

# TechTalk



“The expert in anything  
was once a beginner”  
By Helen Hayes



Spring Edition



LANCASTER COUNTY  
CAREER & TECHNOLOGY  
CENTER

# My Dad, His Jimmy and Me

By Nick Sileo



Welcome to the first issue of TechTalk, LCCTC's literary magazine for and by students.

TechTalk has a simple idea: Everyone has talent in areas outside a major. It can be photography, layout and design, writing or other areas. TechTalk hopes to provide a platform for those other talents for as many students as we can.

TechTalk also provides students with another chance to do real-world activities, such as layout and design, printing, writing and photography.

TechTalk is for the entire LCCTC community, even though this first issue contains student contributions only from the Brownstown and Willow Street campuses. We hope to have another issues in the fall and spring.

If you would like to share a talent, please send contributions, suggestions, comments to [TechTalk@LancasterCTC.edu](mailto:TechTalk@LancasterCTC.edu) We'll wait to hear from you. 🍷

The Editorial Committee

When I was growing up, my dad raced his GMC Jimmy at the Buck Motorsports mud bog every month. The whole family cheered him on as he raced through the pit but ultimately ended up burying his truck in three feet of mud.

Seeing my dad with his own monster truck inspired me to want to work on trucks as I got older. Everywhere my dad moved that truck followed him around, and it's always been a legacy as his greatest project in my eyes.



The Jimmy was a daily driver till he decided to race it. Building it started with bigger wheels and removing unnecessary parts to lighten the truck. He bought a 383 stroker small block Chevy motor to put into it. Unfortunately, they sent a 355 sbc by mistake and only noticed after he installed it.

The 355, a sbc 350 bored out .030 thousandths over to fit bigger pistons, has enough power to run through the mud pit with ease. My dad put a lot of work into this truck to get it race ready by replacing the motor and cutting it down to save weight, which made me want to build something like it or help him work on it.

Like him, I have a spending problem when it comes to these projects. Before the dually made its trip home, it sat for a while in the mountains. Since it's been home, I've been nit picking small issues it has.

First, I changed the oil to drive it around. It has a new air filter, and I've been researching carburetors, so I can clean it for a tune up. I flushed the rear diff and redid its gasket, and then did a trans flush.

I tried to fix the brake fluid leak on the master cylinder but got nowhere. I had to pull the rear axle shafts out of the differential to fix a gasket on the driver's rear wheel, which leaked gear oil to brake shoes.

The mudding truck needed more work. It hadn't run for four years and mostly sat in Maryland. To my surprise, it only needed fresh gas, and it fired right up. The truck hadn't had working brakes in a long time, so I struggled to load it on the trailer. This was the first time I'd ever driven it too.

After all the struggle to drive it home, I replaced the starter and added a new air filter. An oil change and a good shot of Lucas oil stabilizer thickened the oil. I flushed the radiator to freshen the motor. Recently, I've been trying to find out what's wrong with the brakes, so I've been troubleshooting why it does not work. I filled the brake fluid reservoir and inspected the brake lines. I noticed it had no lines to the front brakes, and that most of the bleeder screws had snapped off. Those bleeder screws release air from the brake lines because air in the lines will make them not work.



So, I purchased new wheel cylinders for the rear brakes and pulled the rear wheels off to replace them. One of them was causing a major leak and was why the brakes did not work. With new lines on the rear brakes, I bled the system of air and old fluid. But doing this burst a brake line along the frame rail. When that happened, I decided to overhaul the old carburetor on the truck. I ordered new gaskets and gave it a deep clean with a cleaning agent.

Doing this completely changed how the truck starts. Now, it fires up as soon as I turn the key.



Illustration created by Leah Stoltzfus

## My Journey in the Veterinary Field

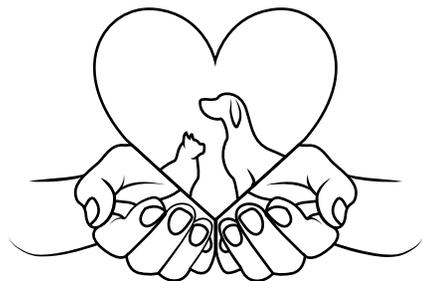
By Taylor Landis

"Hey, may I pet your dog?" I don't hesitate to go out of my way to ask someone that. I never miss the opportunity to ask in a conversation if you have any animals, and I must see their pictures if so. You could say I wear my love for animals on my sleeve, and everyone around me knows it. Anyone could have guessed I would pursue a career in the animal field where I could share my love with them and better their health. At 16, I started my first job as a team member at a children's indoor play facility, Tumbletown. I worked there for about a year. I then got a job at Mission BBQ as a cashier. I worked there for 3.5 years. Though I have always enjoyed working with people, in the back of my mind, I knew I wanted to work with animals as well. In June 2021, I saw a job listing for a veterinary receptionist. I jumped on the opportunity and waited anxiously to see if I would get an interview. I will always remember the excitement that washed over me when I got the call to come in. The day of the interview came... I arrived and waited anxiously for what felt like an eternity. After about an hour, a gentleman introduced himself as "Kyle." I introduced myself, and we began the interview. He asked me about myself and described a typical day in the role. I learned I could cross-train to become a veterinary assistant – how exciting! We finished, and he told me he would contact me in a few days. I waited, keeping my ringer on and checking my phone every other minute. I got the call on July 2nd. I accepted the position eagerly, and we set my first day for July 8th, 2021. Upon starting, I completed rigorous training on the basics of veterinary care and practice management software. In no time, I could take phone calls, schedule appointments, and check patients in and out. It came



Illustration created by Leah Stoltzfus

to me naturally. It brought me joy to make a difference for people and their pets – the best of both worlds. I became familiar with many furry faces and built relationships with clients who came in regularly for medication refills and brought their pets for appointments. About six months in, I cross-trained to become a veterinary assistant. I could not wait to get more experience with the patients. This also meant I



could get closer to our clients because I spent more time with them in the exam rooms. I would also have more opportunities to teach them to help their pets live healthy, happy, long lives. I started by learning to take a patient's history and to restrain animals, and basic skills, such as trimming nails, cleaning

ears, and giving subcutaneous injections. I also learned to prepare samples for microscopic analysis and run blood machines. Once I became comfortable with these, I learned more advanced skills, such as venipuncture, surgery preparation, and intubation. Assisting with a c-section on a dog was one of the coolest things I've done. Because the mom had to have anesthesia, we had to stimulate the puppies to wake them up. Bringing so many sweet puppies into the world and helping them during their first moments of life filled me with joy. When the opportunity arose to work on-call on the weekends, I jumped on it. This gave me even more chances to learn new things, like IV catheter placement. I will always remember the first time I successfully placed an IV. While working on-call, we had a bulldog patient who pulled hers out. Despite many attempts, the doctor struggled to insert the catheter. She seemed stressed, so I offered to do the insertion. I felt unsure how it would go but proceeded with confidence. Lo and behold, I got it in on the first try! Three years have passed since I started at the clinic. I've watched puppies and kittens grow, helped heal hundreds of sick patients, and comforted countless end-of-life patients. I've laughed and cried with clients. I've built the best connections and relationships with my coworkers and the doctors. I'm now on my journey to becoming a veterinary technician. I can't wait for what's next. I feel so lucky

# Dog Story Part One



By Mia Chambers

Parvovirus, a contagious disease found mostly in young dogs, is caused by a virus that attacks white blood cells and the gastrointestinal tract, according to the American Veterinary Assoc (AVMA). The AVMA says generally unvaccinated dogs get the disease. Parvovirus is extremely contagious, so owners must take the correct precautions. Many puppies from breeders develop parvovirus because they are housed together and have access to each other's feces. Parvovirus is transmitted when a dog eats infected poop or comes in contact with an infected surface. It can also be spread through direct contact with an infected dog.

The AVMA noted kennels, food and water bowls, collars and leashes, and the hands and clothing of people who handle infected dogs can become infected.

If veterinary hospitals, dog parks, and homes are not properly disinfected, parvo can spread easily. Owners must be careful in public areas with their animals because they have no way of telling if poop is infected with parvovirus.

The virus is resilient and can survive in the environment for long periods. Because of that, disinfecting every contaminated surface may be

hard but is critical for the safety of other animals.

Symptoms vary depending on the severity of the case and how long the dog has been sick. Severe, bloody diarrhea, abdominal pain and vomiting are common signs of parvo. Bloody diarrhea is a tell-tale sign because it does not commonly happen in young animals unless it is parvo related.

Lethargy is a less telling sign of parvo because it can be caused

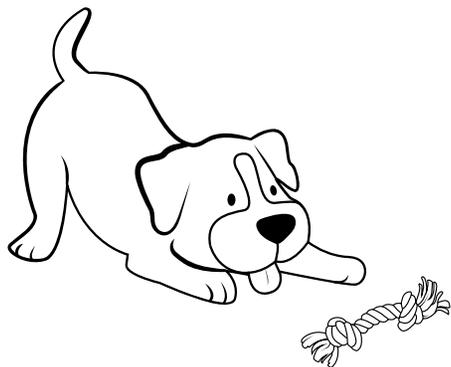


by many things, but it is extremely common. Because their body is stressed fighting the virus, a dog may shut down and not act like itself. Parvovirus requires strict treatment regimens, especially in severe cases. Dogs with parvo require supportive care. Cornell University's College of Veterinary Medicine states a dog may need to stay in a hospital to receive intravenous fluids and nutrients to replace the vast quantities lost via vomiting and diarrhea. Some dogs may need 24-hour care. Others may be okay with a hospital visit and fluid therapy at home. Cornell University suggests using IV or injectable antibiotics to fight intestinal infection. Medications to reduce nausea and diarrhea can also ease the symptoms.

A new drug, called canine parvovirus monoclonal antibody, is used to treat canine parvovirus. Dogs as young as six weeks can get a one-time, intravenous dose of the antibody. The drug may decrease the need for supportive care by resolving signs of the virus faster, one-time dose. The cost of the antibody is less expensive than a three-to-five-day hospital stay and 24/7 supportive care.

The most important step in preventing the spread of canine parvovirus is vaccinating puppies. The parvovirus vaccine is combined with distemper and adenovirus. This vaccine is recommended for all dogs. The AVMA recommends boosters every three years to reduce gaps in immunity. If an owner does not want to vaccinate so often, he or she can get the dog's parvo titers checked to ensure the immunity is still present.

Until a dog is fully vaccinated, owners should keep it away from areas where other dogs gather, such as dog parks and training facilities. Owners should keep unvaccinated dogs away from sick dogs, including those in the same house and should never allow unvaccinated dogs to eat the poop of another dog and should always pick up their dog's poop in a public area.



Puff & Delilah Frenz

One experience came to mind when prompted to write this piece. The experience plays in my head every day. It is the day I had to decide to euthanize my horse, Puff.

On August 30th, 2023, I woke up to my phone ringing. My friend Lyndsey was feeding the horses that morning. She told me she couldn't get Puff out of the field and wanted me to come, so I could try to get her inside.

I jumped out of bed and sped to the farm. I knew something was wrong but didn't want to believe it. I got to the farm, and all the other horses were inside except for Puff and her friend Lady.

Puff wasn't putting weight on her front left foot, and her tendon was torn. I thought she had torn her tendon and would need a long, hard recovery. But I knew if that was all it was, I would have done it. I slowly got her to follow me inside to her stall, so she was not outside where she could hurt herself more. We gave her breakfast and called the vet.

The vet came four hours later. That became the longest four hours of my life, but during those four hours, I gave Puff so much love and so many treats and tried to make her comfortable.

I could tell she was becoming tired because of standing on three legs. I tried to make her as comfortable as I could. My mom, dad, and boyfriend came, and then about 30 minutes later, the vet finally showed.

She came with her X-ray machine. I put my lead apron on, and she put hers on. I helped her X-ray Puff's legs at different angles. She looked at the images and looked at me with the saddest look I had ever seen from her.

"It's badly fractured," she said. "The best decision

is to put her to sleep.”

I instantly broke down. That was not the news I was expecting.

For years, I had worked with Puff. When I bought her, she was an angry, anxious horse, and after Covid, I did high school online, so I could work at the farm to keep Puff and work with her. Over the many hard days and years, she became a happy horse. She was not angry or anxious anymore. I had put my entire life into giving her a better life than what she had before me and with the vet's few words, it felt like it all meant nothing. I hoped to wake up and find it was a dream, but it was real life.

I had to say goodbye to my horse.

This experience changed me in so many ways. I needed to rebuild my life. For five years, my life revolved around Puff. And in seconds, it didn't anymore. She was gone. I thought I was going to ride horses forever, that I was going to have her forever.

I planned my future around Puff, and now that future did not matter.

Now, I become upset every time I ride horses because I will never ride her again, and no horse will ever make me feel the way she did.

# Miracle on Ice

By Lynsey Babock

On February 22, 1980, a group of college hockey players achieved the unimaginable by defeating the powerful Soviet Union team in what would become

known as the “Miracle on Ice.” The Soviet squad was comprised of professionals who had played together for years, making the challenge for the U.S. Olympic team appear insurmountable.

Coach Herb Brooks held tryouts for the U.S. ice hockey team, scouring the nation for talent. Although the tryouts were supposed to last a week, Brooks quickly narrowed down the roster in just two days. The final team comprised 26 players, from which he would eventually select 20 to compete in the Olympics.

Leading up to the Olympics, the U.S. team played a rigorous



61-game schedule against various opponents, including NHL teams and European national squads. These games were crucial not just for practice but also in helping the team bond as they faced higher levels of competition.

However, not all practices went smoothly. On September 17, 1979, during a game against Norway, the U.S. players lacked focus, showing more interest in the spectators than in the game itself. The match ended in a disappointing 3-3 tie.

Afterward, Brooks was furious and kept the players on the ice longer than expected, forcing them into intense conditioning drills known as “suicides.” Even when the rink manager tried to intervene, Brooks insisted on continuing until he saw improvement from his players. The brutal session lasted an hour, with players visibly exhausted but ultimately determined to prove themselves.

The team's performance in an exhibition game against the Soviets on February

9, 1980, highlighted their struggles. In the first half, they seemed overwhelmed, trailing 7-0 at one point before losing 10-3.

While critics questioned Brooks' coaching methods following this defeat, the players viewed it as a valuable experience that helped alleviate their nerves and built their readiness for the upcoming Olympic games.

As the Olympics approached, the U.S. team earned a spot in the medal round alongside Sweden, Finland, and the Soviet Union. The stage was set: the U.S. players were smaller, less experienced, and had only played together for nine months compared to their opponents.

Nevertheless, the arena buzzed with excitement, adorned in red, white, and blue as the two teams faced off.

The gold medal match began with intensity. At 9:12 into the first period, the Soviets struck first with a powerful shot from the blue line, putting them ahead early.

However, the U.S. team quickly responded when Mark Schneider hammered a slapshot past the Soviet goaltender, leveling the score. Just as the period was ending, U.S. defender Mike Christian took a shot that led to a rebound, allowing Johnson to score and tie the game 2-2.

The second period saw the Soviets dominate, outshooting the U.S. 12-2 and regaining the lead at 3-2. Yet, the U.S. players showcased an unexpected endurance that surprised their opponents. Encouraged by the roaring crowd, they realized they could match the Soviets physically.

Entering the third period, both teams were locked in a fierce battle. The U.S. players exchanged determined glances, knowing the importance of working together.

An early penalty against the Soviets provided a glimmer of hope for the Americans. After receiving a pass from Dave Silk, Mark Johnson fired a wrist shot that found the back of the net, tying the game at 3-3.

As the third period progressed, the tension grew palpable. With under two minutes remaining, team captain Mike Eruzione scored a game-winning goal, stunning the crowd and securing a 4-3 lead for the United

States.

The arena erupted in cheers as the reality of what they had accomplished set in. The final score remained 4-3, and the U.S. team celebrated an epic victory that would be etched in history.

This game not only marked a pivotal moment for American hockey but also became a symbol of perseverance and teamwork against overwhelming odds.

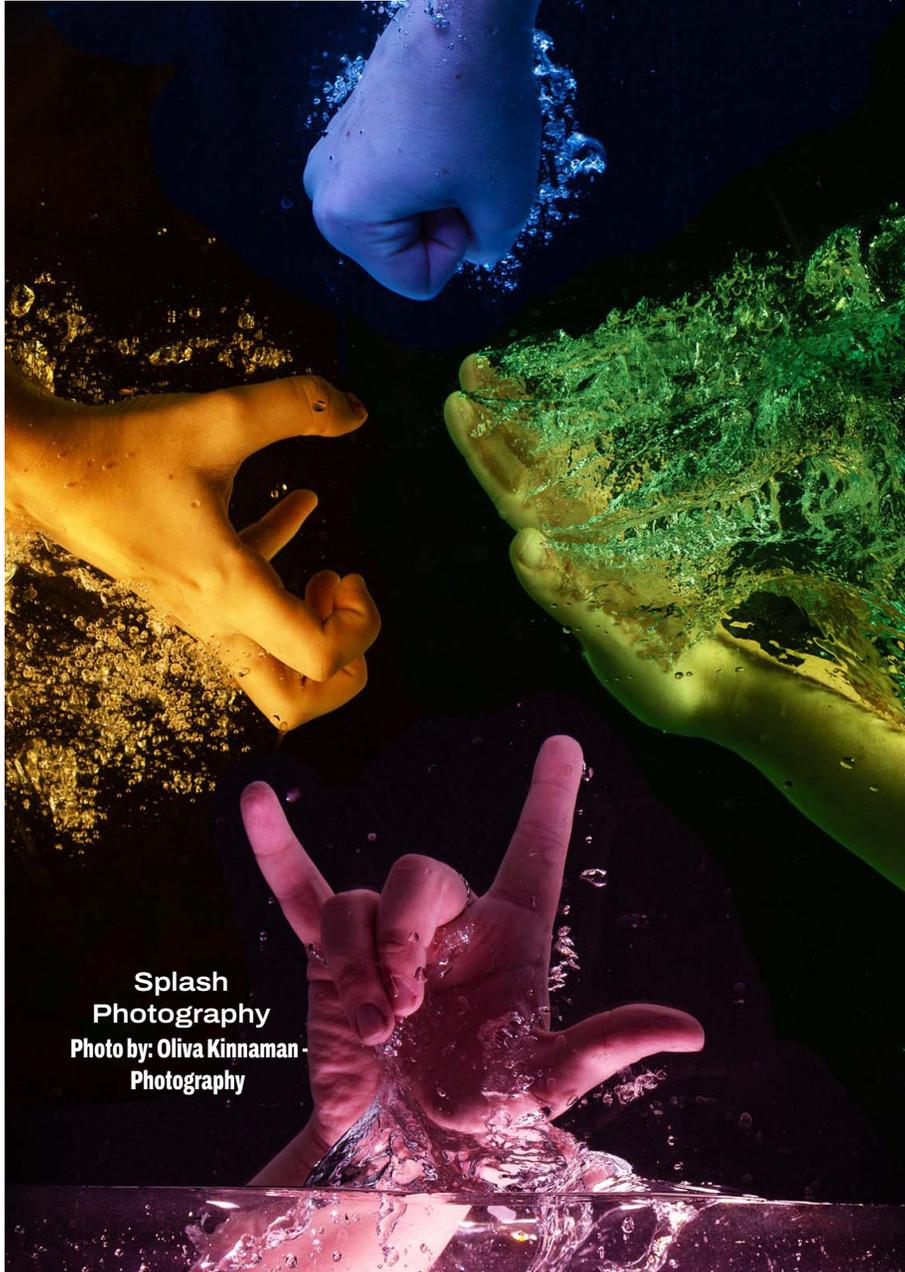
The triumph became a pivotal moment in U.S. sports history, demonstrating that with dedication and unity, anything is possible.

The players had not just won a hockey game; they had inspired a nation



# Spotlight

## Photography



Splash  
Photography  
Photo by: Oliva Kinnaman -  
Photography

### A LITTLE DOG HAD A BIG INFLUENCE

I've always had a passion for animals. More specifically, I've loved dogs before I could even walk or talk.

My cousins had dogs: Shih-tzus, Pitbulls, Golden Retrievers, and Huskies. I wanted to find my own forever best friend too. But no matter how much I begged, my parents wouldn't allow me to have a dog. They explained it would be a lot of responsibility, and they both worked, so no one would be home during the day to take care of one.



In January 2008, my mom took my sister and me to the pet store to play with puppies. We fell in love with this adorable, friendly, spunky, black and white Shih-tzu. At that time, my mom's stepfather was hospitalized with liver failure. We didn't realize it because we were so young, but she knew he wouldn't make it home.

To brighten our spirits, my mom went back to the pet store alone and adopted the puppy. We named him Oreo after Oreo cookies because he was black and white. Having him at home and making him our forever best friend helped us get through that difficult time.

Oreo helped us spend more time together as a family. We took him on walks and played fetch. Whenever my cousins came to play outside, Oreo ran around in the backyard with us.

In the evenings, my parents read a bedtime story to us, and Oreo cuddled up next to us. When we ran errands, he came along for the ride. Oreo was a perfect best friend, and my love for him grew every day.

In November 2019, Oreo turned 13, but he was still that friendly and spunky puppy that gave me the best childhood memories. At times, he had health complications, but nothing serious.

But one day, we knew something was seriously wrong. He had lain down and wouldn't move. We took him to an emergency veterinary hospital because he started to turn yellow and eventually became

unresponsive. I sat next to him, talked to him, and comforted him while he crossed the rainbow bridge.

It was heartbreaking, but at the same time beautiful. Seeing how the doctors and nurses took care of him touched my heart and woke up a desire in me to be just as helpful. I decided to go into the veterinary field and applied for the veterinary technology program at LCCTC.

Oreo and his passing influenced my life, career aspirations, and brought out a strong desire in me to care for animals. Seeing the way the vet took care of him made me want to study veterinary medicine.

In the future, I plan to do everything I can to help sick animals and help clients go home with happy, healthy pets. I want to be a voice for the voiceless.

It's my passion, thanks to Oreo



## Dr. Julie Frey: A Passionate Leader Inspiring the Next Generation at Mount Joy

By Maggie Reinhart

Dr. Julie Frey brings energy, dedication, and a deep love for learning to her role as principal at the Mount Joy campus. I had the pleasure of chatting with her over the phone, where we talked about her journey in education and her excitement for all things CTC. Interviewing such an inspiring leader in the field of education was truly a privilege!

Born and raised in Columbia, PA, Dr. Frey has always been a curious and committed learner. Her parents noticed this early on and encouraged her to consider teaching—a perfect match for someone who genuinely loved being a student.

She began her academic journey at Shippensburg University, earning her undergraduate degree in Business Education. Her passion for education didn't stop there: she went on to earn a Master's degree in Curriculum from Penn State, followed by her Principal Certification from Penn State Great Valley. To top it off, she earned her Ph.D. in Educational Leadership from Immaculata University. Talk about a lifelong learner!

Dr. Frey's impact on Lancaster's education community runs deep. She began as a teacher in the School District of Lancaster, where she taught for 24 years before stepping into leadership as a principal. Throughout our conversation, it was clear that her passion for helping students grow and succeed has only grown stronger. Not only does she love the process of learning herself, but she's also fascinated by the wide range of trades and technical programs offered at CTC—from welding to construction and beyond.

When the opportunity to lead the Mount Joy campus came up, Dr. Frey felt it was a perfect fit. Her background in business education, combined with her eagerness to explore new fields, made her a natural choice for the role. Even though she had to learn a lot about the technical programs when she first started, she embraced the challenge with enthusiasm. She even joked that there will always be something new to learn—before and after retirement!

For students considering CTC, Dr. Frey recommends connecting with both your school counselor and the CTC counselors to explore all

the opportunities available. She's a big believer in the unique advantage students have by being part of both their home school and the CTC community. In her words, "It's truly the best of both worlds!"

Dr. Frey also spoke about the growing need for passionate educators—people who want to shape the future by building meaningful programs and helping students reach their full potential. She acknowledges that while education can be challenging, it's one of the most rewarding careers out there.

Speaking with Dr. Frey was both inspiring and heartwarming. Her commitment to her students, her community, and lifelong learning is infectious. It's clear that educators like Dr. Julie Frey are exactly what the future of education needs—passionate, dedicated, and full of heart.



Maggie Reinhart

## The Reflection

By Angelique Rivera

It started with the mirror.

When Clara moved into the old farmhouse on the edge of town, she wasn't expecting much. Just peace, quiet, and an escape from the chaos of city life. The place was dusty, creaky, and filled with the scent of age, but it was hers.

It came mostly unfurnished, except for one thing: a tall, fancy mirror in the upstairs hallway. Its black wood frame was carved with strange symbols, like vines twisting into screaming faces, and the glass shimmered oddly, as though it

didn't quite reflect the world as it should.

Clara didn't think much of it at first. She covered it with a sheet, figuring she'd move it eventually. But at night, she could hear it—whispering. Faint, like wind through cracked glass. She assumed it was just the house settling or her imagination playing tricks.

Until the sheet slipped off.

One morning, Clara found the mirror uncovered. She hadn't touched it. Odd, but she brushed it off. She stared at her reflection, noticing something strange. Her face looked... wrong. Her smile was too wide. Her eyes are a little too dark.

When she blinked, her reflection didn't. She stepped back, heart pounding, and the reflection slowly returned to normal.

The next night, the whispering grew louder. She couldn't make out words—only the sense of something beckoning. When she passed the mirror on her way to bed, her reflection turned its head to watch her walk away. Clara froze. She turned slowly, but the reflection mimicked her movement perfectly, as though nothing had happened.

She tried covering the mirror again.

She even moved it into the attic. But every night, it found its way back to the hallway. Sometimes she'd wake up to find it at the foot of her bed.

Desperate, she reached out to a local historian who had written about strange happenings in the region. He visited the house, took one look at the mirror, and went pale.

“This belonged to the Holloway family,” he whispered. “They vanished in 1897. No trace. Just... gone. That mirror was the only thing left behind. Some say it doesn’t show your reflection—it shows what’s trapped inside.”

Clara didn’t sleep that night. Around 2 a.m., she heard footsteps in the hallway—heavy, slow. She grabbed a flashlight and crept out. The mirror was there, uncovered. But this time, there were two reflections.

Hers.

And someone else’s.

A pale woman stood behind her in the glass, her eyes black pits, her smile stretching unnaturally wide. Clara spun around—no one was there. But in the mirror, the woman reached out, placing a hand on Clara’s shoulder.

The touch was ice.

Clara screamed, but no sound came. Her body wouldn’t move. The lights flickered, and

the mirror’s surface rippled like water.

The next morning, the house was silent.

No sign of Clara.

Only the mirror remained—now showing two reflections. Waiting for the next.

## Dealing With A Narcissist

By Anonymous

Being in a relationship with a narcissist is a confusing and an emotionally exhausting experience—one that starts out like a dream and slowly turns into a silent battle for your sense of self.

When I first met him, he was everything I thought I wanted: charming, confident, and incredibly attentive. He swept me off my feet with compliments, thoughtful gestures, and constant communication. I felt seen, wanted, and even a little lucky.

That period is often referred to as “love bombing,” though I didn’t know the term back then. The red flags were right there, but I was blinded to what I believed was love.

Slowly, though things shifted. What once felt like attention started to feel like control. He wanted to know where I was 24/7, whom I was with, and why I hadn’t answered his texts right away. If I didn’t respond the way he wanted, he’d get cold or dismissive.

I felt I was always doing something wrong, even though I couldn’t quite figure out what. He was skilled at making me feel guilty, even when I hadn’t done anything. The compliments turned into backhanded remarks.

He’d say things like, “You looked really good for once today,” or “You’re lucky I put up with you.”

If I got upset, I was told I was too sensitive or dramatic. And if I ever tried to bring up how I felt, the conversation would somehow flip and become about how I had hurt him. He was always the victim, no matter what happened.

Over time, I stopped speaking up to avoid the fights. I started questioning my memory, my feelings, even my worth. There were good moments, of course just enough to keep me hooked.

Every time I considered leaving, he would suddenly become the sweet, affectionate person I had fallen for in the beginning. He’d apologize, promise to change, and for a while, things would feel good again. But it never lasted. The cycle always continued, and each time, it left me more drained than before.

Friends and family noticed I was pulling away. I made excuses for him constantly, convincing myself if I just loved him enough or tried hard enough, he'd go back to the person he was at the beginning. But that person wasn't real, it was just a mask. And that mask had fallen.

Leaving was one of the hardest things I've ever done. Narcissists are experts at making you feel like you won't survive without them. But once I got out and began to rebuild, I started to understand how deeply the relationship had affected me. It took time to reconnect with myself, to trust my instincts again, and to heal.

Being in a relationship with a narcissist is like being in a fog—everything feels distorted. But once you find the strength to step away, the clarity that follows is life-changing. You begin to see just how much of yourself you gave up trying to love someone who only ever truly loved himself.

# Spotlight

Digital Design-Print Media



Photo by: Makayla Sheetz, *Commercial Art*



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**Mount Joy**



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