

Homeschool Class of 2026



Madison Osterman

Madison Jade Osterman is the daughter of Robert and Kelley Osterman and the 3rd of six children, oldest girl to three younger sisters who she smothers daily with love. She has been

homeschooled since the 4th grade. She will be attending Cornerstone University where she will pursue a B.A. in English with a minor in Biblical Studies.



Penelope Kelly

My name is Penny Kelly, and I have been homeschooled my whole life. Currently, I am graduating from the Fire Academy at the Careerline Tech Center and am a cadet at Crockery Township Fire Department. In the

fall, I will be attending Cornerstone University for nursing. After I graduate I hope to settle down and have lots of babies. "Trust in the Lord forever, for the Lord God is an everlasting rock." - Isaiah 26:4



Maggie Near

I have been homeschooled my whole life. I love God, the beach, acting, art, reading, writing, and spending time with friends and family. I have been involved with WMHT for 5 years. In 2024-2025 I

helped write a play called Bridge Of Hope and it was performed in 2025. Unless God has other plans, I am planning on going to MCC in the fall. Studying something with Art, Acting or Writing. Not quite sure where God is taking me but I am trusting his plan. Isaiah 41:10



Trinity Hill

My name is Trinity. I love reading and making coffee. Someday I want to open my own coffee shop with my friend.



Olivia Nicole Montambo

I started homeschooling in kindergarten. My education included traveling the country with my family in our bus. I enjoy reading, dancing, ASL, baking and I love Jesus. After graduation, I look

forward to continuing my job as a server along with attending the young adults group at my church, while waiting to see what God has in store for me.

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LIFELINES: It's Complicated

by Theresa Giacalone

When people ask me what I do, I say I'm in the hope business.

I lead two non-profits: one helps protect life from conception to natural death, and the other helps those who grieve navigate their loss.

As I write, it's the run-up to Mother's Day 2026, and this year, for me, it is complicated. The chances are good that it'll be at least a little messy because exactly six months ago Sunday, my first and last mom died. Many of my friends and family are not aware, so, my apologies if this is the first you're hearing it. I wasn't trying to be avoidant – just had no way to say it well.

But "first and last" mom? Part of the complication (in a good way) is the number of mothers I've had. You see, I was unplanned. It's more common now, but back in 1965, that situation was frowned upon which caused my barely 16-year-old mom to pack her bags and move short-term to a suburban Detroit maternity home, with me in tow. Technically, "in utero".

Together, we ate at the local Coney Islands—undoubtedly how I acquired an appreciation for a fine Reuben sandwich— and made countless crafts while staying in that loving, supportive place run by Catholic nuns. Then, I was born. It was a good start with mom #1; and what came next was even better.

After a 2 - 3 month stay with a foster mom (mother #2), I was adopted by a couple who'd already welcomed my 3 older (adopted) siblings and would go on to add 2 more after me. It was an idyllic life. One proof is that I had a horse! My third mom and her husband were hallmarks in their small community of hard-working, humble, Midwesterners. Because they each had eleven siblings, my adoption meant instant cousins that now number in the hundreds. It was glorious!

My five adopted siblings and I grew up always knowing we had other parents somewhere. We viewed adoption as amazing and ... completely normal. When I started dating my future husband in college, I had questions about my biology. And when I went to ask the adoption agency for insight, I was met with a closed book. "These records are sealed, but you can sign a

release and one day when— *if* — your birthmom signs, too, we can reveal everything." Yet all I heard was, "No. You can't know more about you." And I drove away with future husband completely, soul-level sad. Years later, I of course understood the need to protect privacy.

After our college degrees, career-starts, and a wonderful wedding, we ventured off to a "Say Yes to Michigan!" honeymoon (remember those TV ads in the late 80's?). We toured our state's west coast, then months later, turned a work trip into a second honeymoon on the real west coast. Upon returning, I'll never forget: I was working from our apartment with Oprah on in the background and she was discussing *open* adoption, where the birthparent(s) pick the adoptive parents and everyone knows everyone involved. This was intriguing because all I knew was the closed kind.

But mere days later, I got a phone call. It was the agency saying my mom wanted to meet me. Them: "She told us you'd love popcorn!" My thought: That's more proof than DNA! She heard from a counselor what the agency had told *me* only 4 years earlier; and when she went in to check, the books were opened wide. Imagine her shock! It probably rivaled that first pregnancy test!

And that's how we met! It's also how I learned every detail about me.

Soon after, I told my adoptive parents that I'd met my birth mom. The immediate, calm reply from my adoptive mom was, "Oh good, now you'll have another mother when I'm gone." Not one hint of envy, fear, or self-focus. Her main concern was her child.

As Thomas Aquinas wrote, "*To love is to will the good of the other.*" Which is why LIFE is ideally about inspiring goodness not selfishness in desiring the best for all. True love.

The founder of The Radiance Foundation, Ryan Bomberger, Tri-Cities Right to Life's intended keynote speaker at our dinner in October, is a perfect example. Ryan was conceived in rape, but his mother knew he had value, inherent value that she wasn't going to rob him of.

He's the 1% some abortion proponents use to defend it. But the 1% matter.

Can you see the hope?! It's infused in every story like these. And we hear MANY. Some of

us have lived them.

In fact, the key mission of the other non-profit I lead is to provide the bereaved with a chance to respond well to their grief, then accompany others toward healing, which often accelerates their own continuing recovery. It's a beautiful thing to behold.

What's my "why"? "Because the world needs a whole lotta hope right now, I will point to where that's found – by helping expectant parents see possibilities and those who grieve know that they'll be okay."

I've been there, done that, as the saying goes. And now the resulting empathy and passion is the fuel. Two seemingly distinct nonprofits intersect for me daily because unmet grief can have fallout like unplanned pregnancies and a host of other life effects.

But *Life* is how all those choices ... and opportunities become *possible* in the *first* place, along with good people who step up amid the complicated. My adoptive mom met and knew my biological mom for twenty years before dying in 2009 ... on Ash Wednesday— her many sacrifices completed. And my biological mom did indeed become my other mother until she passed to eternity sixteen years later. It all makes for a great story. I hope you agree.

I share all of this not to evoke sympathy but to create awareness. The kind that changes lives. I also wished to honor my many moms, including mothers-in-law, of course, who each departed prior to my last surviving mom who started as the first. Full circle.

By the time you read this, Mother's Day 2026 will be in the rear-view mirror, but please know that even if the day brought difficult feelings and memories, or if it was a reminder of what you lost and/or still long for, it's still just a day. And 'one day at a time' is still good advice.

To all the moms out there, mothers of all sorts, I truly HOPE the best for you.

As Emily Dickinson wrote: "*Dwell in Possibilities.*"

I'll add: *Especially when it's complicated.*

To learn more: Visit TriCitiesRightToLife.org to see ways you can help us spread hope in how our culture responds to Life.

And email the author here: TG@TriCitiesRightToLife.org