

The Scholé Chronicle

December 2018

Schole Academy Issue 03

Letter from the Editor

Greetings! I'm very happy to bring to you our third issue of the Scholé Chronicle. Advent, the weeks leading up to the twelve days of Christmas, is one of my favorite times of year. The time is focused on preparing our homes, our classrooms, and most importantly our hearts for baby Jesus.

With my own children we try to focus on the very small ways that we can prepare our hearts and home for this time: we light candles, we pray our rosary, we bring out the Advent wreath, and we keep to our daily rhythm of prayer marking the time that passes bringing us closer to December 25th.

And for myself, I'm reading *The Reed of God* by Caryll Houselander, a book that shares a series of reflective essays on ways to prepare our heart as Mary did in loving and caring for Jesus, and so I leave you with her words that I believe share the message of the true meaning of this time:

*"He was invulnerable: He asked her for a body to be wounded.
He was joy itself; He asked her to give Him tears.
He was God; He asked her to make Him man.
He asked for hands and feet to be nailed.
He asked for flesh to be scourged.
He asked for blood to be shed.
He asked for a heart to be broken.
The stable at Bethlehem was the first Calvary.
The wooden manger was the first cross.
The swaddling bands were the first burial bands.
The passion had begun.
Christ was man.
This was the first separation.
This was her son, but now He was outside of Her: He had a separate heart: He looked at the world with the blind blue eyes of a baby, but they were His own eyes.
The description of His birth in the Gospel does not say that she held Him in her arms but that she 'wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger.'
As if her first act was to lay Him on the Cross.
She knew that this little son of hers was God's Son and that God had not given Him to her for herself alone but for the whole world."*

Joanne Schinstock
Writing and Rhetoric Instructor



What Reminds You Of Christmas?

by Ernestine Northover

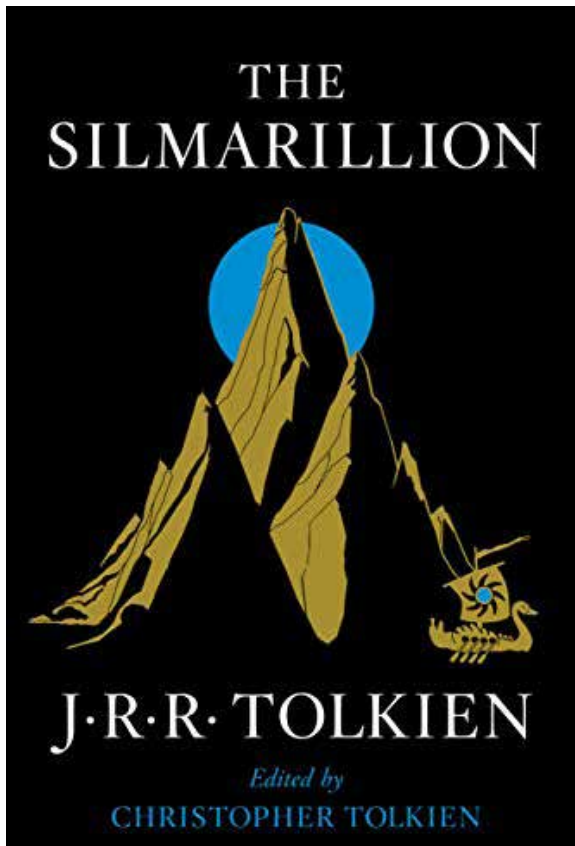
A holly wreath hung on the door,
Or presents strewn across the floor,
Tall Christmas tree with baubles bright,
Which fills our hearts with such delight.

Carols sung out in the snow,
A Snowman built with eyes aglow,
Crackers pulled, a song to sing,
Candles lit, and bells that ring.

Roasted turkey, which tastes divine,
Rich, fruit cake, with an iced design,
No, the most important reminder of all,
Is the birth of a babe in an Ox's stall.

Submitted by Katie Christensen. Katie is 14 and takes Writing & Rhetoric 5, Geometry, Ancient History, and Ancient Literature with Schole Academy. Katie lives in Kentucky and has two younger siblings. She enjoys reading, playing her violin, and drawing.

BOOK REVIEW



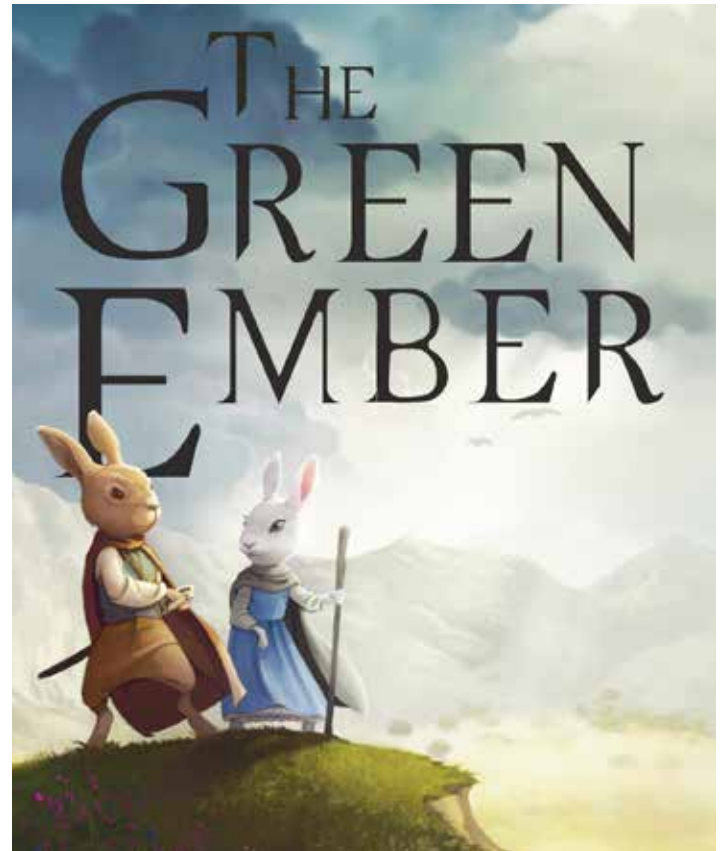
By Katherine Oliver

The Silmarillion by J.R.R. Tolkien is a wonderful book that covers the history of Middle Earth from Creation to before *The Lord of the Rings* takes place. It tells of the first lords of Middle Earth, the Valar and their King, Manwë. *The Silmarillion* also tells of the creation of men and elves, the rebellion of the King's half-brother, Melkor, and the creation of the Rings of Power. The name, *The Silmarillion* is one of the Silmarils, jewels made by the first elf that held the light of the world. Throughout the book, some of these jewels are destroyed or go missing, and soon, there is only one left in the hands of the Valar.

The Silmarillion is not just one story, it is a collection of stories. These stories differ, but they are all in chronological order. For those who enjoyed *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* (both by J.R.R. Tolkien) I suggest reading *The Silmarillion*. If you haven't read *The Hobbit* or *The Lord of the Rings*, I would read them first as it helps you get a grip on the setting and Tolkien's writing style before diving into *The Silmarillion*.

Katherine Oliver is twelve and takes Writing & Rhetoric 5 from Scholé Academy. She lives in Elgin, Texas and has six siblings. Katherine enjoys writing, drawing, reading, and exploring outside.

BOOK REVIEW



By Calvin Saffell

The Green Ember instantly transports the reader into a world of tyranny ruled by the cruel Morbin Blackhawk, but an ember of hope smolders in disorganized groups of rabbits determined to overthrow tyranny and return peace to the world. Heather and Picket are young rabbits who know nothing of the turmoil outside of their beloved home, Nick Hollow, until a regiment of wolves burns their home. Their beloved mother, father, and baby brother are gone. Just when you think the rabbits are safe, something else comes to challenge their courage. Author S. D. Smith captures your imagination, and shows that even in dark times hope can be found.

This book shows hope and that a small spark can influence the entire world. If you like tension, adventure, perseverance, and hope, then this is the book for you. I would recommend *The Green Ember* to anyone with a genuine love of literature. This book is full of tension, and will be extremely difficult to put down. If you like *The Green Ember*, there are multiple books in the still unfinished series that are just as good.

Calvin is 13 and takes Writing & Rhetoric 4 and Latin For Children B from Scholé Academy. He lives in Iowa and has a sister who is 9. Calvin enjoys piano, cello, reading, history, science, and bike riding.

Winter Recipe Corner

Pumpkin Cake Roll

Ingredients:

- ¾ cup flour
- 2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. ground nutmeg
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2/3 cup canned pumpkin
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 cup finely chopped walnuts (opt.)
- 1 8-oz pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/3 cup butter, softened
- 1 ½ tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 ½ cups powdered sugar, plus extra for dusting

Directions for the cake:

1. Preheat oven to 375° F. Grease a 15×10-inch baking pan. Line bottom with parchment paper, then grease the paper.
2. In a small bowl stir together the first six ingredients.
3. In a different bowl, beat eggs with a mixer on high for 5 minutes. Gradually add sugar, beating on medium until light and fluffy.
4. Stir in pumpkin and lemon juice.
5. Beat in flour mixture on low to medium until just combined.
6. Spread batter in prepared pan, then sprinkle with walnuts if using.
7. Bake for 15 minutes. Immediately loosen edges of cake from pan and turn out onto a towel sprinkled with powdered sugar; then remove paper.
8. Roll towel and cake into a spiral, starting from a short side; and leave rolled up.

Directions for the filling:

1. In a medium bowl beat cream cheese, butter, and vanilla on medium until smooth; then gradually beat in the powdered sugar.
2. Unroll the cake and remove the towel. Spread cake with filling, leaving an inch on each end. Roll the cake and trim ends. Cover and chill for 2 to 48 hours.

Makes 8 servings

Submitted by Annika Everitt. "My great-great grandpa was a baker in Italy. He was very poor though. My love of baking came from my grandma and my great grandma. They make delicious food. I really like baking with them and eating their food. The recipe that I chose was a one that my mom made as a kid. I like this recipe a lot and it is also pretty simple. Here is a quick memory that connects to the cake: We have a homeschool group the second Friday of each month. For our Thanksgiving dinner I made two pumpkin rolls. When it was time for dessert, everyone got the pumpkin roll."



Grandma Flora's Chocolate Pie Recipe

Ingredients

- 1 cup of milk
- 1 cup of sugar
- 2 heaping tablespoons of Cocoa
- 2 tablespoons of flour
- 2 eggs (separated)
- pinch of salt
- 1 tablespoon of vanilla
- 2 tablespoons of butter

Directions:

Mix dry ingredients. Mix milk and egg yolks in sauce pan. Add dry ingredients. Heat and stir until thickened. Remove from heat and add vanilla and pat of butter. Pour into pre-cooked pie shell and top with meringue or whipped cream.

"My mom makes this pie almost every year for Christmas dinner. It is a family recipe and a family favorite. My great-grandmother started making this pie long before I was born and it has been passed down and enjoyed for generations."

Submitted by Katie Christensen.

Swedish Ginger Cookies:

Submitted by Katherine Oliver

This recipe is one my mother began using in 1994 when there were only two Oliver children. Now there are seven of us and every year we look forward to these delicious cookies!

INGREIDIENTS:

3/4 cup strained bacon fat
1 cup sugar (plus more for rolling)
4 tablespoons dark molasses
1 large egg
2 cups all-purpose flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon

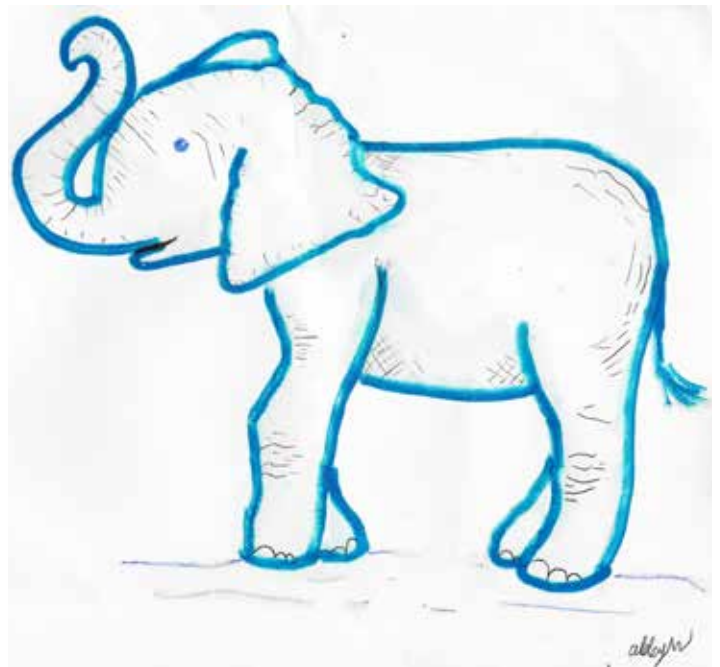
DIRECTIONS:

Heat oven to 350°. In the bowl of an electric mixer, cream together bacon fat and sugar. Beat in molasses and egg. Add remaining ingredients and combine thoroughly. Shape dough into walnut size balls, roll into sugar, and flatten with fingers on ungreased baking sheets. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes, or until cookies are golden brown and cracked on top. Let cool on wire racks. Then, enjoy!

White Elephants For Christmas

MyIner Agony

I hope I get this
I hope I get that
My elephant is secret
My elephant is special
Who ever picks my elephant I hope they like it
I don't care who gets my elephant
You all are my family... the only true family I have
So take my elephant to heart
because my elephant is original
My elephant is filled with love and care
So here's my white elephant...
Oh! Wait! Merry Christmas to You!



Artwork by Abby Metzner My name is Abby Metzner and I am in the 5th grade. I love art and live in Arkansas with my five younger brothers and sisters.

Hopie

By Delaney Williams

Hopie Coulter stands at the edge of the water and bites her lip. Her wavy blonde ponytail blows in the wind and baby hairs tickle the soft cheeks upon her round face.

The river is lovely: lush and calming, and yet, she is not calmed. Look at me! The swirling water seems to taunt her as it rushes past. To Hopie, it is as calculating and deceptive as a snake within a cage, mesmerizing her and then striking out when it is least expected.

Hopie's brother had died in similar waters, kayaking, just as she is about to do. Is she mad to attempt such a thing?

And yet, watching the clear water dance past, simple reasoning won out. James had gone kayaking every year and promised to take Hopie with him one day. She always wanted to kayak with him, but never got the chance. She had sworn she would do it in his honor. And these were not the same waters the teenage boy had drowned in. The creek he had traveled was choppy and swollen from storms and his kayak was unsafe. This stream, Mellow Creek, is known for its peacefulness and calm. It twirls on without a care, hence its untroubled name. There are many houses along the path of the creek, making it safe to travel.

A startling breeze surprises Hopie, cutting through the crisp morning air- and her thoughts. The perpetually cold seventeen year old hugs her arms to her thin, athletic frame and shivers in the chilly June morning air. A bulky orange life jacket hinders her arms from enfolding her chest and so she rubs her hands up and down her arms. She wonders why she chose to wear only a blue flannel over her black leggings and plain t-shirt. Hopie is cold, anxious, and panicked. Can she make herself do as she had intended?

She takes a deep breath and quickly makes her decision.

Hopie climbs into the yellow kayak, pushing it into the clear water with her strong arms. Her small body shakes from cold and fear as she takes hold of the paddle. Hopie clutches it like it is precious gold and tries not to think about what she is doing as she pushes herself from the grassy land.

She breathes in and out and begins to relax a bit as

she travels although her senses are still on full alert. The teenager paddles left, then right.

Hopie examines the land surrounding the creek. Mellow Creek travels alongside the occasional road and passes by numerous houses with small piers. Trees have fallen into the water and occasionally block her path, forcing her to travel around them and making a dangerous watery obstacle course. The sun shines upon her face, warming her cold body.

All of a sudden, Hopie is overwhelmed with fear.

The shadows upon and beneath the water seem haunted and homicidal. For a moment she has a sudden thrust of adrenaline pleading her to push off her blue sneakers and jump, and she begins to hyperventilate. Then she cannot move, cannot think, cannot breathe.

Finally, she forces herself to draw in a deep breath. Why can't she get past this foolish fear?

"You got this, Hopie!" James's voice rushes back to her. He had spoken these words to her the first time she ran ten miles. He had pushed her to try distance running, thinking she would love it, and she had. He had also wanted her to go kayaking. Her brother had thought she would love this too.

Hopie was a lonely girl, very quiet with not many friends and rarely much to say, but James had helped her find activities to come out of her shell. All that her older brother had wanted for her... had she thrown it away just because he was gone?

James had died when he was only seventeen. Hopie had been fifteen. Would he be proud of her if he were here now?

In her heart, Hopie knew that James would not want her to feel this way. They had loved the water: swimming, playing in the rain, and going to the beach when they were young. They would come home with sparkling eyes and dripping waves of hair- his brown and hers blonde. He would not want her to lose her love and confidence of the water.

Jenna Hope Coulter! She chides herself and then gasps as the thought hits her, a ton of bricks to her chest. What have you been doing? She knows that she

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was wrong for allowing herself to dwell in fear- for letting it take root in her and grow until it possessed her whole being.

She closes her dark brown eyes, sleep deprived and weary, resolving to start this journey anew. The lonely teenager smiles. She might still be afraid, but she knows that the memory of her brother will help push her through.

Hopie opens her eyes and they now have a mischievous sparkle to them that would make James proud. She looks around and suddenly, she sees the creek with new eyes.

The stream laughs and dances back at her, carrying her plastic yellow kayak on its way. The water is clear. She reaches out neatly trimmed fingernails to touch it and shivers with a smile at the feeling of fresh, cool water skimming her fingertips. A feeling that she has missed for these two years, just how much she only realizes now.

Hopie paddles along, adrenaline rushing through her veins accompanied with joy. Was this the joy that had continued to bring James to a creek every summer? Was this the feeling that had consumed him so much that he did not check to insure that his kayak was safe before pushing off? He had always been a bit reckless and this feeling of bliss would bring out carelessness in even the composed person.

Oh, James! I know what you felt! Hopie feels like singing, laughing, dancing, and flying.

She looks up toward the clear blue sky and laughs. A brown eagle is soaring across the sky with large, fluffy

white clouds that look like marshmallows. In the same way, her boat is now flying down the creek and her soul is twirling with her brother's.

Hopie paddles on and on, further than she had meant to go, but she cannot stop.

She pours over every miniscule detail of the creek as she passes. The overgrowth is graceful and green. Mellow Creek is the loveliest shade of blue-green, the sky is bright blue splattered with white, and the houses and piers she passes by look warm and welcoming. Even the brown grass, dead from Southern summer heat, looks tender and appealing to Hopie. She feels so close to her brother, with a strong peace she hasn't felt in a long time.

By the time her stomach is growling like a bear with hunger pangs and the sun is well on the other end of the sky, Hopie has made a resolution. She will no longer live in fear.

As she calls her father and waits for him to pick her up, Hopie smiles and remembers the serenity of the journey she had thought would end in disaster. She stands, tiny next to glistening creek and admires the dancing shadows upon the lovely water.

What would come would come; the time each person gets on earth is limited, but Hopie will no longer live in fear. She will spend every moment in love, laughter, and life, always carrying James with her, especially in nature, for the rest of her days.

Delaney is fifteen and loves to write- Writing and Rhetoric 5 is one of her favorite subjects. She also enjoys acting, music, laughing, gymnastics, reading, braiding hair, and hanging out with her family and friends.





Wicked Wind

The trees were scared stiff. All wildlife was silenced. The world had barely even woken up yet. Then like a flash of lightning on a sunny day, the wild winds began. The trees violently swayed back and forth, attempting to avoid the harsh beatings of the wind. Shaking, shuttering, and overall startled, the massive giants' dug their toes deeper and deeper into the moist soil hoping not to get painfully swept away. Many of the giants' permanent friends had already been stripped from them. The leaves rattled with horror. The wicked wind had picked them up and scattered them across the lands, far away from the sweet home that they once knew.

The witching wind with a devilish sense of humor whistled it's song of death, for it was the only clear sound that could be heard. All other sounds were sinking ships in the ocean of the wind. Once the sing-song stopped, the crashing waves, snapping branches, and the creaking of horrified trees all could faintly yelp for help. Seconds later the wind took a slow... deep... breath and began his song once more. The leaves that still hung on for dear life rattled and rustled with strength using every fiber to stay attached to the tree haven.

When walking outside during the savage storm, the wind would claw and snatch at your hair, like a hungry bird of prey. The rain was not at a constant pounding, but a light, calm, and subtle drizzle. Even the drizzle was guilty of wickedness. With the wind's help, the drizzle savagely whipped itself into victim's eyes, blinding them for a little bit. Leaves, slamming

up against your person, would hug you hoping to make the ride of horror cease. Smaller limbs and twigs coated the ground, along with a multitude of leaves—a natural graveyard.

The snapped and splintered tree limbs put out a sweet fragrance, a fragrance that lifted one's heart and made one excited for the festive season to come. Even the wicked drizzle itself put out a decoy of fresh hope. The only truth to the scents though was deceitfulness. If smell had been the single sense, this scene would be different. Although the pine put forth a magnificent smell, the only reason the smell was present was because the limbs of the pine trees had been ripped off by that wicked wind. So in reality the smell of pine and sticky sap was the smell of and death. That clean, fresh fall rain was a painful reminder, taunting the victims of the recent storm. Death. Death was the only true, pure thing in this storm; all other pleasing smells were filthy lies.

The afternoon began pushing morning out of the way. The wicked wind slowly moved on to the next town. The occasional sudden gust of wind sneakily lashing its head around to marvel at its crime. Where grey, gloomy skies once were, the friendly blue began peaking out behind the horrific hurricane clouds. The sun timidly shined its gold beams out into the terrifying world, like a beacon of hope. Where silence once laid, excitement filled the air. All wildlife chattered with relief from the previous storm.

Emma Failmezger wrote this description of a hurricane during a hurricane. She lives in Manning, South Carolina.

Henry Williamson Impersonation

During the war, Christmas at home was the memory that kept me going. This holiday was when I got to see my relatives all together and open gifts with them. It was difficult to keep from worrying but this memory helped me from worrying.

Hello, I am Henry Williamson and I was a soldier in World War 1. I grew up in London where I spent a lot of time in the woods. Later, I joined the militia and witnessed the great Christmas truce, which showed me that this war I was fighting was nothing but a waste of lives. After I was discharged for illness, I married Ida Loetitia Hibbert. After a few years of marriage though, we divorced. For the rest of my days, I ran a farm and wrote books. While I was stuck in the trenches, the memory of Christmas at home was the only thing that gave me hope that someday I would be able to go home and see my family again.

It was a few days after actual Christmas and I woke up in a hurry. Today, we were going to my Grandma Deb's house. We had already had a small Christmas with just my mom, dad, brother, and sister. But today we got to see everyone. Mom made sure everyone was dressed and we all hopped in the car. I couldn't wait to see everyone. My grandma Deb, my poppy Mike, my three uncles, Matt, Blair, and Sean, and my two aunts, Keira and Joanna were all going to be there. When we arrived, everyone was already there. We all gave each other hugs and sat down to eat breakfast. My grandma Deb made such lovely breakfast casserole and blueberry buckle. After we ate, we sat down around the tree and passed out presents. I didn't really mind what everyone got me, so I don't quite remember, I was just happy to have gifts and to be with my family. Everyone seemed to be happy and content just to be with each other. After everyone opened their presents, the adults played a game called white elephant where each person would take a present from a pile and open it. It was so funny to watch what everyone would get. After that, we went home to prepare for Christmas dinner.

For me, Christmas is the best holiday of them all. Not only is it the celebration of the Savior's birth, it is also a time for families to be together. As the artillery shot above our trenches, I was somehow able to imagine myself sitting on the floor watching my family play white elephant.

Submitted by Katie Christensen. Katie is 14 and takes Writing & Rhetoric 5, Geometry, Ancient History, and Ancient Literature. Katie lives in Kentucky and has two younger siblings. She enjoys reading, playing her violin, and drawing.



Tampuhan

It was a miserable, gloomy day in the Philippines. If you listened, you couldn't hear a single sound; not even the birds sang today. Nobody bothered to walk about in such gloomy weather, thus the streets were empty. By now it was obvious that the change in weather had affected everyone in town. Suddenly, the voice of Jasmine Santos piped up from a medium-sized house in the middle of town.

"Fernandez Amihan Santos, you get back here!"

Fernandez sighed, "What now?"

"You did it again!" screamed Jasmine.

"Well, I can't help it. Why don't you just do it from now on!" exclaimed Fernandez in frustration storming off.

"That is clearly not the correct answer! From here on you must begin being responsible for your own actions," uttered Jasmine bluntly while crossing her arms and incandescently stormed after Fernandez. "Maybe since you won't listen to me, I'll ask our agreeable neighbor Mrs. Lee what she thinks!"

His eyes widened fearfully. "Not Mrs. Lee! She won't understand the complexity of the issue!"

Jasmine grinned, "Oh, well, in that case, why don't you apologize right now and go fix what you have done."

"I cannot promise I won't do it again. But, if it makes you feel better, I'll apologize."

"Ugh! That's not good enough, Fernandez!" yelled Jasmine furiously and paraded off to fetch the phone.

"Hello Mrs. Lee, this is Jasmine Santos from next door. How are you?"

"Quite fine thank you! What seems to be the problem?" inquired Mrs. Lee politely.

"Well, he's done it again! And I just can't get him to start being accountable for his own actions," Jasmine blurted out with a short, angry glance at Fernandez. Fernandez sighed emphatically in the background.

"What has he done again, dear?" Mrs. Lee asked with a smile in her voice.

"Well, I just can't get him to change the toilet paper roll when it's empty! He just leaves it empty instead of being a good man and putting on a new one!"

Mrs. Lee was silent for a moment, then said, "I think you must figure this one out on your own." and hung up.

Amelia Dippenaar is 12 years old. This is her first year with Schole Academy and she is in Writing & Rethoric Level 3.2 with Mrs. Sethman. My family lives in Alberta, Canada. She enjoys guitar, drums, soccer, painting and camping.



Battle Song

This is my battle song. It is not a cry of anger. I do not raise my sword in wrath. I howl the song of redemption to the sky. I am not of this world. I, along with creation, groan as the earth shatters silently around us. We were Fallen. We were foreigners, captives held in bondage by the chains of sin. NO MORE. My chains are broken by supernatural love. I raise my sword of Compassion against the Dark Lord. This is my battle cry. NO MORE. I am not yours, my name is Chosen. I will be light. I shine in the darkness.

This is my battle cry. I will not be silent. My love is fierce, my heart is firm. I put the band of love on my finger and I am set apart. Here I am. My sword is my pen. Beware darkness. Woe to you, Dark Lord. My shield is my faith, my lantern is a Book and it lights my way.

This is my battle cry. This is not a passive faith. This is not something people participate in only on Sundays. When you sing, you howl your defiance at the Dark Lord. We are not his. This world does not hold us. I am not home. My soul groans with the rest of creation as we await the Redemption of this world.

WARRIORS! Where are you? Since when have we set down our swords? NO MORE. I am free.

This is my battle cry. I will howl like a wolf; I will sing my song of freedom. Why are we idle? Where are we, Army of Christ? Yes, we are salt and light; but this battle is REAL. Our call is true. WHY DO YOU SIT IDLE? This is an active faith! We are not only called to Preach. We are called to go.

Your heart may break, but we will never be broken. I appeal to you brothers and sisters. We are an army. The world is our battlefield. The fight is real. The Dark Lord lives. Oh, to those who don't fight. I don't understand. You live a half truth. We are called to be Warriors. Warriors for Christ.

Here is my battle song. Some will heed my call. It will fall on deaf ears for others. I appeal to you from my heart. Listen to my battle song. Go into the world. The battle is real. Heed the call. Be Warriors for Christ.

This is my battle song. My pen is my Sword, and I raise it against the forces of the Dark Lord. This is my battle song.

Is it yours?

Amen, and all glory to Him.

About the Author

Sarah Grace Schumpert is a Christian historical fiction and fantasy author who goes by the pen name S.G. Schumpert. In her very small amount of free time, she can often be seen taking care of her pets, reading a book, or hiking in the woods with her best friend fur-ever, her pointer dog Brooke. Sarah Grace believes that each person has a unique calling by God and loves to encourage people to pursue their talents and gifts to bring Him glory.



*And above all, watch with glittering eyes the whole world around you because the greatest secrets are always hidden in the most unlikely places. Those who don't believe in magic will never find it
-Roald Dahl*

Submitted by Katie Christensen.