

Pertinent History

**Extracurricular Activities**

Activity	Date	Total hours
Primary School Fall Festival	10/2013-12/2015	22
Vilonia Animal Clinic	04/2014-08/2014	24
Vilonia Schools	2011-2015	24
FCCLA	2011-2015	18
Cleaning Up Tornado Damage	08/2014	6
Child Care Center	05/2015	20
Veterans War Museum	2016	40
NHS Commissary Bagging	12/2015	7
Deployment Buddies	09/2015-06/2016	20
Flu Clinic and LRMC	08/2015-05/2016	16
Special Olympics	05/2017	7

**Awards and Clubs**

Awards or Offices Held	Year
FCCLA Star Event Nationals Recycle Redesign Gold	2013
FCCLA Star Event Nationals Environmental Ambassador Gold	2014
Certificate of Achievement-Geometry	2014
Certificate of Achievement-Biology	2014
School Vice President of FCCLA	2014-2015
Power of One FCCLA	2014
Art Award First Place-Birgu Fest Art Competition	2015
Member of National Beta Club	2014-2015
Member of FBLA	2014-2015
Member of Vilonia Soccer Team	2012-2015
Member of FCCLA	2011-2015
Member of National Honor Society	2015-2016
Certificate of Achievement- Health Sciences 2	2016
Principal's Honor Roll	2013-2016
Member of Dean's List	2016
Nominated Member for National Honor Society for College	2016

**Paid Employment**

Position	Date	Hours Per Week
Soccer Referee	03/2015-05/2015	3
Child Caregiver	08/2016-Present	40

**Future Goals**

My future goals are to complete my Nursing Degree to become a Nurse Practitioner. I also want to remain active in my community as a volunteer. Ultimately I want to continue to serve in the military community while working as a nurse practitioner at a military medical facility.

The Love That Grew in a Thicket of Fear

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### The Love That Grew in a Thicket of Fear

Three lit pink candles pierced into a cake, melted away as a three year old girl puffed hard to stop the little flames. Her grandmother, grandfather, and mother cheered when she finally puffed hard enough. She posed next to the purple horse cake, as her mother snapped a photo to send to the girl's father. Before bedtime, the girl received a phone call from her father to tell her happy birthday. During the phone call, the girl started to realize that her dad had been gone for a long time and that she started to miss him. He had to miss his daughter's third birthday because he was fighting the Global War on Terrorism in Saudi Arabia for nine months. That little girl who missed her father during her birthday was me. Since the day I was born, the Global War on Terrorism has affected my life, however it has impacted me in both a negative and positive way.

Throughout my childhood, my father deployed to the Middle East several times. The first time I remembered him being deployed was when I went to preschool. In preschool, I would watch other children get picked up by their fathers and cry because I knew he would not be the one picking me up and giving me a hug. However at the age of three, I did not comprehend that he was in the Middle East to fight the Global War on Terrorism. As I got older and went to elementary school with other children whose parents serve in the military, I started to realize his profession. I knew that those in the military went to war. Fear of him leaving for war began to creep into my childhood. It wasn't until fifth grade that I learned that my father had to go to war to fight against terrorism. Another fear crept into my childhood, the fear of terrorism. Whenever my family and I went to busy cities, train stations, subways and airports, fear of terrorism constricted my mind. My eyes spun around looking for any odd activity. For a while my father

did not deploy so the fear of him going to war faded but the fear of terrorism remained like a scar.

It was not until my eleventh grade year that the fear of my father going to war haunted my life again. He parked our car, and turned around to face me, my brother and sister to explain to us that he had to deploy to Qatar for four months. That day, fear gained control of me. I researched Qatar and the news on the War on Terror on my laptop. None of the research helped fluff any fear off me. The thought of anything could happen to him in four months, throbbed continuously in my mind. I looked at my father to find any fear in his face but he showed none. When he left for deployment, I laid in bed and wondered what is my dad doing, seven thousand six hundred miles away and eight hours ahead of me. I avoided watching the news during the four months, knowing it would intensify my fears. My friends invited me to watch “American Sniper”, but I quickly rejected the invitation. Thanksgiving, Christmas and birthdays were spent on Skype with him. It was hard to look up into the crowd of parents during award ceremonies, band concerts and soccer games knowing my eyes would not find his face until one day he surprised after my soccer game.

When my father came back, the fear of him leaving for war again loosened around my mind like a snake giving up on its prey but the fear of terrorism remained. I watched the news and read the articles on the internet about the current War on Terrorism. Not only has the Global War on Terrorism affected my life in a dark way but it has offered a strong positive light in my life.

While he was deployed, a patriotic feeling grew inside my fear tainted mind. I felt pride in my father for serving in the United States. I realized I wanted to become more involved in the military community so in eleventh grade I volunteered at a Veteran’s War Museum that was

recently destroyed by a tornado. As a volunteer, I organized the once destroyed museum and helped set up events. I became a Deployment Buddy to support elementary school children and share my experiences. I volunteered at medical centers on bases to help the military whether it be in guiding patients with paperwork or assisting a veteran with his bed baths. After I graduated high school, I started to work at the child development center in the Ramstein Air Force base. From the first day of my job, I connected to the children of military men and women. When they cry for their mothers or fathers to come back from deployment, I embrace them and share my experiences of when my dad deployed. I show them ways to cope with having a parent deployed by reading books, taking pictures, and making cards and crafts. Knowing that I, in some way, am helping the military community that I cherish, sends an incredible feeling throughout my being.

The Global War on Terrorism has pierced into my life in many ways. Occasionally, it has separated my family from my father, causing restless nights and broken hearts. Daily, it has added the fear of terrorism that follows me everywhere I go, to the point it makes events such as a firework show in Heidelberg not enjoyable. However, because of the Global War on Terrorism, patriotism and love for the military community grew stronger than the thicket of fears in my soul.