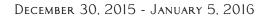
Chloe Clayborne, McLean, St. James Catholic School, grade 7

McLean

Children's Connection 2015



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Nathan Pearce, 6, McLean, Kent Gardens Elementary, grade 1, Mrs. Viernes, "The Town"

Maya Mansour, Cooper Middle School, grade 7, "Bike"

Welcome

ear Readers: This week, the McLean Connection turns over its pages to the youth and students. We asked principals and teachers from area schools to encourage students to contribute their words, pictures and photos for

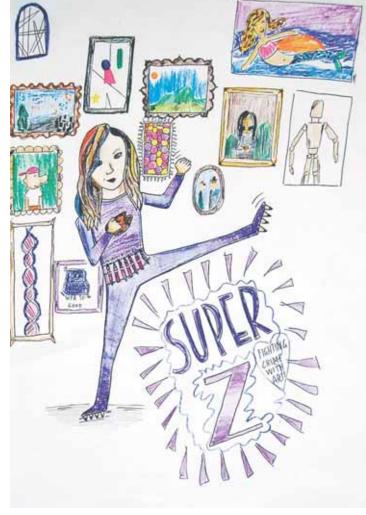
our annual Children's Issue. The response as always was enormous. While we were unable to publish every piece we received, we did our best to put together a paper with a fair sampling of the submitted stories, poems, drawings, paintings,

photographs and other works of art. We appreciate the extra effort made by school staff to gather the materials during their busy time leading up to the holidays. We'd also like to encourage both schools and parents to mark their 2016 calendars for early December, the deadline for submissions for next year's Children's Connection. Please keep us in mind as your children continue to create spectacular works of art and inspiring pieces of writing in the coming year.

The children's issue is only a part of our year-round commitment to cover education and our local schools. As always, the Connection welcomes letters to the editor, story ideas, calendar listings and notices of local events from our readers. Photos and other submissions about special events at schools are especially welcome for our weekly schools pages.

Our preferred method for material is email, which should be sent to mclean@connectionnewspapers.com, but you can reach us by mail at 1606 King Street, Alexandria, VA 22314 or call 703-778-9414 with any questions.

Editor Kemal Kurspahic



Zara Adams, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 6, Mrs. Ashe



Michaela Pearce, 9, McLean, Churchill Road Elementary, Mrs. Brownley, "Oceana"



Aurora Hanein-Chagoury, Cooper Middle School, grade 7

McLean Connection & Children's Connection & 2015 - 2016 & 3

CHILDREN'S CONNECTION Horse Show

took a deep breath and stood on my toes, looking over my horse's thick, coal black mane. Hundreds of eyes were watching the group of riders that were already inside.

"Okay, you can go in and start fixing your girth," one of the instructors breezed past me, flashing me smile and added, "Good luck."

"I'm going to need the whole state of Virginia's luck on my side if I don't want to go in there and make a fool of myself," I muttered under my breathe, lightly tugging my horse forward. "Come on Nacho, now's not the time for napping."

As I lead him through the arena gate, I stroked his soft, brown neck so I didn't have to look at the audience.

When I had led him to the arena and halted him, I finally dared to look up.

The bleachers were packed with parents, friends, and siblings coming to watch us ride.

"Good luck." Siri smiles at me as she leads Twinkie, the palomino gelding she often rode, past me.

I smile briefly at her, feeling the butterflies in my stomach erupt into giant moths.

Swinging the beat-up leather reins over my shoulder, I start to tighten Nacho's girth.

"Too loose," I murmur, my slick hands slipping on the smooth leather as I tighten the girth a couple more holes.

When I finish, I lead Nacho over to the dusty wooden mounting block. Climbing on, I had to steady

took a deep breath and myself so I didn't fall off as it stood on my toes, looking rocked back and forth.

Holding onto the saddle to steady myself, I stick my left foot in the stirrup and swing over and onto his back, gently lowering myself into the saddle.

Clicking to him, I directed Nacho over to where the two girls that I was riding with sat as their mounts stood quietly under them.

"We have to say our names?!?" Rachel squeaked as I got closer. "That's it, I'm outta here!"

Our instructor, Meredith, rolled her eyes, "Come on guys, you can do this, and you can't back out now, it's show time!"

Much to my dislike, I ended up being first.

Facing the crowd, I announced, "Hi, my name is Michaela, and this is Nacho," I say, surprised at how clear my voice sounded.

While I wait for the other girls to finish saying their names and that of their mounts, I fiddle with my brand new, purple and red riding crop.

"Okay girls, let's get started," our other instructor, Christopher, called out as she marched through the dusty ring to the center of the arena. "Tighten your reins and when I say 'three,' pick up your posting trot."

When she reached three, I give Nacho a slight nudge and tap with my crop.

Ignoring the sea of faces, I focus on rising up and down in time with his outside leg.

"Up, down, up, down," I mutter to myself, "Come on Nacho, you can do it!" Gradually, I feel the myself relax and the tension leave my shoulders. *This is fun!* I thought.

As suddenly as it had started, the show ended and I was leading Nacho out of the riding ring and to his stall.

Wiping my brow, I circle him and began to take off his saddle and bridle. When I finish, I slipped on his faded orange halter and clipped on the lead rope.

Tugging on the rope, I led him out of his stall and to the area where you bathe your horse. "Come on boy, let's go take a bath." Nacho seemed to blink in agreement.

Leading him over to where a few spare hoses were laying around, I tied him to a steal circle in the wall, making sure to use a safety knot so that he could pull away, without getting hurt, if he got scared or spooked.

Grabbing an already soaked sponge, I started to rub it over his back where his saddle had been. His back glistened from the water, and I licked my dry lips. I was parched. Spraying myself with the hose was definitely a possibility.

Forcing myself to stay focused, I soon finished and led Nacho back to his stall.

I pull off his halter and I hug him. "Thanks boy, you were awesome."

Digging through my jacket pocket, I find a horse treat and hold it under his muzzle. He immediately stops trying to chew on my jacket and snaches the treat from the palm of my hand.

Crumbs fly everywhere as he chews on the treat.. "Piggy." I laugh and scratch his nose lightly with my finger tips.

As I watched him munch noisily on some hay that he found on the floor of his stall, I thought back to earlier today, *It was amazing*, I thought, *I hope I get the chance to be in another horse show sometime*.

—Michaela Svensson, Churchill Road Elementary, grade 5, Mr. Depa's Aubrey Augustine, Cooper Middle School, grade 7, "Horse"

A Good Person

The majority of people strive to be a good person, but not everyone knows what it means to be a good person. Yes, it is important to be kind to others and respect others rights, but there is more to being considered "good." The motive to your kindness is also a key component. A good person will be kind only for the sake of being helpful. A good person will feel it is necessary to be pleasant even when it seems impossible, and strives to make someone's day just because they feel like it. People who have a good attitude towards other people, and a sense of selflessness, are what I believe are good people.

> –Tatum Lohmar, Cooper Middle School, grade 8

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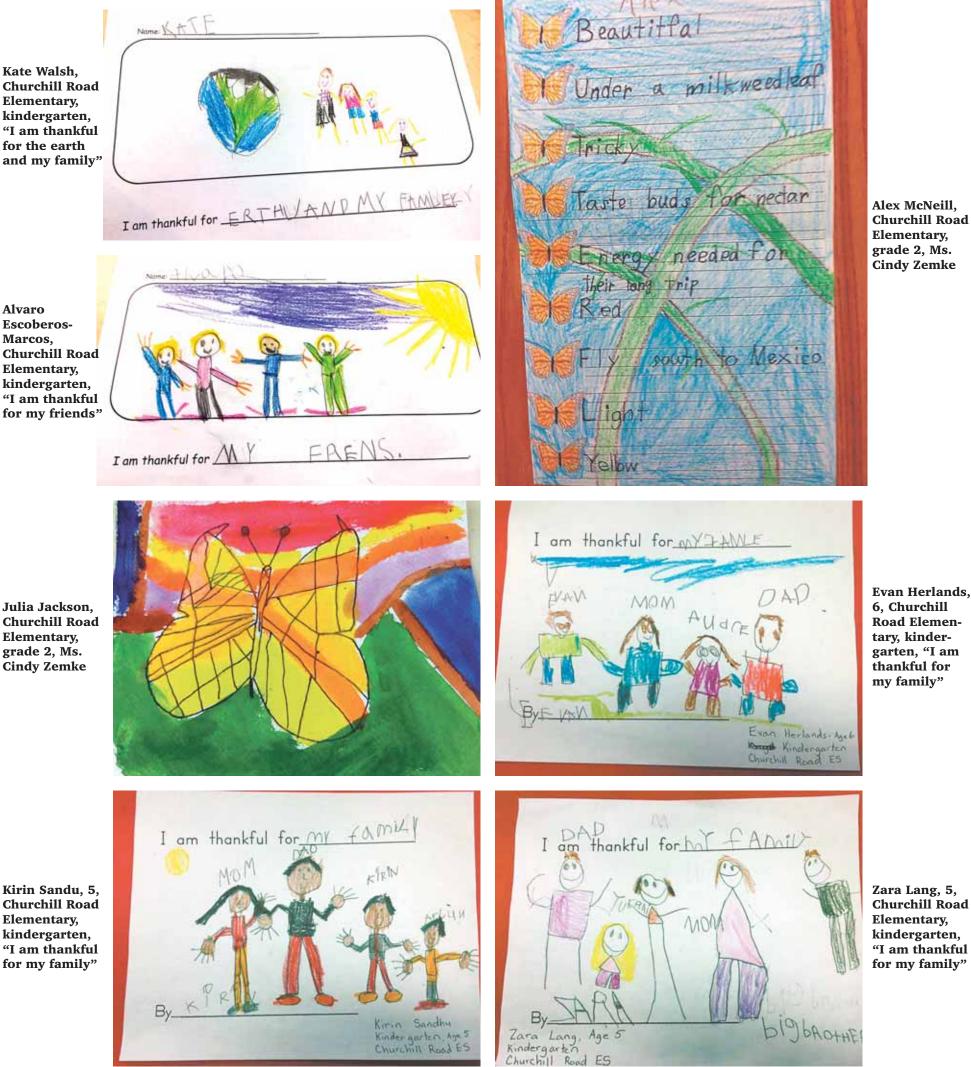
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CHILDREN'S CONNECTION What They Are Thankful For at Churchill Road

Kate Walsh, **Churchill Road** Elementary, kindergarten, "I am thankful for the earth and my family"





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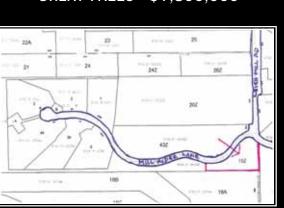
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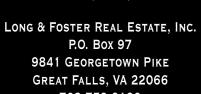


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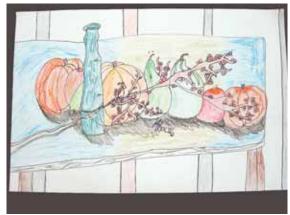








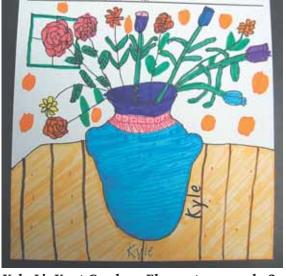
Kent Gardens' Artwork Grace McCracken, Kent Gardens Elementary, grade 3



Alexandra Wood, Kent Gardens Elementary, grade 5



Kaylee Marinus, Kent Gardens Elementary, grade 5





Kyle Li, Kent Gardens Elementary, grade 2 Siena Creevy, Kent Gardens Elementary, kindergarten



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Sophie Stute, Churchill Road Elementary, grade 2, Ms. **Cindy Zemke**

When I Grow Up...

tal office and be a dentist in that office. Why I want to do this is because I love keeping my teeth clean and why not others. I also I think it is very interesting to know about this subject. The reason I want to own my own office is because that means I

want to own my own den- am my own boss and I don't like others telling me what to do. It also allows me to be flexible with my work hours so I can spend time with my family. That's what I want to do when I grow up.

> -Shayan Abbarin, Spring HILL ELEMENTARY



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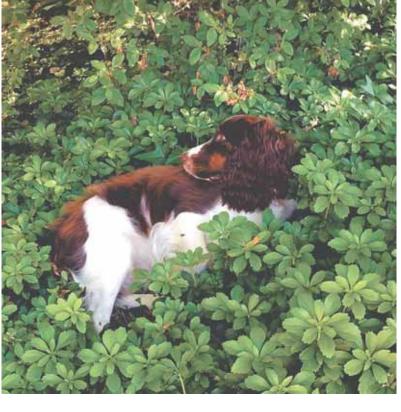
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LIFE IN PICTURES

Alexandra Gagnon, **Cooper Middle** School, grade 7, "Dog in Leaves"





Aubrey Augustine, Cooper Middle School, grade 7, "Horse"

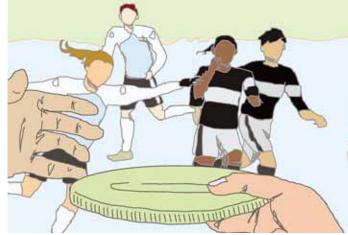


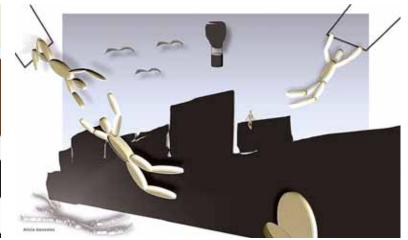
"Dog"

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CHILDREN'S CONNECTION

COOPER MIDDLE ART GALLERY





Ann Zhoa, Cooper Middle School, grade 8



Joshua Guinn, Cooper Middle School, grade 8

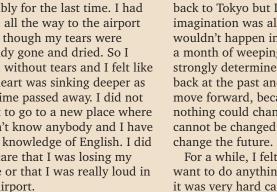
Same Sky

During my first 13 years of my life, I moved many times between Japan and the United States. I love my life and I don't take it back. I realize that I have made treasured friends from many countries. However, I always hesitate to move to unknown places. I would hate to move again, especially right now. My friends in Virginia are very supportive and caring. I feel very grateful to have these people as my close friends. in the car that night in Tokyo

when my friends and I waved at each other, saying goodbye possibly for the last time. I had cried all the way to the airport even though my tears were already gone and dried. So I cried without tears and I felt like my heart was sinking deeper as the time passed away. I did not want to go to a new place where I don't know anybody and I have cannot be changed but I can little knowledge of English. I did not care that I was losing my voice or that I was really loud in the airport.

Just about 3 years ago, I was After arriving in Virginia, I sobbed each night for a month

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Alicia Gonzalez, Cooper, grade 8



Campbell Duncan, Cooper Middle School, grade 7

alone in my room. I dreamed about all the possibilities of going back to Tokyo but I knew this imagination was all fairytale and wouldn't happen in my life. After a month of weeping, I was strongly determined to not look back at the past and instead, move forward, because I knew nothing could change. The past

For a while, I felt like I didn't want to do anything. At the time, it was very hard catching up to all the classes on top of my conflict in speaking English.

Whenever I struggled, I always looked up the sky and imagined what I should do, and then I felt like my friends and I were gazing upon the same clouds in the sky each time. Fluffy clouds meant facing new challenges, gray clouds meant stay tough, and fleecy clouds on sunny days meant to smile. Just thinking or assuming that they are here with me and we are looking the same sky today makes me jubilant.

—Мотомі Saeki, Cooper Middle School, grade 8

ST. MARK CATHOLIC SCHOOL WRITINGS Christmas Eve Dinner

It is Christmas Eve, and I am eating a traditional Ukrainian Christmas Eve dinner consisting of twelve different dishes. First thing we eat is the sweet smelling honey bread. After, I see the yummy varenyky made of mashed potatoes, onion, and sour cream. I feel the borscht in my mouth hot and tasty. I hear my grandmother saying how good the food is .Then I taste the fish salty and flavorful. I love this dinner!

-Andriko Bilaniuk, St. Mark School, grade G

Christmas

On Christmas Eve night I hear the steaming fire crackling. I hear the sounds of Christmas music. I go to sleep wondering what will happen the next day. Then I wake up and run to the family room to see all of the presents. I go to wake up my brother and parents. I smell pancakes cooking and see the Christmas tree sparkling...I look to see what's inside my stocking...I taste hot chocolate as I open each package. After we open all of our presents we eat breakfast. For the rest of the day we play with our new presents. Christmas is my favorite holidav.

–Samantha Brohoski, St. Mark School, grade G

Christmas Break

Every year during Christmas break, I go to my grandparent's house. My uncle and aunt are always there, and we make Christmas cookies. My grandma always makes the dough ahead of time so that it is ready when we get there. I see all of the decorations on the table. I feel the cold dough. I hear everyone laughing and having fun. I smell the cookies baking in the oven. After they're done, I taste the freshly baked sugar cookies. They're so good!! We take some home when we leave, and those are the cookies we give to Santa.

-ERIN GARVERT, ST. Mark School, grade G



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My Many Colored Days

Yellow is when I'm surprised. Blue is when I'm happy. Red is my life. Brown is when I'm exhausted. Gray is when I'm scared. Orange is when I'm scared. Green is when I'm disgusted. Purple is when I'm relaxed. Black is when I'm embarrassed.

—Spencer Buddie, McLean, Churchill Road Elementary, grade 2, Ms. Cindy Zemke



kindergarten, Ms. Laura Zielinski, "I am thankful for my family and friends"

-	
5	My Many Colored Days
5	Write metaphors to tell about your colored days.
>	Yellow is win im supris
>	Blue is Win in Phape A
	Red is MY life (2)
2	Brown is win in Exhaust
	Gray is Win in SAC
	Orange is WIN IM SKARD
	Green is Win in Buccus
	Purple is win@im ROLARS
	Black is win a mBAR
Ц	

What Makes a Good Friend?

What makes a good friend? Many people don't know what makes a good friend. I'm here to help you. This is my list of what makes a good friend.

A good friend doesn't humiliate you in front of everyone, doesn't bully you, and insult you. A good friend doesn't cheat off you during a test. A good friend doesn't make you in uncomfortable position. A good friend does not spread rumors about you or make you cry. A good friend helps you when you're down. A good friend doesn't lie to you or care about your appearance. Most importantly a good friend accepts you for who you are!

> —Cavan Vargas, Spring Hill Elementary

What makes a good friend? For a while I have thought about this question and finally came up with an answer. A friend is someone who is always there and has your back. Friends are trustworthy and optimistic. Along with all these positive attributes there is also negative attributes. Just like everyone else in the world, friends can make mistakes, but in the end they always want what's best of you.

> —John King, Spring Hill Elementary

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Spencer Buddie, McLean, Churchill Road Elementary, grade 2, learns how to express feelings using color.



Meet Young Artist of Great Falls

Abigail Paredes, 13, of Great Falls, eighth grader at Seneca Ridge Middle School in Sterling, has sent a selection of her artwork.

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Beta Fish

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Spring Hill Gallery Eloise Lorenze, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 6, Ms. Dorothy Moon



Avery Lewis, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 6, Ms. Dorothy Moon



Liliana Seng, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 1, Mrs. Ashe



Margot West, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 1, Mrs. Ashe



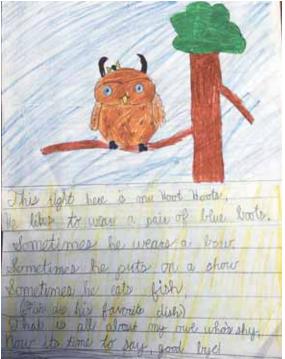
My cultural heritage is <u>Chinese</u> <u>and american</u> Liann Moreschi, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 3, Ms. Dorothy Moon



Aria Patnaik, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 3



Milan Le, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 2, Ms. Dorothy Moon



Hayley Varacalli, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 3



Max Moser, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 6, Ms. Dorothy Moon



Cameron Demma, Spring Hill Elementary, grade 3, Mrs. Ashe www.ConnectionNewspapers.com

"My Key"

Everyone Has life With keys And locks Our keys to life Are all different But for me To unlock the gate Of success To break the chain Of freedom To ignore the forces Of my obstacles To release the doors Of effort To discharge the locks Of interest All are the same-A utensil just for me To write my way out To spread my life and world To give me joy and strength My key to the world Just a pencil

-NICOLE SIM, 13, FALLS CHURCH, GRADE 8, Longfellow Middle School, Ms. Jennifer Bergstrom

When

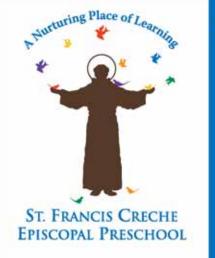
When will I stop Seeing the clouds Crackle with anger And cry with tears When will I finally see A glimpse of the bright blue sky And the sparkling sun

When will I be able to hear The birds chirping Instead of hearing The helpless cries and wails Of the weak Desperate And lone

When will I finally touch The warm fuzzy sound Of laughter and smiles Instead of showering In cold wet tears

When will I taste The tears of joy Golden warmth Melting in my mouth And not The scars of sadness Tasting bitter and salty?

-NICOLE SIM, 13, FALLS CHURCH, GRADE 8, LONGFELLOW MIDDLE SCHOOL, MS. JENNI-FER BERGSTROM



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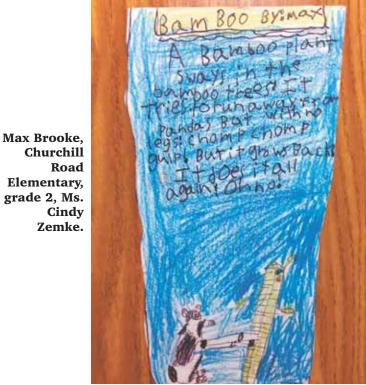
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"Bamboo"

A bamboo plant sways in the bamboo trees. It tries to run away from Pandas But with no legs! Chomp Chomp gulp! But it grows back! It does it all again! Oh no!

-MAX BROOKE, CHURCHILL ROAD ELEMENTARY, GRADE 2

Best Friends For Life

was four when I met my best friend: a stuffed horse. My older sister Becca bought him for me, and I've loved him ever since. He is brown and fuzzy, with a yellow bow tied around his neck. He has beans in one leg, but nowhere else. His neck now flops over from all the times he's been suffocated while I'm sleeping, and he doesn't sit up straight anymore. I remember once, I was around six, and I couldn't find Horsey. I looked everywhere; the living room, dining room, my room, my sisters' and brothers' rooms, the kitchen and even the basement. He was nowhere to be found. That night, I sat in the kitchen, refusing to go to bed without Horsey. My mom tried to remind me that I had other stuffed animals. I still didn't want to go to bed without him. Just Horsey. I sat next to the window in the kitchen as rain poured down around us. Then something caught my eye. A small brown, fuzzy yet damp, ear. I jumped to my feet. I ran out the door and into the back yard. I grabbed my cold, soaked, best friend from a rotting, rusting table on the back deck. I held him close to me and told him I loved him. I ran inside and put him in the dryer so he could be clean.



Danni Marino, Churchill Road Elementary, kindergarten, "I am thankful for my friend"

Once done, we go upstairs together and cuddle in my bed. He is my best friend. He'll always be there for me. When I got stitches, when my mom died, when my sisters are mad at me, when I just can't take it. I know he's always there.

Friend:

1. A person attracted to another by personal regard

2. A person who gives assistance; supporter; faithful companion; keeper of secrets

3. Someone with whom you can laugh or cry; share your hopes and dreams

4. Someone who knows all about you and still loves you

—Kimberly Tallant, Cooper Middle School, grade 7

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Josephine Mou, Cooper Middle School, grade 7, "Bird in Tree"

"Jealousy"

You live so far away but I can feel your warmth

I need your love that's why I always walk around you

Don't look at my seven friends I am the real one I am the only one with green and blue colors

I love you, Sun but why are you always angry and melting my ice cream?

–Ju Hee Bae, 17, McLean, McLean High School, grade 12, Ms. Naima Chambliss

"Fly"

Don't move! or I will slap you with this huge newspaper

Don't sit here! I know you are not going to eat it then why can't you let others eat?

Don't rub your hands! I know you are not apologizing So stop messing with me, you little fly!

—Ju Hee Bae, 17, McLean, McLean High School, grade 12, Ms. Naima Chambliss

"Grades, ABC"

I hold my pencil and notes tight I dream about it all night Only one of them should be mine, A and I don't have much time

If I choose to work www.ConnectionNewspapers.com



Michaela Pearce, 9, McLean, Churchill Road Elementary, Mrs. Brownley, "Flowers"

<u>A</u>ngels come to cheer me If I choose to sleep <u>B</u>ees try to sting me If I choose to give up <u>C</u>hains lock me in my room

I build my own alphabet It shows my knowledge It guides me to college It holds a ticket to my career

Stress becomes my friend but progress is my goal

—Ju Hee Bae, 17, McLean, McLean High School, grade 12, Ms. Naima Chambliss





Here's What's Happening at MCC



At the Old Firehouse Teen Center Unruly Theatre Project Improv Comedy Show Friday, Jan. 8, 7:30-9 p.m. Free admission

Classic of the Silent Screen Series Mary Pickford's "Sparrows" (1926) Wednesday, Jan. 13, 7:30 p.m. \$12/\$8 MCC district residents

At the Old Firehouse Teen Center **5th and 6th Grader Party Winter Wonderland** Friday, Jan. 15, 7-9 p.m.

\$35/\$25 MCC district residents

Family Fun Bingo

Friday, Jan. 15, 7-8:30 p.m. \$10/\$5 MCC district residents; Free for children up to 36 months old.

> Onstage @ The Alden Barter Theatre: "A Wrinkle in Time" Saturday, Jan. 16, 2 p.m. \$15/\$10 MCC district residents

Martin Luther King Jr. Day Celebration Peggy Wallace Kennedy: "A Walk to Redemption" Sunday, Jan. 17, 2 p.m. \$25/\$10 MCC district residents



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The Time Is Now, And Then Some

By KENNETH B. LOURIE

As I sit and write, I am 25 days out from my next CT Scan. Which ordinarily, wouldn't cause a blip in my thinking; having been scanned and "resulted" over 25 times in the last seven years (usually, once every three months). However, this time the scan will occur after a guarter in which I've changed my infusion schedule from every three weeks to every four, as written about in a recent column entitled "All Four It." In doing the math: 13 weeks divided by three; 13 weeks divided by four; as a result of this modification, I am now receiving one fewer dose of chemotherapy. And this change was made not because I was in remission or my tumors had shrunk. No, this change was made because of a less-thandesirable quality of life. Also, as written about in a previous column, one entitled "Slippery Hope," feeling miserable one out of every three weeks was not contributing much to the quality of that life so in sharing these feelings with my oncologist, the change in frequency was agreed to. But my CT Scan schedule remains quarterly. Ergo this column's angst.

Given this rather significant change - and the correlating reduction in medicine administered, this next scan is hardly just another few slides in and out of the computerized tomography. No. This may very well be a crossroads in my treatment. If the scan shows no growth, then off I can continue infusing into the wild blue yonder (at least for the next three months until my next scan). If, on the other hand, the scan shows growth and/or movement, then perhaps I have crossed over onto a path going who knows where. And since my frequency change was made without discussing the what-if scenarios (which my oncologist prefers not to do), I am free to speculate without the benefit of any professional insight. Presumably, we'll either go back to infusing every three weeks (continuing with Alimta) and see what appears - or not - on the CT Scan (three months hence) or we'll change medications/protocols entirely and then, as we say in Boston: "It'll be Katie 'bahr' the door;" meaning, watch out/hang on for dear life (no pun intended) because new and different drugs don't necessarily equate to an improved/ "normal" quality of life. In short, my situation/health could get worse. And my request/ desire to alter my previously effective infusion schedule - so far as keeping my tumors stable is concerned - from three weeks to four, may be the direct cause. Wanting to improve the quality of my life may now have led to a reduction in the quality of that life. And though I certainly understand how unreasonable it is for a patient/survivor to expect to have his cake (sugar-free preferably) and eat it too; still, I was hoping I had a few more bites at the apple.

I'll know soon enough – not, and that's the point of this column. Unfortunately, I'm already worrying about the results and the consequences of my actions. Usually, the associated anxiety starts about two weeks before the scan. Now, considering the stakes, I am worrying about it nearly four weeks before. Double the trouble and none of the fun. And believe me, it's not as if worrying this far ahead of the next scan serves any purpose whatsoever. Nor will it speed up the process or affect the scan results. All that happens is that I will be nervous and anxious about something I can't control, and make worse a situation (the waiting) that I've previously been able to manage.

Well, at least I'm not blaming myself – totally, anyway. This is all premature and nothing is preordained. And considering that I've been on chemotherapy for almost seven years, and survived way beyond my oncologist's original "13 months to two-year" prognosis, perhaps my tumors won't be effected and life will go on asper-usual. Who knows? Maybe infusing less will actually help me more?

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CHILDREN'S CONNECTION Winter Wonderland

By Olivia Zhang Churchill Road Elementary, grade 5, Ms. Gabriele

trotted out the warm, cozy house and cautiously stepped onto the porch in my backyard. In an instance, cold air hit me in the face like somebody giving me a cold, hard slap. I took a deep breath watching it in the air as it turned into a puffy white cloud then disappeared like magic. I stepped forward again feeling the water in the snow seep into my boots. Today was a sunny but cold day. Perfect for playing in the snow that would soon melt. It was the beginning of spring. The leaves on once bare trees now began to grow and would soon bloom flowers. I looked ahead at Ava, my younger sister. She was prancing in circles while laughing like snow was the best thing in the world.

"Come on! Come on!" she said giggling and waving me over.

I stepped forward again and again until I was at the last step of the stairs. I hesitated a moment before finally stepping down into the fresh, sparkling snow. The perfectness of the snow disappeared under my boots with each step I took. Where the sunlight hit at the right spots, the snow sparkled like jewels. I quickly ran to Ava not wanting to ruin the perfectness. Of course, that didn't work. It just made more footprints.

I felt it before I saw it. "WHAM!" The snowball hit me straight in the arm. I looked in the direction of the thrown snowball and saw my sister pointing at me, then laughing, then bending down to make another snowball.

I shook my head and yelled, "You're on!" I grabbed a handful of snow, not caring if I ruined the perfectness, compacted the snow into a circular ball, then aimed and threw. "Wham!" I shut my eyes for a second waiting for the pain to hit. Two heartbeats later, I peeked and saw **my** snowball, not Ava's, hitting **her** straight in the back. *Bullseye!* I thought.

Ten minutes later, I looked down at my clothes. Ava and I were covered in snow almost head to toe! I couldn't tell who was covered the most.

We laid down next to each other just gazing up at the brilliant blue sky and white clouds that looked like cotton candy. I couldn't hear anything but the sound of the wind in my ears. My heartbeat that was once beating furiously now slowed down as I relaxed. The back of my head began to feel numb, spreading throughout my whole head as I lay there for a long time. Soon enough, I lifted my head up and just sat there, arms around my legs.

"Let's go sliding!" Ava suddenly said.

She bounced up, then trotted to the playhouse, climbing up the rope that led to the slide. I stood up, brushed off some of the snow, then tromped through the snow to the bottom of the slide. There, I pushed snow from different directions to the foot of the green colored slide, making a mound that my sister would slide into.

Right when I stepped away from the slide,



Eleni Katsapis, St. James Catholic School, grade 6

I felt a fast breeze whip across my face, then a joyful "Whee!", and finally, the sound of snow going everywhere.

"My turn!" I said laughing as my sister pushed all the snow back into a big pile.

I climbed up the multi-colored steps and then crawled on my knees to the starting point of the slide. As soon as I saw Ava step away from the bottom, I pushed my glove covered hands hard against the slide shouting with joy as I flew down the slide, the wind whipping my hair. "Splat!" I landed in the big snow pile laughing as I did.

"Whoo hoo!" I said high-fiving Ava, "Let's do it again!"

We began the tiring but fun process all over again taking turns to build the big snow pile.

After a few more rounds, Ava plopped onto the snow on her back and moved her arms and legs like a car windshield. I laid down next to her and began moving my arms and legs just the way she did. Ava jumped up from her snow angel a few minutes later then sat cross-legged on the ground studying what she made. Once I thought I had finished, I got up slowly hoping not to ruin the snow angel I had made. I sat down cross legged next to Ava and studied mine. Silence passed over our neighborhood like no one was there except for the cheerful, chattering birds. My snow angel looked pretty good except for the fact that a couple footprints were near it. Ava's snow angel looked shorter and cuter than mine as if it was a replica of her.

"Do you want to go back inside?" I asked.

I was hoping she would say no but instead, she nodded her head like a bobble head, got up, and then skipped up the steps to the porch. She stomped her feet near the screen door while shaking off the snow. I didn't want to leave the breathtaking site but I got up, sprinted up the steps, and stomped the snow off my boots.

Inside the warm cozy house a few moments later, my sister and I took off our layers and layers of clothes, scarves, gloves, hats, and shoes.

We now sat in front of the warm, crackling, orange fire. A warm, fizzy apple cider bubbled in my cup. I brought the cup to my lips and tipped the cup slightly letting the cider fall into my mouth, the bubbles popping on my tongue.

The yummy flavor danced in my mouth. This apple cider was my all-time favorite. It tasted like regular apple cider but was fizzy like soda.

As I took more and more gulps of the delicious apple cider, I realized how glad I was to have a great family and friends.

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