



March 2021

Dear ,

You're receiving this letter today because of a vow, a promise I made to God and to myself close to 40 years ago.

It was the early '80s, during sophomore year. I was given grim news: I'd have to switch schools. The railyards, where my dad worked, had laid him off and my family couldn't afford tuition.

I was devastated. CB was more than a school to me. It was my community. I'd earned a spot on the football and basketball teams. I'd found my rhythm in a place that provided students both structure and the freedom to grow into our best selves whether it was through sports, leadership or the arts. With the challenges came opportunities to build our leadership "muscles" and learn to work alongside others with different backgrounds. And we did. ***We were one student body, in one school.***

And now I'd have to leave.

My mom called the office to let them know. Back then the cost of tuition was about \$110 a month, and that was out of reach.

It was stressful for me. I can remember praying to God:

"If you can help me stay here, I promise I'll make the most of it. I'll pay it back someday. I swear that I'll see some other kid gets a chance." I'd always had faith in God, and there'd been plenty of chances to practice it at CB. Now, when I went to pray at Chapel, it was personal.

It was a stressful time for my parents, too. My mom didn't know there was a tuition assistance program. I'm not sure it even had a formal name back then; it was simply a way that the community helped when a student's family hit hard times.



One of the Brothers approached me a few days after my mom made that phone call. He offered me a chance to help around the school, cleaning labs, picking up trash and restocking the library. It was something I'd have to fit in around other activities, such as homework and household chores. I jumped at the opportunity. God had answered my prayer. I would remain at CB.

I didn't tell the other students what I was up to. A lot of them thought I just started helping out on my own. I figured it wasn't their business. It was between me, my parents, the Christian Brothers at school and God.

Until now.

Today, I'm sharing my story because it's important. There are a lot of students whose families are in a bind. Many CB students' parents have scrimped and saved, but still can't make the tuition payments right now.

Times are tough. There are more than 400 kids at CB who need our help. Students who might be praying "Please, God, let me stay at this school. I'll do my part. Just please help me stay at CB."

People like you and I can help answer those prayers.

If you are in a position to support, please join me and make a donation.

Tuition assistance makes the difference for 1/3 of the current student body. It keeps CB full of a diverse, robust and talented group of kids who really want to be a part of this school. When we make a donation to tuition assistance, we make a difference for all the kids at CB who enter to learn, leave to serve, and become part of a supportive community for life.

You might not fully realize the impact of a CB experience for many years after graduation. For me, it provided an education and cherished relationships with friends who have been part of my life and my extended family for four decades. Today, I'm a parent of two alumni. I get to share the blessing of this CB community with my own children. I'm grateful, as are they.

If these times have taught me anything, it's the importance of community. It's the value of people who value each other. CB does that with, and for, its students, alumni and families. It truly is one community, made of diverse people with unique experiences and outlooks.

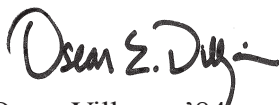
So, my vow leads me to this moment. I'm sharing my story with you because I promised that I'd pay it forward. I'd help other kids and families get what I received: **opportunity.**

I've told my story, and I've made my gift.

Don't wait. Send in a gift today. It will make a real difference.

Answered prayers happen every day through CB (whether the students are on campus or learning virtually). As separated as we have been physically over the past year, we remain joined in one prayer and call to action:

"Live, Jesus, In Our Hearts. Forever!"



Oscar Villegas '84



I'm a proud alumni parent, too! Here, I'm joined by Elena '12 and Vincent '15 at my swearing in ceremony to the Yolo County Board of Supervisors.