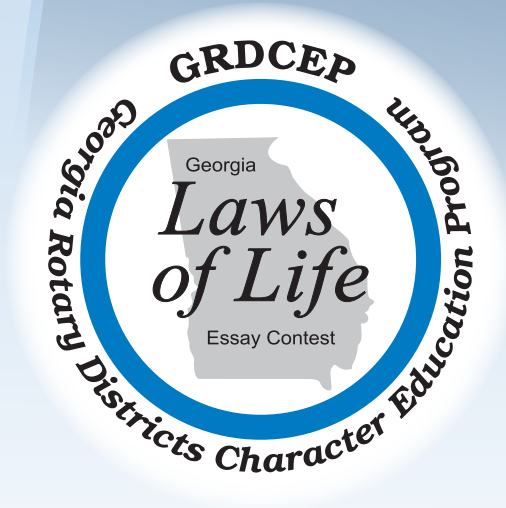


The Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program's



2010-2011 GEORGIA *Laws of Life*

Essay
Contest



2010-2011 GEORGIA *Laws of Life* ESSAY CONTEST

The Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest asks students to select a “Law of Life” (such as “To give is better than to receive” or “No one knows what he can do until he tries”), and to explain how the character value expressed in the maxim applies to the student’s life. The contest challenges students to examine values such as loyalty, generosity, courage, compassion and perseverance, and it rewards those students who take a stand for their beliefs.

The Georgia contest is modeled on the original *Laws of Life* contest started by Sir John Templeton in 1987. Templeton—a pioneer in diversified mutual funds and a distinguished philanthropist—created the *Laws of Life* contest to encourage young people to reflect on what is truly important in life.

There are now hundreds of local and regional *Laws of Life* contests across the United States and internationally. The Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest is the largest such contest in North America and the second largest in the world. More than 326,000 *Laws of Life* essays have been written by Georgia students in the past twelve years.

This tremendous outreach is made possible by our sponsors, including the John Templeton Foundation, the Devereaux F. and Martha M. McClatchey Foundation, Outlaw Consulting, Inc., 35 sponsoring Rotary clubs from across the state, and dozens of additional corporate and individual sponsors who believe in the importance of character and integrity.

Sincerely,



George Stewart
Chair, Georgia Rotary Districts
Character Education Program, Inc.
(GRDCEP)

“To Listen and To Be Led.”

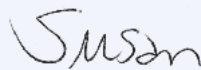
More than 40,600 Georgia students wrote a *Laws of Life* essay this year. After a long selection process made difficult by the extraordinary number of wonderful essays, the Contest named 137 school level winners from the 46 participating schools across the state. The Contest presented nearly \$17,000 in award money and honoraria to students and teachers.

The Georgia *Laws of Life* Contest thanks the thousands of students and teachers who embraced this year’s contest, and the sponsors and Rotarians who made the contest come alive. We particularly thank and congratulate the seven student winners whose essays are showcased in this 2010-2011 publication.

As you read these essays, you will find them to be wide-ranging, compelling, and deeply personal. One essay tells of an insight gained during a bittersweet move to a new house; another offers a powerful image to illuminate the adage, “Be kind, for everyone you meet is facing a hard battle.” Others tell of admirable courage in the face of adversity, of selfless acts of generosity and kindness, and of simple observations that—when taken to heart—have the power to change lives.

“To listen and to be led” is a *Law of Life* that can well be applied here, as the essays invite us to embrace their keen observations and life lessons. We hope you will be inspired, as we are, by the wisdom they impart.

Sincerely,



Susan G. Mason
Director, Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education
Program, Inc. (GRDCEP)
Director, Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest

Ashtyn Warner

12th grade, Lambert High School, Suwanee, Georgia



State
Winner

Law of Life: *“Adversity is like a strong wind. It tears away from us all but the things that cannot be torn, so that we see ourselves as we really are.”*
– Arthur Golden

I step into my old familiar bedroom, weaving my way through the piles of boxes that contain all my worldly possessions. Today is the last time that I will ever set foot in this room. One by one the boxes that surround me will be ferried out, taking all my belongings that mark the five years I’ve passed in this house, leaving only an empty shell of memories. Leaving my home feels very bittersweet. These walls have housed some of the best times of my life. They’ve also borne witness to the worst.

When we had money, the house shared in our opulent lifestyle: we filled it with fancy furniture, hung ornate frames upon its walls. Daddy came home from his job at the bank every night at six, fat paycheck in hand, shiny new car left in the driveway. He’d worked his way up from the bottom, and now we were all enjoying the fruits of his labor. We were living, breathing embodiments of the American Dream. These walls housed us at our most successful, our proudest, and—unbeknownst to us—our most dangerously unstable.

We didn’t get to live that way forever. We’d only called this place home for a few years when the economy began its hasty downward spiral. For a while, we lived in a state of denial, unwilling to accept that the lifestyle we so enjoyed was quickly coming to a shuddering halt. But reality refused to be ignored—business at my dad’s bank became scarce, his role now reversed from handing out loans to smiling faces to repossessing houses from tired souls who lacked the means to pay. Every night we sat uneasily as the news programs glared at us, screeching the names of countless banks that one by one began to fail; men just like my father toppled from their mighty thrones. Yet we clung blindly, desperately, to the hope that we would be one of the lucky few who survived unscathed.

Hope as we might, we knew in the back of our minds that the end was inevitable. And, indeed, one Friday in January of 2009, our fears were confirmed as my dad walked through the door, dejected, holding that ugly pink slip in his hands. Thus drew to a close the era of our prosperity.

After that, our house witnessed many changes. The fancy cars left their garage, replaced by old beaters that looked awkward and incongruous in their surroundings. Nothing new was brought in to adorn the walls or hang in the closets. Things began to leave—furniture, jewelry, pieces of my old life sold off to pay the bills. And now, nearly a year and a half since that fateful day, the final piece leaves this house—us.

But as I sit in my room and dwell upon the loss of my home, I am surprised to realize that it doesn’t pain me as much as I thought it would. Though these walls are home to many of my fondest recollections, in the end, they’re still only walls. Losing my house has not kept me from enjoying life. I get to keep the things that truly made living here special—my memories, and the friends and family with whom I made them.

Sometimes your life has to fall apart before you can realize which pieces of it are worth saving. My family’s ordeal has taught me this lesson. I was never able to realize how little material possessions mattered until I was forced to go without them. I now can see what really matters, what truly makes my life worth living—the people I spend my time with. I have been changed for the better, and for this I am grateful. Though I’d be lying if I said I will not occasionally miss my old house, I refuse to allow leaving to sadden me any longer. The walls of my new house present as good a setting for new memories as the old. So I pick up a box and carry it towards where it belongs, and where I belong—with the people who love me.

Christine Lee

12th grade, Alpharetta High School, Alpharetta, Georgia



First
Runner-Up

Law of Life: *“Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle.”* –Plato

“Stay away from the doves,” I kept thinking to myself. We were to never enter into those rooms. The sterile hospital smell filled the air as I was preparing to start my rounds. As I was pushing the squeaky cart laden with towels, linens, and the like, all I could focus on were the massive wooden doors leading to the patients’ rooms. Of all my summers volunteering at Northside Hospital in Atlanta, I had heard about the dove signs posted on those doors. Doves, symbols of love and peace, no longer carried the same meaning to me; in fact, they carried the exact opposite after that day at Northside.

I was finishing up my rounds when I suddenly reached a door with that dreaded dove. I stopped in my tracks. The laminated sign was simple—a light purple dove on white paper—but it hit me then that the patient in that room had just lost a baby. It was my first time volunteering in an area involving newborns, and the staff had informed me that the doors with the doves posted on them meant that the patient had just lost her newborn. I guess it didn’t really sink in until I actually encountered one of those doors. I stared at the dove, sympathizing with the family that had just encountered such a horrific incident. I wheeled my cart over to the next room, but the whole day, all that stuck in my mind was that dove.

In real life, we don’t have dove signs. We don’t have those things indicating to the world that we have suffered a loss or gone through a traumatic experience. What if someone had acted coldly to the family who had just lost their newborn? Of course, that person would be more sensitive had he or she known that they had suffered a loss. This is why we need to treat everyone with respect because we don’t know their situation. We don’t know what kind of battle they may be up against. Whereas making hasty and offensive remarks or actions seems to be the current norm, my encounter with “the dove” made me want to take the opposite course.

As Plato once said, “Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle.” Everyone experiences pain; everyone has something that’s troubling them whether it be family-related, health-related, or job-related. Since we don’t have signs plastered on our faces indicating our hardships, doesn’t it make sense to exude kindness to others, knowing that they are facing some kind of battle? Helping a stranger with groceries or complimenting someone as you walk down the street are simple ways that show someone that there are people in the world who are willing and able just to be nice. Knowing this fact can alter a person’s perspective, which enables that person to do the same to others: a domino effect.

Plato’s quote, though stated well over 2,000 years ago, is still alive and applicable today. Get rid of the current fad to make hasty judgments and nasty comments. Delete them from memory. Everyone is facing a battle, so why not help them fight against it? If all it takes is kindness, why not?

Jessica Alexander

12th grade, Rome High School, Rome, Georgia



Second
Runner-Up

Law of Life: *“The highest form of wisdom is kindness.”*

–The Talmud

The Talmud says, “The highest form of wisdom is kindness.” This quote is my law of life. I learned this through living at a group home. The Open Door Home was the first place I actually considered to be “my home.” The staff at the home taught me true love and kindness. They never gave up on me the whole two years I was there. They instilled in me what it is like to truly be kind to someone.

I spent my whole life being thrown from foster home, to relatives, to my mom, and to group homes. I never really knew what real love or kindness was because no one was ever kind or loving to me. My mom went from one abusive relationship to another, and she was in and out of jail. She was never really stable. My childhood was spent being poor and being made fun of at school and living in tents, on the streets and in shelters, never knowing where my next meal would come from. I would watch my mom be beaten and do drugs and sometimes would experience beatings myself.

When I was fourteen, I went to live at the Open Door Home. I had been there once before, so I knew all of the staff. They took me in with open arms, even as broken and misbehaved as I was. They stood by me through all my struggles with my family, my mom, DFCS, and having my heart “broken” as many times as I did. In November 2008, I was hospitalized because I was having suicidal thoughts and actions. While I was in the hospital, the staff from the Open Door Home called me and came to visit me daily. This was when I found out what true love and kindness were. They were kind enough to take the time out of their day to talk and see me; it really touched me and made me realize that not everyone in the world was mean and cold-hearted as I had thought. Even though they were not my real relatives, they took me in as their family.

During Christmas all of the kids from the Open Door Home have to get together in groups and do a Christmas project to give back to the community. My group decided to pick a needy family to support for Christmas. We all put in money and went through donations to find stuff for this family for Christmas. We ended up getting them clothes, toys, books, board games, and food for Christmas. When we took it to them, it was heartbreaking to see. They had no heat, since the little space heaters that they once owned had been stolen. We could tell that they really appreciated what we did for them. I learned that kindness is a great part of life, and that it really is true that “the highest form of wisdom is kindness.”

The Christmas project that the group home had me do taught me a lot. It taught me that being kind, even if it is as simple as smiling at someone who is having a bad day, can really affect other people. You should always watch what you say to others because you never know if this is their last day to live. You do not want the last thing they remember to be you making fun of them or saying mean things.

The quote “The highest form of wisdom is kindness” is really true and meaningful. Now every year for Christmas I try to give back to those less fortunate. I now have a wonderful foster family, and they are a blessing to me. I will always remember the kindness I received from the Open Door Home and the lesson I learned that very special Christmas.

Caroline New

10th grade, Bainbridge High School, Bainbridge, Georgia



Third
Runner-Up

Law of Life: *“I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. And I will not let what I cannot do interfere with what I can do.”*

—Edward Everett Hale

On January 12, 2010, the earth was jarred from her restful slumber, shuddering so violently that our massive home planet was jolted eight centimeters off its axis, shortening our day by about 1.26 milliseconds. The tremor took place in Haiti, a small, destitute country in the Caribbean. That infamous day, 230,000 people died, 300,000 were injured, and over a million were rendered homeless.

I first heard about the earthquake on NPR on the way to school. It was just another earthquake. Tragedies struck all the time in third-world countries, none of their calamities altering the normal swing of American life. I went through school that day like I would any other: gym, history, physical science, computer class—my classes dragged on until the bell finally released me. Despite this brief period of ignorance, the details of the calamity were soon illuminated as the event became an ongoing report on NBC Nightly News, and the full force of the incident came into effect in my life.

When I learned the ultimate impact of the Haiti catastrophe, it was a blow straight into my core. I cried. Soon, Haitian mothers were giving up their children because they knew they could no longer care for them. Imagine, your mother giving you away to save your life? Or you, as a mother, being driven to abandon your own child? I know I cannot. Others were already running out of food, resorting to desperate measures just to feed their families.

I felt so helpless—so guilty. But what could I do? Package up a box of Cheez-Its, slap a stamp on it, and address it: To Haiti? I thought about it, but realized the irrationality of the ambition. Then something my mom offhandedly said struck a chord: “Did you know just thirty dollars could feed a family of four in Haiti for a whole month?” That reverberated in my mind for days. A family of four could eat off one dollar a day. A family could survive on a dollar a day. And a burden was immediately placed on my shoulders because I realized there was something I could do.

Since the seventh grade, I had been saving my money for a car. I worked at the local stables after school, cleaning stalls and feeding and watering horses. I hoarded a little of my allowance every week, setting bits and pieces aside to be put into my savings account. I did chores on weekends, earning whatever extra my parents could spare me. By January of 2010, I had saved up one thousand dollars in the bank; my sixteenth birthday was nine months away, and I did not know how much my parents would contribute for a car. That one thousand dollars was sitting there, idle in my hands.

A day went by. Then another. I thought about giving a hundred, then five hundred, and each time I considered those amounts I felt even guiltier. After two days of struggling with my decision, I decided to donate all of my money to the Save the Children organization. My money had the potential to provide twelve thousand meals, and today I can honestly say I have not once regretted that decision.

6.8 billion people inhabit planet Earth. I am just one of those 6.8 billion, a tiny leaf on a tree of life, but I will make sure that my tiny presence will not prove insignificant. The catastrophe of Haiti taught me how to overcome my own desires and reach outside of my sheltered life to the needs of others. “I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. And I will not let what I cannot do interfere with what I can do.”

Jessica Belen Rodriguez

12th grade, Campbell High School, Smyrna, Georgia



Fourth
Runner-Up

Law of Life: *“Let your past struggles serve as your future fortitude.”*

My stomach cringed in agonizing pain. My whole back tensed and cramped. Cold sweat drenched my hands and neck. My only thought was to reach a toilet anywhere, but how could I tell my first grade teacher I needed to use the restroom when the only English I knew was “thank you” and “hello”? Nobody in the school knew my language. I had miraculously been registered to the school after walking eighteen miles with my determined mother who communicated with the school secretary through signs and guesses. All the kids in the class had given me a disgusted look since the day I walked in. I was the foreigner, the stupid girl who was always quiet and only nodded and smiled, the girl who wore a sweater around her waist daily to hide the urine that covered her pants. I didn’t have to wait to reach adulthood to discover one of the most important Laws of Life: to let your past struggles serve as your future fortitude.

My parents came to this country in hopes of providing a better life for me, but this transition was not easy for any of us. My mother’s hands were often covered in bleeding blisters. My father’s eyes dropped tears of anger after telling us how he got cheated out of a week’s wages because he worked for an “American” who promised to pay him the next day and disappeared. Neither of my parents spoke English and the furthest they got in school was the sixth grade. I couldn’t go to them for help. On the contrary, our roles were reversed. They expected their only daughter who went to an “American school” to help them through their struggles and teach them the American ways of life.

Many aspects of my childhood were left behind because of my new responsibilities. Every day after school I would race home to do my homework. Afterwards, my parents would come from their first job and pick me up to go clean office buildings. We would clean from six in the afternoon to twelve in the morning. On our drive back home, I would teach my father the new English words I learned in school so he wouldn’t fall asleep. I became my parents’ right hand for every aspect of their lives. I had to oversee everything from sending the monthly bills to helping my dad find remodeling jobs. I quickly picked up the language and caught up to my classmates. Although I entered the first grade in February, I was able to pass on to second grade that May with high marks and eight awards.

Though my parents feel sorry I had to mature so fast, I am grateful. I felt impotent and forlorn when confronting my adversities, but I now realize the afflictions I experienced strengthened my character and gave me a sense of resiliency. They didn’t weaken my character, but, on the contrary, they strengthened it. I learned not to rely on others but to trust myself. I learned not to fear barriers but learned to overcome them.

Many immigrants try to repress all memories and evidence of their pasts: of their poverty, hardships and adversities. They feel ashamed of these experiences and cringe at any remembrance of them. I hear numerous Hispanic kids deny their Hispanic roots. They forget about their past and the sacrifices that were made to offer them the comfortable lifestyles they indulge in. I am proud to be a Mexican-American. I feel privileged to have been confronted with barriers at a young age because it is thanks to them that I am the person I am now. I don’t feel ashamed of having been considered the stupid one in the class or having had people laugh at me because of my accent. I am not embarrassed to say I cleaned bathrooms and swept floors to be where I am now. It is my past struggles that give me the fortitude to overcome my present ones. Whenever I am presented with a new dilemma, I remember the poignant afflictions my parents and I endured and overcame, and this gives me the hope and courage to prevail in any obstacle that crosses my path.

Matt Reeve

10th grade, Lakeside High School, Evans, Georgia



Tie-Fifth
Runner-Up

Law of Life: *“Stop and smell the roses.”*

My grandfather was a huge influence in my life as a child. He was a loving, caring man who always had a plethora of stories to tell. A surgeon by profession, he was also a handyman, a mentor, and a friend to many. He loved life and had an especially great love for nature and the outdoors. He would always have books for me to read that were filled with pictures of trees, birds, flowers, and anything to do with nature. Along with those pictures, he would always have a personal story to share. We created many memories together, and without him and the things he taught me, I would not be the same man that I am today.

When I was younger, my mind was full of curiosity and I was intrigued by anything and everything. So it was no wonder that I loved going on walks with my grandfather because he knew everything!

On one particular walk, we came to a pecan tree. He stopped and stared up at the tree and then proceeded to pick a pecan up off the ground. He cracked the shell open and held its fresh nut in the palm of his extended hand. As I began to take the pecan, he spoke, “It’s funny, isn’t it, how something so tough and weathered on the outside can contain something so good and pleasing on the inside. And all that you have to do is take the time to open it.” I took the pecan and popped it into my mouth, and immediately became distracted by a passing butterfly.

Two years ago my grandfather passed away. He left behind quite a legacy, including many helpful tips and bits of advice on life. Since then, I have been an avid volunteer at the local soup kitchen. It is as I walk through its doors day after day that I find the true meaning of my grandfather’s words from that walk. While the people who come to the kitchen are tough and hardened by what they have gone through, many have opened up to me and have become friends of mine. They are poor, needy, and often homeless, but yet they still find time to say hello, ask me about my life, and how school went for me this week.

Because of the time that I have taken to meet these people and talk to them, I have discovered the true beauty and joy that lies behind their hardened outer shells. Had I not taken the time to stop and get to know them, I would not know about Mr. Eddy’s secret love for gardening, how Mrs. Brown used to be a singer back in high school, or how I “look just like” Mr. Kinsey did “back in the day.” Despite their tough living conditions, they are happy with what they have and maintain cheerful dispositions. People like these are truly the roses in life, and we must take time to stop and smell the roses.

It is people like Mrs. Brown, Mr. Eddy, and Mr. Kinsey that truly inspire me and help me to press on through the tough times I face. It is truly a blessing to have the life I do, to have an education, and to have a home and a caring family. But yet I can still learn from those that are not as fortunate as I am, and all I have to do is take the time to get to know them. I just wish it had not taken losing such a wonderful person as my grandfather to discover the many other wonderful people out there.

Hayley Seider

10th grade, Centennial High School, Roswell, Georgia



Tie-Fifth
Runner-Up

Law of Life: *“Nothing in the world is permanent.”*

–W. Somerset Maugham

It was a beautiful winter morning. The leftover snow was melting from the trees from last night’s snowfall. I was lying in my cousin’s front yard in the freezing white snow in my blue fleecy pajama bottoms and my huge white cozy coat, looking like a fat snowman. I was thinking about my cousin Becca lying in the cold snow next to me, making snow angels like we used to.

She was 19 when she went into the Navy. Ever since she left, the years I spent making snow angels alone were agonizing. She had always told me that one day we would all become angels, like the perfect ones we made in the snow. I lay there for what seemed like hours, shivering. The tears trickled down my face, where they almost froze into liquid diamonds.

My mind wandered back to the day before my 12th birthday. We were over at my cousins’ house. They were throwing me a birthday dinner that night. All the girls were yapping in the kitchen, and I was in the lounge playing poker with the guys. We were talking and laughing and having a normal family get-together, when it was suddenly interrupted by a loud cry from the door. The whole house went ghostly silent. Uncle Joe jumped up and ran to the door. I followed behind.

I walked into the hallway and saw a man in a Navy uniform standing at the door. I stared at his boots. My eyes followed up his neat uniform, until they came to his face. He was a tall, dark-skinned man, in a bluish-grey uniform, with a look of sorrow in his eyes. He bowed his head and looked at his feet, as he asked if this was the Jones’ residence. My dad touched my arm and told me to go back inside.

Moments later my dad said we had to leave. I saw my cousins sitting on the stairs hugging each other and crying. I asked my dad, “What happened to Becca?” but he looked at me with tears in his eyes mumbling that we would talk at home.

It was a long and silent car ride. My dad told us to go into the living room where my brothers and I sat, hearts beating and sinking. There was an ominous silence. My mom walked in and sat quietly beside us. My dad sat on the edge of the sofa and murmured in a soft voice, “Becca’s helicopter was shot down last week. They found her body. She’s no longer with us.” The words had little impact, because deep down, we already knew.

That night I was awoken by Brandon, my youngest brother, shaking my bed. He was holding his smelly yellow “blanky.” He crawled into bed with me. As he snuggled under my blankets, he asked, “Where did Becca go?” How does one reply to a child? “Becca went to heaven. She’s really happy. She went away doing something she loved,” I said, trying very hard to hold back tears. Brandon smiled a big smile showing the tiny gaps where his four little teeth were missing and said, “I’m glad she’s happy. If she’s happy, I’m happy, too.” Somehow, the innocent words of a child were oddly comforting. He was right. If she’s happy, then we should be happy, too.

Ever since that night there’s something inside of me that doesn’t feel the same. A part of me had died with Becca. Three years later I was again making snow angels. Perhaps one of the angels was Becca. Nothing in this world is permanent. Not even the melting angels, leaving not a trace of their heavenly existence.

Nothing remains forever, no matter how hard you hold on. Sometimes you have to let go, but whomever you have, hold close and dear because one day they could be just angels in the snow.

2010-2011 GEORGIA Laws of Life

**School
Winners**

Alpharetta High School

Christine Lee

Archer High School

Shaquez Tucker

Bainbridge High School

Caroline New

Berkmar High School

Minhuguyen Cad

Bremen High School

Julia Campbell

Brookwood High School

Nina Thomason

Campbell High School

Jessica Rodriguez

Centennial High School

Haley Seider

Central High School (Carrollton)

Lari Langley

Central Gwinnett High School

Hannah Bowling

Chamblee Charter High School

Aniela Garcia-V

Cherokee High School

Paridas Gouba

Cross Keys High School

Roman Cisneros

Columbus High School

Yelim Youm

Dawson County High School

Miranda Abe

Duluth High School

Raunel Arizmendi

Eagle's Landing High School

Asha Caslin

East Paulding High School

Kage Burge

Flowery Branch High School

Chris Rhodes

Forsyth Central High School

Breanne Murray

G W Carver High School

Sandra Slaughter

Grayson High School

Jazmin Montoya

Hardaway High School

Kandace Troutt

Heritage High School

Morgan Clark

Kennesaw Mountain High School

Cailyn Hornsby

Lakeside High School

Matt Reeve

**Lamar County
Comprehensive High School**

Victoria Otto

Lambert High School

Ashtyn Warner

McEachern High School

Aili Pitchford

McIntosh High School

Olivia Haas

Norcross High School

Deja Thomas

North Gwinnett High School

Sarah Sterner

Northside High School (Columbus)

Grace Smith

Ola High School

Leena Yi

Peachtree Ridge High School

Christina Shauting Wang

Rome High School

Jessica Alexander

Roswell High School

Yoonjung Jang

Shaw High School

Julianna Russell

Shiloh High School

Olivia Crabtree

South Forsyth High School

Elizabeth Miller

Thomson High School

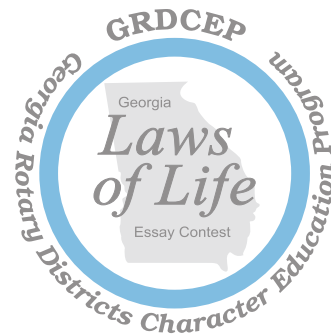
Shakira Jandeera

Westlake High School

Haley Smith

White County Ninth Grade Academy

Alashia Hewell



Be A Friend... Honor A Friend

Do you know someone who exemplifies the *Laws of Life*? Someone who demonstrates courage, kindness, perseverance or integrity? Someone whose generosity, diligence, forgiveness, or compassion has made a difference in your life?

You can honor that special person in a tangible way by making him or her a Friend of the Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest. Simply complete the form below and mail it along with your financial contribution. The Contest will send a card to the person honored, letting him or her know that you have generously made a contribution in his or her name.

You may also choose to become a Friend yourself by making a contribution in your own name. All donors at the \$25 level and above will be listed in the 2011-2012 Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Brochure.

The Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest 2011-2012 "FRIEND FORM"

Your Name : _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: (optional) _____

Person being honored (optional): _____

Mailing address for honoree gift acknowledgment card:

Please check one:

Enclosed is my contribution of \$25 \$50 \$75 \$100 \$200 \$_____ (other)

*Donors must sign up before March 1, 2012, to have their names included in the annual *Laws of Life* essay publication printed in April, 2012.

Payment: Please write check to "The Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program (GRDCEP)," earmarked "Georgia *Laws of Life*," and mail with a completed copy of this form to: Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest, 840 Woodley Drive, Atlanta, GA 30318.

GRDCEP is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization.
Donations to the *Laws of Life* Essay Contest are tax-deductible.

Questions? Call the Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest (404-367-9453) or email georgialawsoflife@gmail.com

For information about sponsorship opportunities for corporations, businesses, Rotary Clubs, individuals or organizations at the \$250 level and up, please contact the Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program (GRDCEP) at 404-367-9453, or email georgialawsoflife@gmail.com.

2010-2011 GEORGIA Laws of Life ESSAY CONTEST



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The Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program's Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest

The mission of the Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest is to challenge students to examine and reflect upon core values such as generosity, courage, compassion and perseverance, and to honor those students who have taken a public stand for their values. The contest is part of the Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program, Inc., a 501(c)(3) non-profit.

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