

PHOTO PROVIDE

Anne Geser, Ryan Hudson, Cenobia Gonzales and Doreen Matecki.

## Sisters lifters shine in powerlifting

Weightlifters from Sisters' Level 5 gym turned in stellar performances in the 2016 USPA state power-lifting championships held June 18-19 on the beach in Newport.

Team Level 5 brought nine lifters to the coast and came back to Sisters with lots of hardware and state records.

The team consisted of four men, three women, and two youth lifters that all together earned 10 gold medals and one silver medal. The lone silver medal was second only to another Level 5 lifter.

The team set an impressive total of 30 new records.

"Couldn't be more proud of our team's performance!" said Team Level 5 coach and lifter Ryan Hudson.

Hudson earned a couple of first-place finishes and honors as best overall lifter, also setting a new American squat record of 517 in his class.

Brady Wessel took gold in the junior division, while setting junior state records in squat, bench, deadlift and total.

Joe Mendez set a new record of 380 pounds in the age 40-44, 198-pound weight class on his way to another Level 5 first place.

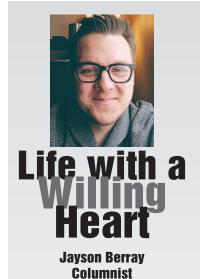
Jon Rumgay took first in the 35-39 division while Cenobia Gonzales in the 198 weight class took first place in the open division and first place in the 35-39 division with a new open state record in bench press and new 35-39 state records in squat, bench, deadlift and total.

Doreen Matecki earned first place 50-54 division with new state in squat, bench deadlift and total.

Anne Geser set new state records in squat, bench, deadlift and total on her way to a first-place finish.

Jadynn Mendez took a youth division gold with state records in squat, bench, deadlift and total, and Cam Wessel took silver in the 123-pound weight class.

For lift poundage and more details, see online story at www.nuggetnews.com.



## Learning and growing with my kids

The interesting and complex thing about children is that they are continually growing and adapting, almost as though they are intelligent and self-aware robots placed here by extraterrestrial lifeforms.

As a parent of these beings, I have found that I must grow and adapt along with them or else the task of parenthood will crush me. The tricky part is that growing and adapting involves challenging the things I think I know about the world and what it means to be a human.

I was raised to be a certain way — mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. The man that I have become is comprised of an intricate system of beliefs that dictate how I think of and react to the world around me. But as I have gotten older I have realized that some of these beliefs which form my supposed identity are misplaced.

So where does that leave me? What happens

when my own journey of self-discovery and maturation overlaps that of the precious lives I find in my charge? Is it possible to reformat my identity and the things I have learned while at the same time continuing to lay a strict foundation for the people I wish for my children to become?

I guess what I'm getting at is this: I don't believe that I will ever arrive at a place of completion regarding my journey of learning, and as much as I wish that were the case, I have come to find that there is value in growth never ceasing.

So how do I reconcile a never-ending journey to gain wisdom and knowledge with the formative years of the young ones? Aren't I expected to provide for them a concrete picture of what existence should look like? It's a daunting task, and one which wigs me out more often than I would like to admit.

Yet, even though I still have my own mental and emotional struggles, that I have to look at the fact that I turned out relatively OK and that my parents did the best they could with what they had. All I can hope for is that I do the same for my children — messes and all.

I think that what we are all afraid of is making mistakes. It can be a paralyzing and crippling fear, but what is life if not a grand series of mistakes that all culminate in a messy yet beautiful existence?

The other day I was sitting in a McDonald's in Bend with my three children and my son, the oldest of the three, suddenly asked me what God looks

like. I found beauty in this question because of both its simplicity and its complexity. Even though his question was posed from the standpoint of his own journey as a human of five years it caused me to really look at and reevaluate my own view and idea of God. To have another human being hang on your every word when you try to blunder your way through an answer to such a question is really intimidating. But as I stumbled through my answer I suddenly realized that it was OK if I botched it because the true answer came down to transparency and authenticity on my

Even if my answer confused him, it would be OK because he and I are on a journey together and as long as I remain true to the things I have learned along the way and the role to which I have been called in his life, he will end up seeing that the answer at the end of the journey isn't what really matters, but rather it is the journey itself which is important.

May we all live that journey authentically.





