



MAY 15, 2012

### Upcoming Events:

- **Final Exams**  
(1/2 Day Schedule)  
Wednesday-Friday, May 16-18
- **Last Day of School and School Picnic**  
Wednesday, May 23
- **K5/6<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> Grade Graduation Elementary School Program**  
Wednesday, May 23 7:00 PM
- **Senior High Commencement**  
Friday, May 25 7:00 PM

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# The Crusade

Volume 1 | Issue 9

## The Weird and the Wacky

As you might have noticed, I do a lot of writing on holidays. Usually I write about famous holidays, but this month I would like to share a few unknown holidays with you. Once you have finished reading this, you might be glad that you did not know about them.

May 1<sup>st</sup> is Save the Rhino Day. What a great way to start the month— let us all head over to Africa and give those rhinos a helping hand! May 2<sup>nd</sup> is National Play Your Ukulele Day. Go

play your ukuleles, people... both of you. May 3<sup>rd</sup> is Hug Your Cat Day. And have it claw my face off? I think I will pass. Other weird holidays this month include the following: Hooray for Buttons Day, Blame Someone Else Day (every day for some people), Dance like a Chicken Day (otherwise known as Look like a Weir-do Day), National Escargot Day, Penny Day, Eat Whatever You Want Day (regret it tomorrow), and My Bucket's Got a Hole in It Day

(whatever that nonsense is). I do not know about you, but I am very glad that these holidays are not nationally observed.

— Grace Campbell



## Piano Recital 2012

May 10, 2012, was a truly amazing night. All the pianists did their absolute best, and each song was played beautifully. Hannah Artiga was the first pianist to play, and she played "Jesus Loves the Little Children" magnificently. Max Meza, Catherine Velasco, Nora Mauaivaio, and Vanessa Arellano did a remarkable job in their first recital. The younger piano students are incredibly gifted. Shiyloh Gettler, along with her brother and sister, danced all over the piano.



Afterward, Mr. Goltiao handed out some awards, but he did not know that we were planning to have an award ceremony of our own. We gave him a certificate of appreciation for dedication to his piano students, and he

received a really nice dress shirt and two ties, **WHICH HE WILL WEAR SOON!** Everyone seemed to enjoy the music and fellowship, but there was just one dagger in the night. Mr. Goltiao, our favorite piano teacher, will be going up to Northern California to be on staff at the church where he grew up. Though we are sad to see him go, we know he is doing what God wants him to do. Anyway, we topped the night off with a reception (the best part).

— Chika Okeke

## Aaron's Tall Tales: *Moon*

I'm alive; I don't know how, but I'm alive. And let me assure you right now – I shouldn't be. I don't know where I am. I'm not dreaming. I've pinched myself enough times to confirm that. No, I'm not dreaming. I'm not frightened or scared, but I am shaking a little. I feel like I haven't eaten in a year. And to tell you the truth, I probably haven't. I blink rapidly, attempting to get the crust out of my eyes. My body feels locked up. I can't move. Maybe I'm paralyzed? No, I can move my head. I look up toward the ceiling and can't help but notice the peculiar design of the room I'm in. It's very metallic looking...and cold. There are no windows, yet the light powering this room is overwhelming – it's so bright. I look down my body to the edge of the bed. I'm wearing some kind of hospital gown, but I'm positive this isn't a hospital, no way that it can be. There are no chords, no blinking monitors, nothing hooked up to me. There's nothing here except me...in a room...with a bed.

The feeling in my body slowly returns. I can flicker my fingers and move my toes. Eventually, I can clench my fist and bend my knees. I soon begin my numerous attempts of raising myself up. I'm so weak. It seems as if I've been struggling to get up for two hours. Every time I try, great pain and excessive amounts of coughing greet me. I soon overcome all this and rise up with a strong force. Whoops... I start to cough uncontrollably and can't stop. Is this the end? I'm gonna die by coughing to death? Unfortunately, no. I fall to the cold, hard ground and cough up blood. I spit horrendously onto the floor in front of me. And the oddest thing happens. The small pool of blood somehow manages to soak into the floor. Poof! Gone! Just like that! The ground just soaks it up before my very eyes. I'm fully awake now.

I manage to stand to my feet, continually glaring at the pure white floor. *Where am I? I need to find a way out of here; I need to find out where I am.* I scan the room, looking for some kind of door. Nothing. All that fills the room is my ginormous bed and a wardrobe to the right of it. Inside are a NASA t-shirt and a pair of sweat pants. I quickly change into them and throw the gown I wore into the wardrobe. I circle the room, banging on every inch of the walls in hope of finding a mysterious door that would suddenly burst wide open. I become frustrated.

"Hey! Someone, anyone! Let me out of here!" I yell with all my might.

There is a long pause of nothing, and just as I'm about to scream even louder, a computerized voice talks overhead,

"Voice authorization acquired. Please stand clear of doorway."

My jaw drops. I mean, at least I'm not alone, but what doorway?

"Please stand clear of doorway," she repeats, "Please stand clear of doorway."

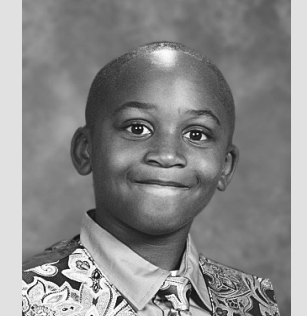
I turn around and back away from the wall, ever so cautiously. The voice stops repeating itself (very annoying). Suddenly, a section of the wall rises with a swift motion, like something straight out of a science fiction movie. For a minute, I don't move. *I'm dreaming! I have to be. Wake up!* I walk forward and out the door. The wall comes down and closes behind me. No other sound, just crisp silence.

Let me pause and tell you about my life before this sick dream. Three years ago, my life wasn't exactly in the best shape. I had just been fired from my job, evicted from my apartment, and on top of every other possible event, my car was stolen. I'm not one to complain by any means, I am the one who made decisions and choices, but it was one thing after the other- it was just too much. So I came up with the brilliant plan to steal. I was gonna rob a liquor store. Smart eh? Well, I did. However, I was caught, sent to jail, and on top of all *that*, three people are dead because of me. Funny how bad things can become worse so quickly. Choices...

I walk down a long, brightly lit hallway that appears to never end. I approach a corner and turn to the left – an elevator rests at the very end. It's just sitting there with the door open, like it's been waiting for me. I disregard this and enter the elevator. Only one button... *No time to question it, just push it.* The elevator bolts upward. The ride is fast and I soon find myself in front of a medium-sized, den-like room. It's very metallic and futuristic looking, decorated with shining platinum and silvery coats of paint (maybe, I don't know). There are couches, a fireplace, kitchen, bar counters, entertainment gadgets, and a wonderful bathroom. I don't even blink. This is ridiculous. This *has* to be a joke.

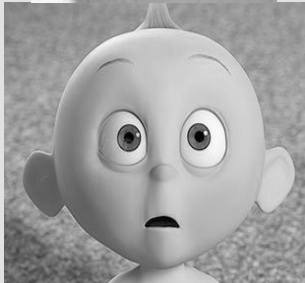
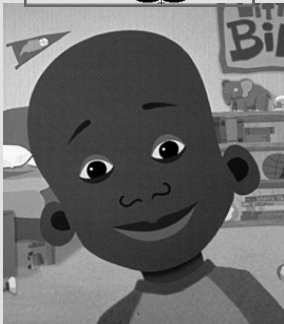
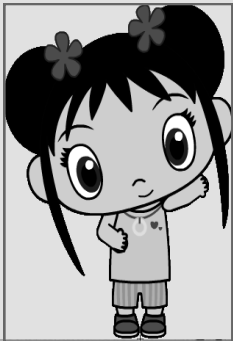
"Alright, c'mon! This is great, really! Just, let me out now. Explain to me what's going on."

## GBCS



## Aaron's Tall Tales: *Moon* (continued)

### Look-alikes



No answer.

"I want answers, let's go!" No answer. The silence is a killer. So quiet.

"The truth, I want the truth!"

Suddenly, the walls all around me lift up, revealing glass windows. What's on the other side of the windows makes my heart stop.

"No, this can't be possible."

I'm alive, no question about it. This is real – no dream.

"No, no, no, no... Wha-what? What's going on?" I say, about to literally cry, "Please tell me what's happening."

The same computer voice from earlier comes on.

"Welcome to Installation 04. Subject prisoner #41569. Remaining serve time: 52 years. Aging cycle terminated. Welcome to Moon, prisoner #41569."

I walk to the window and look out. The beautiful earth I once lived on glares back at me over the rocky terrain. Blackness surrounds everything.

"It really is beautiful, isn't it?"

Yes, yes it is.

The End?

—Aaron A. Ramos



### Ever Wondered? *How Soda is Made*

Soda, one of the most popular types of beverage, has many different flavor formulas. Each soda company guards its formulas to make its own unique taste. The basic way to make soft drinks is to mix wet and dry ingredients with carbonated water. Factories first clean and prepare the water to mix with other ingredients. Next, they blend in sugars and syrups for flavor

and taste. Coca-Cola has used the cola leaf to give it its flavor for a long time. The cola leaf does contain traces of cocaine, but machines and computers remove the small amounts of cocaine before production. Most commercial sodas heavily use high fructose corn syrup to sweeten the drink. After mixing, the drinks are carbonated. Carbonated water is made by

turning carbon dioxide into cold water to produce a fizzy effect in liquid. Some drinks such as root beer use yeast to carbonate the water. Finally, the sodas are put into bottles or cans to be packaged and sent to vending machines or stores. Soda is a favorite drink of many people all over the world.

— Joshua Tecson

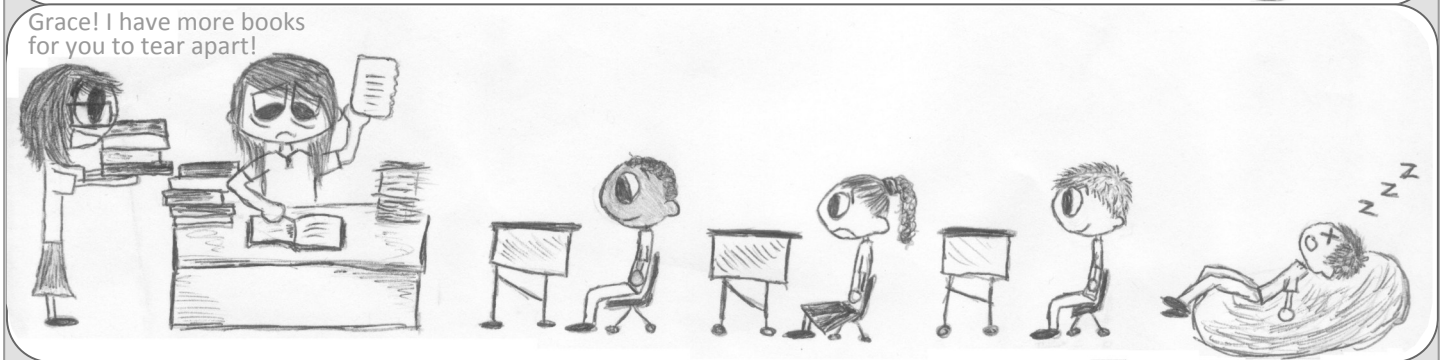
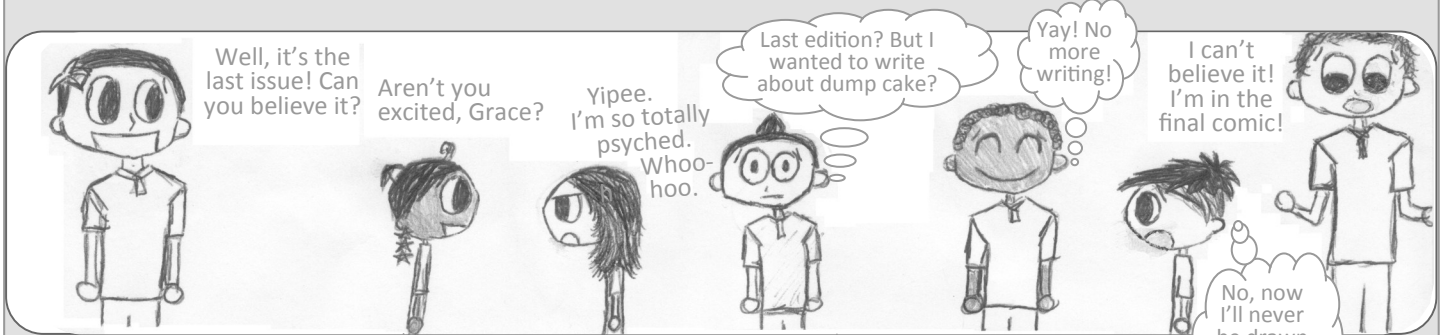
### Keeping up with the Joneses: *The Tsar Bomba*

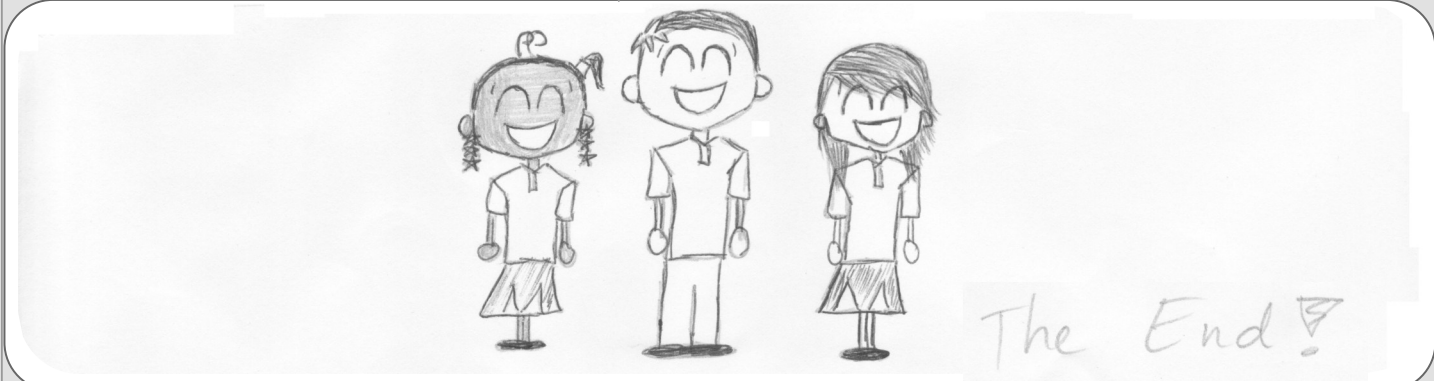
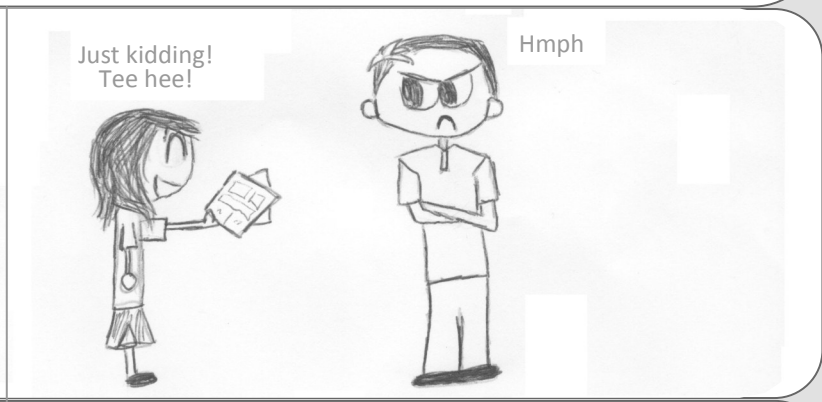
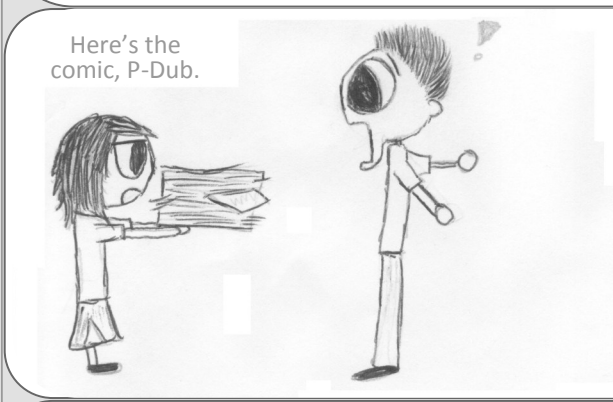
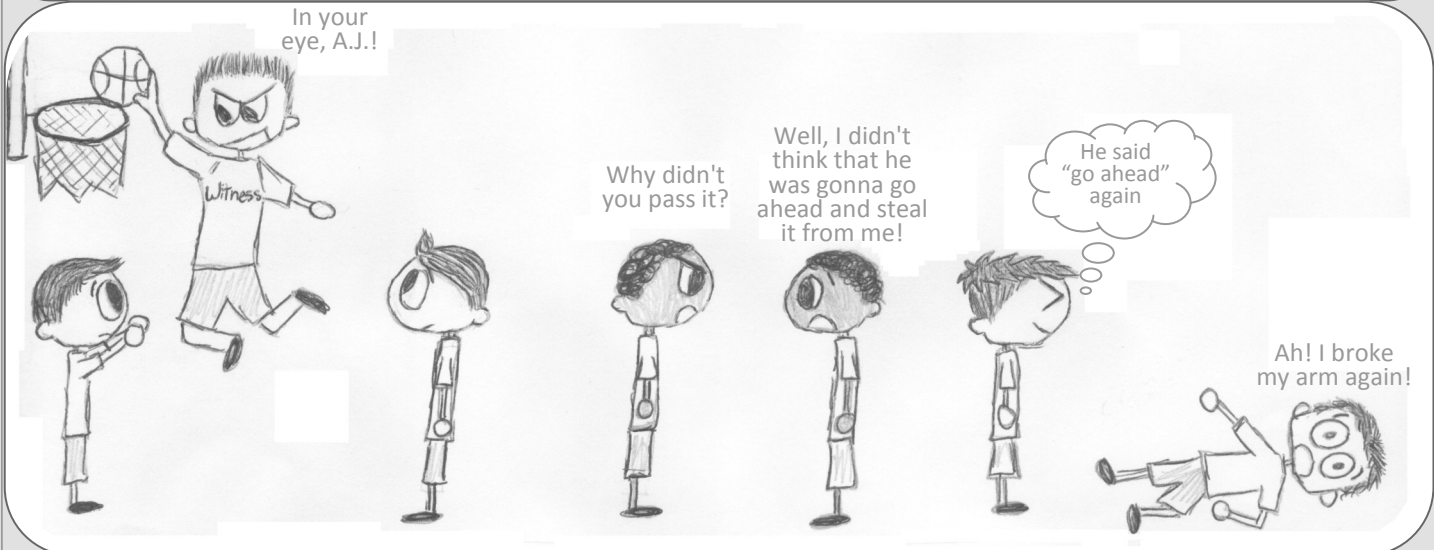
This is the last issue of *the Crusade* and the last "Keeping Up with the Joneses" article. The high tech marvel of this edition is the Tsar Bomba. The Tsar Bomba is the mother of all bombs. This particular bomb resulted from a promise from the Soviet Union to the United States. The Tsar Bomba is a thermonuclear bomb—a bomb that uses hydrogen fusion. The bomb is the biggest

nuclear bomb ever detonated successfully. The Tsar Bomba was to have the power of over 1,400 atomic bombs. The bomb was intended to pack 100 megatons of TNT but instead had 50 megatons to lessen the nuclear fallout. The Tsar Bomba weighed 27,000 kilograms (60,000 lb.). It was 8 meters (24 ft.) and its diameter was 2.1 meters (6.9 ft.). Only one Tsar Bomba has ever been built. It

was tested on October 30, 1961. The fireball of the explosion was 8 kilometers (5 mi.). The Tsar Bomba's mushroom cloud was 40 miles high. Its radiation blast shattered windowpanes 560 miles away. That is BIG! The Tsar Bomba is the only one of its kind. It is a unique piece of technology. The Tsar Bomba is a bomb great to remember.

— Jason Jones







#### Random Facts:

- To burn off one plain M&M candy, you need to walk the full length of a football field.
- The inventor of the waffle iron did not like waffles.
- The first four countries to have television were England, the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and Brazil.
- To escape the grip of a crocodile's jaws, push your thumbs into its eyeballs-it will let you go instantly.
- North Dakota is the only state in the US that has never had an earthquake.
- An owl has three eyelids.



## A Willing Worker

Brenda Ramos was born in San Pedro, California. She was adopted as a young baby by a wonderful young couple from Long Beach. She also had an adopted brother, whom they adopted as an infant as well. She grew up and lived in North Long Beach all her life, and as a young girl, she even attended the brethren church that used to be where Gethsemane is now. She was saved as a young girl in elementary school and regularly attended church. She graduated from Jordan High School and attended Long Beach City College for a while. She eventually went on to work at Boise Cascade Office Products for the next eighteen years. In 1985, she met her future husband Ken, whom she married in 1987. She gave birth to two children, Alexandra and Aaron, and came to reside in Long Beach, a house literally around the block from Gethsemane.

While working at Boise

Cascade, she was employed in the collections department and in sales & marketing. She maintained customer accounts, collected money, entered orders, and many other things. She was a support to the sales force by designing custom catalogs. She was a strong asset to the company, demonstrating dedication to her job and maintaining a great testimony. As time passed, she resigned from the company in order to help take care of her parents and spend more time with her family. Word soon came from Gethsemane about a job opening in the kitchen and school office. She accepted the job, helping out in the kitchen and working as a receptionist in the school office. She was an assistant to the principal and helped with anything that was needed in the school office. She would later move on to help with the extended care for the school, along with managing the lunches and work-

ing in the kitchen.

She and her family have been at Gethsemane for over twenty-one years. Her husband (Mr. Ramos) was saved and baptized at Gethsemane, all thanks to the Weldon Family who would always invite them to events at the church. They had known each other because Mrs. Weldon would baby sit their daughter Ali. Because of their dedication toward my family, I was able to be raised in a great Christian home, along with a wonderful church to attend and call home. Mrs. Ramos loves all the children here and has enjoyed every minute of it. She says, "I hope that I have encouraged the kids as much as they have encouraged me." She advises us to never stop serving the Lord, to always love Him, and to "keep on keeping on."

— Aaron A. Ramos

## Food For Thought: *Pumpernickel*

Pumpernickel was first mentioned in 1450 in the Westphalia region in Germany. This bread is also called Westphalian Black Bread because of its origin. Pumpernickel is usually made in Germany, but some specialty bakers bake it outside of Germany. Now this bread can be found anywhere from Europe to most of the Americas, even though it is still produced in many parts of Germany. This bread should be

placed into a long pan with a lid to help with the baking process. When pumpernickel is pulled out of the steam-filled oven it usually has a dark brown or black color. This bread has a sweet, dark chocolate, coffee taste and a very earthy aroma. Pumpernickel is usually placed in a long, narrow bread pan with a lid, to ensure perfection in the bread. Much of the processing and packaging is done in Germany and other

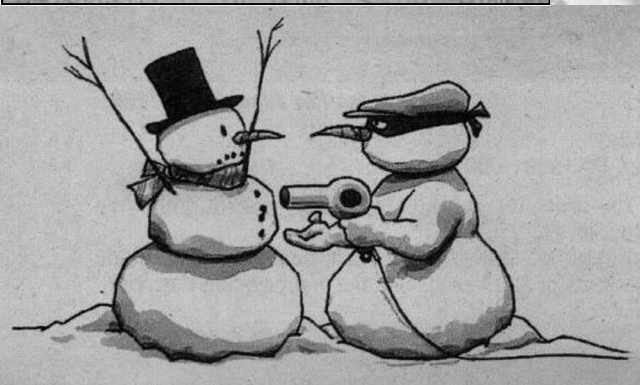
Dutch locations which are famous for pumpernickel. The pumpernickel is sold in a medium-sized slice or as a loaf in a plastic package. Pumpernickel can be eaten as a quick grab and go breakfast substitute or just as a snack for those chocolate lovers; that is what makes this a great foreign food.

— Jacob Bernal

## Got Jokes?

- Why don't oysters give to charity? — Because they're shellfish.
- How do you mend a broken Jack O' Lantern? — With a pumpkin patch.
- What's the difference between a teacher and a train? — The teacher says "Get that gum out of your mouth," whereas the train says "Chew, Chew."
- How do you fix a tomato? — With tomato paste.
- I was diagnosed with antisocial behavior disorder, so I joined a support group. We never meet.
- Why don't Dalmatians hide? — Because they're always spotted.
- What do you do when a rhino charges you? — give him your credit card.
- Did the people laugh when the lady fell on the ice? — No, but the ice sure cracked up.
- If the customer is always right, then why isn't everything free?
- Why do bicycles fall over? — Because they're two-tired.
- Why was the boy covered in gift wrap? — His mom told him to live in the present.
- Where did the dentist go on his vacation? — To the mouth of the Mississippi river.
- My father is allergic to cotton. He has pills that he can take, but he can't get them out of the bottle.
- How do you catch a squirrel? — Climb into a tree and act like a nut.
- What is underneath a rooster's wing? — A cockpit.
- Did you ever notice: When you put the two words "The" and "IRS" together, they spell "THEIRS"?
- What did the baby corn say to the mama corn? — Where's pop corn.
- What lights a soccer stadium? — A soccer match.
- What did the football coach say to the broken vending machine? — "Give me my quarterback!"
- What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailor? — One sells watches and the other watches cells.

## Funny Photos



## Survey Says:

Would you rather have six toes or six fingers?

Toes 45%

Fingers 55%

Frosted Flakes or Lucky Charms?

Frosted Flakes 43%

Lucky Charms 57%

Hard or soft tacos?

Hard 26%

Soft 74%

Swings or slides?

Swings 78%

Slides 22%

Would you rather be a keyboard or a mouse?

Keyboard 54%

Mouse 46%

Red Vines or Twizzlers?

Red Vines 48%

Twizzlers 52%

Would you rather go bungee jumping or sky diving?

Bungee Jumping 34%

Sky Diving 66%

## Volleyball 2012

Well, our volleyball season has come to a close, and yes, we finally did win some games. We won both games against the Banning Eagles and a game against the Montecito Hawks. (We also received a win because the Foothill Falcons forfeited.) So, we finished with a record of 4-8. We also played in the tournament on May 11, 2012. We played our first game at eight o'clock in the morning! Our first game was against the Falcons, the fourth seed.

We played well in each set, especially the second set, but we did not win any of them. Then at 1:30, we played against the Grace Swordsmen, who was ranked as the second seed. We were playing extremely well, and we won the first set! Next came the second set, we were doing so well, but we just couldn't stay ahead. So yeah, we lost the second set. Now, we had to play one more set. Each team had to win or go home. Their first server was killing us so badly, but

finally we managed to get back the serve. Unfortunately, we couldn't put the game away. At the award ceremony, Monica Barrios and Chika Okeke received all-star medals.

— 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).

