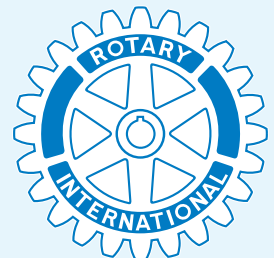


GEORGIA ROTARY DISTRICTS
CHARACTER EDUCATION PROGRAM, INC.

Georgia

LAWS OF LIFE

Essay Contest



The Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest 2013-2014

For fifteen years, the Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest has been in the vanguard of character education and ethical literacy for Georgia high school students. The contest asks students to select a saying that is a “Law of Life” (for example, “Don’t judge a book by its cover” or “Adversity makes a person stronger”) and to use that saying to examine and write about key life lessons and core character values such as honesty, generosity, courage, compassion, and perseverance. As a program of Rotary clubs in Georgia, the contest reflects Rotary’s emphasis on values, high ethical standards, and service to others.

The Georgia contest is modeled on the original Laws of Life contest started by Sir John Templeton in 1987. Templeton—a pioneer in global investments and a distinguished philanthropist—created the Laws of Life contest to encourage young people to reflect on what is truly important in life.

Through their writings, students often find significance in simple everyday acts, discern triumph in the midst of tragedy, or learn to value relationships they once took for granted. The essays give students confidence in their potential to live meaningful and purposeful lives, and also help students discover the power of the written word.

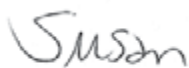
The Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest thanks the thousands of students and teachers who embraced this year’s contest. We particularly thank the seven state winners whose essays are showcased in this publication. Their stories – sometimes tinged with sadness, often graced by humor, and always full of keen observations—are inspiring.

Sincerely,



Dr. Don Robinson

Chair, Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program, Inc.



Susan G. Mason

Executive Director, Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program, Inc. & Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest

Georgia

LAWS OF LIFE

Essay Contest
2013-2014

Facts & Benefits

- More than 41,800 students from 52 high schools wrote an essay for the 2013-2014 Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest.
- The Contest named 154 school-level winners and seven state winners, and it distributed \$19,000 in cash awards to students and teachers.
- The Georgia Laws of Life contest is the largest high school essay contest in North America. More than 448,000 Laws of Life essays have been written by Georgia students since the contest began in 1999.
- The contest is made possible by our sponsors, including this year’s Presenting Sponsors the John Templeton Foundation and Outlaw Consulting, a generous anonymous donor, 37 sponsoring Rotary clubs from across the state, and dozens of additional corporate and individual sponsors who believe in the importance of character and integrity.
- The contest is pleased to announce that the Rotary Club of Dunwoody, in celebration of its 30th anniversary, has established the George A. Stewart, Jr. Character In Action Award to honor Dunwoody Rotarian George Stewart for his dedication to student character education and for serving as one of the Founding Directors of the nonprofit Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program.

The Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest is a program of the Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program, Inc. (GRDCEP), a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization.

www.georgialawsoflife.org



“The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched—they must be felt with the heart.”

— Helen Keller

My nose will never get used to sickly antiseptic aromas. I stand awkwardly at the side of the cramped room, careful not to bump any of the beeping plastic. It shouldn't feel so unnatural to see my best friend of twelve years, but it does. As streaks of ivory colored light filter through the viewless window, we talk for the first time in two weeks. Being reunited is refreshing and for the fleeting hour, everything feels normal again. Two weeks prior, my best friend was airlifted to Egleston Hospital in Atlanta for a rare form of cancer called Burkitt's Lymphoma.

I watched her process unfold week by week. Some days were good, others were hard to even imagine going through, but all I could do was text her since I couldn't be in Atlanta every day. I was without my closest friend for four months. We couldn't go on the ski trip we'd planned together, or get coffee after school, or help each other with our math homework.

I did everything I could to make sure that she got back to “the real world,” as her mom called it. Just being there for her was my goal. It was a weird four months for both of us, but eventually, the symptoms began to slow down and it became a matter of keeping her health up and her fevers down. The days that her blood count wasn't too high or low were good. Later on, her doctor even allowed her to go to a concert with me. But it seemed like her health would be good one week then plunge back down the next. Finally, after months of going to the hospital, getting out, and going back, she entered the era of complete remission. She was allowed to go back to school the next year, and we were able to hang out like before. The worry was over and that chapter came to a close.

However, the next chapter for me was about to begin. Five months later, my mom was diagnosed with breast cancer. They scheduled a surgery for her as soon as possible, so the next thing I knew, I was back in a confined and now dimly lit hospital room. She has now mostly recovered from the surgery, but last week the doctor informed her that she would have to go through chemotherapy and radiation. Knowing what the next six months will entail for her is distressing but I also know what to expect, so I am prepared. Even wig shopping feels surreal. Nonetheless, I will be there for her as I was with my friend. I will be there to show her love and give her hope. We have all heard from the doctors what the journey will demand, but I know it will be even more towering and exhausting than they say.

It is during times like this that we see our need for each other. We were not put on this earth for ourselves; we were placed here for each other. I may not be able to provide the medicine or knowledge a doctor can to fight the disease, but I can give my presence to prevent loneliness. I can lend my words to avert boredom. I can administer my hope to stop defeat. The most beautiful thing in this world is the love and friendship of others and it should never be taken for granted. To love gives a better meaning to life. While cancer may control the body physically, it cannot touch the soul, which is a beautiful concept indeed.

“Joy is the will which labors, which overcomes obstacles, which knows triumph.”

— William Butler Yeats

I have gone through life as many American kids do: sheltered, provided for, and at times spoiled. We worry about how extensive our wardrobe is, how well we performed in sports, how good our meals are, and how much fun we have. I was so consumed in a cycle of “me” and worried about how to make myself more comfortable, lavished, and successful that my joy was based on how well I accomplished these.

Then, in my sophomore year, I chose to spend my spring break in Haiti on a mission trip. It was tough to leave the comfort of home, friends, and cell phone reception but with the help of a friend I made the trip. I had no preconception of what I was going into but even more frightening, it was the first time I had to fly. I headed into the abyss with little inkling of anything. After my mesmerizing experience during takeoff and a crick in my neck from my enthralled window looking, we landed in Haiti, and instantly things changed. The air conditioning in the airport was nonexistent. The cleanliness was questionable. It goes without saying that the following days in Haiti are too much to recount in a few paragraphs, but what was ingrained in my heart and my memory caused my life to change.

The days of Haiti included visiting an orphanage that has to reuse disposable diapers, a school where classrooms must be guarded and fenced, regrettably denying vendors trying to sell homemade goods for a living, and playing a game of soccer with kids with no shoes. What I saw in Haiti absolutely rocked me to my very core; that I lived in such affluence and had no empathy for the poverty stricken people of Haiti appalled me. On the nights capping a day full of fighting heat and interacting with Haitian kids, I found myself thinking how I literally could not comprehend how the Haitian people could live like this. I lay in bed overwhelmed with a confused flurry of sorrow, anger, pity, and gratitude. I was changed, but couldn't filter my emotions enough to realize the lesson I learned from it all. Being naïve, I left Haiti determined to end world hunger, poverty, and the unequal and unfair distribution of wealth. While that is a noble ambition it is rather lofty and admittedly, something that quickly fades away.

Rather than endeavor to radically change the standard of living in Haiti, I learned that “Joy is the will which labors, which overcomes obstacles, which knows triumph.” What does that mean? It means that despite the bulging ribs that depict the reality of starvation for the majority of Haitians, there is joy. It means despite the excruciating heat and incredibly strenuous labor most Haitians must endure, there is joy. It means despite the cold nights sleeping outside shacks because nearly all Haitians fear an earthquake-induced collapse, there is joy. As I was doing a Bible study under the stars on a rooftop in Port-au-Prince around midnight, I saw a team of Haitians constructing a building using only primitive techniques and technologies; all the while happily singing together in tune with their work. *Joy is the will which labors.* I saw mothers starving themselves so they could let their children have some food. *Joy is the will which overcomes obstacles.* But on Sunday I saw Haitian friends gathering together in a shack to celebrate and worship God, giving to Him when they couldn't even provide for themselves. *Joy is the will which knows triumph.*

How could this be that in the midst of nothing, so much joy is evident? I was flabbergasted! The answer is that joy isn't found in circumstance, financial security, or social standing. Rather, it's “the will which labors, overcomes obstacles, and knows triumph.” Too often we cast our lot in college acceptance, the newest device, and the coolest clothes, but we fail to realize and experience true joy. That is, joy that no matter what endures everything because of the hope that is to come. The people of Haiti changed my life, and taught me the most valuable lesson of life and I am forever grateful.

“Never let the fear of striking out keep you from playing the game”

— George Herman ‘Babe’ Ruth

My palms were clammy with sweat. My heart had been replaced by a hummingbird. I shook all of my nerves loose as I waited. A starter gun pierced the tension filled air, and we were off. A swarm of girls charged forward, and we approached my worst nightmare . . . hurdles. I had always hated hurdles. The pressure was always on, and there was always so much room for error. My parents never understood why I was scared of these dreaded objects. Apparently driving yourself over a series of tall barriers at maximum speed was no big deal to them. I was in first place at this point and about half way through the race when I was overcome by fear . . . the fear of failure.

What if I don’t win? What if I fall? What if —my thoughts were interrupted by an unwelcome feeling. I had lost focus and completely lost my balance. I was nicking hurdles and taking all kinds of weird steps. Determined to stay on my feet, I awkwardly pressed on. I was flooded by voices in my head telling me that I was going to lose, that I would fall and make a fool of myself in front of the entire crowd. This was when I went really wrong.

I lost my will to keep moving and submitted to my fears. It was the last ten-meter stretch and I was still somehow winning, that is until I fell flat on my face. The crowd let out a unanimous “Ooohh!” I had never felt such humiliation in my life! It felt like that age-old dream of going to school naked had come true. My face burned a cherry red, and in that moment I vowed never to run hurdles again.

In a hot flush of anger and embarrassment, I stomped up to my coach and bluntly told him that I was done with hurdles. He stared at me in bewilderment and asked me if I was being serious. I responded by asking if he had just seen me wipe out. He replied by saying, “Never let the fear of striking out keep you from playing the game.” That night, along with the following week, I thought about what he had said, and though I hated to admit it, he was right. Hurdles truly scared me, but they were something that I was good at. Quitting because of possible failure wasn’t the right thing to do. My team needed me and more than that I needed to do it for myself.

At the next meet, I was filled with déjà vu. Same sweaty palms, same fluttering heart, same nerves and same lingering tension. However, instead of dwelling on all of the “what ifs,” I repeated to myself what had become my new motivation. “Never let the fear of striking out keep you from playing the game.” The gun blew and I took off. I ran as fast as I could, determined not to be the victim of my fears. I won by a landslide, and it was the most rewarding feeling I had ever felt! Not only had I gotten first place, but I had also proved to myself that I was stronger than the chains that formerly held me.

If there is one thing that I learned from hurdles, it is that in any case in life, there will always be risks. No opportunity that life offers is completely safe. But if I can’t do something out of my comfort zone and prove to be stronger than my fears, then I will probably give in to them in the future as well, letting them paralyze me and leave me wondering what could have been. To this day, hurdles terrify me. I will never understand why people created them, nor why anyone thinks it is a good idea to throw yourself over them; however, it is only because of them that I have overcome my fear of ‘striking out.’

“Love between strangers takes only a few seconds and can last a whole life.”

— Simon Van Booy

We climbed the last of the stunning Canyon de Chelly trail on that sweltering, cloudless day—miles of vibrant, weathered-away smoothness that opened up right beneath our feet. The final day before the 20-hour drive back to Georgia had finally approached, and we piled back into the stifling, unairconditioned church van. All mission-trip students were sad to leave but were abuzz about making our return to “civilization,” where we faced the exciting prospect of no longer taking subzero, groundwater showers that reeked of eggs.

The van cruised along the four-lane highway back towards the white trailers that had become a temporary home when I spotted a beautiful, white horse far ahead, calmly trotting against the side of the road. I didn’t think anything of it—we were surrounded by loosely-fenced horse ranches, after all. I turned away for a brief minute towards the other window to gaze at the unblemished sky when my attention was diverted to the adults in the front seats whose voices rose to a chorus of terror. My cramped back-row companions and I craned our necks in alert curiosity, then suddenly, a flash of white shattering through the shotgun side of the front windshields. My fist slammed into the seat in front of me as we jerked forward. The world slowed and we began to spin uncontrollably three, four, five times until the van sputtered to a lifeless stop off to the side of the road.

Shock lingered in the dusty Arizona air like unspoken conversations. It silenced us into a numb oblivion as we tried to process the magnitude of the accident we had just been in, turning soon to hysteria. At first, I thought it was ours: the scarlet blood splattered against the shattered, caved-in windows. The fear clawed itself into my heart. The fear of the experience itself was not what scared me most; it was the fear of the unknown, the fear of what-ifs.

Surrounding Navajo people who had witnessed the tragic accident rushed over with small first-aid kits and blankets that covered the remaining glass on the bottom of the windows, helping us slide out. I could do nothing as we anxiously awaited ambulances for the injured people. I was powerless and alone and terrified, pain rocketing up the wrist of the hand I’d used to stabilize myself. The Navajo people were a different story, however. Despite the fear they felt for us reflected in their eyes, they comforted and reassured, calmed and aided. They opened their hearts to complete strangers to help in any way they could as ambulances arrived to take us away in twos and threes. That memory stuck with me even through the post-accident chaos.

Somehow, we all made it out alive, some of us with a broken bones, scratches from glass, and concussions, but alive nonetheless. I cannot answer why that horse chose to run into our van that day; however, I can answer how it has shaped the way that I think today. The people that I met showed me that love doesn’t have to come from people you know. Their compassion will stay with me for the rest of my life. I will continue to live my life, influenced by them, in the hopes that one day, I will be able to change someone’s life the way that the Navajo people did mine.

“The highest form of wisdom is kindness.”

— The Talmud

The claret-reddishness of sundown escapes as the velvet of night swiftly descends from the heavens. This leaves the entirety of my room encompassed in a deep, lulling dark. Lying in bed, arms crossed over my stomach, I listen for the gentle exhalations and inhalations of air beside me. My grandmother is deep in her slumber and for that, I take great relief. She had silently mouthed her ritualistic prayers, struggled to find the perfect comfortable position, and finally nestled under a plethora of warm bed sheets. Her delicately-lidded eyes had then fluttered closed, embracing the realm of sleep. I, too, am transported into the confines of slumber.

I jolt awake at the sickening sound of a thump. It is a disturbing noise composed of worn bones and fragile flesh impacting against the hard, wooden floor. With jumbled, sleep-mussed thoughts, I push myself from the groggy remnants of sleep that still cling so stubbornly. It takes but a moment for my eyes to register the scene before me. My grandmother lays, crumpled, upon the floor as she vainly struggles to sit up.

An immediate impulse registers in my body, nerves embedded along my veins interpreting and transforming the sheer panic I felt into a quick jump over the mattress, and I swoop to the ground and attempt to aid her. Soft, strained blurts of air leave her mouth when I lift her to stand firmly planted against the ground, and she is on the verge of tears, thanking me hysterically for doing that simple deed—helping her up from the unfortunate fall.

She is led back to her bed, and I gingerly pull up the sheets to tuck them securely in so she remains warm for the rest of the night. I try not to think of the real reason behind it; I do not want her to fall again.

Over the years prior, I had always been . . . not unkind, but disinterested. I had that arrogant mentality that perhaps only teenagers lament—elderly individuals couldn’t possibly be interesting for prolonged amounts of time. However, during the emotional exchange that night, I realized with prickling dread how fleeting life truly is.

One cannot afford to brush off those who are family, and who care more than we will ever know. Since I was but a babbling baby, my grandmother has taken care of me. She taught me to appreciate the arts, and would spend crisp, fall afternoons with me, cutting out various shapes from scraps of construction paper to glue them down and make lovely landscapes. I was introduced to classical authors such as Shakespeare, Charles Dickens and Fitzgerald. In fact, Keats and Robert Frost remain my favorite poets to this day and with her encouragement, I have memorized a good number of their splendid works.

Now, I listen intently to her retell the stories of her life as a single mother in Berlin, the adventures she had with her siblings as a little girl, and how she won a trip to Hollywood by earning first place in a creative writing contest. My grandmother is a fascinating, lovely, caring woman whom I will always treasure with unbridled love. It is now my turn to return the appreciation and take care of her, and I am all too happy to reciprocate such kindness.

“Trying to Walk in Someone’s Shoes . . .”

— Anonymous

I met Ivey the first day of first grade. I was the girl who was quiet and shy but when she sat beside me and introduced herself, we instantly became best friends. While getting off the bus that afternoon, we discovered that we both lived in the same neighborhood, right down the street from each other. She lived with her mom and aunt, who were twins, as well as her cousin, Mikey. Mikey had cancer which had caused him to have one of his legs amputated. He had a prosthetic leg that he wore to school, but he hated it so he always took it off as soon as he got home.

Every day, after finishing our homework, Ivey and I would play together. Whether we were outside playing, playing with toys at my house, or simply watching a movie at hers, we were always together—with Mikey tagging along. One day we were outside racing back and forth across their yard. After losing multiple times, Mikey became frustrated and went into the house saying he didn’t want to play anymore. Thinking he was just being a sore loser, Ivey and I continued to race.

After finishing our race, we went to ask Mikey if he wanted to play another game. We found him in the living room crying. When we asked what was wrong, he replied, “I hate when we play outside, I always get left because I can’t keep up. I always lose when we have races, and when we play tag or hide-and-go seek I’m always the first to get caught. I’d rather stay inside and play games where I have a chance of winning with one leg.”

I felt really bad after Mikey explained why he was upset. To help him feel better, I came up with the idea that from then on whenever we played outside, Ivey and I had to hop on one leg. Mikey was pleased and we went back out to race again. This time he won because Ivey and I weren’t used to only using one leg so we kept falling. For the rest of the day, we played outside together hopping around on one leg.

I remember how the leg that I was hopping on would get tired and begin to hurt so I would keep switching legs. I also remember thinking, “Mikey doesn’t have that option.” No matter how tired his leg got, he would never be able to simply switch legs. After coming to that realization I began to help Mikey more. If we were walking from their house to mine (or vice versa) and he couldn’t keep up, I would let him get on my back. Ivey and I began to be more aware of what we did while playing; trying not to leave him out but also continuing to treat him like a normal person and not a sick child, because he was so much more than that. Other than that one day when we were racing, I never saw him let his situation get the best of him. He always had a smile on his face and was full of energy.

When I was in the third grade, I moved away, losing contact with Ivey and Mikey. A few years later, my mom and I saw Ivey and her mom, Ms. Paula, in Wal-Mart. We began to catch up and my mom asked how Mikey was doing. Tears formed in Ms. Paula’s eyes as she said, “He lost the battle.”

I was extremely sad to hear the news. Yet I was glad that, before he died, Mikey taught me something I will never forget. There’s a saying that goes, “Before you judge someone, you should try walking in their shoes.” But with Mikey I learned that you can never fully feel someone else’s pain and you shouldn’t even try to “walk in their shoes.” You should just accept them for who they are, love them, and be there to support them whenever they need you.

“It’s nice to be important, but it’s more important to be nice.”

— Anonymous

It was a normal Sunday morning at the First Baptist Church of Albany. I arrived, socialized with friends and adults, and then headed off to Sunday school. Managing to stay awake through the lesson, after staying up too late watching TV the evening before, I started walking to the sanctuary for what my family calls “Big Church,” better known as the 10:30 AM service. Shaking hands along the way, I continued to go along my merry way into the sanctuary to find my parents.

The instant I walked into the sanctuary, there, running towards me, arms wide-open, was a middle-aged woman with Down syndrome. I am going to pause here and describe a brief history between this lady and me. Ever since I was three years old, I remember seeing this lady attend church. She was always sitting on the back row and singing out of key as loud as she could. As a child, I did not interact with her because she scared me. As I grew up, I learned not to pay attention to her singing.

So here, running as fast she could straight towards me was this lady I had never spoken to. The thought crossed my mind, “What do I do?” I had two choices. I could quickly find someone to start a conversation with and ignore what was happening. Or I could embrace the bundle of elation coming at me head on. The latter risked the possibility of the youth group seeing me kneel down to hug this woman who is much shorter than I. My friends, mainly the guys, would make fun of me forever; I would never hear the end of it. With my friends all observing, I knelt down and opened my arms. She ran up and hugged me and put her head on my shoulder. When she stepped back, she started calling me her cousin. Saying, “You’re my cousin! You know that don’t you?” I responded, “Yes! Of course I do,” going along with every bit of it, truly not being related.

Our conversation went on about ten minutes, covering a variety of topics: how her week had been, what her favorite food was, what she was going to do tomorrow. About this time, the long prelude to signal the start of the service began to play, so I said my parting words and begin walking off.

About five steps away I heard her voice yelling, “I love you!” This stopped me dead in my tracks. I turned around to see the small round face and a toothless smile beaming at me. I replied much softer with a cracking voice, “I love you too.”

I learned something that day: valuing others has much more value than any reputation does. Now, every Sunday I run to and surprise Ms. Becky, and watch her face light up with joy. Our conversations always consist of the same things, and we part with, “I love you.” I talk to her just to make her happy, to fill her with joy and delight. I do not do this so that my mother’s friends will come and tell her how cute or sweet I am, or to make myself feel good, just to make Ms. Becky, my “cousin,” abundantly overjoyed. Coming to the decision that others and their needs are more important than my needs was difficult. If someone like myself can manage the morally correct decision, I believe society can too.

Essay Contest School Winners

Alpharetta High School Eddie Oliveira	Evans High School Rebecca Brighton	North Springs Charter High School Kaleel Brown
Bainbridge High School Ralyn Willis	Forest Park High School Stephanie Grant	Northside High School (Columbus) Justin Gordon
Berkmar High School Quane Tran	Forsyth Central High School Pierre Guillermo	Ola High School Will Crawford
Bremen High School Abby Thompson	Gilmer High School Emily Nieves	Peachtree Ridge High School Alea Garcia
Brookwood High School Ji "Jenny" Choi	Grady High School Jessica Hume	Pike County High School Lilly Nickels
Brunswick High School Grace Wright	Griffin High School Laura Harness	Rome High School Matt Boyd
Cambridge High School Lindsay Berman	Hardaway High School Erin Bagley	Roswell High School Sabrine Anene
Campbell High School Onyie Eze	Heard County High School John Helton	Shaw High School Madison Jones
Carrollton High School Savannah Blackman	Heritage High School Jamaya Booker	South Forsyth High School Jessica Tang
Cass High School Sydney Shultz	Independence High School Sergio Bernardo	Spalding High School Cartavia Bryant
Central High School (Carrollton) Bo Ly	Lamar County Comprehensive High School Annah Hartsfield	Thomas County Central High School Austin Yeomans
Centennial High School Lane McAree	Lambert High School Emily Brannan	Thomasville Scholars Academy Hanna Waters
Cherokee High School Ansley Key	McEachern High School Jazmon Ross	Thomson High School Heather Davis
Columbus High School Lauren Crane	McIntosh High School Madeline Hervey	West Forsyth High School Rachel Bowers
Dawson County High School Travis Doane	Monroe County Comprehensive High School Darien Shannon	Westlake High School Nasreen Brooks
Deerfield-Windsor High School Will Sewell	North Forsyth High School Haylie Hatch	Westover High School Amelia Rainey
Eagle's Landing High School Kiarra Davis	North Gwinnett High School Trevor Bramblett	White County Ninth Grade Academy Lily Hambrick
East Paulding High School Joseph Burrows		

What People Are Saying ...



“The Laws of Life Essay Contest is a celebration of the human spirit’s ability to shine in a sometimes dark world. Whether overcoming great adversity or making a discovery of our common humanity, the essayist is called to remember and share that celebration.”

—D. Alan Smith, Rotary District 6910, 2013-2014 Governor Nominee

“I love Laws of Life because it’s sharing life stories and in my case, God stories, too. Participating in the contest was an incredible experience that allowed me to share not just a paper, but a life lesson.”

—Trevor Bramblett, 2014 Georgia Laws of Life 1st Runner-Up,
North Gwinnett High School



“The Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest is one of the best opportunities for students to express their personal values. In a world that seemingly frowns on individual beliefs, the Laws of Life contest opens an avenue for young people to share and reflect on their core values and experiences.”

—Lynda Wheeler, Teacher

“Submitting my Laws of Life essay was the best decision of my life. The Rotary clubs’ contest opened up doors of opportunity in my life that I didn’t even know existed.”

—Jackie Harmon, 2012 Laws of Life Griffin High School Winner,
current Mercer University student



“As an educator, I can’t begin to tell you how impressive it is when students put down on paper life-changing stories that require thought, planning and conciseness, while conveying heartfelt and often emotional episodes in their lives. All students who write a Laws of Life essay ‘win’ by thinking about and reflecting on important life principles.”

—Dr. William F. Truby, High School Superintendent

“As a Rotarian I have always been proud of the good work that Rotary does around the globe. It is especially meaningful when local Rotary clubs reach out to support a program as important as the Georgia Laws of Life Essay Contest. ...As a recognition professional, I know how a single moment of recognition can change lives”

—Sam Varn, President, Awards4U;
Georgia Laws of Life Contest Sponsor

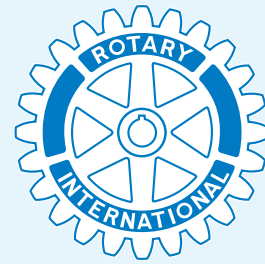


“Reading the students’ essays will certainly touch your heart. I am so glad Rotary is a part of this worthwhile program.”

—Bob Hagan, Rotary District 6900, 2013-2014 Governor Nominee

Visit us at www.georgialawsoflife.org.

Georgia
LAWS OF LIFE
Essay Contest
2013-2014



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