

Sample Student Copy Change Passages

Chris's example

I would never have a name that used to be my grandfather's. I am not named after any of my relatives. In a Chinese family it is disrespectful to borrow a family member's name. Because of this rule, parents consult a name giver or fortune teller who will consider many factors, such as day, month, and year of birth before recommending a name

From Jessica Matthews-Burell's "Exploring Heritage: Finding Windows into Our Lives."
Voices from the Middle 10.4 (May 2003): 33–36.

Sarah's example

In Hebrew my name means princess. In school, it means that a half dozen people answer whenever someone says my name. It means common, it means ordinary. It is like going to a back alley filled with cats and calling, "Here kitty."

It was my great-grandmother's name and now it is mine, as well as about one hundred people that I know. She was a woman who had the unfortunate luck of having parents who thought, isn't Sarah a nice name?

I would've liked to know how the name began. Maybe God just reached into a sack and pulled a name out, just like that, as if it were as easy as deciding which pencil to write with.

And the name lives on. I could live my whole life and never be the only Sarah around. I may have inherited a name, but I am still my own person.

Sometimes I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name unique to me. Then, whenever someone calls for me, I'll know. Yes, I'll know who they are talking to.

From Bonnie Molnar's "The Last Nine Weeks: Helping Seniors Say Goodbye."
English Journal 88.5 (May 1999): 53-57

Margaret's example

My name is dull, like the desert moon shining on a dried up lake. In Spanish it means margarita. Am I just a drink? A good drink, maybe. I feel more like a rose. Rosanna perhaps.

I have the same name as my beloved Aunt Margaret. She died of cancer. I am still blessed with her lovely name. I think I will keep it. To death do my name and I apart.

Margaret. Margarita. Rose. Rosanna. Yes I shall keep it. Margaret sounds soft, elegant. It sounds like a little bell giving its blessing into your ear. Ringing its happy song.

My name is my hope, faith, fear, grace, and most of all, it is me. I am my name.

From Nitza Agam's "Celebrating Our Names."
Classroom Notes Plus 22.1 (August 2004): 1-3