

# The Scholé Chronicle

December 2019

Scholé Academy Issue 05



The Magpie (1868-1859) by Claude Monet.

## Letter From The Editor

Dear Readers,

This is our third year of producing The Scholé Chronicle, and we are proud to present our 5th issue! Every detail of this issue reflects the students' thoughtfulness, creativity, insight, and love. This issue makes a special tribute to beauty visible in the student submissions of original photography, painting, writing, and poetry.

As I write this letter I recall a special prayer:

*Grant us, we pray, O Lord Our God,  
The constant gladness of being devoted to you,  
For it is full and lasting happiness  
To serve with constancy  
The author of all that is good.  
Through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son, Who lives  
and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
One God, for ever and ever. Amen.*

This prayer expresses our love and faithfulness to Our Creator who blesses us with the framework of all that is good and worthy of imitation. From some of our youngest scholars to our budding young men and women in high school, submissions in this issue reflect tradition, family, music, art, beauty, and eloquence. This paper reflects their affections, wisdom, and prayerful efforts.

From "The Scholé Chronicle" staff to your home,  
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Happy Reading!

In Christ,  
Joanne Schinstock  
Humanities Instructor

# Charlotte's famous Christmas Village

By Giana Farry

*Giana Farry lives on beautiful Lake an in Cornelius, North Carolina with her mom, dad, and two dogs. Her hobbies include Judo, Improv team, and playing piano.*

In North Carolina, around December, the entire city gathers to host Charlotte's famous Christmas Village. Once per year, people all around Uptown Charlotte decorate entire skyscrapers with vivid, shimmering Christmas lights. This creates a grand environment for the stalls and tents lined up on open fields filled with presents, treats, and other goodies for sale, the food tempting especially with its familiar, seasonal scents. Towards the center of the festivities, families gather around a 45-foot tall decorated Christmas tree. Its lights shining softly as the candles scattered around the base of the tree emit a warmth that seems to kiss the cheeks of everyone within range. Mothers call their children over to take a few photos, the girls and boys beaming with glee as they snuggle close to their loving parents, smiling for the camera, then leaping away with a beautiful curiosity of the world swelling in their hearts. All this is just a tiny part of a colossal whole that makes up my fondness for Charlotte.



Picture of Birds taken by:

**Rebecca Anderson**

*Rebecca Anderson is 14 years old and lives in Wisconsin with her family and dog. She enjoys baking, rock climbing, reading, photography and playing outside.*



Photo taken by: Bella Welch

# Photo Gallery



**West African Red-Headed Agama Lizard taken  
by: Ian Nelson**

*Ian Nelson is 13 years old  
and in 8th grade. In his free time,  
he loves playing soccer, listening  
to music, reading, and taking photos.  
He lives in Ghana, West Africa.*



**Photo taken by: Bella Welch**



**Photo taken by: Grace Wagner**

*I am an early bird, and I enjoy beekeeping  
(when our bees survive the winter), baking lemon  
meringue pie, experimenting with essential oils,  
drinking (and brewing) kombucha and kefir,  
paddleboarding, and being a part of the  
international folk dance troupe at my church, Holy  
Cross Orthodox church in Linthicum, MD.*



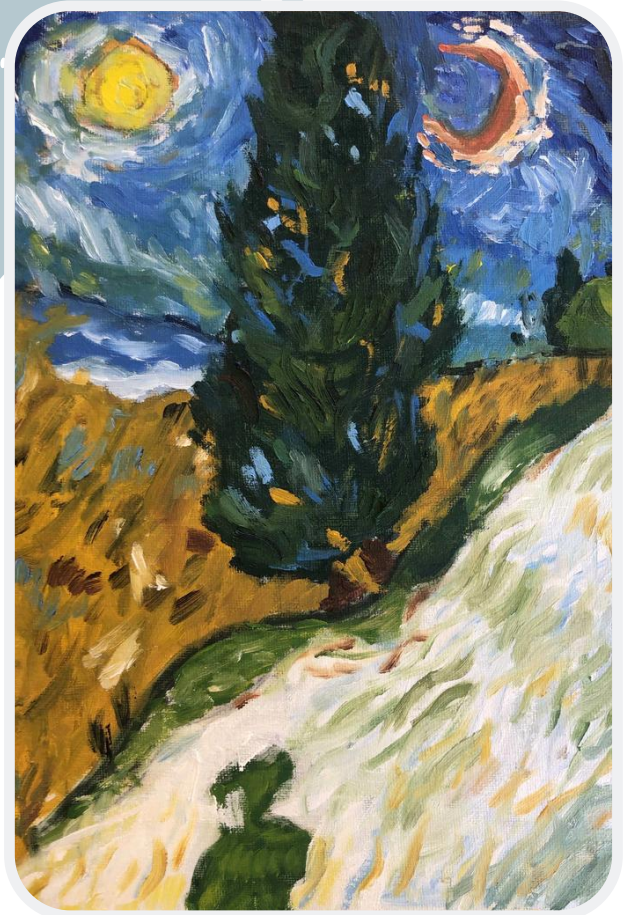
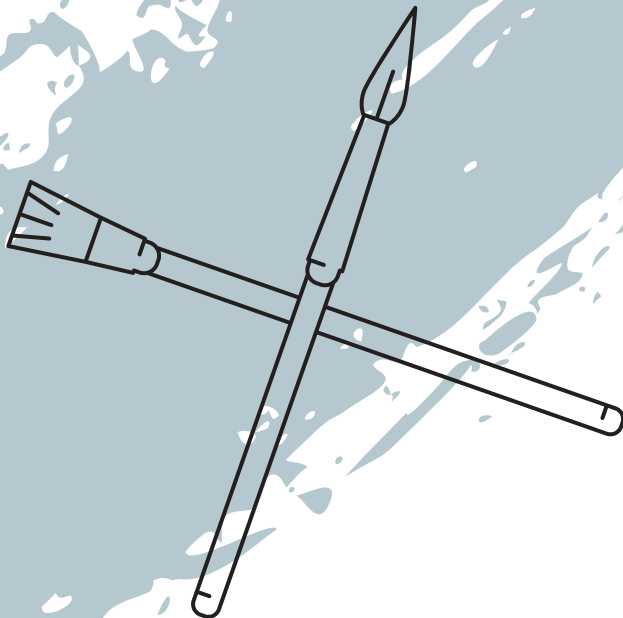
**Photo taken by: Bella Welch**

# Fine Arts



## **Peaches by Amelia Abney**

*My name is Amelia Abney , and I am from a little town called Athens, Texas. This is my second year with Scholé Academy. In my spare time, I like to read, write, paint and sew. My favorite subjects are Latin and History.*

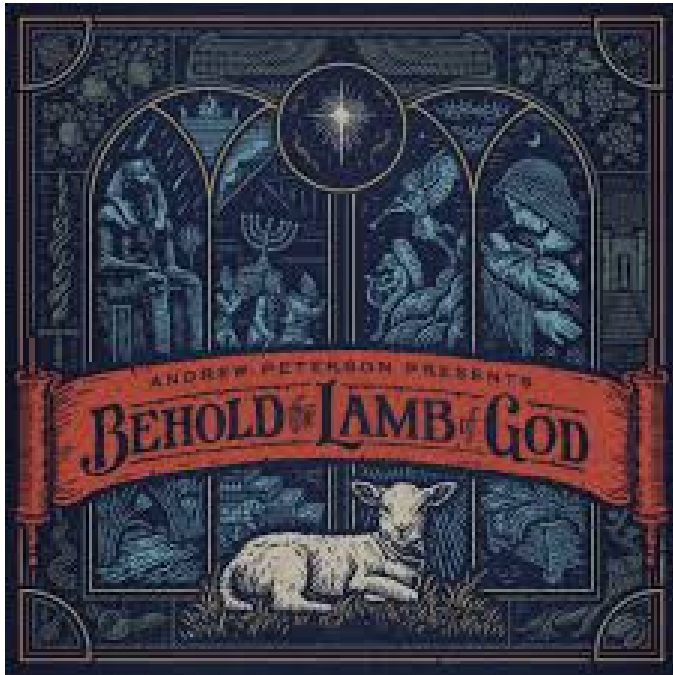


*Inspired by Road with Cypress and Star by Vincent Van Gogh*

## **A Painting by Annika Everitt**

*Annika Everitt is 10 years old and lives in Colorado. She enjoys reading baking, and writing letters to her friends and family.*

# Music Review



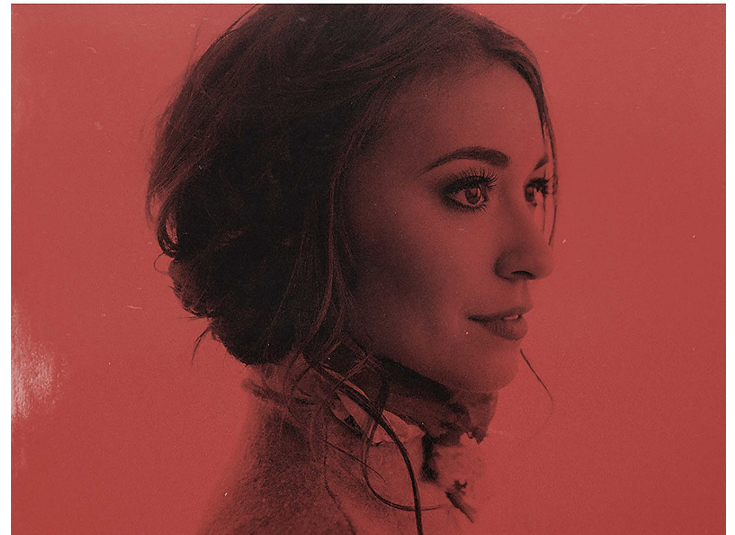
As Christmas quickly approaches and Christmas songs begin resounding in stores, I begin to think about what I will be listening to during this season of joy. Here are two recommendations for albums that really make this time of year special.

Singer/Songwriter Andrew Peterson's "Behold the Lamb of God" is a very unique album of music reflecting on Jesus' birth. Peterson doesn't limit his folk-style music to the time surrounding Jesus' birth, rather he's painted a beautiful picture with his songs by drawing from subject matter spanning the whole Bible. He writes songs about things like the suffering of the Israelites. One may wonder why he wrote and included songs like this, but the simple answer is that the Israelites were calling for a Savior, and the songs voice their cries in such a beautiful way. Instrumental renditions of classic Christmas hymns scattered throughout the album provide the listener with contemplative pauses. The fact that Andrew Peterson does not try to cover up the difficulties the Israelites were facing or even the pains Mary experienced when giving birth to our Savior is one thing that sticks out to me in this album. This album possesses a uniqueness all its own.

CENTRICITY  
HIGH FIDELITY

## LAUREN DAIGLE

### BEHOLD A CHRISTMAS COLLECTION



Lauren Daigle, slightly newer to the world of Christian music, also has a special Christmas album. Her album "Behold" contains soft-jazzy renditions of well-loved Christmas carols and hymns. Daigle's impressive alto voice paired with soft yet powerful music makes me want to cozy up by a blazing fire with a mug of hot cocoa. The mix of songs focusing on Jesus' birth and songs about the Christmas season is just right and makes me feel quite satisfied by the end. I think both of these albums have a uniqueness all their own, and I hope you can enjoy listening to them as much as I do. Merry Christmas!

*Grace is a missionary kid living in Ghana, West Africa. Becoming a nurse in the future is her current dream. She is an Assistant Editor for the Scholé Chronicle.*



# Poetry

## Quietly

By Maya Lee

Quietly the kitten hunts its  
prey,  
Quietly the night sneaks  
up on the day,  
Quietly the slippers cross  
the floor,  
Quietly creaks the old  
wooden door.

Quietly turns the mill,  
Quietly the rain does spill,  
Quiet is the owl, but  
quietest of all,  
Is when the scarlet leaves  
fall.

*Maya Lee is twelve years old and an artist who adores animals and writing poems about nature.*

*Her favorite muse is her cat, Madeline. She enjoys being with her family, reading, and cooking.*

## Mercy is the Drops from Heaven

By Fatimah Hussayni

*Mercy is like gentle rain. It pours down and benefits everyone around you.*

“Mercy” is the drops from heaven—  
That descend upon mankind—  
And bless the earth with nourishment—  
On ev’ry spot it finds—

And cool in the land is felt—  
And dry must be the place—  
Where there is no mercy at all  
Dropping down upon Earth’s face—

I’ve felt it in the morning breeze—  
And in the cool night air—  
Always, always has it descended,  
Upon the compassionate lair.

*I am an avid reader, writer, and photographer. I love to learn and apply what I have learned in everyday life. I would like to do what mankind was sent to do: be stewards of the earth. Taking care of the earth and preserving it is one of my priorities, and I hope to spread the message that we need to be playing our role as stewards.*

# The Shoes That Knew

Through creeks  
On cliffs  
Hiking here and there  
Were a pair of shoes;  
Climbing stairs  
Meandering through churches  
Visiting picturesque galleries  
Running through meadows of poppies  
Touring ancient structures  
In the Caucus Mountains;  
Walking with thousands of others in the Louvre  
Wandering through the Jardin du Luxembourg  
Peering inside tall cathedrals;  
Jogging in enormous stadiums  
Crammed full of cheering fans  
Crunching on popcorn in the stands;  
Worn, weary and torn  
Finally arrive safely home  
And put to rest;  
Deep in thought  
Of days before  
Remembering each and every step  
Dancing on pebbles and grass  
Remembering the incredible adventures of a journey past

*Isabella Setian is in Grade 6. She loves reading, drawing, singing, playing the violin, writing plays, and performing in plays. Isabella and her family traveled to Armenia and France this summer. This poem is based on those experiences from the point of view of her little brother's shoes, which were worn out by the end of their amazing summer.*

# *Stories & Essays*

## Fredericksburg Virginia Christmas Parade

Written by Jannie Benavidez

Virginia is filled with many historic sites, including the birthplace of George Washington, but the main attraction during winter is the Christmas Parade. Minutes before the parade, the streets were lined with hundreds of excited and anxious spectators. They were all bundled up in winter coats to shield themselves from the chilling winter breeze. Some were seated on blankets they had set on the ground. Others brought folding chairs with them and were seated as close to the road as they could be. Children were playing in the sparkling, wet snow as it melted on the sidewalk in the setting sun. Finally, with the crowd gathered and the sun slowly disappearing behind the historic downtown buildings, two police cars drove slowly down the street with loud sirens and flashing lights to signal the opening of the parade. The viewers cheered excitedly as the first themed float glided across the street. Many of the floats were built to resemble nativity scenes. Others were designed to look like characters from movies or books. Following the floats came various marching bands with the performers dressed in glittering uniforms, and teams of dancers or people walking with large banners to help support an organization. Time seemed to fly as I was watching the parade. Before it felt like five minutes had past, the last float came slowly down the street. The float appeared to be nothing more than a fire truck, but as I looked up I could see Santa Claus sitting on the top of the truck waving to the crowd with a warm smile on his face.

There are many Christmas parades held in many places every year, but why is it the one in Fredericksburg, Virginia the parade that I love the most? It must be because of the picturesque buildings decorated in colored lights against the setting sun and nestled along the Rappahannock River. Or the beautifully decorated parade floats created by the community. There is no other Christmas parade on earth I would rather see than the one held in Fredericksburg, Virginia.



## The Danger of Curiosity

Written by Emma Krueger

Emily Osborn lived in a small town in Minnesota. It was October 1, 1872. Her mother remarked that they were low on water. Emily knew her mother had many things to do, so she decided to go to the well for her. It was only a mile and a half to the well, about a forty-five-minute walk there and back. The day was pretty chilly, but not cold enough to require her winter coat. She said a quick goodbye to her mother and then set out for the well. She was sauntering on the path when, through the trees, she saw a mysterious well she'd never seen. "I don't know why I've never noticed this one before," she thought. "It's much closer." With excitement she decided to investigate it.

Emily strolled up to the well and peered in, but it was too dark for her to see. She found a little pebble and dropped it into the well. She didn't hear a splash. She reached down to see if she could feel the ground. In a flash she toppled into the well. "Ahhhhhhh!" she screamed. Emily fell with a thud onto bright green grass.

Emily looked around, startled, but curious. She saw a rushing waterfall, a pond that was as clear as water, and a beautiful patch of flowers. "Where am I?" she thought. "It looks like a cave, but much prettier." It was as bright as day, even though the only place she could see where sunlight could get in was through the hole from where she had fallen. "It is so beautiful down here."

Everywhere she glanced there was another amazing site. Just a few feet away there was a tree that was a vivid lime green. She had never seen anything like it. Jogging over to it, Emily touched the bark. It was extremely smooth. Because of her curious nature, she decided to climb the tree. When she reached the top of the tree, she looked around in awe. She could see the whole cave.

Just then she caught a glimpse of magenta in the leaves. She cleared the branches and found that it looked like a round little berry. Without thinking that it could possibly be poisonous, she popped one into her mouth. It was the most delectable thing she ever tasted. (continued on next page)

"I must take some of these incredible berries home to Mother," Emily thought. She got out her handkerchief and picked a few more.

Suddenly it occurred to her that she might never see her mother again. The realization that she might never get out sank deep into her heart.

The hole in the ground that she had fallen from was high up, and the walls were too slippery to climb. Emily knew she definitely couldn't get out the way she came.

"Even though it's breathtaking down here, I definitely don't want to be stuck down here for the rest of my life."

Emily didn't know what to do. Looking around she found that it wasn't a large cave, and she could see that the only way out was the well. She was trapped, with no way of escape.

"What if I never get out? What if I die down here?" Emily anxiously contemplated.

She saw a massive flat rock by the water that looked like a delightful bench, so she went over to sit down. "What should I do?" she wondered. Just then she lurched forward. The rock had moved! Only it wasn't a rock at all. A head popped out, along with things that looked like fins, and a tail. She was sitting on a turtle! The turtle pushed her into the water with a big splash.

All of a sudden she was dragged under the water by the turtle. She thought the turtle was going to make her drown. She panicked for air. Just when she thought it was over for her, she was tossed up onto the pine needles in the woods. The turtle had saved her.

The turtle had taken her to the only accessible way out. She never would have guessed it was reachable from underwater. She would be forever grateful for that turtle. Looking around, she tried to see if she could find her way back home. About 15 feet away was the well she discovered the path and started for home. (continued on next page)

As she was walking, she was quite cold and still soaking wet. When she reached home her mother was astonished.

"Why are you all wet?" asked her mother.

“The most unbelievable thing happened when I went to get the water,” responded Emily.

Then, Emily remembered that she had forgotten to get the water. As they sat by the fire, Emily told her mother the whole story from beginning to end, even though her mother didn’t believe everything. The berries, however, helped her mother to believe more of it. She thought they were delicious.

The next day Emily went to get water, and when she came to that mysterious well she kept walking to the well that was a mile further. She had learned that curiosity can be good, but when you are too curious you might just end up in danger.

*Emma Krueger is 13 years old and lives in Wisconsin. She is in 7th grade and enjoys dance and rock climbing. She also loves to snuggle and play with her dog.*

## Tom Sawyer v.s. Huckleberry Finn

By Marina Matson

Two iconic characters of the brilliant author, Mark Twain, are Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. These two boys are both adventurous but different in heart and mind. They share many memorable adventures together that show their friendship for one another and their true spirits that the school-master tries to quiet in order to make them ordinary pupils that do not have the dreams or hopes of illogical and dangerous happenings.

Tom and Huckleberry, whom Tom refers to as “Huck,” share an unforgettable friendship. The two boys are both adventurous and brave. In the book *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, the two boys journey away from home and face dangers together. They both have spirit for adventure, and a desire to be on the water. One thing that makes them bound to be friends is their lightheartedness and bravery.

Unlike Huck, Tom is wittier and slightly braver. Tom escapes his punishment of whitewashing the fence by convincing others that it is an honor to whitewash his fence, and if they want to do it, they would have to pay a price. Such prices were an apple, a kite, a dead rat, and a string. In addition, since Tom is not the son of the town drunkard, he goes to school and gets an education, which he dislikes wholeheartedly. Since Tom is brought up by his Aunt Polly, he goes to church and memorizes passages from the Bible. These Bible memorizations can earn him prizes in Sunday School, which cause extra chaos in little Tom Sawyer’s crazy life. Thankfully, Huck is there to help and comfort.

Unlike Tom, who grows up with his Aunt Polly, Huck is the son of the town drunkard, so he wears ragged clothes and sleeps in barrels. Tom and Huck find treasure in a cave and they each get \$6,000. Afterwards, the Widow Douglas decides to adopt Huck and tries to tame him. She tried to teach him manners, spelling, and bits from the Bible. The book *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* reveals to us that he is not just a boy with a funny manner of speech and thought, who acquires a large sum of money, but he is a bright boy who likes thinking about the details of life and humanity. (continued on next page)

These two town misfits create a strong bond of friendship and trust that they will have forever. Tom's sense of humor and cleverness and Huck's desire for knowledge makes their friendship perfect, since they balance each other out. The two books, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* are wonderful pieces of art by Mark Twain about two best friend's journeys in adolescence.

*Marina Matson is an avid reader, tennis player, and foodie from the state of Wisconsin. In her free time, Marina enjoys playing with her dog, Misha, learning new languages, playing tennis, writing stories, and acting.*



## Plato's Republic and The Constitution

Written by Bella Welch

In 360 BC, a dialogue was written that forever changed the world. Plato's Republic is a dialogue about justice and what makes an upright government. In The Republic, Plato describes five different types of government and their weaknesses. He also argues that aristocracy is the best form of government. This paper will discuss some of the main types of government, what justice is, and why a representative democracy is a superior form of government.

Government is “the form or system of rule by which a state, community, etc., is governed” according to Dictionary.com. Plato explores the ideal forms of government as well as the corrupt ones. He speaks of five types of government: aristocracy, timocracy, oligarchy, democracy, and tyranny. Plato describes justice as doing what is best for the soul (Plato 334). In his opinion, aristocracy is the best form of government, and justice flourishes the most in it.

Aristocracy is described as the “government of the best” (Plato 205) or the rule of nobles who love justice the most. Aristocracy leads to timocracy, which is described as the “government of honor” (Plato 205) or the rule of the landowning elites that are not quite as noble. Timocracy leads to oligarchy, “a government resting on a valuation of property in which the rich have power and the poor man is deprived of it” (Plato 209). Oligarchy leads to democracy, the rule of the people over themselves where everyone is represented. Lastly, democracy leads to tyranny, a dictatorship with one ruler over everyone. Plato thinks aristocracies are the best form of government because they are made of good people who love justice.

An aristocracy is not the best form of government because it is the rule of only the nobles and privileged classes who can pass laws without the consent of the general public, who are not represented. The citizens are essentially at the disposal of the nobles, who may not have the interest of the people in mind. The people in power may be selfish and pass laws for personal gains. This can cause tension between the wealthy and the poor, the nobles and the commoners.

(continued on next page)

On the other hand, representative democracy is “a type of government wherein the people are permitted to vote for those whom they feel will best represent their values and will pass the laws necessary to benefit all of society” according to Legal Dictionary. The people are represented and have a say. They have power to directly elect leaders instead of the class of elites that elect themselves. This creates a more equal type of system where the tension between the wealthy and the poor is primarily gone.

This form of government is based on a democratic government, which is, as stated before, the rule of the people over themselves, and a republic government, which is a state ruled by representatives of the citizen body. The founding fathers of the United States of America and authors of the Constitution formed this type of government. According to the Seventh Coalition History website, they were well-educated individuals and “they all had significant experience with ancient Greek and Roman authors since childhood.” It goes on to say that the founders knew that a mixed republican government would be the best form of government for the new American nation. This type of government has lasted 243 years with only 27 amendments to the Constitution.

On the website of the United States Department of Justice, it says their mission is “to enforce the law and defend the interests of the United States according to the law.” It also says that they secure safety against foreign and domestic threats for the public, control crime, try to give just punishment to those guilty of unlawful behavior, and “ensure fair and impartial administration of justice for all Americans”. In this way, justice flourishes in a representative democracy form of government.

To conclude, the five types of government Plato discussed are: aristocracy, timocracy, oligarchy, democracy, and tyranny. He argued that an aristocracy was the best form of government, however, it does not represent the people and it causes tension between the wealthy and the poor. A representative democracy represents the people and they have the power to directly elected leaders. Thus, representative democracy is a better and superior form of government.

*My name is Bella Welch, I'm 15 years old and I'm in 10th grade. This is my second year with Scholé Academy.*

# *Chocolate Peppermint Cream Pie*

## Ingredients:

1 chocolate pie crust  
1 recipe peppermint cream filling  
1 recipe whipped cream  
chocolate shavings and crushed candy canes for décor

## Method:

1. Fill a prepared pie crust with peppermint cream filling and spread to level top.
2. Top with whipped cream.
3. Sprinkle with chocolate shavings and crushed candy canes.
4. Enjoy immediately or refrigerate for 3+ hours to set the filling more.

## *Chocolate Cookie Crust*

## Ingredients:

3 C crushed chocolate cookies  
(I use oreos without the filling.)  
1 Tbsp sugar  
4 Tbsp melted butter

## Method:

1. Preheat your oven to 350 degrees f.
2. In a bowl mix together cookie crumbs, sugar, and melted butter.
3. Press the cookie mixture in the base of a pie tin to form a crust.
4. Bake crust for 15 minutes or until set.
5. Cool until ready to use.

## *Chocolate Peppermint Cream Filling*

## Ingredients:

1 C sugar  
4 Tbsp cocoa powder  
½ C dark chocolate, chopped  
5 Tbsp cornA starch  
4 C whole milk  
2 tsp peppermint extract

## Method:

1. In a medium sized saucepan whisk together sugar, cocoa powder, and corn starch.
2. Stream in milk and extract and whisk until combined.
3. Place the saucepan over medium high heat and cook, stirring continuously until thickened. This may take up to 10 minutes to thicken.
4. Remove from heat and immediately stir in chopped chocolate to melt.
5. Cool over an ice bath.
6. Pour into a prepare pie crust.



## *Peppermint Whipped Cream*

### Ingredients:

2 ½ C heavy whipping cream  
1 tsp peppermint extract or  
liquor  
½ C powdered sugar

### Method:

1. In the base of a mixing bowl place heavy cream and powdered sugar. With a hand mixer or whip attachment on the kitchen-aid whip the cream to medium peak.
2. Add the extract or liquor and mix to stiff peak.
3. Unused whipped cream will start to separate in the refrigerator. Rewhip before using.

Recipe submitted by: Annika Everitt

My name is Annika Everitt. I am in 5th grade. I am in Writing and Rhetoric 3 and LFCC. I love to bake, play outside, write, and read. This was a recipe I got from a baking class I did with my dad.

