



5 PRINCIPLES FOR A SUCCESSFUL LIFE

BY NEWT GINGRICH & JACKIE GINGRICH CUSHMAN

For Fathers Day, we invited readers to submit their own stories about each of the five principles in the book. Jackie chose one story for each principle to give to Newt for Fathers Day. These are the Fathers Day Contest winners!

1 DREAM BIG

Friends and family laughed, but my 12-year-old daughter dreamed big. Now she reaches girls around the world through www.Girlzlikeme.com, which is an online magazine created by twelve-year-old Taylor Ramirez.

Girlzlikeme is a site on which girls from around the world are made to feel special. Girls ages 6 -16 are featured throughout the magazine with no need for agents or professional modeling experience. Girls say, "Finally, a magazine with our pictures inside!" This Nonprofit Organization's Mission Statement: to build girls' self-esteem and to encourage them to work hard, to stay in school, and to follow their dreams because they are special. After one year, Taylor's magazine is read in 67 countries and in all 50 U.S. states. Taylor knows that it takes hard work, and that drives her to do whatever it takes to make Girlzlikeme a

household name. It has never been about money; it's always been about following the dream!

Tony Ramirez

2 WORK HARD

My father died in 1965 when I was nine years old, but I can remember his teachings from very early on. "Nothing pays off like hard work and perseverance." He worked hard at a local aerospace company in Southern California in the 50's and 60's and provided for my mother and me fairly well. We lived in a new but modest home in the San Fernando Valley, and he made it possible for me to have most of what young little girls want growing up.

My father also instilled a sense of responsibility in me at a very young age. I can remember a particular incident like it was yesterday. I was about three years old and had wandered across the street to play. My new game that day

was to write some little nonsense in chalk on the sidewalk in front of the neighbor's house. The neighbor telephoned my mother and told her what I had done. My father was informed of the incident, and using few or no words, he got out a bucket, filled it with soapy water, handed the bucket and a bristle brush to me, and pointed in the direction of the sidewalk across the street. I was old enough to know what was expected of me. There I was, a three-year-old on my hands and knees scrubbing down the mess I had made and sobbing between scrubs.

Today the Department of Child Services – or some similar organization – would be called and the parents would be reported for child abuse. This is how far we as a nation have gone from doing the right thing to doing what is fashionable.

Responsibility for our actions also includes fiscal responsibility. My father never bought on credit. To illustrate

how he instilled this in me, I'll tell the story of the day we bought a brand new 1962 Buick. I was six years old when my father, my mother, and I drove to the dealership. I think he already had the particular car picked out. The salesman was in the middle of giving some type of speech about how we would have to wait several days for a credit check or for a check to clear from our bank, etc. My father stopped him cold by handing him \$4,000 in cash. We drove home that day with the new car.

I have kept these principles of responsibility most of my adult life. During this housing crisis in California, I am happy to say that mine and my husband's home-based business is thriving thanks to the good Lord and our good work ethic. I'm thankful that we were not foolish enough to buy a larger house than we could afford, that we stayed within our means. I still have considerable equity in my home and owe nothing else. I have neither car loans nor credit cards debt.

In closing, I want to add my deep and profound respect for you and what you stand for. If we don't stand for something, then we will fall for anything. I offer my sincerest thanks for being the voice of reason in America.

Janis Garcia

PS: My father cried when Nixon lost to Kennedy. He too was a staunch Republican.

3 LEARN EVERY DAY

My father came to the U.S. as a German immigrant at the age of 12. I would like to commend him for his love of learning. He did not speak a word of English when he arrived. His dad worked in a Philadelphia lace mill to support his young family. My father enrolled in school and had to learn English quickly. He worked for pennies doing small jobs for his neighbors, and whenever he had saved enough money, he went to the movies to learn English. His goal was to speak English without an accent, and he accomplished his goal with astonishing speed.

He also learned as much American History as possible. He taught it to us as we began grade school and inspired us to love our country.

As a sergeant in the U.S. Army in WWII, he was sent to the Pacific theatre. Through working as a cook in the Army, he came to love anything culinary. He later became an executive chef and supported his family well.

He never stopped reading, and even though he only

finished high school, he was one of the most learned men I have ever known. I miss him daily and will love him forever. My dad was a true patriot who loved his country with a passion.

Maribeth Wallace

4 ENJOY LIFE

I will keep this brief. My mother was raised in an orphanage and later became a secretary. My dad emigrated from Croatia by himself when he was only 13 years old. He served in the US Army before becoming a naturalized citizen. He became a barber and seemed to love his work.

My parents taught me many things about enjoying life. My dad always said that this was the greatest country on earth. Even though it was not perfect, he couldn't think of a better one. He told me I could do anything I wanted to do if I was willing to do the necessary work. He always told me to be the best at whatever it was that I did. If I became a garbage man, then be the best garbage man I could be. He told me that integrity meant you don't lie, not even to yourself. He taught me by example to enjoy whatever I was doing at the time.

My mom taught me to be generous, to share what I could, and that helping others

is its own reward. She showed me unconditional love. She liked to laugh and used to dress up at Halloween and visit her friends to see if they could recognize her. She enjoyed life.

My parents are deceased, but I think of them often. I became a physical therapist and developed a 12-state business. I'm retired now and enjoy our three children and five grandchildren. I hope I can be a fraction of the inspiration to my children and grandchildren that my parents were for me. Together they taught me three important guidelines for enjoying life: (1) wherever you are, be all there, (2) work isn't spiritual until it's play, and (3) live and let live; speak up but let go of the outcome.

Hardly a minute goes by without my being thankful for each breath I take and for my family.

Thank you for your public service and best wishes for you, your family, our Country, and the rest of our world.

Bob King

5 BE TRUE TO YOURSELF

My dad was born in Moris, a very remote village in northwestern Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1910. When he

came to El Paso, TX with his mother and two sisters in 1918, his father abandoned them. He worked hard as a young boy and young man to support his family. His mother married a great American immigrant, Gus Rallis, and bore four more children, three boys and a girl.

When my step-grandfather was ill in the late thirties and early forties, my father ran his restaurant and supported the family and his stepfather. He married my mom, a DAR from Washington, D.C., in 1941. He was drafted in 1942 and served in Army Air Corps before moving to Washington in 1946. There he worked as a real estate agent and saved enough money to buy a half-interest in the Little Vienna Restaurant at 2122 Pennsylvania Avenue with the help of his family in El Paso.

We lived in an apartment over the restaurant until February of 1958. Dad worked very hard with my mom to build that business, and they sent me and my sister to St. Albans, to NCS, and to college.

In the mid-fifties before the civil rights movement was in full swing, he hired a young, petite, black woman to work as a pantry and bus girl in his restaurant. One day, when he was short on waitresses, he had her put on a waitress uniform and serve customers. This was unusual in the

segregated city of Washington, D.C. I remember her but forget her name. She was hesitant, but he was supportive. She turned out to be an outstanding waitress.

Initially, there were customers who refused to be served by her, and I was there when my dad simply did not allow this. He said to many people that it was his business and that he would decide who he hired and what job he gave them. He lost some business and some long-term customers as a result.

He was not an outspoken civil rights proponent, so I wondered why he stood so firm on this issue. He taught me that a man had to be true to himself and to what he believed. He said that some principles were worth standing for. He revealed to me that when he was a boy in west Texas, he was reviled as a poor, half-breed Mexican and that he would never put another deserving, hardworking person in that position.

Dad was a conservative Republican who taught me that Our Constitution and Bill of Rights were all about the individual and not the group. Regardless of the group, the individual must be treated with the respect that he or she has earned.

Vaya con Dios,
George Rogers Howard