

Scholarship Handbook

Sample Personal Essays.....	1
Upcoming Scholarship Opportunities.....	7
Scholarship Tracking Form.....	11

Sample Personal Essays



Mark Isai Garcia
Los Angeles, CA

“No more broken plates, you understand?”

I could make little sense of the broken English that spat from his mouth but his scrunched-up face spoke a universal language. It was a Friday night in Little Tokyo, and while families were eating five-star meals in the front dining room, a 14-year-old boy was in the back washing their dishes.

Wash the plates by hand, dump them into the sanitizer, place the plates into the machine, dry the plates off, return the plates to their designated spot and repeat — hopefully without damaging any. On this night though, a porcelain plate slipped through my soapy fingers and shattered onto the floor in five pieces. My face flushed even as I tried to keep my composure, but inside I was screaming, “Why me!?” as if my scream would make the plate whole again.

The shattered plate was only one of the many worries fighting relentlessly inside my head for attention — there was the Advanced Placement United States history midterm, a low grade in calculus, the eviction notice, a little brother getting into trouble and a dozen other smaller but pressing concerns.

For me, there was no calling in sick to clear my head, getting some much needed rest or carving out study time before an upcoming exam. I had to contribute to the necessities. I shut up, got back to work and pushed with all the energy I had left. I knew all too well the symptoms of bottling up my emotions — the bitter taste of salt in each drop of sweat, losing myself in the background music and the muscle aches were nothing new to me.

It was 12 a.m. when my shift finally ended. I boarded the bus home and took out my notes to study. I got the usual looks from people fresh out of bars or parties, either because of the stench of a hard night’s work on my clothes or because I was muttering to myself while feverishly flipping flashcards on a bus in the middle of the night.

Their stares didn't bother me at all. I was used to those too, and they were nothing more than another set of speed bumps in the way of achieving my goals. I was tired of seeing childhood friends flashing gang signs, relatives glued to the beer bottle or my dad coming home late at night with burn scars from work. Something had to change and I knew it fell to me to initiate that change.

Fortunately, I also knew I had dedication, desire and grit in my blood. My grandfather was part of the first wave of Mexican immigrants that settled in Los Angeles. He returned home to a small village in rural Oaxaca, with his savings and tales of the land of opportunity.

Both of my parents left Oaxaca in their early teenage years and began working long hours in Los Angeles, as a cook and a maid. The work ethic was passed down generations; from the cornfields in Oaxaca, to the restaurants in Los Angeles, to the classroom, which helped me thrive both in school and work.

On this particular night, as I walked through the front door at home, I saw an uplifting surprise: My mother had fallen asleep waiting up for me despite her own long day. I tucked the cash tips I made that night into her purse and turned off the TV.

I peered into our bedroom where my brothers and cousins were lost in their blissful dreams. Watching my siblings snore and breathe slowly sparked a yawn that cued the rest of my body's delayed exhaustion. However, it would be a while before I could join them in sleep. I had an essay due early the next morning, and Ms. DePaolo doesn't accept late work.



Andy Duehren
Needham, MA

My dad and I made the ascent together.

We climbed the Precipice Trail, the Acadia National Park path of lore whose steep cliffs and trail-side signs warning of death convinced more prudent hikers to turn around before the halfway mark. Resting, I gazed out beyond the dizzying drop below to the green Maine foothills and blue Atlantic Ocean. I appreciated the slight strain in my step, ready to move onward. My dad also stood, his hat crooked and backward, his shirt soaked through, still panting for breath.

“I think we need a water break,” I said, looking him over.

“I think so, too,” he replied.

My relationship with my dad is a complicated one. In the halcyon days of my childhood, I remember our Saturday morning “dump runs” followed by a stop at McDonald’s, where, as soon as he let me, I would order the exact same “Big n’ Tasty” meal he would. Then, he took me hiking, camping, and skiing. His patient guidance and care on the trail stood in stark contrast to my frustrated, bumbling childhood clumsiness. I would whine and cry and yell on hikes too long or hills too steep; he would stop, listen and encourage me onward. With him, I was comfortable and secure. He could do no wrong.

In time, as we both grew older, this changed. He lost his job and fell into a depression and an absent-mindedness I found hard to understand. Despite his dealing with a mental illness, I became more critical, more attentive to his flaws and shortcomings. He lost his glasses, got linguine when we asked for rigatoni at the grocery store and forgot my friends’ names.

At family dinner he sat largely silent until he interrupted with a non sequitur or unrelated question. I promised myself, with all of my naïve bravado, that I would never make myself vulnerable like he did, that I would never wallow in past regrets or failures. I would be assertive, I told myself. I would be a man.

So when I scaled that trail with so much comparative ease, I initially relished the fact that I walked ahead, I carried the pack, I checked in on him. I thought I was being a man. Sitting down,

my dad's breathing slowed, and he asked me, like he had so many times, if I had read David Brooks's column that week. I hadn't.

So he filled me in. Listening to him discuss the necessity of imperfection in the democratic process, I felt a twinge of guilt. Guilt that I had fancied myself superior. Guilt that I had ever bought into facile standards of "manhood"; that I had imagined being a proper man meant unfailing vigor on a hiking trail, never dealing with switchbacks or setbacks, never losing your footing or your way.

I looked at my dad and knew all of those notions about employment, competent hiking or getting the right type of pasta at the grocery store, were false. I looked at my dad and I saw that being a man isn't about any sort of superficial, external measure. As it was during my childhood misadventures, it's about us, the imperfect son with the imperfect father, supporting each other up the proverbial mountain.

For me, the transition to manhood was not an external one: Fortunately, there was no rite of passage or singular circumstance that forced me to become a man. Rather, sitting there against a cliff with my father, I wondered if maybe adulthood simply meant looking beyond oneself, to the other, without any pretense or pomp. Maybe my father, with his unpretentious generosity and willingness to get back up and continue the trek, is the best example of a man I have.

He finished up his thoughts about the Brooks article, his breathing still audible.

"How about we get that water," I said, reaching back into the pack.



Kaya Cerecedes-Crosby
Ashland, OR

Twist, bend, through the loop. Repeat.

It took me a month to crochet my first blanket. One month of twisting, bending, sending my hook through the loop, and repeating. It was an almost meditative pastime. I spent bus rides and evenings working on my blanket, determined to finish.

I learned to crochet so that I could feel closer to my mother. I poured my heart into every stitch. Each square of the blanket meant something different; the colors represented memories. It was a summary of my life.

Green double treble crochet stitches take me back to the smell of wet pine needles in the spring, laughter from my sisters climbing high on tree limbs, the curve of mountain roads. Green is the forest of my childhood, sheltering my first home. I taste the smoke from our old wood stove and see the oil lanterns flickering in and out. The cabin in the woods where my sister was born, water from the river that she took her first bath in.

Green fades into blue as squares meet, treetops brush the sky. I see myself, young and spinning across a playground with my classmates. I am at my one-room schoolhouse, holding hands with the two other children in my grade and lying with our backs on grass, looking up at the never-ending sky. We whisper dreams of becoming doctors, actors, artists.

I see the blue of California oceans as I leave for high school, finding my home away from home. Pine trees replaced by palm trees and sand between my toes. I recall beach cleanups and surfing trips, touching shy sea anemones in tide pools. Blue paint on signs for women's marches and the sound of people beside me who want to be heard. We demand equality.

Purple is for my mother. It's her favorite color. It reminds me of her strength and determination. I feel her calloused hands from work on the farm, work in the field, and chemical burns from cleaning jobs. I smell her earthy clothes as she studies at the kitchen table, determined to finish her homework so that she can finally graduate college after decades of trying. I see the violet sky at dawn; when the sun rises so does she. Mother up at twilight to start her day, breath released in freezing clouds as she milks the goats and feeds the chickens, never disappointing the hungry mouths that depend on her. Each day, I recall the things she has given up for my sake. Her sacrifice and desire for me to succeed encourage me to be better and work harder. Yet, I desire more. I do not want to live like her, I want better.

Red stitches are passionate outbursts. Angry shouts from Dad as he returns in the middle of the night, breath sour from drinking. Tears of happiness after receiving his first chip for a year of sobriety. Screams echoing from my biological father's mouth as he hurls threats that sting like arrows as his disease makes him chase his family away. Scarlet stitches of fear during our six months without a roof over our heads after he forced us from our home. Pain in my sister's eyes after she begged for help from friends with deaf ears. Promises that we will keep her safe, and check-in calls after I leave home.

Twist, bend, through the loop. Repeat.

Each stitch is a part of me. I rarely relive these aspects of my upbringing, but I call on them when I need to be reminded of my strength. When I completed the blanket, I cried. I was proud. I made this. This is me.

Upcoming Scholarship Opportunities

TRIO SSS Grant Aid

- **Eligible Applicants:** CCC students who have been in the TRIO SSS program for at least one term, have completed 6 hours of Financial Literacy activities, are receiving a federal Pell Grant, and are in “good standing” at CCC (GPA > 2.25).
- **Application Process:** Complete 6 hours of Financial Literacy activities (including FAFSA for (24-25) and answer short essay questions.
- **Scholarship Amount:** \$760 minimum
- **Application Due:** Typically Week 7 of Winter and Spring Quarters

Jack Kent Cooke Undergraduate Transfer Scholarship

- **Eligible Applicants:** U.S. community college sophomores or recent graduates who are planning to start full-time in a bachelor’s program in Fall 24. Applicants must demonstrate financial need and maintain a GPA of 3.5 or greater.
- **Application Process:** Submit a variety of documents via commonapp.org, including essay responses, recommendations, résumé, and financial documentation.
- **Scholarship Amount:** Up to \$55,000 per year
- **Application due:** January 11, 2024
- <https://www.jkcf.org/our-scholarships/undergraduate-transfer-scholarship/>



Renaissance Scholars Program

- **Eligible Applicants:** Current college students in Oregon or Illinois who have maintained at least a 3.0 GPA, have significant financial need, and will be the first in their family to earn a bachelors degree.
- **Application Process:** Submit a variety of documents via commonapp.org, including essay responses, recommendations, résumé, and financial documentation.
- **Scholarship Amount:** \$4,000 per year for up to four years
- **Application due:** March 1, 2024.
- <https://www.trfwebsite.org/applicant-resources>



Office of Student Access and Completion (OSAC)

- **Eligible Applicants:** Current and prospective college students who are Oregon residents
- **Application Process:** “One Easy Application for \$10 Million in Scholarships.” After filling out online form, OSAC will recommend multiple scholarships that you qualify for, which may require you to upload documents, like essay responses.
- **Scholarship Amount:** Variable
- **Application due:** March 1, 2024 (Early Bird Deadline: February 15)
- <https://oregonstudentaid.gov/scholarships/>



Washboard

- **Eligible Applicants:** Current and prospective college students who are Washington residents
- **Application Process:** After filling out online form, Washboard will recommend multiple scholarships that you qualify for, which may require you to upload documents, like essay responses.
- **Scholarship Amount:** Variable
- **Application due:** Variable deadlines
- <https://washboard.wsac.wa.gov/login.aspx>



Ford Family Foundation Scholarships

- **Eligible Applicants:** Oregon or Siskiyou County, CA residents currently attending or planning to enroll at an in-state community college or university.
- **Application Process:** Online application form and short essay responses.
- **Scholarship Amount:** Up to 90% of unmet college costs, up to \$40,000 per year
- **Application due:** March 1, 2024
- <https://www.tfff.org/program-areas/postsecondary-success/scholarship-programs>



Clatsop Community College Foundation Scholarships

- **Eligible Applicants:** Must be a current or prospective Clatsop Community College student
- **Application Process:** One centralized form (with short essay responses) will automatically submit your application to the scholarships you are eligible form.
- **Scholarship Amount:** Variable (range from \$450-\$4,500)
- **Application due:** Deadline is typically around April 15
- <https://www.clatsopcc.edu/admissions/financial-aid-scholarships/scholarship-information/>



Scholarship Search Engines

- **Fastweb** - <http://www.fastweb.com/>
- **Niche.com** - <https://www.niche.com/colleges/scholarships/>
- **Unigo** - <https://www.unigo.com/>

Additional scholarship opportunities listed on the TRIO SSS webpage

<https://www.clatsopcc.edu/wp-content/uploads/Where-do-I-look-for-scholarships1.5.22-1.pdf>



Scholarships at transfer universities are also highlighted on the TRIO SSS webpage

<https://www.clatsopcc.edu/services/support-services/trio-student-support-services-program/trio-sss-resources/>



SCHOLARSHIPS FOR SPECIFIC STUDENT POPULATIONS

Verify websites for deadlines as they may have changed for 24-25 year

Farmer Worker Household

- Sister Adele- <https://casaoforegon.org/sister-adele-scholarship/> (farmworker household)

Foster Youth

- OCF Pearl Scholarship Fund (student who has or remains in foster care) <https://oregonstudentaid.gov/finaid-foster-youth.aspx>
- Foster Care to Success, <https://www.fc2success.org/programs/scholarships-and-grants/> (varying deadlines)

LGBTQ+

- Pride Foundation, <https://www.pridefoundation.org/what-we-do/scholarships/apply/> Apply for over 50 scholarships with one application
- Point Foundation, <https://pointfoundation.org/point-apply/community-college/> (transferring to a 4-year).
- Human Rights Campaign Scholarship Database, <https://www.hrc.org/resources/scholarships> (varying deadlines)

Low Income/High Achieving

- Jack Kent Cooke, <http://www.jkcf.org/scholarship-programs/undergraduate-transfer/>
- Ford Family Foundation, <http://www.tfff.org/what-we-do/successfulcitizens/postsecondary-success/scholarship-programs> (Scholar, Restart, and Opportunity) Oregon Residents
- Jay-Z Scholarship, <https://shawncartersf.com/scholarship/>
- The Renaissance Scholars Award- Receive up to \$4000 a year for up to \$16000 <http://www.trfwebsite.org> Oregon Residents deadlines)

Students of Color

- Hispanic Metropolitan Chamber <http://hmccoregon.com/scholarship/> (Various opportunities and deadlines)
- Hispanic Scholarship Fund, https://www.hsf.net/en_US/scholarship

- Mente Summit Scholarship, Latinx Male Student, <https://www.mentesummit.com/scholarship>,
- Institute of Cultural Initiative (bilingual-English/Spanish) <https://www.oregoncf.org/scholarships>
- Buenas Opiniones, <https://buenasopiniones.com/scholarship/>
- Great Minds in STEM, <http://www.greatmindsinstem.org/scholarships/index.html>
- UNCF, <https://www.uncf.org/scholarships>
- Korean Heritage, <http://www.kasf.org/apply-wrc/>
- Asian/Pacific Islander, http://www.apiasf.org/scholarship_apiasf.html
- Dreamers- <http://www.thedream.us/scholarships/national-scholarship/>

Veterans

- Darlene Hooley Scholarship for Oregon Veterans, <https://oregoncf.org/grants-and-scholarships/scholarships/>
- Pat Tillman Scholarship, Veterans & Spouses, <https://pattillmanfoundation.org/apply-to-be-a-scholar/>
- Oregon Veteran's Benefits & Programs, <https://www.oregon.gov/odva/Benefits/Pages/Education.aspx>

Women

- Women's Independence Scholarship Program (WISP) <http://www.wispinc.org/>
- Jeannette Rankin Foundation (35+ female students and due late February) <http://www.rankinfoundation.org/>
- Patsy Takemoto Mink Foundation (Female student parent, due in the late spring/early summer) <http://www.patsyminkfoundation.org/>
- Soroptimist's Women's Opportunity Award (Female student parent) <http://www.soroptimist.org/awards/live-your-dream-awards.html>
- AAUW Astoria Scholarship <https://astoria-or.aauw.net/scholarships/>

Scholarship Search Engines

- Fastweb Search engine, <http://www.fastweb.com/>
- Niche.com Search engine, <https://www.niche.com/>
- Unigo Scholarship Match, <https://www.unigo.com/pay-for-college>

