

Fondest Memories

It's amazing how struggles and opposition tend to bring people together, just as I noticed this upon us—Soldiers of Spring '18. My most fondest memory of my mother, sister, and I resulted from struggle. My father was around, but I have memories of him roaring around the house, as if he were a lion declaring he was not scared of God, while my mother would be instilling the word of Jesus Christ within her children. Things were tense in my home to say the least, and this is the force that propelled us to develop the beautiful memories of my mother, sister, and I praying together.

Imagine this woman awaking early in the winter mornings, and even though the gas heater burned all night, the winter still found a way to bring a chill through our old wooden house. As she awoke herself to send her kids to school, as well as herself for work; she had to simultaneously be sure not to awake my dad who came in from work just hours before. I remember her always warning us, "Y'all have to walk on pins and needles when your dad is home", knowing any disturbance of his sleep could spark an outrage that we did not want to experience. Let's just start the day off good, right?

Finally, we would all be ready at the door while mama would be warming up her old '76 Ford Monarch. Anyone who knows cars, knows an old Ford in the winter takes a while to warm up. Mama knew the only way to protect her kids was to keep them sheltered in God's grace, and as we would sit in that old Ford while it heated up, we'd pray together. We would pray for protection and peace, followed by taking turns quoting a Bible scripture (my favorite back then was Philippians 4:13— I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me.) And after we finished, mama would pull off and we'd be ready to face the world together, even though we were momentarily going separate ways.

The struggles within my home led my mother, sister, and I to create some of the most fondest memories that I hold within my heart today. The thought of our trinity of prayers in that cold, old Ford is a nostalgic remembrance which taught us that some of the most simple situations have impact. Through it all, even to this day, we have an unimaginable bond. As we set to graduate PEP, even in this situation of isolation— Soldiers of Spring '18— let us take this opportunity not only as a moment to grow, but let us grow and bond together.

Adam W. (Milk Dud)



Thoughts of a nice Memory

Upon the completion of my masters, which was a discipline, focusing on industrial psychology. There was a state exam required that stood between the thousand hours in a classroom settings, and the cramped corners of a campus, libraries and the actual profession in which is so longed.

The day has now arrived after six years of hard work, I am now at the testing site which is at a hotel conference room at the Hilton. Testing will commence the following morning and I set a foot on my bed in the hotel room and as the adage goes " I was jumpy like a cat on a hot tin roof."

After the graduation ceremony a 30 day period had passed, and my family despite the importance of this moment had been unable to sort out ample time to travel a 15 hour journey from the Carolinas to both serve and support and to celebrate.

My parents being business owners themselves, I realized the difficulty in this masters degree. After a sleepless night I sit at my desk along with 50 others for five hours wrestling through case studies and questions on laws and ethics.

Afterwards we were instructed to patiently standby in the lobby as the results were being tallied. In the lounge I sat listening to a pianist settle my nerves when seven board members entered the room and it got quiet. I had been phoning my father with no avail when a board member sided me at the bar. To tell you the truth they were the longest minutes of my life.

At that moment I felt a hand grasp my shoulder and turning, I saw my father smiling. The board member quietly said; congratulations.

Few moments have occurred that resemble that night, my dad and me. We celebrated and something happen, an unforgettable moment between a father and son that I will always cherish. My dad, there just for me.

Richard N. (Tabasco)



Perspectives *What's your New Year's resolution?*

Many of us view a “New year” as a fresh-start, or a chance to discover and develop a new skill or even improve on some old ones. Maybe we try to cross-out some personal goals we put in our “Bucket List”, whichever one—a “New Year’s resolution” can be the proverbial first-step. *Bryan A. “Munchkin”*

To stay positive and keep focused—not only on my goals, but on my faith as well.

Jason M.
AKA “Ulysses Everett”



Stay focused on God and the path he chose for me.

Adam W.
AKA “Milk Dud”

Become a better husband, son and father. To improve on the successes in my life and to appreciate them more.



Alfredo R.
AKA “Strawberry Fanta”

To remain humble and improve on myself on the daily.

-Sergio G.
AKA “Tamone”

Remain dedicated to A.A. and my promises to my loved ones!

Richard N.
AKA “Tabasco”



To live and be healthier—and to mentally prepare myself for the “outside world”.

Sergio R.
AKA “Sour Patch”



Be the father my daughter needs—and son and brother my family deserves! Stay true to God and myself.

James B.
AKA “Pancake”



To eat and live healthier

Eric H.
AKA “Carmel Drizzle”



To become more business oriented

Derrick J.
AKA “Big Worm”





Read a book a month. My goal is to read 12 books this year!

-Drew

TO BE MORE PRESENT IN EVERYDAY SITUATIONS.

-KRISTIN



Try to figure out a way to help others cope with their loss and pain.

-J

What's your New Year's resolution?

“You control your future, your destiny. What you think about comes about. By recording your dreams and goals on paper, you set in motion the process of becoming the person you most want to be. Put your future in good hands - your own.”

Mark Victor Hansen

Find my joy again—that Hurricane Harvey took.

-Nancy W.

AKA

“Pistol Packing Mama”



I just graduated this past May. . . I guess finding a “place” where I belong.

-Renee

Express Yourself: Soldier Edition

We're all alone but surrounded by people every day; wounded and hurt we search for the way, The way to alleviate the pain, the way to erase the stains, ways to pray our shame and sin away.

Alone and surrounded by clouds of delusion; adrift in a sea of confusion plagued by asphyxiation, stagnation and anxiety palpations brought on by this cerebral pollution.

Drawing breath, the only real goal to meet while everything else is conceit; unbelief our defeat, love or money-our deceit...from the ads and lies on TV.

There is no relief until it seems that death is the only thing left that's concrete; unless we find the solution...

... we can't see the forest for the trees, we beg on our knees and sin is our disease.

An affliction of the mind from the beginning of time; our selfish lust to please was the fall of mankind.

We beg for the answer we need; we should ask and seek and knock on the door, then faithfully implore the Christ we adore; or the days that we feast.

All rhyme-time aside; there is one thing in your mind that you have to decide and it comes from inside.

For you to remember that there is a God and he is waiting on you.

All you have you to do is say hello.

Gary Chandler AKA
Master Splinter



Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both and be
one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads onto way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

(Robert Frost-1915)

Maurice "John" McGuyer AKA
Sour Pickle

