

True confessions: the challenges of a Glen Haven tutor

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Waiting to go to Glen Haven tutoring center always made me nervous.

My palms would sweat, nervousness spreading through me like a virus. It was no small task, going to tutor impoverished kids who used to be refugees.

I was a horrible tutor. I lacked any real authority with the kids. I am much more comfortable being yelled at than being the one who does the yelling. I would beg them to do their homework, and most times they would laugh at my pathetic attempts and play with the myriad of toys that were around. I couldn't help laughing too. I did the exact same thing when I was their age.

There were even times when I struggled to help when asked. Some kids were taking upper-level math and would come to me for help. I took one look at their homework and immediately directed them to someone else, because I had no idea what I was doing.

In all honesty, I never should have been there. My schedule was full, and going there twice a week was a commitment that I would normally forgo, but there was something different about this place. There was something

different about these kids.

They were strong. Way stronger than I could ever be. Some had marks on their faces that must've come with some horrible story, and some were so shy that they

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could barely speak. But they wouldn't really acknowledge their misfortune. They were normal, loving kids in every possible way.

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particular moment, you looked like you needed one.

Their optimism inspired me. The fact that they had been through so much as kids and were moving on with life was impressive. It was impossible not to love these kids.

I wanted to help them achieve their dreams and be whoever they wanted to be. I wanted to take away their past and make them forget that they were ever refugees, running for their lives from someone who wanted to kill or imprison them.

I couldn't, though. No matter how hard I thought about it, there was nothing I could do, other than what I was already doing: helping them learn English, write well and get into the habit of doing their homework every day before they went outside to play. I was just like all the other tutors who were there. I almost felt like I had no real impact at all.

But there was always this one girl who hated to see me go. She wanted me to be there every day so we could practice her English. She would say to me, "Daniel are you going to be here tomorrow?" I would always say, "No, but someone else will be." She would give me this sad little smile, and say, "Oh, OK. See you some other time then." She would then walk away and move on, to find a friend, leaving me there thinking about her words.

COMING OUT BALL

A chance to express your true self freely



(Top left) Lights decorated the entrance to the Coming Out Ball in Founders Gallery.

(Above) Attendees shared their coming out stories on a large sheet of paper.

(Right) **James Lyons**, set-up and media services support technician, deejayed the event, playing popular hits like PSY's "Gangnam Style" and LMFAO's "I'm Sexy and I Know It."

(Bottom right) In addition to sharing coming out stories, attendees got to know each other by playing games such as Apples to Apples.

(Below) For those who wanted to come out of the closet — literally — a closet was set up in one of the galleries.

(Bottom left) Attendees grooved to the music in costume, dressing up as their ideal selves.

