

2017 Human Rights Creative Expression Contest

Official Entry Form

DEADLINE FOR THE 2017 CONTEST IS 5PM ON TUESDAY 28, FEB. 28, 2017
at the Beaverton City Hall (Bytn Bldg at The Round) Human Resources Department.

Student Name: ANGUS JOHNSON

(Please note that each participant must fill out a form. Please attach all forms to the entry being submitted.)

Parent/Guardian Name: Anne Lewis

Address: 15545 SW Brighton Ct Beaverton, OR
97007

Phone: 503 896 3617

Email: Ajohnson@vstudent.org

School: VALLEY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL

Teacher name and email: MARTY KARLIN, mkarlin@valleycatholic.org

Grade Level: 11

Name or Title of Entry: Acceptance

Where did you hear about this Contest? TEACHER

Did you use the QR (smart) code on a flyer to reach the CEC webpage? NO

My signature indicates that I understand that all entries will be displayed publicly for up to one year. I also agree that if I am a winner/runner-up, my name, school's name, winning entry and photo may be published in local newspapers and other media, and on the City of Beaverton website.

Entries can be picked up from the Human Resources Dept. at City Hall in June 2017.

	<u>3/1/17</u>	<u>Marty Karlin for</u>	<u>3/1/17</u>
Student signature	Date	Parent/Guardian signature	Date

Please attach this completed form *securely* to your Human Rights Essay Contest entry. Thanks!

Acceptance

Words you hear at a young age often have the propensity to stick in your mind for a long time after the fact. These planted ideas, if left unchecked, can grow to have significant impacts on one's life. When the ideas or words are negative, the impact is larger and much worse.

As a child I had a very noticeable speech impediment, one that warranted trips to the school's speech therapist most days. My absences and subsequent arrivals to class with "reward" candy were abundantly obvious to my classmates. Even my closest friends would poke fun at me for it. This ostracism, however benign, planted the idea in my mind that I was destined to become a goofy-sounding outcast for the rest of my life.

In addition to my difficulty with forming words, in the fifth grade I was diagnosed with severe ADHD, which was not entirely a shock given my past behavior. Granted, ADHD ranks very low on a spectrum of disorders and illnesses to be inflicted with. While I am eternally grateful for my well-being, the way my "illness" was approached by those around me had a greater impact than the ADHD alone could have had. In a parent teacher conference with my fifth grade teacher, my mom, who has two doctorates and a worse attention span than me, was told that "*some* of these people," 'these people' meaning me "are able to learn to live completely normal lives." I heard these words only when my understandably infuriated mother vented to my father in the kitchen. While I knew what my teacher said was wrong, her words sent me into life thinking I was not good enough.

Once I got to middle school, I accepted my teacher's words as fact and became disruptive and disobedient, thinking that was all I was ever destined to be. Some great teachers and many detentions down the road, combined with increased mental maturity, I realized that I did not have