



OCTOBER 11, 2011

### Upcoming Events:

- **PSAT/NMSQT** (10<sup>th</sup>&11<sup>th</sup> grades)  
Wednesday, October 12
- **1<sup>st</sup> Quarter Ends**  
Friday, October 14
- **2<sup>nd</sup> Quarter Begins; Annual Food Drive Begins**  
Monday, October 17
- **Missions Conference**  
Wednesday-Friday, October 19-21
- **Parent-Teacher Conferences** (1:00 Dismissal)  
Thursday-Friday, October 27-28  
1:00 P.M. - 6:00 P.M.
- **Annual Food Drive Ends**  
Thursday, November 10
- **Staff Calendar Planning & Veteran's Day** (1/2 day Thursday; No School Friday)  
Thursday-Friday, November 10-11

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# The Crusade

Volume 1 | Issue 2

## Food For Thought: *Pad Thai*

This dish is one of Thailand's national dishes and will give some "spice" to your taste buds. Now one thing that caught my eye was that the noodles in this dish are made of fried rice! I have never heard of noodles made of rice. (You only get that in Asia :)! This dish originated in Thailand's official kingdom, Siam. It was sold to the Thai people by Vietnamese traders. This dish has become a widely spread cuisine option; but it

really became popular when Prime Minister Luang Phibunsongkhram used this dish for a campaign in the '30s and '40s for less consumption of rice in Thailand. And that is the way Pad Thai came to be.

### What's in it?

Rice noodles, eggs, fish sauce (eww...), tamarind juice, chili peppers, and whatever meat or tofu you want.

— Jacob Bernal



## Annual Food Drive

Dear Parents,

Our annual food drive is here again, but this year all donations will go to help an orphanage in Mexico. Bob Walker, our missionary to Mexico, started and oversees the Casa Hogar Orphanage, and he has requested our help with some supplies. Please bring only non-perishable food items found on the following list. The food drive begins Monday, October 17, 2011, and ends Thursday, November 10, 2011. Your giving will be greatly appreciated.

### Present Needs for the Food Drive:

- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| • Chocolate drink mix                    | • Mayonnaise & ketchup       |
| • Instant coffee                         | • Peanut butter & jelly      |
| • Cooking oil                            | • Canned veggies             |
| • Powdered milk mix                      | • Tooth paste                |
| • Bars of soap for bathing               | • Deodorant for boys & girls |
| • Toilet paper                           | • Hair gel                   |
| • Sugar                                  | • Rice                       |
| • Pancake mix & syrup                    | • Canned meat                |
| Instant drink mix (Kool-Aid, Tang, etc.) | <b>NO FRESH PRODUCE,</b>     |
| • Liquid dish soap                       | <b>NO CANDY, NO BEANS</b>    |
| • Powdered laundry soap                  | — Chika Okeke                |
| • Elbow macaroni or pasta & tomato sauce |                              |

## Staff Spotlight



### Mr. "Cipi" Villareal

Born in Jalisco, Mexico, Mr. Cipriano, from childhood to adulthood, grew up on a farm harvesting beans, corn, and other crops. Mr. Cipi was not saved, but rather a Catholic, and went about once a year to the nearest Catholic church. Were there holidays on a farm? Never! Mr. Cipi had neither the easiest nor the hardest childhood, but he worked every day on the farm until he became a grown man. After his "farming childhood," he started working at a Mexican bakery as the bread maker, making breads like tortillas, sourdough, etc...

After his bakery job, Mr. Cipi moved to Paramount, California, as a grocery store clerk. This occupation was an important part of his life because in October of 1980 he met his wife, Dolores. This upcoming October, Mr. and Mrs. Villarreal will have been married for thirty happy years. Also they had three great children (two boys and one girl). Mr. and Mrs. Villarreal were led to Christ by Pastor Daniel Quinones. Later on, Mr. Cipi's brother-in-law invited him to Gethsemane. It was then Mr. Cipi decided to join the church and became the custodian. Now, he is faith-

fully working nine hours a day, five days a week; Mr. Cipi has "his plate full" so to speak. Even in those spare hours and days, Mr. Cipi cleans at his house like it is a hobby. Mr. Cipi loves his job because he gets to be involved in Christ's ministry.

Speaking from experience Mr. Cipi wants us younger people to know that God is always watching and is guiding us throughout the day, and all we have to do is trust in God and to keep studying His Word. [Also Mr. Cipi suggests that we should keep studying our school work and remember that we are on our way to Heaven.

— Jaacob Bernal

*"First say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do."*

— Epictetus

*"Regret for wasted time is more wasted time."*

— Mason Cooley

*"Live so that your friends can defend you, but never have to."*

— Arnold Glasow

*"The best way to cheer yourself up is to try to cheer somebody else up."*

—Mark Twain

## Halloween: the Dark Holiday Approaching

It is October, and Halloween is fast approaching. I know, I know, churches do not celebrate Halloween, but I would like to shed some light on this dark subject and point out the good and bad of this holiday.

Halloween has a long history. Its origin came from a mixture of Celtic, Catholic, Roman, and European folk traditions. It is celebrated on October 31, which straddles on the line between fall and winter, which can also be referred to as the seasons of plenty and paucity, or life and death. On this day, the Celts would dress up in costumes and light bonfires. Somehow, these pagan practices turned into a holiday consisting of children dressing up in costumes ranging from fairies to CSI murder victims. Want to know how I

think this all happened? I think that the Celts became lazy and forced their children to go in their place. The children also became lazy, and they decided to go around the neighborhood asking for candy. If my theory is true, Chika is of Celtic descent.

Halloween is evil. I mean, just think of all the doors it opens! It is the perfect time to destroy things. When else can you have a chain saw dangling on your front porch? It is the perfect night to kill cats (sorry, Larissa...psych!). I mean, you could just leave the bodies and all the evidence on the street in front of a crowd of fifty people, and you would be congratulated for having such "lifelike" props (sorry, bad pun, since the cats are dead).

Okay, now that I am finished explaining everything bad about Halloween, you might be wondering if there could possibly be anything good about this holiday. But alas! There is something profitable about this holiday, and I believe Mrs. Weldon and all former senior classes will agree with me. The one good thing is the candy. OH YES. Forget Black Friday. I am talking about the HE-UGE sale on candy after Halloween. Okay, I need to stop before I start craving Kit-Kats. Anyhow, during this wicked holiday, just remember—

*Although Halloween is bad, it does not hurt anyone to take advantage of the bountiful supply of amazing candy.*

— Grace Campbell



## Aaron's Tall Tales: *Dementia*

It was the midnight hour when I began to grow anxious for sleep. I had worked a hard days labor, and anything other than sleep was certainly of less importance to me. Darkness prevailed the outside evening sky, creating an eerie presence of fear and distress. My bed had looked as comfortable as ever, and upon walking to it sleepily, I heard a faint sound outside-a sound of something like, a crash or a pop. I stopped. I listened with intente glee; there was nothing. I had assumed it was nothing, so I returned to my eager quest for sleep.

Sleep had almost overcome me. The darkness, the quiet sounds, the eerie atmosphere - all these, surrounded me. The weather was rather chilled outside, enough to cause slight body shivers; it was a full moon and it was shining as bright as it ever had before. My lantern was almost diminished, with only a few minutes left of oil. I gradually climbed into bed. I pulled the covers up over my body and turned off the lantern. Darkness. I just lay there with perfect ease; I did nothing. And slowly but surely, I had fallen asleep.

\*\*\*\*

I cannot say when I woke up, nor what I had done post-awakening, but I had returned to the fields of my employer. It was about mid-day. The sun was at its highest peak, and shone with a most exuberant warmth of sunshine. It was rather quiet. There was no one else around, not a soul. This hereby proved to be rather unusual, for there were always at least a few birds or squirrels here and there that would run to the nearby forest across the northern side of the field. But there were none in sight, none at all. I soon rejected this unusual situation and returned to my commanded duties.

The sun was not entirely down. There was little over an hour left of sunlight, and yet the day was still showing signs of an unusual status filled with the most peculiar signs of isolation. My employer still had not returned home and my curiosity began to strike me with a heightened intensity. I quickly performed the finishing tasks at hand and began to depart towards my employer's estate. Thoughts of fear and anxiety filled my mind. What was I to do? What if my employer never returned home? Was I to ignore it, surely not. I could easily be considered a suspect of cold-blooded manslaughter if I were to do such a thing. So, I disregarded this thought entirely.

I arrived at the footsteps of the house and rang the doorbell thrice. No reply. I knocked heavily upon the door. No reply. I then paused and called out, for maybe someone had not heard the doorbell or the knock and was simply in the deeper part of the mansion. Yet, even after doing this, there was still no reply. At this time, I became quite frustrated. And with annoyance, I stormed off the porch and onto the gravel road.

I moved down the gravel road, occasionally looking behind me at the deserted estate. There were no lights on. But oh, what a day it had been! No one around at all, and my employer still had not returned home! What was I to do?! I argued with myself for a mere 10 minutes before coming to a wise conclusion: to be quiet.

I began to think negative towards my employer. Anger and frustration built inside me. I would come to assumptions such as: maybe he had gotten too much strong drink of some sort, or maybe he forgot his way home? Who was I to judge otherwise? I chuckled to myself at these thoughts and continued down the path. My feet began to grow weary, for the gravel road leading to the estate (which I was on) was mightily long in lengthwise. Trees and shrubs surrounded the lot; nothing but the sound of crushing gravel under my feet and the swift coolness of a peaceful night's breeze. But, suddenly, towards the eastern sky, I heard a loud but faint boom; almost like an echoing crackle. I stopped, along with the sound of my footsteps. I waited for another sound; maybe I could confirm what it was. I continued listening attentively. Nothing. I gradually began to walk again. BOOM! An orange light flashed in the distance and as quickly as it happened, an explosion burst vividly in the sky. I dove to the ground as fast as I possibly could. What was that? An explosion in the sky? How is that even possible?! Only birds are in the sky! A loud humming sound appeared in the distant sky, along with the downfall of the falling, burning object. As if things could not get any stranger, it appeared to be a, giant bird of some sort. And it was drawing closer.

I was even more frightened now. And without hesitation, I began to run in the opposite direction of the object. And with quick haste too! Behind me, I could hear the humming sound even louder as it drew closer and closer with tremendous speed. I looked back over my shoulder. It had reached me! Without hesitation, I dropped to the floor and covered my head. Unexpectedly, I wasn't dead. The bird simply continued over me and descended even lower towards the estate of my employer. I looked up. The bird crashed into the estate! And-and it, well, blew up! What bird explodes?! And the most odd thing happened: instead of blood being released, there was only fire! Tremendous amounts of fire; and no blood at all! And to get any worse, moving...things were progressing down the gravel road towards the now burning estate! I came to one incredibly insane conclusion: I had somehow gone to the future! I panicked. And as fast as I could, I ran away into the fields. And I did not dare look back. I simply just, ran, and ran, and ran. But then, something strange happened. Everything went black. And then, a bright light shown. It was the sun shining through my bedroom window. I was lying in my bed, sweating. I had woken up.

— Aaron Ramos

### Two-Headed Animals

There are a lot of weird animals in the world. Some of the most unusual cases of animals are the two headed animals. These animals are the ones who did not fully finish the growth process or when two animals are intertwined together resulting in two heads, four ears, an extra mouth, etc. The most common cases are cats. Cats seem to have a semi-common case of unfinished kittens. They were one of the earliest recorded two headed animals. Another one of the first cases was a two headed pig. God has made so many things that show us His imagination. Two headed animals are one of them.

— Jason Jones



## A Life “Under Construction”



the job in which he would become a professional.

Over the next six years, Mr. Barrios worked on railroads, gas,

and water pipes; and in 2003, he joined Local 12 Operating Engineering Union. He has been a member for the past eight years. Though he knows how to operate several types of equipment, he is usually assigned the backhoe. Thanks to all the training he had prior to joining his union, he was allowed to skip the apprenticeship program; but do not underestimate him, for he knows just about everything there is to know about his job. He knows what the colored pieces of ribbon on stakes represent (no, they are not for decoration), how to stay alive while digging around live power lines, fix pipes, and auger foundations for street lights. In summary, he knows a lot more than we do when it comes to construction.

As for his hobbies, he enjoys baseball and work-

ing on classic cars such as 1960 Chevys. One other thing he mentioned as a hobby was mowing the lawn. Honestly, when I first heard that, I thought, *Wow! Monica must be pretty aggravating if he has to mow the lawn just to get some peace!* But that is all right, Mr. Barrios. I would probably do the same if given the same situation.

“What would you consider the best decision you have ever made?” I asked him. “Salvation,” he answered, without a doubt in his voice. Mr. Barrios was saved on May 3, 2007, in Pastor Smith’s office. One of the reasons he remembers it so well is because Cinco de Mayo, a holiday and a time for partying, was only two days away. Thanks to his faith in God, he has never regretted leaving the world behind. He is now a faithful member of our church and a bus driver. He is thankful for his job, for it has helped to shape his life. He also is

grateful for his family, which includes Brenda Barrios, a high school friend and now wife of three years; Monica, his daughter, a trial sent from God, whom he has put up with for the past fourteen years (not the way he put it); and David and Anthony, ages eight and five, his two young sons.

Mr. Barrios’ advice to all of us is to put our complete trust in God; for if we do, everything will be all right, no matter the circumstances. Not having a high school diploma of his own, he earnestly pleads with all students to get the best education possible. But in my opinion, diploma or not, Mr. Barrios is a great example of a man who did not let a few past mistakes hinder amazing potential.

— Grace Campbell



Rafael Barrios, Jr., is a faithful, loving father and husband. His life illustrates II Corinthians 5:17, which states: “Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” His story is a great encouragement to all who find themselves at “rock bottom,” because his life teaches you that it does not matter how many times you fall, but how many times you get back up.

Rafael Barrios was first incarcerated at age fourteen. At age nineteen, a few years after he was released, a friend offered him a railroad job. His foreman, sick of operating the machinery, gave him the job of operating the heavy equipment. This is where he got his first taste at

## Dr Pepper

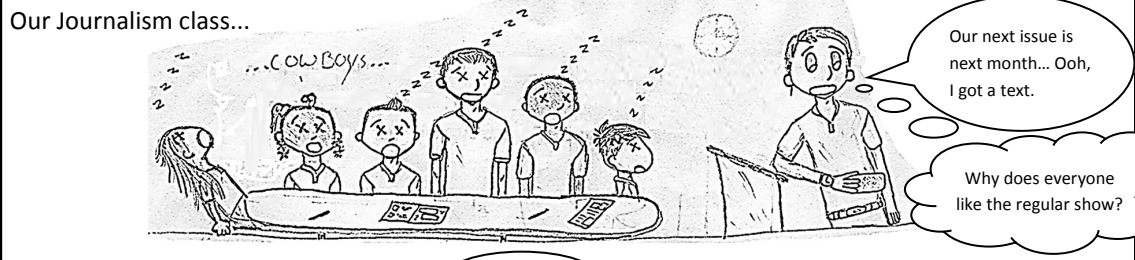


Dr Pepper has been a popular soft drink since the 1800s. It was created by Charles Alderton in Waco, Texas. Different varieties include Diet Dr Pepper and Dr Pepper Cherry. Dr Pepper is available around the world with the exception of some countries such as Thailand, Italy, and Russia. Other products that have a

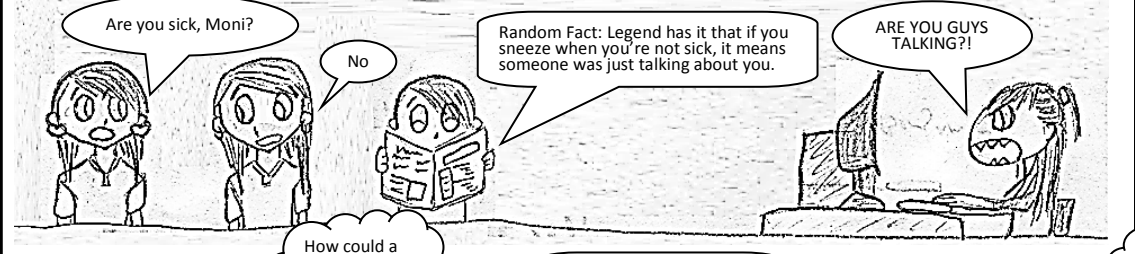
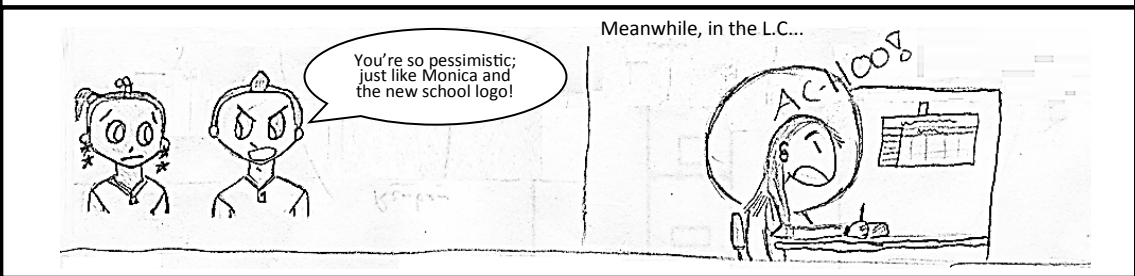
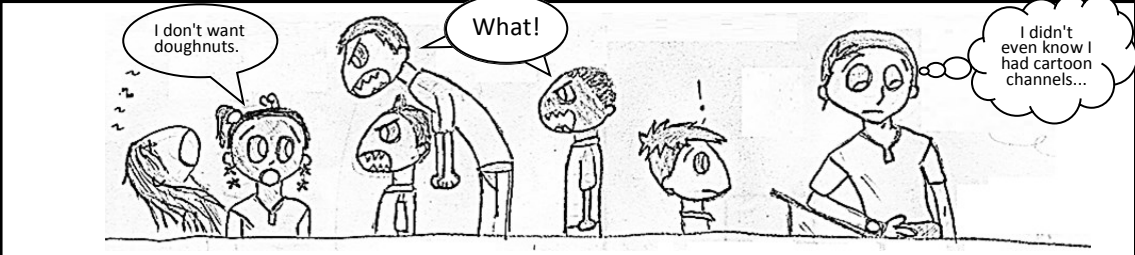
Dr Pepper name are jelly beans, barbecue sauce, and lip balms. Dr Pepper has been marketed through commercials, movies, and songs. Many slogans have been used to draw people’s attention. One of my favorite slogans is, “Dr Pepper, It Makes the World Taste Better.” Dr Pepper even has a museum in Waco, Texas,

where it was created. Roanoke Valley in Virginia, is called the Dr Pepper capital of the world, selling more Dr Peppers in that area than anywhere else in the world. Dr Pepper’s unique taste and flavor make it one of the best sodas ever formulated and distributed.

— Joshua Tecson



Why does everyone like the regular show?



That's it!



## Survey Says :

Better Fries: Rally's or Wing Stop?

**Rally's 38%**

**Wing Stop 62%**

IHOP or Denny's?

**IHOP 53%**

**Denny's 47%**

Vans or Chucks?

**Vans 70%**

**Chucks 30%**

Fiction or Nonfiction?

**Fiction 44%**

**Nonfiction 56%**

Sweet Candy or Sour Candy?

**Sweet 50%**

**Sour 50%**

Target or Wal-Mart?

**Target 72%**

**Wal-Mart 28%**

UP or Toy Story 3?

**UP 36%**

**Toy Story 3 64%**

### Elementary Basketball Tournament

This year's elementary basketball tournament was a nail-biter. The Eagles, coached by Ryan Rucker; the Lightning Bolts, coached by Jarah Jones; and the Gibbagabbers, coached by Joshua Okeke, were the three teams that participated in the tournament. The first game between the Lightning Bolts and the Gibbagabbers was an impressive competition. Unfortunately for the Gibbagabbers, the Lightning Bolts pulled away and won the game, giving the Gibbagabbers their first loss. Game two was a chance for the Gibbagabbers to redeem themselves against the Eagles, but Ethan and his crew proved to be too much for the Gibbagabbers. Sadly, the Gibbagabbers

were out of the tournament. Finally, we were at the championship game between the Lightning Bolts and the Eagles. Both teams played well, but because both offenses were scoring big points,

defense was the key. At last, the Eagles came out on top. Congratulations to the Eagles—the champions of the 2011 Elementary Basketball Tournament!

— Chika Okeke

### **Check us out online!**

Current and previous issues of *The Crusade* are available for download in pdf format at: [gbclongbeach.org/the-crusade-school-newspaper-.html](http://gbclongbeach.org/the-crusade-school-newspaper-.html).

