

Tenth News

ILLINOIS TENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT DEMOCRATS NEWSLETTER 2014 LITERARY EDITION

Tenth News Special Edition

Community Connection

4th ANNUAL POETRY (and PROSE)

COMPETITION AND AWARDS CEREMONY

**Literary Edition
Volume III**

Our 2014 Poetry + Prose Competition Winners

First Prize, Poetry

Daijanay Dixon, Zion-Benton High School,
“Relapse”

Second Prize, Poetry

Linda Elliott, Zion-Benton High School,
“The Lost Element of Time”

Third Prize, Poetry

Jonathan Marquina, Waukegan High School,
“Change It Up”

Honorable Mention, Poetry

Topiltsin Gomez, Waukegan High School,
“What the Raindrops Miss”

Honorable Mention, Poetry

Katrina Lutke, Waukegan High School,
“The Sadness Will Never End”

Honorable Mention, Poetry

Leah Martinez, Cristo Rey St. Martin College Prep,
“Oblivion”

Honorable Mention, Poetry

Natania Adams, Zion-Benton High School,
“How Could I know Contentedness?”

First Prize, Prose

Josie Blake, Waukegan High School,
“To Hurt for the Better”

Second Prize, Prose

Summer Sadler, Zion-Benton High School,
Untitled

Third Prize, Prose

Diego Hernandez, Cristo Rey St. Martin College Prep,
“But He Didn’t”

Honorable Mention, Prose

Karen Camacho, Cristo Rey St. Martin College Prep,
“Wolfskee”

Honorable Mention, Prose

Ricardo Sandoval, Cristo Rey St. Martin College Prep,
“The Aging Cars”

Honorable Mention, Prose

Ayana Merrill, Cristo Rey St. Martin College Prep,
“Secret Waterfall”

Honorable Mention, Prose

Anthony Ochoa, Cristo Rey St. Martin College Prep,
“Knowledge”



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Welcome to the 2014 Literary Edition of the Tenth News

In this special edition of the Tenth Congressional District Democrats' monthly newsletter, we publish the poems and short stories of the young writers who won recognition in the Tenth Dems' Fourth Annual Poetry & Prose Competition. Prizes were awarded for original poems and stories. First prize in each category (poetry and prose) was \$100, with \$75 for second prize and \$50 for third. The six prizewinning entries are published within, as are four additional poems and stories that the judges selected for honorable mention.

With a report of the event and a photo essay, we also acknowledge those young authors who attended the 2014 Awards Ceremony and read their poems and stories aloud to the audience of peers, parents, community members, and Tenth Dems volunteers.

A grassroots organization that supports Democratic causes and candidates, Tenth Dems believes that politics should be about more than just elections. That is, politics should be about making our communities better places to live.

The Poetry/Prose Competition and Awards Ceremony is just one way in which Tenth Dems works to make our communities better places to live. As Democrats, we highly value the arts and take particular pleasure in giving young people in our community the opportunity for creative expression. We are also pleased to be able to provide an audience for these talented young authors.

Finally, Tenth Dems acknowledges the significant contributions to our 2014 Competition and Awards Ceremony by published poets Jackie Harris and Wendy Harrison, who read with care and attention every one of the more than 200 entries before selecting the prizewinners, and political consultant Kevin Lampe, who presided over the Awards Ceremony with charm and sensitivity. In addition, we are grateful for the students and faculty advisors of the Waukegan High School JROTC Color Guard and Drill Team, who lead off the Awards Ceremony with such style and panache.



"But He Didn't"

It was a cold and sorrowful day with the dark gray clouds covering the beautiful view of the sky and the warm rays of the illuminating sun. There in an old and creaky house lived Rose, a frail grandma who had many regrets, staring through the window at the road that had glistening rain falling gently on it. Lily, a young adolescent woman who still had many years of life ahead of her, was also staring out of the window with the cracks at the edge slowly letting a soft breeze that calmly kissed her face just like her mother use to do.

"Hey grandma why are you looking at the cold and soaked road?" asked Lily. Rose replied with, "I still keep thinking that he is going to come back." "Are you talking about grandpa?" asked Lily with a down and somber voice. "I'm not only talking about your grandfather, but I am also talking about all the memories I shared with him Those sweet memories ... all that I have to remember him for." said Rose with a quiet voice. Lily remained silent for a small period of time letting those words slowly sink in to her mind. It was so quiet that the only thing that could be heard was the sound of the rain falling onto the roof making the beating noise of a drum Lily asked with a gentle and careful voice, "Can you describe to me some of those memories?" "When I was about your age I remember that he had this brand new car that he bought with money that he had been saving for the past year. He let me drive his car until I accidentally dented it. I was sure that he would kill me, but he didn't." said Rose. "That is so sweet of him" said Lily in a cute voice. "There was this one time when I wanted to go to the beach because it seemed like a lovely day to relax in the sun. He told me that we shouldn't go because it was going to rain later. I dragged him out to the beach, and it was raining as he had said. I thought he would say "I told you so", but he didn't. Instead he protected me from the rain and kissed me gently on the lips." Said Rose. "He really sounds like a gentleman" said Lily. "He always put up with me, and there were a lot of things that I thought he would do that he didn't. He loved me and protected me." said Rose in a nostalgic tone. "I wish I would have gotten to meet him" said Lily in a regretful voice. "There were a lot of things I wanted to make up to him when he returned back from war, but he didn't." said Rose. Lily tried to hold back her bitter tears for the pain she felt for her grandmother which was greater than getting shot with a bullet. "If only I could change my memories to only remember the good ones " said Rose.

The rest of the afternoon remained silent, and later Lily left to her house to rest for the night. This was the last time Lily heard the sweet voice of her grandmother for the next day when she came back Rose was dead. Rose had died smiling in her somber sleep. She died remembering only the tender memories that she loved so much; She was finally free.

Diego Hernandez

"Change It Up"

Change is everywhere,
on the ground, in the air.
Change in grass, change in weather,
change into a fur coat maybe leather.
Some loose change from Bruce Wayne,
he goes from bat hero to a regular person,
start off nice and end up cursin.
Change in tone, change in mood,
I'm in my zone and it's all good.
This went from poem to rap,
please take a moment to clap
because change just occurred
in a couple of words.

Jonathan Marquina

"How Could I know Contentedness?"

My strength failed;
I stumbled along.
I was as the leaves blow,
swept off the ground and tossed
to and fro by the wicked winds
until I fell in a helpless heap.

Now I reach forward. I
stretch out my hand
into a new season.
I will never be reigned
by the wind
again.

Natania Adams

"Knowledge"

I don't remember much of when I was a baby; I was probably carefree as a baby, as I expect many babies are. What I do remember is when I was a toddler my father was abusive, he would hit my mother, and few times even my siblings and myself. I remember hiding away with my sisters in a room in Chicago, we were scared hearing my mother scream. I felt powerless there in a corner, crying, and quivering out of fear unable to change anything.

My sisters and I grew together, we had an unbreakable bond starting at a young age. Being so close was helpful but it isolated us from others, particularly our outside family, like our cousins, aunts, and uncles.

We moved to Waukegan where I spent my childhood before school. My father was later kicked out by my mother; it was a sad day, I loved my father even with all his faults. My sisters loved him too. Except for my oldest sister because she was old enough to understand everything that was going on; she couldn't forgive him. So my mother and sister, Karen casted him out. Soon after, my parents got divorced.

Growing up most of my knowledge came from my three older sisters, they taught me what they learned in school. I would not comprehend everything, but I feel that they helped me understand many things in life; they gave me a head start and prepared me for a better life.

Shortly after my father came back into our lives, he said he had found God. He read Bible verses and took us to different churches; he kept trying to find the church that could teach us best and would be a good fit for us. Throughout the time he was still talking to us about god, my sibling and I forgave him, he smiled at us as tears rolled down his cheeks.

That was the first time I had seen my father cry; before then I had thought nothing affected my father, I also never saw him as happy as he expressed to be. Since then, he's never raised his voice at us, let alone hit one of us.

We moved once again, this time to Park City in some apartments, not the fancy ones either. I had a group of friends, and we always went out and played, we always hung out and talked. Outside of these apartments you could find almost anything; people would just leave so many things behind. We found thing like: liters, golf clubs, samurai swords, samurai sword rack, helium tanks with helium, cardboard, TVs, and so much more.

I was eight years old and was full of knowledge and life experience already. During this

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time I learned so many things I couldn't keep track of where I was getting all the information. I had come a long way from the little ignorant child who didn't know anything. It is insane how much I knew, and I owed it all to my siblings and friends. I would even have competitions between my siblings to see who knew more; I would strive to at least learn one thing a day that my siblings didn't know. I was never lucky enough to win any of these competitions, but after each competition I learned something new and that made it all worthwhile for me.

I knew even then that knowledge was important, how important is what I didn't know. I wanted to make this world a better place, and I wanted to have the power to change the world without violence because violence had ruled my world once before and I didn't want it to again. I knew knowledge would help me achieve that, so I constantly strived for new information.

Anthony Ochoa

"Oblivion"

I fear oblivion

I fear that when it happens, nothing will happen

I fear for the way I will go and the story that I leave.

I fear for my family;

For for my brother and all his amazing qualities.

I fear for my mother;

For her kind and gentle manner

I fear for my father;

For his humor and loving ways

I worry that when these extraordinary people leave me,

I will be nothing more than a poor soul

For these are the people who make me who I am

These are the people who give me life,

Who give me strength and love me unconditionally;

Whose love knows no boundaries

I fear oblivion and it's way of tearing people away.

It's almost like being taken away.

Taken away from the place you don't feel alone;

Taken away from a place you feel at home

Therefore, I don't want to leave.

Leah Martinez

"Relapse"

Ten years ago,
on a muggy summer day
When my favorite days were spent blowing bubbles
In a run-down neighborhood
Where tired people lived
In a small, old house
In the middle of a field of overgrown grass and weeds
In a room with bottles and pill bottles strewn all over
I asked my grandmother why she was crying.
She didn't answer. She did her best to change
the subject and asked if I wanted a snack.
I asked again and again,
Receiving no response until some few minutes later.
"Hush. Just leave me here to cry."
Three years ago
I finally received my answer.
The day my grandmother cried
Was the day she gave up on
Trying to change herself for the better.

DaiJanay Dixon

"Secret Waterfall"

I woke up to the sound of my mother yelling at my father again, then I heard a big BANG! I rushed downstairs to find my mother on the floor bleeding, and the vase I gave her for her 30th birthday broken. I looked at my father in rage. "whats wrong with you!" I screamed in italian, I always speak english but when I'm mad I speak italian because I lived here for 10 years, we moved here when I was 5.

"this does not concern you xenia, go to your room" he yelled. I ignored him and helped my mom to the car and drove off. I went to my great grandmothers house and told her what happened.

As she was cleaning off my mother I walked down to this amazing waterfall I used to go to when I was smaller. I always knew something was special about this place. I stripped out of my sundress to the swimsuit I had on underneath, then dove in.

Sparkles and bubbles surrounded me, I could feel something happening to my legs but I didn't know what it was. I tried to swim to the surface but it felt like something was pulling me under. As the bubbles cleared I looked down to see a tail. I quickly swam to the beach and laid on the sand to scared to look down at my legs. Once I had the courage to look down I saw a mermaids tail. I screamed at first out of shock. See when I was around 10, I never knew how to swim, I just learned for my 15 birthday, so I only put my toes in the water. This was all new and strange. I couldn't help but touch the scales on my lower body, I went back into the water and I could breath underwater.

I was beginning to think this would be the best thing thats ever happened to me. "Xenia come home it's Dinner" my great grandmother called from her porch. I hurried and dried off, I realised water can make me turn again and once i'm dry i'll be normal boring xenia again.

As I walked into the house I saw my mom on the couch "momma are you okay?" I spoke in italian "yes darling i'm fine now" she smiled back to me. We spent the rest of the night there, frankly I was afraid to go home.

In the morning I was the first one up, so I decided to go take a swim at my secret waterfall. I left a note saying, "grandmother I woke up earlier to take a swim just yell down the beach like youalways do, xoxo xenia" and left it on the table. I swiftly ran down the beach, as I reached the waterfall I stepped out of my shorts and took off my crop top revealing my tan skin and a coral bikini. The morning air was cool and refreshing, I loved this time of day. No distractions of the outside world just peace, quiet, and nature. My three favorite things, besides my family of course.

I counted to three and ran off the cliff into the water. All around me were sparkles and bubbles but not like before. This time it was comforting. All around me was hazy. I just was in my own world, for once i was really happy. I could tell today would be a great day. This was going to be the hardest secret ever, but it's worth it.

Ayana Merrill

"The Aging Cars"

Stan was outside on the balcony of his house, doing what a normal little kid would do. He was learning how to walk, so he was still a bit clumsy. He knew to say a few words like mom, dad, hat, but one word in particular he repeated the most was "Car". Then, he started day dreaming about what he would do later on in his life, thinking of how he might change and trying to see how he would look in a few years or so. Stan was wearing a new pair of overalls, with an already loose button. He sat on a chair, just watching the cars pass by. He sat there as many times as he could just to see the cars. After the years had passed, he had a new pair of clothes since he had grown out of the other ones. Stan was wearing denim jeans, with a shirt that had a T-Rex on it. To top it all off, he had a hat that he had won in a carnival in a game of ring toss. His voice had changed, as well as his understanding of things. Again he went outside in his balcony and sat down on the chair, watching all the cars that passed by. As he saw them pass, he noticed some new cars that were passing by. Some of newer models. Others were ones that he already had seen. Some cars even had bold letters that spelled out, "Hybrid". Even though he didn't know what it meant, he liked how it sounded. More years past, and Stan had gone through puberty. He had learned the basics of being a teenager like not doing drugs, being in gangs was bad news and you should never break the law. He was now wearing a plaid shirt with brown colored khakis. When he finished his homework, it was already midnight. He still went outside to go see the cars. Stan then found out what he wanted to work as. He wanted to be a mechanic. Years passed and he grew older. He was already married, and had two children. They were Kyle and Wendy. Stan and his family were having a barbecue outside in the balcony. He was wearing his uniform, which were a pair of overalls. This reminded him when he was little. He liked the thought of thinking how far he has come in life. Stan and his family were all sitting in chairs, they were eating Stan's specialty. Pork Chops grilled until they were nice and juicy, and seasoned to a crisp. When they were done, he dipped them in barbecue sauce. They were all sitting down together, except Stan. He had become so fascinated with cars, that he felt as if watching cars pass by was a type of hobby. One day when he was on the balcony, his son Kyle told him, "When I grow up, can I become a mechanic like you?" Stan said, "Sure, but remember, you have to really enjoy the job if you want to work as a mechanic." Again, the years past and Kyle's parents passed away. Wendy went on ahead to graduate college. Kyle, already a graduate, had found a job as a mechanic, but the words his dad told him still rang in his head. He remembered the times when Stan sat with him in the balcony and watched cars pass by. More years passed by, and he was already an old widow, but promised his father one thing. As long as he lives, he will always watch cars pass by...

Ricardo Sandoval

"The Lost Element of Time"

Nobody lives in that house anymore-
The one with the pictures pinned up on the door
Because something was lost in the years that flew by
Something was lost, but no one knows why.

Some say that when the money went dry
The family had nothing on which to get by.
Others claim that the true cause of the family's strife
Was the older daughter's constant illness, which did take her life.

But the real reason that the family could not survive
Could be seen by how the younger daughter was deprived.
She was a darling young lass with joy in her eyes;
Joy- that was what kept her sorrow disguised.

The parents, hearts and souls had grown cold
At the bad luck that seemed to have taken hold,
But the true tragedy of the situation
Was a missing factor: their past elations.

And so the surviving daughter's fears became the state of affairs:
The family went to ruin and left the house that was always theirs
In search of greener pastures that never were found
Because something was always lost, something so profound.

Linda Elliott

"The Sadness Will Never End"

I told them what was wrong with me
And they said, 'Take these'
And they gave me a bottle that read, 'Take one in the morning, and one at night'
So I did.
Later they asked me how I felt, and I said, 'I don't feel different,'
Which wasn't a lie,
But it wasn't the truth either.
So they gave me a bottle that read, 'Take two in the morning,'
And the dosage was higher.
I took them in the morning with water.
Six weeks later, I still didn't feel any different.
So they started me on another kind.
I would take it with water, and smile at my mother,
And tell her I felt better.
But when I got to school I would throw it up,
Along with my breakfast.
When I saw them again they asked me how I felt
And I said with a smile that the new kind was working.
And they said, 'That's good,'
But the hollow feeling in my stomach said it wasn't.

Katrina Lutke

"To Hurt for the Better"

I wish I could say that I'm the person I am today because I wanted to change for the better of myself. I really like who I am now, I'm stronger than I ever have been. But I don't want you to get any credit for that. I don't want it seem like you did me a favor because all you did was put me through hell for six long years. You sucked every bit of happiness from my soul and replaced it with fear; fear that I could never become anything, that I would never make it. Making me feel like I was worth nothing, had nothing, no hope, no joy left in the world. Nobody should have to feel like that, and you keep putting people through it. Some can't take it, all the pain they give up everything they've ever lived for because you take it all. So I guess you could say I'm one of the lucky ones, I found that morsel of strength before it was too late. I had to fight against you because letting you win would mean giving up on everything I've ever dreamed of being. After all of that I guess I finally made it, and now I'm not the same person as I was going into it, because after something like that you'll never look at the world the same. Never take your life for granted because you fought too hard to just let it pass by. You changed me and I don't want to thank you for it but look at me now strong, healthy, and cancer free.

Josie Blake

Untitled

I walked down the rows of perfectly straight stones, gazing at each name, recognizing none of them. Most were so worn and degraded that there was no hope of reading them in the first place. The cool grass was wet against my bare feet. I began to remember the night that we first met; walking into the local coffee shop, where you bumped into me and our coffee spilled everywhere. We were both upset at first, but ended up laughing. I smiled at the thought. A few weeks later and we were talking almost every night, either texting or going out for dinner. And the year after that, we were moving in together. That little apartment was never big enough for the two of us.

Two years after that, you called me at work and told me to get out of the office. I thought that something was terribly wrong, so I ran out. When I reached the main floor, I saw you standing there, with all our friends and family surrounding you. I stopped immediately, not believing what was happening. You walked up to me, and pulled out a ring. Before you could even ask me the question, I said yes and fell to my knees, kissing you.

As the cold sting of a raindrop expelled itself onto my skin, I was sucked back to reality. I knew that it would start pouring soon, but I didn't care. As the rain began to fall, I was pulled back into the past, wallowing in the memory of our wedding day. When I walked down the aisle, you turned around and smiled. I smiled back, not believing that I had actually found you. As I reached the end, you took my hand from my father and guided me up the two steps to the priest who was waiting. I hardly remember what he had us repeat. The only thing that remained vibrant in that memory was us exchanging the rings and saying the two words that changed my life for the first time, "I do."

Scanning the names, I finally found yours. I stopped. I could hardly muster the strength to turn and face the pathetic slab of stone that marks where you lay. I fell to the muddy ground, sending the mixture of dirt and water everywhere. The small bouquet of flowers I had in my hand slipped away as I was forced to remember that night.

It was what seemed like forever ago; we were expecting a little one, on our way to a routine checkup. The light was green so you kept driving. Unfortunately ... so did the other man. He hit us. Everything seemed to go in slow motion. The car spinning, the squeal of the engine, and yet all I could focus on was your face. I couldn't hear you, but I know what you were saying, "I love you." Right after that, I blacked out.

The next time I opened my eyes, I was at a hospital. The doctors came in and told me that the baby was fine. Then I asked about you. They said that you hadn't survived the crash. You had internally bled to death. I cried for days. When I was finally released, I went home and focused on the baby. That's all I had anymore.

I came back to the present when I felt something tug on my dress. I looked down to see our daughter. I smiled before hugging her tightly. I lost you too early ... But I will make everything of the time I have with her.

Summer Sadler

"What the Raindrops Miss"

Even you change,
you grasp the lighthouse with your waves.
The touch is rough
and you lose a part of yourself with each caress.

Even you change,
in birth, you scraped unscathed skies.
In life, your lights lulled dandelion poets to a comforting sleep.
Were your facade not a hollow city's pride,
Were you not now the body of a blind hope,
I don't believe the man on the midnight train
Would have smiled when he entered his home.

Even you change, poet,
you used to have your hood up when my raindrops
fell at your feet. Now you look up, now you peer into me;
eyes braving the rain, now I'm certain
nothing is the same. I know
You're not going to stay.
My drops strike you like Lake Michigan waves,
because when you re-open your eyes,
that cloud won't be the same.

Topiltsin Gomez

"Wolfskee"

Bill was only a teenager when his dad past away, everyone in the funeral was crying, but he wasn't. Later that day, Jen and Bill went home to rest, but Bill stayed up all night just thinking. Days went on and Jen noticed Bill was starting to disrespect her, screaming at her. Bill once told her it should've been her who died not his father. Her mother got tired of him, she put him into a public school, since he was home school, and they would argue everyday.

First day in a public school, even though there was only one month for the school year to end. Every year the school raises money and in the end of the year they go to volunteer in Haiti to feed the homeless people who are in need. The people who are in charged were passing out papers to the people. Bill took one, he didn't even read it or knew what was about, and when he got home he left it in the kitchen table. His mother saw it and thought of a opportunity to forget all the bad memories that happen, and spend time with him to start a fresh relationship. Of course Bill disagree to go, and argue with his mom once again.

It was the end of the school year, and many students started to get prepared to go to Haiti, Bill wasn't. He agreed to go with one condition if he can get a wolf as a pet, he loves wolves. The sun was rising and they both changed and were headed to the airport. Bill regrets coming, he started to get angry at his mom, screaming at her in front of everyone. Bill shouted "I was so stupid to agree with you, why do I have to feed those poor people, it's not my fault they're hungry!" Jen couldn't believe he said that, especially in front of all the people.

It was a long quiet ride, they finally got to Haiti. All the people from Haiti started to get a big smile in their face, knowing they came to help them. During the day, Jen was helping to get the food ready and Bill was sitting down without helping. Bill went for a walk to get more familiar with the place, and he spotted a kid who was alone. The kid was staring at him, and he was staring at the food also. Bill told him to go on the line and get the food, if not he wasn't going to eat, the kid went on to get his food.

Days went on, and one night the the people got together with the Haitian people and started to talk to each other, and celebrate. Bill seen the kid, and wonder why he's always alone, the kid sit down next to Bill. Since everyone we're loud, nobody heard their conversation. The kid started to tell him that bad people killed his parents, and his sister, he felt alone, he just wants someone to be with. Bill started to think, how other kids in the world don't have their father or mother with them, knowing he is lucky to have his mother in this planet. He took out a wolf animal toy, and gave it to him to not feel alone. Then, he asked him for his name, and he said he doesn't like his name. Bill thought of naming him "Wolfskee" since he loves wolves, and gave him the animal toy. That night, he told his mom "Can we come back?" with a big smile on his face.

Karen Camacho



Young Authors Read Original Works Inspired by the Topic “Changes”

The evening of April 10, a standing-room-only crowd watched as athletes, math and history students, ballerinas, and future teachers and entrepreneurs used the power of the written word to evoke mermaids, ghosts, loves lost, friendships renewed, and identities found. More than 20 talented students attending high schools in North Chicago, Waukegan, and Zion took the stage to read their original poetry and prose pieces about “Changes” during the Tenth Dems Fourth Annual Poetry/Prose Awards Ceremony.

Prior to the event, volunteer judges Jackie Harris and Wendy Harrison, themselves both published poets, performed the unenviable task of selecting the winners of cash prizes from among the more than 200 works submitted.

The evening’s live reading was emceed by international political strategist Kevin Lampe and brought to life by hard-working Tenth Dems volunteers. Lampe has worked with such luminaries as President Barack Obama, former President Bill Clinton, actor Erik Estrada and civil rights icon Rosa Parks.

The event was a true community affair; the young writers were surrounded by family and friends who enthusiastically applauded their readings.

To get the evening started, the Waukegan High School JROTC Color Guard and Drill Team presented the colors and precisely performed its rhythmic routine.

Lampe presided over the awards ceremony and live reading with a genial and welcoming manner that encouraged students to read their works aloud, including many who initially were reluctant to take the plunge.

At evening’s end, Harris took the microphone to declare just how difficult it had been to select prizewinners from among the many creative works submitted. She praised the young writers’ honesty and artistry and encouraged them to continue to let their voices be heard and to follow their passions.

It was a memorable evening.

By Cynthia Plouché

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About Tenth Dems

The Tenth Congressional District Democrats is a volunteer group that has formed to help elect Democrats at all levels of government within Illinois' 10th Congressional District.

We seek to accomplish the following:

- Assist and support efforts to elect Democratic candidates at the local, state, and national levels
- Coordinate campaign and other election efforts with other Democratic organizations
- Recruit and train new precinct committeemen/women
- Facilitate communication about events and news to the public and internally between campaigns, volunteers, precinct committeemen/women, and Democratic organizations
- Inform citizens about the important issues facing district residents and all Americans
- Build an effective and responsive organization to facilitate these primary goals and objectives
- Bring people together to make our community a better place to live

About the Community Connection

Members of the Illinois Tenth Congressional District Democrats are hard at work in the community to show 10th District residents that Democrats believe politics should be about more than just elections. In 2010, we launched the Community Connection office in Waukegan to serve the daily needs of district residents.

From holding classes on job interviewing to providing a connection to relevant services in a time of need, the Community Connection is a place for people to go when they have a problem or need advice. It's a place to gather, work on solving problems, and build stronger communities.

The Community Connection works with other local organizations to sponsor programs and provide education, access to services, and general support to the District.

We are a volunteer organization and welcome your talents and desire to give back and help others. Join us to work with people who share your dreams and who want to build better lives for themselves and their families.

If you liked what you read in this Literary Edition and are interested in volunteering to help organize the 2015 Poetry/Prose Competition and Awards Ceremony (or to help out at the ceremony), please email volunteers@tenthdems.org or call 847-266-VOTE (8683).

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