

Prairie City FFA Chapter

740 Overholt St
Prairie City, OR 97869

To the blue corduroy jackets hanging in approximately 3,000 closets around Oregon,

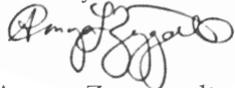
If you were able to speak, what would you tell us? What memories are woven into your ridged blue fabric? I know that mine is full of happiness, friends and new experiences. In my pockets reside reminders of amazing times, a dollar bill from Alyssa Smith to treasure, a small white bucket from Brecklin Milton for me to fill, a fork accepted from Sarah Rutledge, and a small gold key welcomed from Jake White at Washington Leadership Conference (WLC). All of these things and their meanings are unique to my jacket. Each of those 3,000 (and counting) jackets are exceptional in their own way, sculpted by those who wear them proudly.

My first jacket wasn't even mine. Seventh grade Amaya wore a hand-me-down telling everyone that my name was Casey Brizendine, but I loved it because it allowed me to be a part of something amazing. I now own two blue jackets, one embroidered with Prairie City, the other representing a larger group of people, the Strawberry Mountain District. The specially tailored fit, pockets full of memories of all the great experiences and an unending conversation starter with anyone else clad in blue corduroy, all make me feel at home. I have yet to have a bad experience through the FFA and I would like to continue my involvement in this incredible organization.

I won't tell you of the million and one ways FFA has helped me become who I am, because that would take months, but I will enlighten you on my favorite event of my FFA participation. Last summer, week seven of WLC (no rules), saying our goodbyes to new and old friends was the best, and saddest, part of my FFA career. I didn't realize beforehand the impact meeting new people, exploring and unfamiliar city, and helping others on such a grand scale would have on me. WLC was my life-changing FFA experience, I wouldn't trade that time for the world and would like to help others find theirs.

To those jackets retired, forgotten, unused for too long...even though you have been hung up, you serve as a token of how far we have come and a gesture to where we will go. Years from now when my jackets retire, I will not forget their influence on my life; how they have always covered my back, never ripped under pressure, and displayed who I am and where I'm from for all to see.

Thank you,



Amaya Zweygardt
Chapter Vice President
Strawberry Mountain District Treasurer



"I don't think outside the box; I think of what I can do with the box." -Unknown

