Fear

*By Yuki Mitsuyasu*

I was very excited, but at the same time had mixed feelings toward the first day of school at Kapiolani Community College. I had great expectations since this was my first time attending an American college. Additionally, the thought of being a student again made me feel as though I was getting younger. But behind these feelings of excitement there were feelings of anxiety, and fear of coming back to school after a long interval. After being away from school for almost ten years, I was not sure how long I would last as a returning student. However, my view changed completely after I started taking classes. This is my second semester at KCC and now, I no longer think that I am stepping back. Owing a lot to my work experience, I have a strong foundation to make a new start. I now feel a great progression towards a positive future.

Fear brings out the negative. In my case, it was extreme. I was afraid that I might be the oldest one in school, that I might feel like a grandmother studying with her grandchildren. Moreover, I seriously believed that memory levels drop rapidly after age twenty. I was worried that I might take forever to learn something new and eventually fall behind. To make things worse, English is not only a second language to me, but it has also become very rusty. I thought I would not have enough time to study even if I devoted myself to studying night and day. However, in the beginning, I was worried that I might not be able to do the minimal job during a

semester. My biggest fear was not having enough time because when you don't have enough time, you lose confidence. Later you end up giving up. These silly anxieties quickly disappeared as soon as school started. I felt at ease when I found out that there were many returning students. Some were twice as old as me, along with young students freshly out of high school. I was also very encouraged to know that they had the same fears and anxieties. With the same purpose of wanting to achieve an education, everyone was at an equal level. There were no special distinctions among students, and of course, age was the last thing that mattered. To my surprise, returning students tend to devote themselves more to studying and most of them have extremely serious attitudes toward studying. As a reward to this effort, there was no need to feel insecure about keeping up. The extra work is worth it to achieve confidence in what is done.

This time I feel resolute, thanks to my training through seven years of work at a busy firm. I have worked as an executive secretary in an extremely busy business. Since I was the only bilingual secretary in the firm, I did almost anything from translation to reception planning and coordination. If I had any time in between I would always be helping businesses of English-speaking visitors who were constantly around in large numbers. I almost never had time for lunch, usually had to work late (sometimes even on the weekends), and of course, had very little time to myself. Through those workaholic years, I have learned to be tolerant, to be organized, and to be creative. This time around, I feel that I have sufficient amount of time. Because I am focused, the joy of achievement is even stronger.

I am also very lucky for this second chance. The primary purpose to study once again in school was to improve my English. Through the years that I worked for an English-speaking boss, I realized that

my writing was very weak. By all means, I want to improve my writing skills before I go back to work again. Through the last two semesters, I have learned so much through the expository writing classes. I was very fortunate to participate in the Diamond Journal contest. In my first semester, my English 22 instructor encouraged me to enter the contest and I received an honorable mention. Again this semester I submitted one of my papers and recently I was informed that this time I won a prize. I was extremely lucky to be chosen two semesters in a row. I believe that this is like a reward for the extra effort I have put into English, although the greatest achievement is all the things that I learned in order to be able to write better.

The studying is certainly not easy. Sometimes it is frustrating because I take more time to understand than the native speakers. However, I know now that if I do one thing at a time, it is possible to go back to school. As a returning student I also discovered that coming back to school is not a reverse step. It is very exciting to learn something new every day. I make constant discoveries and meet many challenges. It is a brand new attempt with unexpected rewards, and joy in learning new things which would not have been the same if I was younger.

# Insight

*by D. M. Jewell*

As a returning student to college, I often wonder why I am here. Quite often I come up with the same answers. But at the same time I come up with different ones. I believe that each and every student has his or her own motive. A motive for staying in college and doing well.

For some, this motive is a need to constantly learn, while for others it is a need for survival. Not many people think of school as a place to survive, but it is. By survival I mean a way to make the future what you want it to be.

There are many students, fresh out of high school, who don't have a clue as to their future goals. For us older and returning students this is quite different. We have had the time to mature and see where our talents or skills lie. With the knowledge of what we want, we are better able to obtain our goals in life. It is always easier to work hard for something you know you want. Whereas it is not always so easy to work hard for an unknown cause, which is often the case for the college student who is fresh out of high school. If you have a purpose behind doing something, then you will be better at doing it. For example: you don't go out playing baseball and expecting to do well if you don't truly enjoy the game; you aren't able to sit down and write an effective paper unless you are interested in the subject; and furthermore, you can't do well in college unless you have a purpose and a desire.

The purpose needed for doing well in college must come from

the student. Many of these younger students still only know what their parents have told them. They have been told you need to be in business, you need to be in art, you need to be in medical, or you need to be in engineering. Very seldom does a teenager know what he or she wants to do. They have not had the experience to learn what will make them happy.

Sometimes when you sit in classrooms with these younger students you see a lot that they don't. By this I mean that their areas of concern and attention are not always focused onto the class. Instead you will notice that they are too busy worrying about their friends. You'll overhear them talking about reasons they were out late with their friends. Their friends are often the source of their poor attendance and grades. These younger students fail to see that it is themselves who are the cause.

I believe that the younger student does poorer in class also because of the lack of maturity. This causes an inability to cope with the seriousness of the situation. College is a very serious matter for us returning students. We have come to realize that our grades may affect our future possibilities and dreams. It is this dream of the future that prompts many of us to return. We are looking for that job that will make us happy. To obtain these positions, we must take all the knowledge we can obtain and compete for them.

There are several advantages to being a returning (and often older) student. I believe one of the best advantages is that of communication. Many returning students have learned through life that you must communicate. Through communications we are more apt to question the things that we don't fully understand. Older students rarely worry if their questions will sound stupid. In this respect we don't have to worry about what our friends will think of us. The older student realizes that there are probably others who are as lost as we are. Also with communication we are able to

talk with the teachers more effectively. If for some reason we are not able to complete an assignment, we aren't afraid of what the teacher will say, whereas many of the younger students still associate their teachers with their parents, people of authority only. Frequently, a person of authority is very intimidating to a younger student. This intimidation will cause a breakdown in the line of communication.

Another advantage to being an older student is that we are able to prioritize our schedules. Over the years of life, after high school, we realize that peer pressure is significantly less. This results in us being able to better concentrate on our jobs, families, and school work. We no longer worry about our reputation with our friends, thus, allowing us to organize our schedules more efficiently. I truly believe that until you have matured beyond the high school years, you won't be able to see exactly what life has to give you. If you are not capable of seeing your possibilities, then you aren't able to say what has to be done first.

As older students and adults we have also learned that college is indeed a financial burden. Many returning students carry full or part-time jobs plus a family. This added financial responsibility is a strain on many of us. We have come to realize that failing a class is the same as throwing money away. Often it is in short supply. Through this financial aspect we are often prompted to do well in our grades. The last thing a student wants is to have to pay to retake a class—especially if the class could have been passed satisfactorily the first time.

Many times, younger students have the financial support of their parents. This will often lead the student to be nonchalant about his or her grades. It isn't their money they are spending, so they have little remorse about paying for the class during another semester. To the older student the waste of money is too frivolous an idea to indulge in.

We need to impress upon the younger students that they must have a goal or purpose before entering college; and somehow we must convince them that through the experience of life you can obtain your goal. Experiences give you maturity and, in return, maturity gives you foresight. It is this foresight that in turn gives you your goal.

Life teaches us that things are not always what they seem. To a high school student life often seems like that bowl of cherries. Seldom do they see the pits that accompany the cherries.

