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Creative Coding 1

09/03/2025

Last Lecture Reflection

I realize at this point, Randy has probably already passed away, but I wish I could have met him. I almost gave up once. I dropped out of high school. Then a month or so later my mental health was so bad. I asked my mom and dad to send me to a girls group home that could help me cope and put me back through school. When I finished, I took four years to work on myself and my social skills. I honestly dropped out of school due to social issues. I was terrified of school and associated learning which I love with something that terrified me, masses of peers (who in my mind when I was ill, were going to hurt me and tear my soul apart like wolves) . I can look back on it now with some humor. They were just mean children who had no good example themselves. I feel that many others in my situation would’ve given up, purely for the fact that learning to cope, work and stay at work, socialize on an averagely, acceptable level and change myself was hard. The kind of hard I put above getting my appendix out. It hurt, the brick wall piece by piece tearing at my ugly, nasty habits and behaviors. But the other side is so much better. I am finally unable to pursue my childhood dream, to make big stories. Simply because I pushed past the brick wall.