

2009-2010

GEORGIA

Ways of life



ESSAY CONTEST

A Character Education Competition

Celebrating Eleven Years of Ethics Literacy



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Laws of Life

ESSAY CONTEST

The Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest asks students to select a “Law of Life” (such as “No one knows what he can do until he tries” or “The highest form of wisdom is kindness”), and to explain how the character value contained in the maxim applies to the student’s life. The contest challenges students to examine values such as love, loyalty, generosity, courage, compassion and perseverance, and it rewards those students who take a stand for their beliefs.

The Georgia contest is modeled after the original *Laws of Life* contest started by Sir John Templeton in 1987. Templeton, who was a noted philanthropist and a pioneer in the development of globally diversified mutual funds, created the *Laws of Life* contest to encourage young people to reflect on what is truly important in life.

There are now hundreds of *Laws of Life* contests across the United States and internationally, but the Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest is the largest such contest in North America and the second largest in the world. More than 286,000 *Laws of Life* essays have been written by Georgia students in the past eleven years.

This tremendous outreach is made possible by our sponsors, including the John Templeton Foundation, the Center for Ethics at Emory University, and Rotary clubs across the state. Beginning with the 2010-2011 academic year, the Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest will become a program of the Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program, a new non-profit organization whose goal is to promote character values. The Georgia *Laws of Life* contest is thrilled about this new partnership, and looks forward to a bright future of promoting ethical principles and good values.

Dear Friends,

This year, more than 44,000 Georgia students wrote a *Laws of Life* essay. After an arduous selection process, the Contest named 146 school level winners from the 46 participating schools across the state. The Contest presented more than \$17,000 in award money to winning students and to our “Teachers of Distinction” who served as their school’s contest chair.

In this 2009-2010 Georgia *Laws of Life* essay publication, we proudly present this year’s top seven state-wide winners. Their stories are diverse and wide-ranging: we hear of simple hugs that bind together broken family connections, of struggles with cancer and fears of chemotherapy that morph into lessons in courage. We hear of friendships forged from playground tears, of one thousand folded paper cranes crafted with diligence and love. We hear the bittersweet stories of two students who—after losing a parent—each discovered their own inner strengths. And we hear the courageously told tale of a young woman who finds her life’s purpose through the death of a man she scarcely knew.

The Contest congratulates these winning students and thanks them for sharing their inspiring stories. The poet William Wordsworth once said, “Fill your paper with the breathings of your heart.” These students filled their essays with both the breathings of their heart and the power of their actions.

The *Laws of Life* Contest also thanks each of the tens of thousands of other Georgia students who breathed their hearts into a *Law of Life* essay this year, as well the hundreds of teachers and educators who enthusiastically embraced the contest. They know, as do we, that putting pen to paper encourages thought, steadies the soul, and limns both the past and the future.

Sincerely,



Susan G. Mason

Director, Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest
georgialawsoflife@gmail.com

STATE WINNER

Priscilla Millette

9th grade, Norcross High School

LAW OF LIFE: *A friend is someone who reaches for your hand, but touches your heart.*

–Kathleen Grove

Playgrounds in school are the “proving grounds” of childhood. We race, play hide-and-go-seek, or hit the winning run. However, more often than not, it is the emotional aspect: making or losing friends, gossip, and arguments. The gravel lot behind my school, camouflaged with swings and slides, was no exception.

For a second grader, I was having a terrible week. My friends had decided to exclude me, a practice that was rotated among our circle, for no reason at all. With no one to play with or talk to, I roamed the playground alone, rejected and dejected. I finally slumped on a deserted bench to wait out my sentence of solitude, desperately listening for the bell that ended recess so I could escape back to class. The stress and disappointment of the week became too much for my young self; turning away from everyone, I started to cry. However, I was wrong about being alone in my misery. Sarah was sitting a few feet away, watching me.

Sarah did not participate in our regular classes. Instead, she was enrolled in the Special Education program. Maybe this was how she was able to escape the fickle dramas that existed on the playground. Or maybe it was because the rest of us, except to notice her clumsiness or her faulty short-term memory, ignored her. Even at the tender ages of seven and eight, we were preoccupied with our self-image. Avoiding anything that would separate you from the pack, status quo second-grade behavior was front and center in our thinking. We made sure we colored, and stayed, inside the lines.

However, in the next moment, Sarah transformed my limited second-grade perspective. And my life. Sarah, sensing my distress, walked over to my isolated bench, sat down, and hugged me. I lost myself in her kindness, mean friends and playground forgotten. As my tears slowed, she slowly and carefully said, “It’s okay. I’ll be your friend.” Overwhelmed and moved by her compassion, I returned her hug.

How naïve were we to shy from Sarah, someone who was just...different? How wrong was it, to alienate the best among us? Even today, I cringe at our society’s preconceived notions about those who are disabled. For in reality, many, if not all, of the notions are false. Sarah proved this by reaching out to me, when no one else would. Sarah showed the true essence of what it means to be a friend. To be there even when the world is crashing down, to love unconditionally. Qualities that my “normal” friends did not or could not display.

Every time I see her, Sarah still greets me with a wide smile and cheerfully asks about my family. I cannot help but grin back. Her presence is always a pleasant one, and I smile too. I answer her questions and enjoy friendly conversation until we go our separate ways. I am reminded of that fateful day on the “proving grounds” every time I see her, but I view it as a positive experience and Sarah as a blessing. I am grateful that I had the opportunity to meet her and for the fact that I count her as a true friend. And that is what she will always be.

The quote from Kathleen Grove captures this in an effortless, perfect way, much like Sarah’s kindness toward me. Her kindness will never be lost as it continues to be a touchstone in my life. For when she comforted me on the playground, she not only hugged me. She touched my heart.

Rachel St. Clair

10th grade, Eagle's Landing High School

Law of Life: *"It's not the length of life, but the depth of life."*

– Ralph Waldo Emerson

In a world that faces economic challenges, social dysfunction, and political chaos, it is easy to forget the basic principles of humanity. We become so infatuated with our own desires that the problems of others are no longer our concern. We are blinded to the needs of our neighbors as we struggle with the tasks of day to day living. We are born with compassion and empathy for others, but becoming immune to others is a learned behavior.

Last year I came face to face with my true character, which made me ask myself, "Why am I here and what is my purpose?" After serious soul searching I came to the conclusion that it would be a waste of life to die without having made a difference in someone's life. This reminds me of a quote by Ralph Waldo Emerson, "It's not the length of life, but the depth of life."

Last year, in order to fulfill my community service hours, I volunteered at a local nursing home. My grandmother had been a resident there until her death the year before. What I did not realize was that this experience would change my life forever.

My work began each morning at 10 AM in the commons room. There I assisted with games such as Bingo and sing-a-longs. Each day I performed the same tasks. I was very attentive, always courteous, completely committed, but I lacked the true spirit of giving. The "job" was part of a 300 hour commitment, not a gift of the heart. This was proven by an incident I will never forget.

It was the 16th day of June and it started out as any other day. After signing in I made my usual rounds of "Hello" and "How are you?" Never staying long enough to hear the response, I moved about my day without knowing that today one life would end and another would be impacted in a way that many never experience. On this day I sat with Mr. Johnson through three rounds of Bingo. He never said much even though I asked him many questions. I did, however, after many weeks of playing Bingo, learn that he did not have any family or friends close by. I had never known him to have any visitors, cards, or gifts. Although this was sad, the nursing home was full of people in the same situation, so it seemed "normal" enough.

At the end of the game he turned to me, covered my hand with his, and said, "I am dying today." He asked me to come by his room later because he did not want to die alone. I walked him back to his room and promised to return in a few hours. After a few deliveries of notes, flowers and laundry, I left without any thoughts of the people whom I left behind.

The next day, before leaving that afternoon, I walked past Mr. Johnson's room and saw that it was empty. The bed been stripped, the blinds closed, the television was off, and his clothes were removed from the closet. The nurse told me that Mr. Johnson had passed away the day before just after lunch. I sat on his bed for a long time. It was then that I realized that his man was real. This man had died alone. He had died without anyone standing by his side or holding his hand. He had made one last request of me and I had denied him because of my selfishness. I had made a terrible and selfish choice.

It was later that evening that I made a life-changing promise to myself. I would share my story as a testimony. Yes, it would be embarrassing, but that would be part of the acceptance of my actions. Maybe no one would remember Mr. Johnson, a resident on Hall 4, but through this story he would be known. Through his story I hope to grow into a more compassionate and caring person. Through telling his story, maybe someone else will slow down and see the needs of others – even if it is just to sit and listen or hold a hand.

Lauren Bowles

12th grade, Bainbridge High School

Law of Life: “Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear – not absence of fear.”

– Mark Twain

When I was sixteen years old, I found a lump in my neck that changed my life forever. I began my personal battle with Hodgkin’s Lymphoma and faced six long months of fear and uncertainty. I felt emotions I never knew I had, and endured treatments that literally made me feel like I wasn’t human. Cancer taught me what I now consider my most valuable law of life, which is courage.

In the beginning, I was full of so many different questions, the most important being whether I was going to live or die. My surgeon assured me that my cancer was treatable and usually curable. Wow, what a relief, but how would this interfere with life as I knew it? A million thoughts ran through my mind. Of course, what teenager would not be concerned about their appearance? Would I be able to go to school, be on dance-line, hang out with friends on the weekend? I was consumed with how long it would be before this nightmare was over and when I would be well again.

The fear really set in when I walked into a waiting room full of pale and bald children and realized that I, too, would soon look like them. One thing I noticed was the look on all of their faces. They were all smiling! How could someone go through this at such a young age and still be able to smile? Seeing their faces and their resilience assured me that I could do this. Everything was happening so fast, and yes, I was scared. However, it was that very first trip to the oncologist that I realized, I have got to be brave and get through this.

Cancer treatment took a huge toll on how I felt about myself physically. There were days that I woke up feeling brave and willing to do whatever it took to get on with the treatments, but the day would end with me feeling as if I were losing my sense of self. Furthermore, I didn’t feel good or want to do anything. Every round of chemotherapy was just one step closer to the end. As I laid in the hospital bed watching the “poison” infusing into my body, I felt braver by the minute. It was a feeling that no one could understand unless they had experienced it themselves. Losing hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes are things I didn’t think about when I was well. During chemotherapy, those very things become the forefront of my life.

During my cancer treatment, I discovered the things that really mattered to me and the values which now govern my life. I have learned that courage is vital to the existence of my spirit and without it, I am nothing. Because of my personal battle with lymphoma, I realize and accept difficulty as part of life. I now know that before I can live by the laws of life, I must discover them for myself; this is why my most valuable law of life, courage, has made me a survivor.

Tiffany Ho

11th Grade, Northview High School

Law of Life: “*Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much.*”

– Helen Keller

Two hundred and fifty. I sighed and stretched out my fingers, carefully zipping up the plastic bag. The airplane’s dim lights were just bright enough to illuminate the bag’s contents: a brilliant spectrum that was made up of exactly two hundred and fifty origami cranes.

I had begun this project one month ago when I had found out that my aunt was diagnosed with lung cancer. At the time, the news had come as a shock – my aunt, a woman of exuberance and vitality, who had never smoked a day in her life, had lung cancer?

Overcoming my initial stage of denial, I quickly began searching for ways I could help. After long, futile Google searches and hopeless encounters with biology texts, I realized that there was little I could do. Then, I remembered a legend that I had heard once as a young child, of a girl who wanted to make a thousand cranes so that her wish could come true. The moment I recalled the story, I knew I was going to do it.

Thus began my slow and arduous task of folding one thousand paper cranes. I folded cranes one after another obsessively, relentlessly. The purpose of my mission filled up every moment of my spare time, seeping into every corner of the next two months.

After arriving in China, I hurriedly asked about the condition of my aunt. “*Yao sik gun! She’s resting,*” my relative said. My uncle informed me of my aunt’s condition. According to him, she had been through chemotherapy several times and had seen several doctors, and he had bought books that held advice on how to survive cancer. She spent ten hours a day meditating in her room, sitting alone on the floor and doing nothing but clearing her mind. She ate sparse meals and concentrated solely on resting her body. Some days, she would never even leave her room. She received no visitors except for immediate family.

Upon hearing this, I began to fold the paper cranes with renewed vigor. Swamped by fears of not finishing, I incited my relatives to help. When they found out that I was making cranes for my aunt, they unhesitatingly joined in and asked me to teach them how to fold cranes so they could help. One by one, my count quickly grew. Five hundred... six hundred... soon, I had finished all ten hundred cranes.

On the last dinner of our stay, I saw my aunt for the first time. She seemed tired and worn, but despite that, she joyfully greeted me and gave me a warm hug. She whispered, because her lungs prevented her from speaking any louder, “*Dai guo le! You’ve grown so much!*”

At the end of the meal, I proudly stood and presented her with all one thousand cranes, made with love by every member of my family. She was overcome by surprise and her eyes widened, her mouth forming a little “o”. As she looked around at the family’s beaming smiles, her eyes brimmed silently with thanks. She beckoned me closer and I leaned in, and she whispered resolutely in broken English, “I promise... I will win. I will defeat the cancer!” She emphasized “defeat” by clenching her fist and shaking it. Tears welled up as I felt her courage overflowing into me, filling my heart with emotion. She, too, was crying.

Today, my aunt is still trying to recover from the cancer. Every day is a struggle for her to live, but she no longer spends that struggle alone. The glass jar of one thousand cranes sits in her room, the love of our whole family encouraging her, supporting her through this trying ordeal, even when we cannot be there for her in person. The hardest thing in the world is to face insurmountable danger, alone, with nobody by your side. I know that what she is going through is one of the toughest trials that any person can face, and because of this we will all continue to help her every step of the way. “Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much.” -Helen Keller.

Chelsea Kinlow

9th Grade, Thomson High School

Law of Life: “That which does not kill us makes us stronger.”

– Friedrich Nietzsche

At the tender age of ten I learned the true meaning of Friedrich Nietzsche’s quote, “That which does not kill us makes us stronger.” My mother sadly told me and my brother those words on a hot summer afternoon.

I will never forget feeling that I would not be able to live past July 24, 2005. That was the day that she came home from work accompanied by two military officers and delivered the worst news of my life. My father had been killed in Iraq by a roadside IED (Improvised Explosive Device).

As soon as I heard the news, I ran down the hall to my room. I simply could not breathe. I felt a huge burning sensation in my throat that prevented me from even swallowing. My mother came down the hall and pulled me back into the living room with her and my brother. We all stood there in the middle of the floor, holding each other as tightly as we could and sobbing uncontrollably. I just wanted to lie down and die. I wanted my Daddy!!! I wanted him to walk through our front door like he had done so many times before and give me a great big hug and kiss.

Needless to say, he never did. He didn’t walk through it when the hundreds of friends and family members came by to offer their condolences. He didn’t walk through it when the media came to interview our family because his death marked the first time in many years that the Georgia Army National Guard has experienced such a casualty. And he didn’t walk through it when the limousine came to pick us up for the funeral.

I remember the ride to the funeral at my father’s home church in Lincolnton, Georgia. My brother and I didn’t say a word all the way over there. We just sat in the back of the car. My mother sat between us and held our hands. My stomach churned with knots as I felt certain that I would pass out before we got to the church.

All three of us wiped tears in silence until my mother finally spoke. She told us that we were all each other had from here on out. She said as long as we stuck together, we could get through anything. And lastly she added, “We will make it through this, because remember babies, what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger.”

The church was packed from wall to wall. I can vividly recall seeing my father’s casket draped with the American flag. It hurt me to see all of my loved ones in so much pain. The graveside service was more horrible than the funeral. The 21-gun salute nearly scared me to death. I remember my heart pounding with every booming gun shot. I sat in 100 degree weather, in great despair, while sweat poured down my back.

Ever since that day those words my mother spoke in the back of the limousine have governed my life. I have suffered several other hurts and disappointments since then. After making the cheerleading squad in seventh and eighth grade, I failed to make the cut for ninth grade. I was devastated. I cried all night long after I found out the results; however, the next morning I dried my tears, squared my shoulders, and went out to face another day.

I have even lost other loved ones. My dear, sweet great-grandmother passed away last year. I knew that I would miss her terribly, but I also knew that I could make it through. I thought that losing my father at any early age would certainly kill me, but it didn’t. It helped prepare me for other losses, and it definitely made me stronger.

Jay Danner

12th Grade, Roswell High School

Law of Life: “Maturity is a choice.”

Teenagers of modern society are chronically subjected to low expectations. Because of this, the era of the man-child has begun. Countless college dorm rooms are occupied by couch potatoes playing video games. George Washington was surveyor of Culpepper County, Virginia, when he was seventeen years old; he was promoted to Major of the Virginia Militia by age twenty. Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest Assemblyman in New York at age twenty-three. And I, well, I was doing laundry by the fourth grade. It was during my younger years I discovered what maturity really is. In May of 2001, I was forced to realize that “maturity is a choice.”

The pale florescent lights stung my eyes as I was escorted out the patient room, gripping my Indiana Jones Lego set. My dad elected to stay behind, if only for a second. I didn't feel the full impact of my mother's death the moment it happened in that hospital. I was too young to understand it. It was only after we had arrived back home, when my dad fell to his knees, sobbing. Both my sister and I hung back for a while, waiting for the only support we had in our lives to stop crying. Realizations shot through me at the speed of sound: How will my dad survive? Where do we go now? How will I survive? Every fiber of my being shrank away; I mean, I was just a child, who would expect me to do anything differently?

Suddenly the words of my father rang in my ears. My father had spoken to me earlier. “We are going to go through some hard times, Jay. And I want you to know: I can't hold your hand every day,” he said. He gave me a Bible verse on a thin slip of paper. I Corinthians 13:11, “When I was a child, I talked like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me.” With these words resonating in my ears, I decided to make a choice. I could take this opportunity to seize the moment and show my father that I could be mature, that he was not alone. I decided to show him that he does not have just another child standing beside him, but a friend and a companion standing beside him. Meekly I walked to my dad, and spoke through a clenched, unsure jaw. “We are still a family, dad.”

Those few words changed my life. The way I had lived my life changed drastically, as I went from being tucked in at night to helping with the dishes every night. Throughout the following years, our family held strong, constantly supporting each other in every way possible.

I look around me, and I see seniors in high school who have never operated a washing machine, never scrubbed dishes, and never cleaned a bathroom. Every day I thank God that I was able to develop so much at such an early age. I have confidence that I can be a tool in His plan, as a teenager, in a world where teenagers are subjected to low expectations. In this world there are children, and there are men. I am glad I can consider myself the latter.

Fallon Mills

10th Grade, Flowery Branch High School

Law of Life: “An unwatched pot boils immediately.”

I lost my dad a while ago. No, he hasn't passed away, and my parents are not divorced. Currently he's at work, and will come home shortly. But I did lose him, our relationship crumbled into pieces. This is why the quote, “An unwatched pot boils immediately,” is very important to me.

When I was younger, we were so close. I always made sure I talked to him and that he was part of my life. He was always there, behind me 200 percent of the time. As time weaved in and out of life, our connection quickly evaporated. Just like that, I lost him.

He became a person I occasionally talked to in the morning and at night, while we ate dinner together. Between our frequent bites of food, we exchanged sporadic words, normally consisting of how our day went or how was school. He quickly evolved into a stranger. I wasn't watching the pot.

I knew this transformation was happening, but it didn't really register in my mind. It became a normal occurrence to me, like nothing really changed at all. But I did feel something was wrong. It didn't fully hit me until one day before school. I had said something to him the night before that made him mad. The next morning he wouldn't even talk to me. This wasn't like him because he usually got over things. He was so mad; I could feel the fire in his eyes and see the pot bubbling. I did not know I was about to endure one of the most memorable experiences of my life.

He started the conversation by yelling at me – not bizarre, but a little unusual. The key point I got out of it included statements about how I never appreciated him and was such an ungrateful child. I nodded my head at these somewhat truthful accusations, occasionally glancing at the clock since I had to go to school. He kept on talking, going off on a tangent about how I never hug him like I used to and how I didn't hang out with him anymore. I started listening really hard at this point, sensing an ending and/or question. I could sense the pot was boiling. Then my father did the unthinkable: he asked me for a hug. I was hesitant to give my father one because we rarely did so. It was so awkward for us because I wasn't watching the pot.

My insecurity in giving my own father a hug morphed into stubbornness and as he put his arms around me, I didn't bother to do the same. My father then broke down; he started crying profusely and it hurt me. It hurt me so badly that I wrapped both my arms around him so hard and cried myself. We cried together, holding each other. It felt so good, so right.

I cried for my father, for the pain he experienced. I cried for myself, for putting him through such pain. Most of all, I cried for not watching the pot, for not preventing our fractured relationship from happening. I will never forget that day as long as I live. That day has helped me to put the pieces back together and to make our bond stronger. Today, I watch the pot. Everyday I make sure it's not bubbling or boiling, but I make sure it's still. Yes, I did lose my father, but I found him now and he is always with me.

2009 – 2010

Georgia *LAWS OF LIFE*

School Winners

Alpharetta High School

Jonathan Lim

Archer High School

Chase Baran

Bainbridge High School

Lauren Bowles

Berkmar High School

Allyson Pel

Bremen High School

Sarah Landman

Brookwood High School

Anna Marie Rose

Brunswick High School

Anna Finney

Campbell High School

Jessica Lisa Pitts

Cass High School

Shelby Smith

Centennial High School

Anna Squires

Central High School (Carrollton)

Kendall Costley

Central Gwinnett High School

Manal Tabba

Chamblee Charter High School

Amanda Bennett

Cherokee High School

Katie Weisel

Columbus High School

Kathryn Youngblood

Dawson County High School

Amanda Tong

Eagle's Landing High School

Rachel St. Clair

East Paulding High School

Grace Leach

Flowery Branch High School

Fallon Mills

Forsyth Central High School

Georgia Stansell

Grady High School

Jacob Friesen

G. W. Carver High School

Symone Jones

Grayson High School

Jessica Butler

Griffin High School

Dakota Thaxton

Hardaway High School

Chastney Neal

Heritage High School

Leah Howard

Lambert High School

Amy Seidel

Marietta High School

Jandi Perez

McEachern High School

Kelcey Walker

McIntosh High School

Kathleen Newman

Norcross High School

Priscilla Millette

North Forsyth High School

Lindsey Grimes

North Gwinnett High School

Meagan O'Neal

Northside High School (Columbus)

Sierra Jacobs

Northview High School

Tiffany Ho

Osborne High School

Oscar Martinez

Peachtree Ridge High School

Brittany Lovett

Rome High School

Derrickus Griffin

Roswell High School

Jay Danner

Shaw High School

Greg Bowers

Shiloh High School

Joshua Hammond

South Forsyth High School

Christie Wintersgill

Starrs Mill High School

Kelsey Davis

Thomson High School

Chelsea Kinlow

White County Ninth Grade Academy

Mckenzie Alexander

BE A FRIEND ...

HONOR A FRIEND

Do you know someone who exemplifies the *Laws of Life*? Someone who demonstrates courage, kindness, perseverance or integrity? Someone whose generosity, diligence, forgiveness, or compassion has made a difference in your life?

You can honor that special person in a tangible way by making him or her a Friend of the Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest. Simply complete the form below and mail it along with your financial contribution. The Contest will send a card to the person honored, letting him or her know that you have generously made a contribution in their name.

You may also choose to become a Friend yourself, by making a contribution in your own name. All donors and honorees will be listed in the 2010-2011 Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Brochure.

The Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest 2010-2011 “FRIEND FORM”

Your Name : _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: (optional) _____

Person being honored (optional): _____

Address for honoree gift acknowledgment stating that the honoree has been named a Friend of the 2010-2011 Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest. The card can be mailed directly to the honoree, or can be mailed to the donor for hand-delivery:

Please check one:

Enclosed is my contribution of \$20 \$30 \$50 \$75 \$100 \$200 \$_____ (other)

*Individual donors must sign up before March 1, 2011, to have their names included in the annual *Laws of Life* essay publication printed in April, 2011.

Payment: Please write check to “The Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program (GRDCEP);” earmarked “Georgia *Laws of Life*,” and mail with a completed copy of this form to: Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest, 840 Woodley Drive, Atlanta, GA 30318.

GRDCEP is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization.
Donations to the *Laws of Life* Essay Contest are tax-deductible.

Questions? Call the Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest (404-367-9453) or email georgialawsoflife@gmail.com

For information about sponsorship opportunities for corporations, businesses, Rotary Clubs, individuals or organizations at the \$250 level and up, please contact the Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program (GRDCEP) at 404-367-9453, or email georgialawsoflife@gmail.com.

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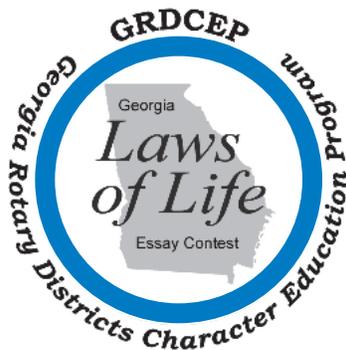
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The Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest looks forward to the 2010-2011 contest year when it will become a Georgia Rotary Districts Character Education Program (GRDCEP) project.



The Georgia Laws of Life Contest thanks Robert Davis (www.designingthe.com) and Cooper Staffing & Consulting for the GRDCEP logo design.

Georgia LAWS OF LIFE

Essay Contest

The mission of the Georgia *Laws of Life* Essay Contest is to challenge students to examine and reflect upon core values such as generosity, courage, compassion and perseverance, and to honor those students who have taken a public stand for their values.

www.georgialawsoflife.org

georgialawsoflife@gmail.com