The Future Through Our Eyes

THE FUTURE THROUGH OUR EYES

Cheltenham High School PBL
Class of 2023
Introduction

The world is changing. Technology is changing. Even our diets are frequently changing. And yet, many claim that education, one of the biggest institutions in our country, remains relatively unchanged. The education system is stuck in a model that was invented in the 1950’s, straight rows of desks, a sole teacher standing in front of a classroom as students diligently take notes.

Today technology allows us to access massive amounts of information from the entire scope of human history in a matter of seconds. With knowledge literally at our fingertips, shouldn’t the structure of education change as well?

I say yes. Schools need to prepare students for the modern world and workforce. And I know of no other approach to education that reflects the needs and possibilities of our current era better than Project Based Learning. No longer is the student a passive participant
in his or her learning. Rather, PBL challenges young men and women to fuse their knowledge with real-world activities such as solving local problems, serving their communities, or, in this case, writing and publishing an original book.

In these pages you’ll read poetry and personal narratives, fiction and nonfiction. What I hope you will also see is a collaborative effort created solely by students from the cover art to the title and from the first page to the last.

In the old model of education a student submits her essay to the teacher for a grade. In the new model of education a Project Based Learning student submits her book to the world.

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A note about the text. In addition to the poems and stories, you’ll find within this journal, that each 9th grade Project Based Learning student was asked to select and discuss a word that they felt contained a personal connection to their lives. All definitions are taken from google.com
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Cameron Choice

Rev-o-lu-tion·ar-y - involving or causing a complete or dramatic change.

My spirit is revolutionary.
I like making changes whether or not it has to do with the past, present, or future.
If I know what to do, I do it, without hesitation.
I have many talents that I would share with you, yet I have to worry about what my life will be in the future.
I play the one and only football.
When I have the football in my hands, I play as if there are only a couple of seconds left on the clock.
I run like nobody else.
My spirit is revolutionary.
When I grow up I am going to be successful, I am going to do what I have to in order to get what I need when I need it-
If I have to do things that I don't like, then fine
I’ll do it.
As long as…
I am a revolutionist.
I don’t whine, I don’t pout.
Success on my own terms is what this life is about-
that’s what makes it easy to move faster into the future.
When I pass away, I would like people to know me as
the man that never gave up on what he wanted to
achieve, he changed the world, he just did it.
I want to be known most of all as the person who was…
Revolutionary.
My spirit is revolutionary and nobody is going to change
that.
Resiliency has played a big part in my life. Throughout the seventh and eighth grades, I received many awards for resiliency, but I never knew what it actually meant. When I found out what it meant I asked myself “how am I resilient?” I looked back on the many good things and the bad things I've encountered throughout my life. The most significant thing that I have encountered through life is the death of my father. This is the time when I discovered that resiliency is really important.
It took me a while to accept the fact that he was gone. In order for me to have moved on, I had to accept the fact that what happened to him was not my fault or anyone else's. Instead of being sad, I wanted to do something that will make my father proud, so I played basketball. My dad loved basketball and was really good at it. But that was only one aspect. I knew that there was something else that I could do that would make him proud. I wanted to let kids my age, who have lost a loved one, know that they are not alone and that this is just a curveball that life has thrown at us.

When I was in 8th grade I wrote a speech for English class. The speech was submitted to be one of the speeches read at graduation that year. The principal came and told me that my speech was chosen. She said that it was very inspirational and astonishing. It meant the world to me that my speech was chosen because it meant that I could share with everyone how to make something good out of something bad.
Graduation Speech

My name is Katie Barnes. I am one of many students about to go off to high school. In 2017, we all began the scary yet exciting journey of middle school. We all entered middle school with our own ambitions and aspirations, but not yet fully sure of who we were as individuals. On September 1, 2017, the first month that I began middle school, the most significant event took place in my life; the passing of my father. It was surely a difficult time and all so surreal to me until the middle of this school year.

One day, I reflected back on the significant things that I have encountered and I was questioning my purpose. Most of all, I was questioning what I could do to honor my father. My dad loved basketball and was good at it. So, I played basketball, which I never thought I would do in a million years. I was even lucky enough to play with his number this season. But that was only one aspect of what I could accomplish. I found that my greater purpose was to reach out to others who might have been in the same predicament that I was in. My
goal was to try to help them feel a little less alone. We had something in common. In middle school, it feels like NO ONE has anything in common, so I knew this was meant to be. I stepped out of my comfort zone and reached out to someone.

If it wasn't for an email that I sent to a teacher acknowledging my pain, I wouldn't have this amazing relationship with her today. Without her counsel, I wouldn’t have honored my dad in the way that I have chosen.

Somebody once told me that our life is like a race. But unlike a real race, this is not a competition to get to the finish line first. The goal of this race is to stay in our own lane and to live our best life.

As I am hitting my stride with the help of my amazing coaches, teachers, counselors, administrators, and other staff who have believed in me even when I didn’t, I realize that I am nowhere near the finish line.

As we mark the beginning of our new, scary, but exciting journey of entering high school, I want everyone to know that now is the time for us to shine. This is the time for us to stay in our own lane, live our
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best lives, reach for our dreams, and grab any and every opportunity to succeed. It’s time to explore our purpose, go outside of your comfort zone, and try something new every day. Connect with your peers and high school support faculty and make a difference in someone’s life. Run your race with purpose. This is our world. We are here. We matter and that great big world out there is waiting for us.
The regular jingle of the local news begins. Jack hears the tune, gets a running head start, and dives into my lap. I groan. “You can’t keep doing that. I think you might be getting too big.”

Chet and Dana sit uncomfortably in their chairs as always. Mom chuckles at the ridiculous suit Chet is wearing. The top piece is a red and turquoise plaid pattern with butterfly pins instead of buttons, and his bottom piece is neon pink and yellow with each color down a different leg.

The camera slowly zooms in to focus on the anchors. Chet clears his throat and transitions into his usual spiel, “Welcome one and all, some and none to Channel 103 news. I’m the anchor that’s male, Chet McMurry.”