



From the Desk of Maribel Z. Diaz

I was sitting down to write my Thanksgiving message when I received an email from an eighth grader with something she wrote to be read at the Thanksgiving assembly. As I read her words, I realized she had written what I wish for every single one of our kids. Her words, her actions, the person she has become in her 9 years at Conchita speak louder and stronger than any of my words. She represents Conchita's legacy, a job well done, a Conchita graduate ready to fly and leave her mark on the world. She has already left a mark on her classmates and in our hearts.

Today I am thankful for many things. Today, and every day, I give thanks for things I cannot even begin to name or count. Today, I take the time to be grateful for those little things I take for granted because I know someone else is praying for them. Today, I am grateful for my school. Today, I am thankful for the true, steadfast work, dedication and, of course, unconditional love I receive here. I am thankful for the demands, the late nights, the early mornings, and the hard work I have been put through here. I complain about these things, but I understand why I need to do them. I do these things because I love my school. I truly, honestly do. I am grateful for the 32,400 seconds I spend at school every day. I am thankful because I would not wish it any other way.

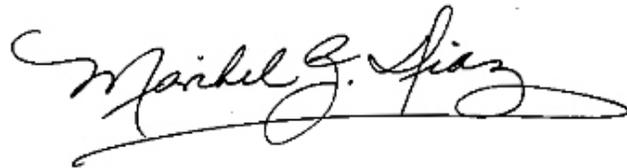
I am grateful for those absolutely insane people who have put up with my loud, crazy ways whom I call friends. They fall down laughing when I do something silly. They brave the Amazon jungle that my hair is to weave it into a French braid. And most importantly, they stand by me 24/7.

I am thankful for my teachers who push me to the limit, only to teach me that there are no limits. They have taught me to write, to play guitar, to not be afraid, and most importantly, to fall and get back up. I am thankful for the wind beneath my wings who taught that the only way to get through life is to shine and fly high like an eagle.

I am thankful for the pitch black nights that turned into beautiful mornings. I am thankful for the friends and teachers who turned into family. I am thankful for the dreams that turned into realities. And most importantly, I am thankful for the school that turned into home.

*Elisa Rodríguez,
Class of 2015*

May you have a joyful Thanksgiving sharing love and blessings with your families and friends. All of you, my CEA family are definitely in my heart and prayers.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Maribel G. Diaz". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.