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Division of Instruction

Celebrating Mom

In the U.S., Mother's Day was first celebrated in Grafton, West Virginia, when Anna Jarvis held a memorial for her mother Ann Reeves Jarvis. After that, Anna Jarvis began a campaign to make Mother's Day a national holiday. She succeeded in 1914 when President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed the second Sunday in May to be Mother's Day.

Today Mother's Day is celebrated in more than 150 countries around the world, although on different dates. Most countries celebrate Mother's Day in May or March. Mother's Day in the United States is the most popular day of the year to dine out, with almost 40% doing so. It is also one of the biggest holidays for telephone calls.

My Mom



Vanessa and her mother, Jerili (left)

By Vanessa Little

Supercharged with more talent, drive, smarts, and beauty than any one person deserves, my mom, Jerili, is a stage actress, turned single mother, turned trial attorney and legal journalist, turned film actress. Marilyn Monroe, Shirley McClaine, Audrey Hepburn, Julie Andrews, and Vivien Leigh all rolled into one package. What they call in the business, "a triple threat" and more. Whether it was music, dance, comedy, or drama, she did it all with warmth, humor, grace, style, and impeccable timing and delivery. She has always been game for a new adventure and ready with an easy laugh so lyrical it sounds like song. In her seventies, never one to let fashion suffer for comfort, she insisted on trekking all over Tuscan cobblestones in her high heels while making new local friends wherever we went. Restauranters took an instant liking to her, showering us with free wine and roasted chickens. Locals on buses offered competing advice in broken English arguing with each other in Italian over who best knew to help her.

She once asked me if she was boring. I jokingly replied "You could do with being a little more boring." Of course, I'm glad she is not. Most of all, I value her example of empathy and resilience. Whether it's surviving breast cancer, a toxic marriage and divorce, a mid-life career change, or living with chronic pain, she weathers it all with grace, strength, and humor never looking back.

Dolly



James and his mother, Dolly (middle)

By James Palumbo

My mother Dolly turns 89 this summer. I have visited her in Philadelphia every year since I moved to LA in 1983. She still drives and is self sufficient. And she still cooks great Italian dinners.

Some Thoughts About My Mother



Connie and her mother, Cruz (right)

By Connie Cardoza

My mother immigrated to the United States when I was five years old. She has always been by my side, giving support, confidence, and helping me to have a better life. She is strong, sensitive, beautiful, and a hard worker. I am thankful to God for blessing me with this loving mother.



Making It Happen

A Tribute to My Mother



Millie and her mother, Olimpia (left)

By Millie Moncada

In celebrating Mother's Day, it gives me great pride to pay extraordinary homage to my mother, Olimpia Recio Moncada, a retired 6th grade teacher who worked for public education in the Philippines for 30 years. My mother not only gave me life, but also the basic essentials of living. She taught me English when I was three and convinced me to memorize the multiplication tables at age 10. She shared with me her passion for music, her discipline for perfect spelling and her flawless grammar. My mother was my guide toward good grooming and a gentle reminder for good manners and right conduct.

Olimpia will always be my mother and my mentor. She will always be loved and remembered.

Class Terms

Quarter 1 10 Weeks 08/14/18 thru 10/19/18	Quarter 2 9 Weeks 10/22/18 thru 01/18/19	Quarter 3 10 Weeks 01/22/19 thru 03/29/19	Quarter 4 9 Weeks 04/02/19 thru 06/07/19
Trimester 1 13 Weeks 08/14/18 thru 11/09/18	Trimester 2 13 Weeks 11/13/18 thru 03/08/19	Trimester 3 12 Weeks 03/11/19 thru 06/07/19	
Semester 1 19 Weeks 08/14/18 thru 01/18/19		Semester 2 19 Weeks 01/22/19 thru 06/07/19	

Thelma

By Yensin Noree

She was the youngest of nine children born to a Swedish couple who homesteaded a farm in eastern Nebraska. Until the age of three, she was called "Tootsie" because her parents couldn't decide on a name. She knew she wanted to be a teacher from a young age, and was the first in her family to go to college. Her first teaching job was at the country schoolhouse a mile north of the farm.

She loved swimming, traveling and ballroom dancing. She loved Esther Williams' swimming movies. She wanted my sister and me to not be afraid of the water so she drove us 10 miles to summer swimming lessons. She met dad at a big Saturday night dance; it was love at first sight. She asked him to dance. They married late, well into their 30s and settled on a farm a couple of counties north of where she'd been raised.

A woman of no pretenses, she was kind and friendly to everyone. She had friends from childhood, college and our farm community to the end of her days. She was a respected and loved community leader. She led fundraising to send kids to summer camp. Never complaining, she took care of my dad the last seventeen years of his life, after he developed an infection following back surgery which made him a semi-invalid.

By upbringing or out of necessity, having lived most of her life on remotely-located farms, she was thrifty, creative and resourceful. She was the original recycler, finding a way to reuse almost everything—even washing plastic bread bags in the machine and hanging them on the line to dry.

Despite the isolation of living 10 miles out in the country, she found ways to make our lives interesting and fun. With a small inheritance from her father, two things she bought were an 8mm movie camera and a projector. She taught herself how to edit and splice film and how to operate the camera and projector. She took color movies of everything and everyone, creating precious memories on record for following generations.

I admired and respected her. A good person through and through, she found ways to bloom where she was planted.

"Saying Goodbye"

By Ed McBride



It's an open casket, a traditional Catholic wake. Everyone is there, familiar faces all around, Grand and great grandchildren, fifteen strong With all their noise and energy filling the somber room And leaking into the lobby. Outside it is snowing lightly, you can see it through the window, Dusting streets and cars like the parmesan on her special pasta. There are flowers all around, as fresh and beautiful as the snow. But did we get it right? Is it what she would have liked? How hard it is to get it right. How hard it is to know.

You have to choose the coffin, brown or blue, oak or pine? To see it once, to rent or buy? To put it in the ground? "It doesn't look like her at all," the older sister says. And from across the room, in profile, it's really hard to tell. She could be resting, sound asleep, but I'd never seen her there. She always closed the bedroom door firmly, tight, secure, She wouldn't like the way we had to tear her place apart. Was there a will? Important papers? Something hidden in the drawers? "She isn't doing very well," the older sister said. So I flew in on the red-eye, but arrived a little slow. How hard it is to get it right. How hard it is to know.

The kids are chasing one another like puppies in a pen. Little Daniel in the front, then Erin, Dylan and the rest Getting reacquainted at another family event. One they might remember after fifty years pass. "It looks like some Italian lady," the older sister says. Some younger silent woman in a fancy Italian dress. She always loved her lipstick, never without it in her purse Even in the hospital when she was at her worst. Now they put it on her but the color isn't right And the lips are stretched down grimly, the way they never were. How hard it is to get it right, the time so short, so here and gone. How hard it is to get it right when we're all one and done.

In the end it's three of us, the room is quiet now In front of the casket, side by side, the last to say goodbye. I hadn't seen them, siblings, blood, in several rocky years. We never fought, it isn't that, there was no falling out. Just time and distance, modern life so twisted and unsure. "Her mouth is closed," one sister says. "She never looked like that." In all the pictures that hug the room like saints around a church She is smiling, laughing, full of teeth, in every single one. She never said, "I love you." That isn't how we rolled. How hard it is to get it right. How hard it is to know.

"We were lucky to have her for a mom," I say of the past. And Kathy's eyes fill up again, for her it hurts the worst. With each thin arm she reaches out, for Trisha and for me. "I love you both," she says, squeezing hard and holding on For a time that seems to last and last, on and on and on and on. It isn't her, that young Italian, with the mouth so tightly closed And the lips so colored wrong, But mom would have liked the scene playing out in front of her The three of us together with the snow coming down And the children running 'round, Tag, you're it. I got you last.

If she could see it, hear it now, take another look around, She would have to crack a smile or maybe have a laugh. I don't know how to get it right, but this is what I know: She'd lift her head and look outside and enjoy the falling snow.



Schoolwide Learner Outcomes

Use spoken and written communication in their field of study
Follow verbal and written directions
Work independently and collaboratively

Demonstrate technological skills that support their goals
Learn skills necessary to enter the workforce or continue their education