

Pauline Nuth

to answer...well, at least not "completely" answer, because the hard part, of course, is the "why" that comes attached.

The last time I was asked this question, I really questioned myself for the truth.

And it may sound like a cliché, but I really do look up to my parents.

Don't worry, I'm not one of those kids on TV that opens up and tells their parents everything. In fact, I barely talk to my parents. I think the only time we talk is when I ask for a ride to go to community service. My family doesn't even eat dinner together.

You wonder: why do I look up to them? I define the term "look up" as a sense of "respect" and "admiration." Even though I'm not very close with my parents, I still respect them. Even though aren't "cool," don't speak English, and are barely home...I still respect them. Even though they say I can't go to the movies, or I can't go to the mall, or I can't go to the dance...I'll definitely get mad and make a fit, but I'll still respect them. Why? Well, something you don't see about my parents is the "history" behind them. Knowing this story, I can't help but commend my parents for their hope, courage, determination, sacrifices, and experience.

Unfortunately, the story is too emotional too be told, but my point is that everyone has a story that explains who they are and why they do the things they do. We should respect and listen to each other more. Everyday that goes by, we live in a society where we only think about ourselves and complain about everything else. Don't only think of yourselves. Think of others, too. We all take for granted the things we 'do, the things we 'have, the things we 'love.'

So the next time you're asked, "Who do you 'look up' to?" Take some extra minutes to think about WHY.

When you're asked "who do you look up to", how do you answer? Take a minute to think about it.

I've stumbled upon this question a few times and each time it comes up I'm still never really prepared

Interact District 5170 Newsletter

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For more contact information, please visit www.Interact5170.com.

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Edition I, Issue IV

Upcoming Events:

- District: Cruise - March 11
- Spring Banquet - April 26
- Area 2: International Night - March 18
- Area 4: The Amazing Race - February 24
- Area 6: Charity Dinner - March 17
- International Night - April 3
- Inspirational Night - May 2
- Area 9: Valentines Dance - February 17



Janet Chau
Governor

Welcome to the first ever Bay Area Rotary District Retreat! There are about 200 leaders gathered here today to help each leader become a better leader. Interactors, I challenge you to take advantage of this opportunity at this retreat.

Take advantage of all the people you meet. Take advantage and steal everyone's ideas and goals and their sense of motivation and enthusiasm. Take what you learn back to your clubs and end this year on an enthusiastic note!

District 5170, no doubt, has the most Interact members, and of course, the best district around. However, this year, District 5160 and District 5150 have joined to help one other stay motivated and active throughout the school year and for the upcoming years. In addition, Rotaractors from all three Districts are here to share with us different perspectives of service and help us plan a local hands on project. Please welcome all of them!

It's the second semester. Spring is around the corner and summer will be here. Don't be tempted to abandon your goals for service. School will continue to be a challenge, but don't let school or even the fun late nights hanging out with friends, stop you from accomplishing your goals. Make sure to follow through with your commitments and finish strong. We, as a District, need to make sure we fundraise \$45,000+ for Action Against Hunger and we don't have much time.

On Sunday, March 11, will I see you and your club on the Commodore Events Celebrations Cruise? It is the perfect yacht with a large dance floor on the first deck and open air space on the third level. They will have a Commodore DJ, assorted desserts and unlimited soft drinks and juices for the night. Make sure to raise \$100 per person and send in the money ASAP!

As for now, go meet someone. Exchange ideas and plans, and have fun! Have heart and have the desire to finish this Interact year strong! We want to "lead the way" and show the world and the community what team Interact is all about.



Rhian Morgan

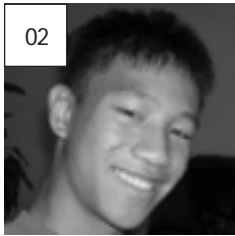
01

Once upon a time, there was a girl from a small island town in the San Francisco bay area. Now this girl did not understand the rules of rugby, did not follow any specific rugby team, and certainly did not play rugby herself, but year after year, her father dragged her on a seven hour trip to Southern California to watch an international "Rugby 7's" tournament, a more intense style of play in which each side has half as many players as usual.

While this girl did not enjoy roasting in the sun for an entire day or spending many hours surrounded by old men who should not be served any intoxicating substance, never mind such liquids by the gallon, she felt an obligation to spend time with her family on this annual trip.

This year in particular was especially challenging for her- this would be the last time she would go on such a trip with her family before leaving for university the next year, but it was also the same weekend as the leadership retreat for this wonderful organization named Interact that she loved so dearly. But the decision was made when her father bought a plane ticket for her to San Diego without telling her in advance, then made her feel guilty about backing out on her "final" family vacation as a high-schooler.

In the end, she went the rugby tournament and had a lovely time, and the club that she had been forced to leave behind ruled the land of community service clubs for all time, with the ever-powerful Area 1 emerging as its leader.



Elliot Hung

02

Once upon a time, there was a guy named Ryan. Ryan was an unso-cialable guy, but somehow, his friends convinced him to go to the upcoming homecoming dance. And so during the dance, Ryan was hanging out with his usual group attempting to muster out some form of a dance-of course he looked like he had a metal rod rammed up his backside.

But just then, a miracle happened. A really hot girl, looking as if she descended from heaven, came down to Ryan and asked him to dance with her on the next slow song.

However, half in fright, one fourth in lack of courage, and one fourth "spur-of-the-moment", Ryan decided to reject her offer. This was the worst decision he had ever made.

The next day at school, Ryan was tormented continuously by his friends as well as his conscious. Ryan lived out the rest of his high school years as a depressed emotional little boy.

And the moral of the story is: don't pass up good opportunities...



Terri Wang

03

Hey Interactors! I can't believe the year's almost halfway done. Hope all the events are going well and you're all having a blast! Well, the Sierras are looking great this time of year. Unfortunately, my ACL injury forbids me to tear up the snow. Haha - TEAR up the snow...okay, nevermind.

My new year's resolution this year was to treat the people around me with more respect and kindness. Hopefully, my friends and family can attest that I am fulfilling that promise. Oh, I also wanted to go to the gym more often. So yeahhh...that's not going too well. Anyways, that's basically my new blurb update. Keep raising a lot of money for Action Against Hunger! You know you want to go on that cruise.



Victoria Dzuong
Special Events

Let's go back.... Back when I was in pre kindergarten and still lived in the "Big Easy" a.k.a. Louisiana, back when there was still a thing called "show-and-tell." Well, I guess I got bored of all the Barbies that the girls use to bring, so I decided to bring something that actually interested me, I just didn't know what. One morning, before school, I found a frog in front of my house, and that was my "object of interest". I ended up swooping it from the floor and put it in my raincoat pocket, planning to bring it out when it was time to. During class, I showed my best friend, which was a boy, and he thought the frog was the coolest thing ever. His "WOWWWWWW" attracted a group of other little boys. They all thought it was the best thing ever. Then out of no where, this girl decided to butt in and saw my show-and-tell object. Being one of those Barbie-brining-girls, she screamed and ended up telling on me. My teacher ended up confiscating my show-and-tell object, and the whole class took a mini fieldtrip to the pond to let it go. There went my frog/Cooooool show-and-tell object. Its name was Bob. Lesson learned: girls who play with Barbies suck, and they can not keep a secret.



Betty Su
Youthact

When I was still young and naive, I met a boy that never wanted to talk. I, being very competitive, wanted nothing more than to make this little boy talk to me. If I was able to make him talk, it would be like winning a staring contest for me. So day in and day out, I would try to make conversation through little hellos, thank yous, etc. However, he always just responded with a one word answer or a shrug of the shoulder. Finally out of frustration one day, I pushed him really hard and said, "Why don't you ever talk?" "You're not better than anybody!" He just picked himself up and walked away.

However, the next day, he walked up to me and said a simple hello. I was so shocked! I'm still surprised that i was able to mutter out a "hello" that day. From then on, he would always greet me and I would gladly return his greeting. I did not try to make him talk anymore. It wasn't giving up, it was reaching to a point of understanding. I understood that he just didn't want to talk. I cannot force him to change for the sake of my sanity. I did not make a 360 degrees turn, or did I make a life changing impact. But it proved one thing: perseverance pays. Even it is not the perfect way you imagined, it still pays.



Hoi Sing Mok
Variety

A big part of volunteering is actually finding the motivation to go out and do commit yourself to a few hours of service, which is something that takes a lot of dedication. When I first started to volunteer, I considered it way too much effort to get out of bed early on Saturday morning just to do some work. It wasn't until I went to a restoration event for an elderly couple late in the year that I picked up more motivation for volunteering. While I just went into the event thinking it would be just doing manual labor or whatnot, the part of the event that made me think the most was the reaction of the site owners. The little time I had spent painting walls, cleaning rooms, and replanting their gardens was something that the couple just was not capable of, and it made them smile. These tasks that I initially considered boring and mundane were important to them, and that hour that I put in would brighten their lives. Being enthusiastic about volunteering isn't easy, but knowing just how much your effort means to the people you help makes it a much simpler task.



Alan Guttirez

09 I woke up on a humid February morning, complaining about the horrible heat and my hunger which wasn't too intense. I was in Panama, with interact in fact, but more precisely I was in Panama, with interact and staying in a Rotarian's house with none other than Kathryn Fong of district council. That's a big run-on but hey you guys are on a retreat and i sure hope school is the last thing on your mind. Anyways, back to the story, we were in Panama to pass out wheelchairs that we obtained from the money fundraised for the wheelchair foundation. It was seriously crazy, it was my first time out of California and I was in a country stricken with poverty. I found myself whining about how hot it was and how I didn't really like the food, but something changed really quickly. When we gave out the first wheelchair I saw what conditions the Panamanians had to live in and they weren't even complaining about what little food they had or how hot they were. That really shocked me because here I was with more food, an air conditioned room and clothes and I was still unsatisfied. As insignificant as this may seem it truly changed me forever. I have worked hard to stop being so greedy and if I ever find myself complaining about what I don't have, I honestly reflect back on my time in panama. I really hope that one day each of you have the opportunity to witness first hand how fortunate you are. I know how ridiculously cliché this may sound but I can tell you it is true, well for me at least and I'm the one telling the story. The moral of this story is one you have heard many times before, but I hope that instead of hearing about how fortunate you are over and over, you may one day witness it for yourself.



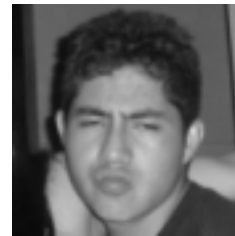
Bianca Franklin

10 On a cold, windy day a few months back in downtown Santa Cruz, I went to a busy Thai restaurant in Santa Cruz to pick up some dinner for my family. It is a quirky little place called Pacific Thai, which has a delectable menu including an assortment of my favorite Bubble Teas. I ordered the restaurant's famous Thai wraps, some noodle-something-or-other, and of course, the green tea Bubble Tea with extra Pearls. After I paid, I hurried back into the frigid air and headed back to my car. On my way, I passed a man sitting cross-legged on the ground. This was not uncommon, as there are many beggars in downtown Santa Cruz, but as I approached him, he mumbled something like, "Got any leftovers ma'am?" I replied like I always do, "No, sorry," because I did not have any leftover money. I continued walking toward my car, which was parked a few blocks down the street. As I was driving home in my car, I could not stop thinking about the man on the street corner. It was not long after I had replayed the scenario in my head that I realized what the man truly meant when he asked me, "Got any leftovers ma'am?" I had become so accustomed to beggars asking me for money or trying to sell me drugs or toys made out of plastic straws that I did not fully listen to this man. He wasn't asking for money; he was asking for leftover food. As I look back on this interaction between the man and me, I realize how often we expect people to do certain things or to act a certain way. When they don't, we trick ourselves into believing that they acted the way that we had expected them to act. I had expected that man to ask me for money. When he asked me for leftovers, I automatically assumed that he was asking me for money. What I learned from this was: Give people your time and charity. It doesn't have to be money. Expect the unexpected. I wish I had.



Brandon Li
International

The service District 5170 is putting into the Action Against Hunger International Project is inspirational. It amazes me to hear and see Interactors go out and take pro-active steps to end hunger in the Congo. Interactors are making solar cookers to help make it more possible and convenient for people in the Congo to cook food and pasteurize water. We are throwing talent shows and international nights and doing penny drives in order to fundraise and surpass our \$45,000 goal. The way Interactors have taken charge and have focused on ther International Project has given me the inspiration to work harder and faster.



Eric Mendez
New Clubs South

A train engineer went to work one day and decided to take his son along with him. He let his son play around while he carried on with his daily tasks. The man suddenly heard a train coming and went over to his station in order to pull the lever to align the tracks for the train to continue on, something he did every day. As he was about to switch the lever, the man realized in horror that his son was playing on those same set of tracks. Since his son was too far to call or reach on time, the man was pressed to make the decision of either letting the train full of passengers derail or pulling the lever to align the tracks and see his son be killed. He had to choose between saving hundreds of strangers or saving his only son. The man pulled the lever.

Most people are lucky enough to never find themselves in the same position as this man. Why then is it hard for us to help those in need when there is no sacrifice to doing so? The lives of those we care for may not be on the line, but millions around the world are on the border between life and death. I congratulate all Interactors for contributing to the welfare of others, not because they are forced to do so, but because of pure selfless initiative. To all of you attending the retreat, let's keep the ball rolling and finish the year strong with "Service above Self" on our mind.



Kathryn Fong
New Clubs North

One day last year, as I reached for the toilet tissue, I realized that I had haphazardly placed the roll backwards, a chore that I would usually perform meticulously in order to prevent delays and other ramifications of a harder-to-reach essential. A perfectionist my whole life, my first instinct was to change it back to its rightful position, but I just laughed and left it be. I had experienced a rare moment of clarity. Little adversities exist for a purpose—to wake us from the daze created by our busy routines. When something catches your eye or presents an unexpected obstacle, embrace the anomaly; it's refreshing.

My philosophy may have begun with a fluke, but now I make conscious decisions like eating with my left hand or taking the long route home from school, all for the sake of gaining new perspective. Each day can be unique if you think about what you are doing, where you are going, and how you are getting there. Being accepting of life's fluctuation, even trivial surprises, can open wide windows of opportunity. Once you catch a glimpse of life from a new angle, leap ardently through that window and discover what lies on the other side. Instead of loitering in the salt water the next time you snorkel, letting vivid life dart past you, follow that exceptionally alluring neon fish. Instead of simply fundraising for an altruistic cause, seek an opportunity to take a plane and deliver the gift in person.

Make life a journey and make Interact part of that journey. 5



Minh Nguyen
Historian

Welcome to the most magical place in the world! My name is Minh Nguyen and you will be spending the next day and half with me, the queen of all farting aliens. So you might ask, where did I come from? Well...boys and girls, I have a great story to tell you.

My first few days were set on Ur-anus. The blue planet. I'm not sure why Ur-anus is blue other than it smells pretty good because many of the aliens fart and the smell is amazing, which is exactly why Ur-anus is completely made up of gas. The gas is constantly swirling around on our planet and it's truly amazing, reminding me of the Alaskan Northern Light Sky above the U.S. After a couple of years, I was ready to choose a mate. I searched and searched, and because I am the queen of the farting aliens, I could choose anyone and whether they were married or not, I could have them. However, none of the males were good enough for me. Their farts weren't strong enough for me and didn't woe me enough.

So, one day I was watching some TV and I saw a commercial about the United States, Earth. Men were so HOT. They had some big enough butts to fulfill my needs, especially that one guy on the District 5170 Council with long black hair and Asian. He was sooooo cute! I think his name was Justin or something, but MAN, HE WAS FINE!

Anyways, I couldn't wait any longer, and I packed my bags and told my planet I needed someone who could make me happy and love me for who I was. I promised that I would return with my true love as soon as I can. So I left the next day and here I am now at Marine Headlands searching for my love.

Please help me find him. Please...



Jason Owyang
Publicist

We all know by now that middle school does not do justice to what we suffer through in high school.

I feared finals, pimples and mean teachers. The fact that I was pretty awkward didn't help either. Yep, I had the whole geek package; glasses, braces and the pulled up socks.

It was about September when clubs started recruiting the impressionable freshmen. And what club did I join? No, it was Key Club. The meetings were like a herd of cows; everyone was packed inside this stuffy room. The officers treated me just like any other member and this community service club felt like that history class where you could care less who King Louis XVI was. It wasn't until the second semester that I actually joined Interact.

I don't think I can describe it, but it just felt right. The people were friendly, the officers didn't act like they were above everyone else; it really was a family.

I know that every Interact may be different but I truly believe that every club is a family and Interact just helps bring out the togetherness. Now that I had both perspectives of the two major clubs at Piedmont, I applied to be an officer so I could help change what I saw wrong in Key Club and improve what Interact already had.

From board member, Youthact Coordinator and Vice President, I felt the awkwardness melt away. Being a member made me feel like I had friends, being an officer made me feel like I had a second family. Suddenly everyone knew my name and I was no longer that geek. The braces and glasses were off but it was Interact that changed my life...except I still like to wear my socks pulled up.



Yuanyu Chen
Webmaster

So Michael's cracking down on me (and the rest of DC) to do this....so I'm sitting here, typing this, and I really don't have a motivational story. I guess I'll just talk about myself and hope that my sad, pathetic life will "motivate" you to do better than I'm doing.

I just spent the last 3 weeks (one of them in which I had to take finals for my classes) at school, from basically 8 am to 10 pm (on average). Amazingly pathetic, isn't it? Why, you didn't ask? Robotics, of course! Hopefully my first newsletter blurb stuck into your mind - this just confirms my freakishness. Anyways, we haven't accomplished as much as we set out to do by this time, so we've been getting a lot of - ehem- from our adult mentors. This is obviously a lot of joy to put up with, especially when they remind you how much time and money you're wasting.

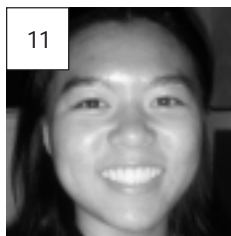
My point? Stick to the deadlines you've set for yourself, your clubs, and basically everything. This will invariably make your life easier. Of course, we all just have to be high schoolers and procrastinate. The pessimistic thing for me to say right now is that you'll most likely end up procrastinating in college and have a couple all-nighters while drinking boatloads of caffeine. However, I expect better out of Interactors, so please don't let me down.



Alexandra Daily

So I know it's a little late for new year's resolutions, but as a procrastinator I'm just starting to stick to mine now. First resolution, don't be a procrastinator. Second, be more decisive, third be less stressed out as a result of procrastination. My first step in taking action on these resolutions was going to the book store because book stores, besides being my favorite place to be, have many books to help keep resolutions. I grabbed some stress books such as 'The Care and feeding of your Chi', the procrastinator's planner for 2007, and of course the typical trashy teen novel for my own amusement. So far, my goals have progressed thus far, I'm still a procrastinator, I've read one fabulously mindless teen novel, and I know a great deal about how to reenergize ones chi.

Moral to the story: do what needs to get done now, or else you'll end up like me, disappointing people left and right and needing to buy a book on chi to curb the stress you cause yourself. So get out there and get it done, preferably today, most likely by tomorrow and definitely three days after its due.



Danielle Wang

A frog was hopping around a farmyard, when it decided to investigate the barn. Being somewhat careless, and maybe a little too curious, he ended up falling into a pail half-filled with fresh milk. As he swam about attempting to reach the top of the pail, he found that the sides of the pail were too high and steep to reach. He tried to stretch his back legs to push off the bottom of the pail but found it too deep. But this frog was determined not to give up, and he continued to struggle. He kicked and squirmed and kicked and squirmed, until at last, all his churning about in the milk had turned the milk into a big hunk of butter. The butter was now solid enough for him to climb onto and get out of the pail!

The year is not over; you've still got time to fundraise and lead your Interact Club to a strong finish. So, don't give up, even if the frog fable is a little random!