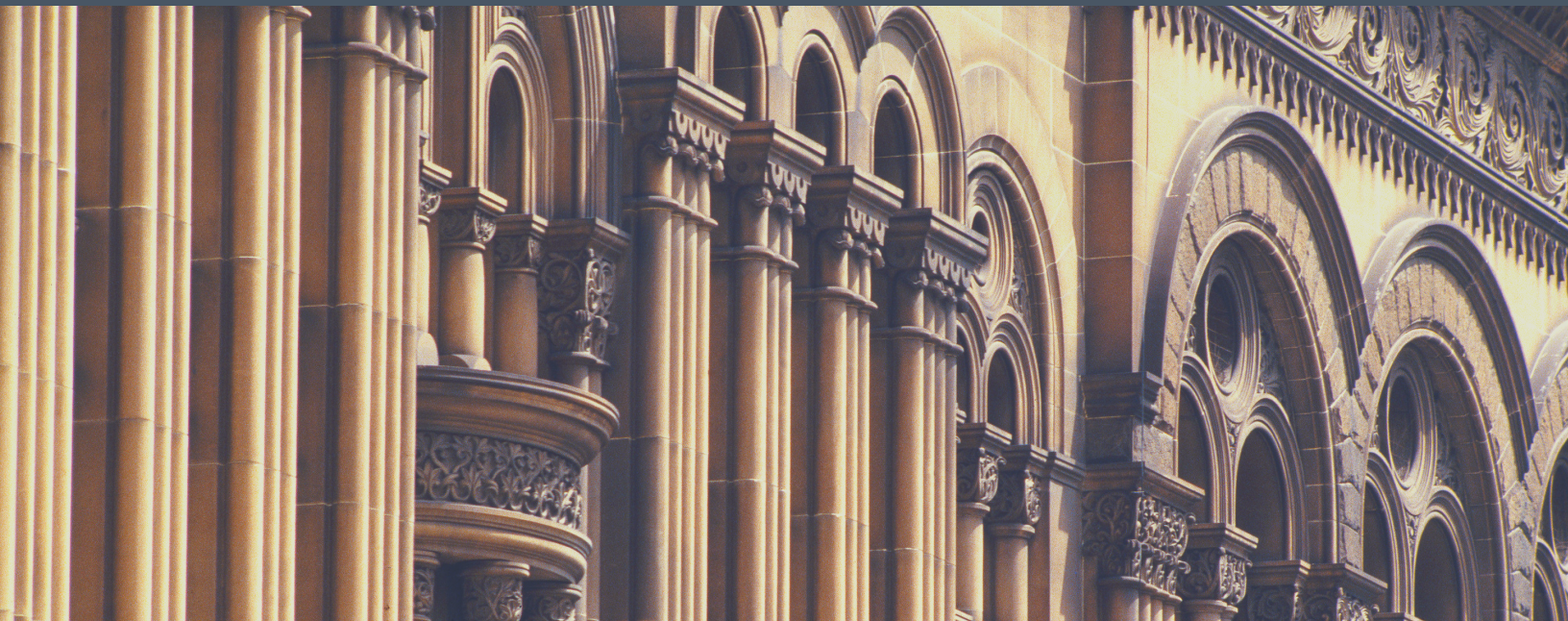


SPRING 2019

The Scholé Chronicle

SCHOLÉ ACADEMY ISSUE 04



Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

Springtime is a time of renewal, resurrection, and rebirth! For this issue students selected pieces of their work that emphasized the significant transformation and growth in their writing and artistic abilities this year.

I'm so grateful for the teachers and students who have supported making this issue. Throughout the pages you'll find sketches, poetry, essays, and favorite quotes that aim to bring our attention to the ways each child has demonstrated excellence and mastery.

As we finish this year, we look forward to continuing to bring you this humble showcase of student work in the Fall 2019. Have a blessed and peaceful summer!

In Christ, Joanne Schinstock

My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord,

My spirit rejoices in God my Savior

For he has looked with favor on his lowly servant.

From this day all generations will call me blessed:

The Almighty has done great things for me,

And holy is his Name.

He has mercy on those who fear him

In every generation.

He has shown the strength of his arm,

He has scattered the proud in their conceit.

He has cast down the mighty from their thrones,

And has lifted up the lowly.

He has filled the hungry with good things,

And the rich he has sent away empty.

He has come to the help of his servant Israel

For he has remembered his promise of mercy,

The promise he made to our fathers,

To Abraham and his children for ever.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son,

and to the Holy Spirit,

As it was in the beginning, is now, And will be for ever,

Amen.

Luke 1:46-55

A Tiny Little Garden

Written and Submitted by Allison Borowiec

Writing and Rhetoric 2 Student

A tiny little garden happy and bright
Grows and grows, day and night.
Plants grow high and touch the sky.
Bees fly from flower to flower
Collecting pollen by the hour
And when we gather till all is gone
A tiny little garden still sings its song.



The Impossible

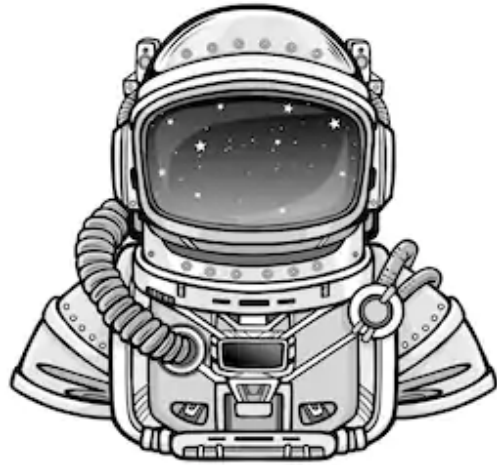
By Olathe Coleman-Harville

Chapter 1

This is a story about a girl who believed she could do anything. This young girl lived on a farm with her father. They shared a home in the open fields of Florida. A little ways out of their small country home there was a space agency called NASA. I know plenty of you know about NASA and the many stories about the first man on the moon, but this story is very different. It's about a girl who travels there for the first time, and this girl wants to tell you the story of her life. Hi, my name is Abrianna Cole and I was born in Montgomery, Alabama. My family was poor at the time so that is why I was born at home. While my mother, Elizabeth, was giving birth, she passed away. My father said, "I guess it was time for Elizabeth to go, and for God to take her soul to heaven," but, of course, I wouldn't understand those words until I was older. So how did I end up here? After my mother died, money continued to be tight. My father was hopping from job to job. At my young age of eight, there was a nanny who took care of me.

She was poorer than us, so my father told her if she wanted to live with us, she would have to take care of me for free. Her name was Bessy, but I called her my mother or Mossy, because, well, she was always there for me when my father couldn't. I hope I'm not going so fast into my story, but I am excited about finally getting all these words off my chest. Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, while my father was at work, Mossy, my live-in nanny usually brought me to school, then went to my house (which was her home too) to tidy up. I think... No, I am sure I have depression problems. A few weeks before I went to third grade for the first time, I peeked into my father's journal. What I found was a miracle... I didn't tell you, readers, what my birth mother's job was, because my father never told me. But I think his journal is the key to all my questions. Like I said, what I am about to tell you happened when I was about eight-years-old. Right now I am sixteen. I read my father's journal and this is what it said: Hello again. I just ended work and I know my wife needs a good meal after being in outer space for a couple of months.

I stopped reading to realize that my mother was an astronaut. I just couldn't believe my eyes. I continued to read, and it said this: It's been hard for her since no one at NASA knows about her being pregnant. Now I know why she died. SHE WAS IN OUTER SPACE! Being as young as I was, I knew there was no way for me to ever find out the truth about my mom. So I decided to wait until I was twelve and go to NASA to find my mother's true identity.



Bowl of Peaches by Abby Metzner

Abby Metzner is 11 years old and lives in northwest Arkansas. She enjoys music, art, and writing.

Interview with Jaden Rodriguez

Writing & Rhetoric Transition Student

Twelve-year-old Jaden Rodriguez is a dedicated student at Scholé Academy, and is a published author. He wrote and illustrated most of *Animals in Time, Volume 1: Historical Empires and Civilizations*, and illustrated a children's book about a squirrel. He also is working on artwork for a children's geography package. Somehow, he still finds time to study for school, and spend time enjoying other activities. A few of his hobbies are watching movies, drawing, competitive swimming, eating escargot (snail), playing piano, writing, and of course spending time with friends and family. Below are a few questions Jaden was asked about writing.

1. What made you want to write children's books? My mom had just finished writing *Animals In Time*, a fun book of stories for kids that told history through animals' eyes. I thought the idea was creative, so I wrote a following book. *Animals In Time* is basically a school textbook and adventure story in one. I also enjoy writing fantasy stories.
2. How do you find time to write during the school year? Normally, I try to finish my homework without procrastinating, and squeeze my writing in the gaps of free time.
3. Is it easy to know when a book is finished? Absolutely not! When writing a book you never know if an aspect of your story makes complete sense, or if you need to change it.
4. How do you know when a book is finished? It's all a matter of rereading and editing until you finally hope that maybe, just maybe, you've created a story the best it could possibly be.

5. What is the hardest part of writing? Getting the first draft done. It feels kind of rocky and choppy just getting the main frame of the idea down on paper or on computer. You don't know exactly what to tell and how to tell it.

6. When did you first take an interest in writing? When I was about seven I began writing little stories for myself. A few years later, I took a narrative fiction writing course which I immensely enjoyed. I've been writing ever since.

7. Why do you like to write? For me, it's all a matter of getting my feelings onto the keyboard. I always have these vibrant stories rushing through my mind. So many that it would probably take multiple lifetimes to write them all!

8. What is your first step in writing a book? Getting the idea. Normally, ideas just come naturally to me, so I just envision it in my head, get rid of the awkward or unneeded parts, and refine the cooler aspects until I find I have a pretty interesting story. Then I take it to my computer and put it into words.

9. About how long does it take you to write a book? My first book took collectively about four years. Don't be scared, aspiring writers! A normal book does NOT need to take as long as mine did, but what exactly happened is that I wrote the entire book when I was nine, then, two or three years later I came back and basically rewrote them, keeping the main storyline.

10. What is your favorite part of the writing process? The refining and editing. I always love it when I watch as all the unneeded parts of my story get washed away, revealing a greater, smoother story beneath.

Descriptive Passage by Jayden Peter

US American Literature

Dawn had come, bringing with it grey clouds that spewed rain like a fire hose over the white cliffs of Normandy. As noon drew closer, the clouds parted and bright beams of sunlight shone through, making the rain on the light green grass glisten as if it were made of diamond. Further inland, about half a mile from the edge of the cliffs, bunches of oak trees with dark green leaves clustered together, providing shelter for the villagers and their meager houses, with once vibrant colors dulled by decades of exposure to the winds off the sea. As the landscape grew closer to the cliff's edge, the trees thinned out until they were no more and the few sheep and shepherds roaming the grassy plains that covered the clifftops seemed to be the only signs of life. As the dull roar of a plane sounded overhead, the shepherds looked up, pointing excitedly into the sky. The sheep, unable to find the source of the noise, gathered together in the hope that as a pack they would be safer. The roar, turning into a sharp rat-tat-tat as the pilot gained speed and altitude, grew louder and closer. The shepherds covered their ears as a deafening wave of sound washed over them. Suddenly, the plane dropped down from the sky, skimming the tree tops with its wheels as it rushed towards the helpless shepherds. It had the familiar olive-green body and chrome engine cover of a Sopwith Camel, and on its side was the red, white, and blue bullseye of the Royal Air Force. The joyous shepherds raised their arms in celebration, cheering the pilot on as the plane rushed over them. As a wave of air hit them, they saw the pilot go into a steep climb, white scarf trailing behind him like a tiny flag of freedom. The plane climbed, going almost vertical as the shepherds on the ground held their breath. Finally, it could climb no longer and stalled, turned sharply, and started heading towards the ground in a dizzying spin. The joyous shepherds raised their arms in celebration, cheering the pilot on as the plane rushed over them. As a wave of air hit them, they saw the pilot go into a steep climb, white scarf trailing behind him like a tiny flag of freedom.

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Painting by
Adalie Everitt
Writing and
Rhetoric 4
Student

Description by Christian Hunt

Writing and Rhetoric Student

Good Morning, Father!

It's noon when Dad wakes up to the sunlight pouring in through the window. The curtains pulled aside to light up the room; he looks around to locate his phone. Finding it on the nightstand next to the bed, he turns it on to check the time, and the morning routine has begun. After a few minutes of checking emails and reading the news, he stretches and throws aside the covers. He stands up, rubs his face and runs his fingers through his light brown mop, fresh with his latest edition of bed-head. He peers out from groggy eyes, not used to getting up at this time of day after working the night shift. He thinks forward to what the day holds, but as he pulls on his black sweatpants and white long-sleeve shirt, it all leads to one thing that is missing from the process, the one thing that is needed for the day to start properly. He needs coffee. He grabs a pair of socks, turns off the fan, and walks out into the hall. The abrupt change causes him to squint for a few moments as he slowly and sleepily makes his way past the hall tree, then turns right into the kitchen and dining room. He smiles at us sitting in the living room and wishes us a good morning, happy to see his family relaxed and comfortable. He is grateful that the Lord has given us the immeasurable blessing of being together as a family each day. It was time to get down to business. Dad collects the various materials needed: a filter, a bag of coffee, and water, before proceeding to put them each into the coffee maker one by one and flip the switch. He grabs a mug and drops in a few cubes of ice. A few minutes later, he walks back over to the machine and pulls out the pot. Pouring the steaming black beverage into the mug, the ice at the bottom snaps and crackles under the heat. The final step in the routine under way, he ambles over to his recliner and slowly sits down, taking a sip of his coffee, then setting it next to him. It won't be long before the mug has been drained, and it is time to take on the day's work.



Painting by Annika Everitt
Writing and Rhetoric 2 Student



Pine Martin by Abby Metzner
Writing and Rhetoric 2 Student

To Propose by Yaseen Tarsin

US American Literature

It was a cool August afternoon. The man closed his eyes and inhaled the smells of Pier 39. Most people did not like the salty, fishy smell of the bay, but to him it smelled like home. He could smell the warm, cinnamonony smell of Trish's donuts. He could hear the sounds of the seals barking from Pier 40, the seagulls cawing and whining, fighting for any scrap of food they could find on the rough wooden pier. Somewhere nearby, a little boy was wailing, standing over his ice cream cone which had splattered all over the floor. A surge of collective laughter came from farther down the pier, where he was sure Ryan Kane was performing his usual comedy/magic show. It was a slightly chilly afternoon, with a slight fog curling in, giving the pier its famous look. The man was certain nothing could ruin his mood that day. Today was his day. He had shown up an hour early just to make sure nothing could go wrong. His hand traveled to the small box in his back pocket to make sure it was still there. Thank God, nothing had changed in the last 2 minutes. He was nervous but excited at the same time, and he had that slight burning in his chest mixed with a low, constant rush of adrenaline. He felt great. He decided to check up again on their reservation at Fog Harbor, the nicest restaurant on the pier, and her favorite. He walked up the creaky wooden stairs to the entrance. The waitress didn't look thrilled to see him there for the fourth time in 30 minutes. "Yes sir, your reservation has no complications. Table for 2, overlooking the bay, second floor. Don't worry, it'll be perfect. Don't look so nervous," she said, and gave him a friendly smile. "Just relax, you'll do great." She gave him an encouraging pat on the back that doubled as a push to get him out of there. He took a deep breath and decided to just relax for a little bit until she arrived. He pulled out the black velvet box and took out the beautiful silver ring. It had a perfect, silvery pearl set into it, with small diamonds surrounding it. It had cost him a fortune. He had bought it from the pearl jeweler who, incidentally, was located at Pier

He turned to look at the small shop but he couldn't see it from the front benches where he was sitting. He was turning it over in his fingers when suddenly it slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor. He bent down to pick it up, but just then, a little girl chasing her brother kicked it accidentally and it rolled down the pier. The man's heart began to race now and he sprang after it. The pier was crowded now and the man shoved his way through, only thinking of the ring. Every time he got close to it, somebody would kick it one way or another. His heart was pounding now, punching his throat. He was sweating, yelling, waving his arms, but nobody paid any attention to him. Just as he passed the swarm of people, the ring bounced off the corner of Houdini's and landed in the bottom tarp of a cart full of shrimp headed to Bubba Gump. He grabbed the employee pushing it and tried to tell him but taken by surprise, he was startled and pushed him off. The man decided to just try to grab it. He dived for it, and toppled the cart, spilling hundreds of raw shrimp all over the concrete. The ring rolled away. The employee, furious, tried to grab him but the man was already running again. He cursed and threatened him, red-faced. The ring had rolled all the way to pier 40 now, and it was moving into a bucket laying on its side. The man squinted. Were those fish in the bucket? He stole a glance at his watch. 6:30. He cursed. They were feeding the seals. Just as he put two and two together, the bucket was picked up and the woman holding it started tossing the little fish out to the barking seals while talking to the horde of little kids that had gathered. His heart stopped. The man tried to yell, but no sound came out. He sprinted through the alley, stepping on the three homeless men who smoked there regularly, with every ounce of energy he had left in him. By the time he reached her, the bucket was empty and the woman was watching the seals and teaching the kids about the seals' eating habits. The man was crushed. He looked out at the endless water before him and groaned. He punched the railing and immediately regretted it, holding his stinging knuckles in his other hand. A chubby little seal looked up at him innocently, seeming to smile at him. It barked softly and dived into the water, swimming back to the floating hunks of wood the seals slouched on for hours. He smiled softly, watching the tiny little body struggle to pull itself up onto the float. An enormous bull helped it up and they soon fell asleep. The man sat on a bench, looking out at the water. He sat for a few minutes, simply looking at the endless Pacific, then slowly covered his face with his hands.

Deliberative Speech: 'Sweep' by Caeley McVearry

Rhetoric 1 Student

When was the last time you swept the floor? Since we live in the age of technological advancements, the answer might be, “Sweep? Like with a broom?” Or, “Not recently”. First invented in the shape we know it today in 1797, the broom was the king of cleaning tools for centuries. Now, however, its power has been usurped by the vacuum—the seemingly indispensable implement that no one can get along without. Everyone assumes that this change is for the better, but is it really? Imagine your cleaning experience without the chaotic cords, broken brushes, and headache-inducing hum of the vacuum. Much more simple, peaceful, and efficient, right? So when you have to clean, make this vision a reality and sweep. Noise. Our world today is full of it, so cleaning can be a nice escape—quietly do a simple task while you give your brain a chance to catch its breath and think. Sweeping lets you do that; pushing and pulling the broom back and forth allows you to have that mental space, or to carry on a conversation with others around you, and can actually be quite relaxing. However, if you decide to vacuum instead, all of that is gone. Now your ears are filled with the humming of the vacuum, and you have to bellow and scream at family members to make yourself heard. Not only does the noise affect you, but it can affect others as well. The noise of the vacuum can cause high levels of stress in small pets, and many young children are also traumatized by it! You wouldn't want to terrify pet or sibling, would you? Even if it doesn't scare them, the vacuum's continuous noise can disrupt what others are doing, whether its mom reading a schoolbook to your siblings, someone practicing a musical instrument, or dad trying to take a nap. This makes the choice to sweep instead of vacuum a decision that not only benefits yourself, but a selfless choice that considers the well being of those around you.

My mom always tells me, “but the broom doesn’t pick up as much dirt as the vacuum, its not as thorough,” but she doesn’t observe the battle I have every Saturday morning as I try to capture the obstinate crumbs on the kitchen floor that refuse to be vacuumed up. She doesn’t witness the elaborate tactics I have to invent, “Okay, first I’ll vacuum forward, then pull the vacuum back over top of them really fast—that’ll do it!” She doesn’t know the complicated maneuvers I perform; center the vacuum over top of the crumbs, hold it there for a minute, then shake it back and forth as fast as I can. She doesn’t see the sweat on my forehead as I finally admit defeat and try to pick the crumbs up with my fingertips and transport them to the trash can before they are blown off my palm. A broom, my friends, brings none of these struggles; it is much more precise and easy to maneuver so it can pick things up with greater accuracy. But perhaps your vacuum is more efficient than mine, perhaps its’ motto is “No crumb left behind”. Yet even so, it is still a complicated machine, and one that is extremely susceptible (by the very nature of its work) to breaking. Maybe you have experienced (as I have more times then I would like to admit) the time you are tasked with vacuuming the house before an event. You start the first room, and zone out as you preform the monotonous back-and-forth, back-and-forth motion of cleaning. Suddenly, your reverie is interrupted by the sound you hoped to never hear: the steady hum of the vacuum is broken by the ominous “clunk thunkety thunk” of an unwanted object being sucked into its gullet. The air is rent by the guttural dying screams of the vacuum as you frantically push buttons to try to turn it off. Your mind races, “Was it a nickel, a twist tie, a hairband, a piece of a sibling’s toy?” The vacuum emits a last, shuddering breath and whirs no more, yet you cannot accept the truth. Hoping your mom has not heard anything from the other room, you try everything in your power to fix what you’ve done; even going so far as to dis-assemble the vacuum and poke and prod in its dusty tubes, but it will not revive.

This is the sad story of thousands of vacuums across the world, but this waste and destruction of machinery could be easily prevented. All it takes is the choice to use a broom. A broom is immortal, it never breaks, it never dies. It can be used to clean up anything on the floor, big or small. If it belongs in a trash can, the broom can get it there, without the constant fear that an unknown and unseen object will bring about its demise. So are you convinced? Have you come to the realization (as I have) that the broom, and not the vacuum, is the more the more peaceful, efficient, and durable cleaning implement? In our days of imagination and innocence as young children, most or all of us (myself included), were very fond of the broom. We named and rode it as our favorite horse, used it to play ‘witch’ near Halloween, and maybe even caught whales or fish using it as a fishing rod. Yet now, at our older, more mature age, we have forsaken it for the ‘ease and convenience’ of modern technology. This is cannot be the delusion that we live in—we should use our (hopefully) improved-with-age intellect to see that our younger selves were on the right track—the broom is far superior to the vacuum. So next time you have the choice, walk past the vacuum, pick up the broom, and sweep. That’s right, sweep.



Photograph by Ruth Garcia

That Hurricane By Ruth Helen Garcia

The clouds have passed,
And the storm has gone away;
We all felt as if being lashed;
Oh Lord please don't leave us astray;
For the rain has poured,
The wind has soared,
And the thunder has roared;
That bloodthirsty hurricane shattered our peaceful environment,
And it turned surviving homes into dreadful imprisonment;
There is no one to blame,
But Maria's name;
That disastrous Hurricane,
Brought horrendous pain;
It's hard to be ebullient,
But we must be resilient;
For through Christ our protector,
We can find great treasure;
In meeting together,
To overtake our oppressor;
That Hurricane changed my life forever,
And brought pressure,
Of great measure;
But through this devastation,
There is restoration.

My name is Ruth Helen Garcia. My family and I are missionaries to a small island in the Caribbean called Puerto Rico. I wrote this poem because on September 21 of 2017 a category 5 hurricane named Maria hit Puerto Rico, so I decided write about it and I came up with a poem. Some activities that I find are delightful are dancing, running, painting, writing papers/poetry, playing piano, reading, acrobatic stuff, and going to the beach and the pool with my family.