

Name Lanyah Dawavendewa Teacher Mrs. Komarek School South

	5 - Completely	4 - Pretty much	3 - So, so	2 - Kinda	0 - Not at all
The essay is enjoyable to read and is well written	X				
The essay is original and the student has done own work (sounds like a fourth grader)	X				
The student exhibits knowledge about the pioneer	X				
The student illustrates ancestor's qualities	X				
All required visual requirements are met, i.e. at least 300 words, handwritten or typed, etc.	X				

Score 25 /25 Possible

1st place

"Papa Oz"

Laryah Dawavendewa

South Elementary School

Mrs. Komarek

Tamarah Butler
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Hello, My name is Laryah Dawavendewa. The ancestor that I am writing about is my Grandpa Oliver Tsinnie. Which is my moms father. I wanted to share him because of his unique personality. My grandpa was a hard working person. My grandpa was an artist who carved kachina dolls out of one piece of cotton root. He is Hopi and Dine (Navajo).

My grandpa was a man of many talents and had many hobbies. Those were hunting, fishing, hiking, wrestling, ranching and making art. Art was his favorite out of all. He made art a career and art made him a career. My grandpa attended many art markets and shows around the country to share his work. He had private collectors across the country who bought his work. His art was one of a kind. It showed meaning and purpose. Its like he could bring things to life through art.

My grandpas nick name was OZ, so my brother and sister called him papa OZ. My papa OZ was very funny, he liked to make lots of jokes. He knew just about every detail of every little thing in life. Everything has a purpose and reason to be here on this earth is what he told us in his stories we shared over phone calls. He liked to talk about anything and everything. He was very knowledgeable, that you can see it in his art. My papa was also a state champ wrestler in his high school years. He went undefeated his senior year and took his school to state championships. He won many gold medals in sports and best of show ribbons for his art work.

My papa taught me to remember who I am and where I come from. We come from a strong culture of Navajo and Hopi. Our traditions are sacred and meaningful with purpose. He said life would be tough but I am much more tough. My papa was kind, caring and thoughtful. He would give a homeless man food and water when he could. He was never selfish and never greedy. He grew up with hard times too, so he reminded us to be thankful for everything we have.

My papa recently passed away a year ago. I will always remember everything he taught me. He inspired me to do art, wrestling and hunting. He was a great grandpa to me. His stories and teachings will forever be in my heart. My papa was a pretty famous man, someday I want to be just like him. My grandpa seems like he was a perfect man but he also taught me that nobody in this world is ever perfect. With the stories and teachings, I know I will be a strong young Navajo lady when I grow up. I hope to make him proud as he watches over me.

