

Scholé Academy's

The Scholé

Chronicle

THE AUTUMN/WINTER ISSUE

2023

Meet our two new
Head editors! page

2

Autumn Column

page 3

Interview with
Principal page 31

Nov/December 2023

7



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Table of Contents

Letter from the Editors.....	2
Seasonal Column.....	3
Arts/Entertainment Column.....	15
Thematic Column.....	21
Spiritual Reflections Column.....	30
Interviews Column.....	34
Recipes Column.....	39
Meet the Team!.....	43
Final Page.....	49

Letter from the Editors

Dear Readers,

We are excited to announce the 13th Issue of the Scholé Chronicle and would like to introduce ourselves! Isabella is the Design Director and Madeleine is the Editing Director.

This issue heralds some changes, notably that a majority of our wonderful team members are new to the Chronicle's ranks. We've also added several sections, which cover a broad range of topics including a seasonal column, photography and artwork, a thematic column that centers on history and heritage- and more! As you peruse these pages, take time to observe the marvelous talent of each of the students who submitted a piece. From artwork, to photography, to short stories and essays, this Chronicle is filled with it all. We even have some recipes, which we're sure will inspire you. Thank you so much to all the students who submitted! We couldn't do it without you!

Thank you to the editing team who made sure each submission was ready for the designers, and thank you to the design team for creating such a cohesive, eye-catching document!

Our goal at the Scholé Chronicle is to serve the Scholé community by providing a platform to showcase the work of students and to give them the opportunity to experience being published and sharing their work with others. We hope the 13th biannual Scholé Chronicle will bless you and we hope that your Christmas season is made all the more exciting by the reading of this document.

Thank you ever so much,
Blessings,

Isabella S. & Madeleine B.

Seasonal Column: Autumn

Our first column of this year's Chronicle is one focusing fully on all things fall. We have some fall-themed poetry and fall-themed artwork and photography. We hope you enjoy!

Friend Autumn

by Charlotte C.

Where are you coming from?
Where do you go?
An old hope is falling,
A broken heart's calling,
A river is crawling-
Too mud-stopped to flow.

What is your alibi?
What can you say?
This in-between season
Laughs (without reason),
Committing hard treason,
Has brightened the day.

Why do you shock the air?
Why be so bold?
You climb ever higher,
Up crumbling pyre;
The trees are on fire-
Brittle and cold.

How do you enchant us?
How can it end?
You call upon winter,
(Cold-hearted dissenter)
You pierce me-a splinter;
And yet you're my friend.

Who are you, Autumn, friend? Who do you call?
The trees, they are shorn, The weather is worn,
The sky, it is torn-
They say you're called Fall.

When will you come to me? When shall friends fly? The
Sky falls asleep,
Waters freeze deep,
Above me you creep-
Sparkle in eye.

I'm Charlotte, I'm 14, and this is my first year with Scholé. I live in Lilburn, GA and I enjoy writing, reading good literature, and, above all, music. My family lived overseas for a while where autumn wasn't really different from summer, so I think I have a bit of a newer perspective on the season.

Autumn's Song

by Genevieve Sarona

First the winds begin to stir
The crimson leaves upon the ground.

Skittering and dancing,
A soft, mysterious sound.

Little spirits within the fallen
Begin to awaken.

The sound of the wind calls them,
From the long sleep they have taken.
The reeds of the pond begin to sing,
Their fronds turning a purpling brown.

And whispers of ripples spread wide
Upon their glittering liquid gown.
Lilies upon the surface close their petals
To start their long sleep.

Slowly, the melody is awakened,
So let us hold it deep.

The last of crimson leaves fall
From the birches and the oaks,
And gone now is the fine forest hall
And the weather tears at cloaks.

The world outside is now cold and colorless
But little chickadees are here to stay,
To heed the day when warm weather strikes again
And flowers burst, their petals to display.



Genevieve Sarona lives in Rougemont NC on a farm with her three younger siblings and parents. Writing has been a main part of her life since the age of seven and enjoys all things involving fantasy. An aspiring novelist, she hopes to be published by eighteen.

Busy Squirrel

Lily S.



For him, autumn means constant toil.

He scurries

Up, down, hither, thither.

Fast as he can, his slight heart
quakes like the branches
he leaps from.

His paws shake and quiver as
he gathers whatever he can.

Quickly, lest all be lost.

He fears the bitter cold,
which can so easily stop
that tiny beating heart.

He dreads the barren ground,
which is the true meaning of
utter desolation to him.

He is a being too small
to live when the stark fields
have no more to give.

It may seem comical to you,
you who laugh at his hurry,
mock his worry.

But, his need is greater than yours
as a tree exceeds the acorns he
hoards so carefully.


So, what can you know,
what can you know
of such desperation?

by Parnia A.




Hi! I am Parnia A. My favorite things to do are art and tap dancing. My favorite books are Front Desk and Three Keys by Kelly Yang. I hope to inspire others with my art.

I'm Lily S. and I'm in 8th grade. This is my 4th year with Scholé Academy. In my spare time I enjoy both appreciating and participating in the arts, especially visual art!



Autumn Rose

by Amaya W.






I held a dried rose in my slender hands
and

Watched it crumble, dissipating on the
chill wind;

The last rose of summer, the first of
autumn:

Its aged petals withered and old, floating
On a wind of change; cold and battered by
The first frost, yet still inherently
lovely with

The last graceful breath of summer.



The Floods Bring Harvest

By Brigid C.

We planted them in May,
They sprouted in June,
They came up slowly...

Then ever so fast!
Green vines entangling,
bulbs opening,
pollinated flowers...

Then...
The pumpkin bulb grows,
It enlarges,
It's a darker green,
An orange,
Then...

A shower of rain,
It falls in puddles,
The puddles enlarge...

Then...
There's a flood...
It pools around,
The pumpkin ground.

Then...

We make a decision,
We give it some thought,
They're starting to ripen, but...
Shall we cut the pumpkins off their vines?
Should we take them inside?

Yes! We will!

Then...

We set them aside,
In the bath
as a matter of fact!-
We rub them with a cloth,
Placing them beside
The back door,
So as to soak up all the light.
And they continue to ripen,
Orange as ever...
Looking all the more,
Like a pumpkin.

Then...

We wash them,
Cook them...
and...Pumpkin pie for dinner!

Bio:

Hi, my name is Farah,
and I'm also named after
St Brigid of Kildare-you
can call me either!
I love reading, writing,
baking and singing. I'm
excited to be
contributing to the
Scholé Chronicle.

Sleep the Winter Away

By Annabelle K.

The woods have turned a fiery red,
The foxes have crept to their little beds,
In their dens the rabbits lay,
To sleep, to sleep the winter away.
The trees are dropping their colorful
leaves,
The squirrels are frisking under the eaves,
The birds to their nests have flown away,
To sleep, to sleep the winter away.
Oh, were I a rabbit, or bird, or fox,
Or a little animal who lives under the
rocks!
I'd lay in my den, or cave all day,
And sleep, and sleep, the winter away!

Hello!

My name is Annabelle K. I am twelve years old, and the oldest of six children. I live in Waymart, Pennsylvania with my big family, and I love reading and writing poetry and stories. I also love playing the piano, building with Legos, and baking things like cookies for my siblings.

Autumn

by Emily M.

Autumn is the colored
leaves

Up in the branches oh so
high!

Then there's pumpkins,
hayrides too,
Under the hanging boughs
of the trees.

Many signs of fall are
coming.

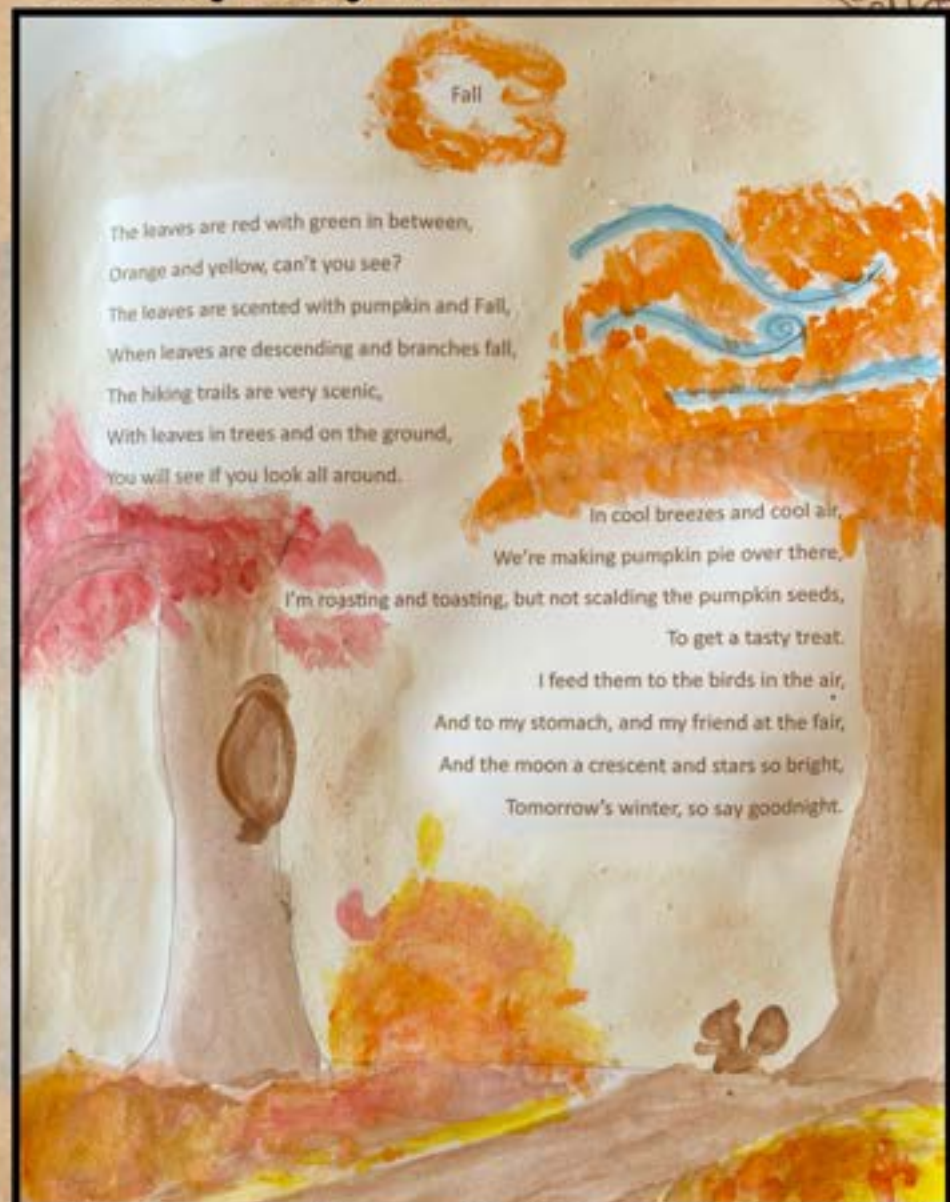
Now get ready for the
season's changing.



Emily M. loves to play
with her friends,
sisters, and draw. Other
favored hobbies of hers
are reading, writing,
playing piano, and
singing in the church
choir. Emily likes to
take Writing & Rhetoric,
Well Ordered Language,
and Latin classes with
Scholè Academy.

Rory M. loves to read,
play with friends, play
the piano, swim on the
swim team at the YMCA,
and create art. Her
favorite animal is a
rabbit, and some other
things she likes to do
are, sing in the church
choir, write many drafts
of stories, write
poetry, and go on long
vacations. Rory has a
twin sister, a five year
old sister, two dogs,
and lives in Huntsville
Alabama.

Fall by Rory M.



Autumn Countryside by Lousia E.



This is a piece inspired by Tatiana Yanat's work in the New Hampshire countryside. It reminds me of the beauty in nature and God's creation, Psalm 145:5 always comes to mind when thinking of fall; They speak of the glorious splendor of your majesty and I will meditate on your wonderful works.

"There are no grounds

Four Seasons

By Jennika C.



Jennika is a lover of art and enjoys experimenting with different mediums to create her masterpieces. This piece is titled "The Four Seasons" and was inspired by listening to Vivaldi's famous concerto.

She used a variety of materials including buttons, tissue paper, wrapping paper, yarn, chalk, watercolor, acrylic paint pens, rocks, shells, glitter, and lots and lots of glue! Some of her favorite pieces are the ones made with her fingerprints!

Leaf

By Gaudenis

Gaudenis is a 15-year-old Mainer and a sophomore at Scholé Academy, who loves Rubik's Cubes, photography, P. G. Wodehouse books, and any sort of learning.



El Otoño Está Llegando

Por Shalom G., Elsa H., y Cari L.



Elsa H. is a 13 year old girl who enjoys writing, Taekwondo, reading, playing violin and piano, and drawing. She lives in Erie Pennsylvania with her two brothers, one younger and one older. She is currently studying Latin, Spanish, and Greek.

Shalom G. is a 16-year-old junior living in Melbourne Beach, FL, with 7 younger siblings. She enjoys drawing, listening to music, traveling (taking too many photos of everything), hanging out with friends, coffee, sarcasm, and running.

Cari L. is an avid writer and bookworm who loves Jesus, music, and history. When she is not engrossed in her latest work-in-project or book, you can find her enjoying God's creation. You can connect with Cari on her shared blog Two Friends, One Pen (<https://twofriendsonepen.wixsite.com/twofriendsonepen>)

The Path in the Woods

Cari L.

"Come on, Rose!" my best friend (and next-door neighbor) Alex called. "You promised you'd check out that path in the woods with us today."

"Okay, okay. I'm coming." I set down my book. "Just let me tell my parents."

After alerting Mom and Dad about my excursion, I grabbed my water bottle and joined Alex and the Scott twins.

"Took you long enough," Travis teased. "We thought you'd gotten sucked into your book world."

I sighed. "I wish. Well, I'm here now. Are we going to check out that path or not?"

We set off toward the woods, which was a short walk from my home. The wind picked up, causing a shiver to run through my body.

I'm glad I decided to wear my flannel shirt. Otherwise, I'd be freezing.

After about ten minutes, we reached the edge of the woods.

"So, where's the path, Alex?" Julianna, Travis' twin sister, asked.

"Just follow me, okay?" she replied. "Please. I'm bad at giving directions."

I smiled at that comment. I could testify to her lack of properly explaining directions. The four of us, not counting Alex, trailed after her. Soon, the worn path appeared.

"Here it is," she announced.

We stepped onto the path. All was still. The only sounds we heard were the crunch of our shoes on the dirt. I paused for a moment to gather a few pinecones for Evie. As we went deeper into the woods, I heard more birdsong.

"Look! A deer!" Travis pointed.

Sure enough, a well-fed buck watched us from behind a patch of oak trees. Seeing we meant no harm, he returned to munching on his feast of fallen acorns.

All too soon, it was time to turn back. We'd promised our parents we'd only be away an hour. Half an hour was up, and we still had the return trek.

This has been such a fun adventure. I can't wait to tell Evie all about it when I get back home.

Arts & Entertainment Column:

Coming up, the Arts and
Entertainment column where you'll
find a book recommendation, a short
story, photography and artwork!

The Girl Who Drank the Moon

Book Recommendation-

Recommendation by Lily S.

The *Girl Who Drank the Moon* is a delightful fantasy tale about a powerfully magical girl named Luna. While some might be off-put by the fantastical setting and characters, including a witch named Xan, the magic here is beautiful and humorous. Many different character threads are woven together into a cohesive whole, enhanced by words that are almost poetical. The nuanced characters and developed world brought me into the story in a way that not many books do. I love Luna herself, but the supporting characters are also interesting, something not many books accomplish. There are serious, thoughtful themes underneath the whimsical setting and comical details, themes of deep mother love, family, selfishness, and utter despair. One of my favorite quotes from the book—there are many—is: "When you apologize, however, you may begin healing yourself. It is not for us. It is for you. I recommend it."



The Chocolate Chicken Apocalypse

By Audrey J.



Sunflower peered down from her perch in the museum rafters. A few chocolate chickens patrolled the area, but they were all ignorant of the danger in one glass case.

Brown irises, brown eyes. Not Frederick anymore, or for much longer.

"You can't eat them!"

"I can eat whatever I want!"

But you are what you eat.

Sunflower shook her head. She was doing this for Frederick's sake. Everyone knew that eating a chocolate chicken made you one of them eventually. Monstrous chickens, they were, made entirely of chocolate. When they ate chocolate, they got bigger.

Sunflower tied a thick rope around the rafters and lowered herself down carefully. The chickens weren't very smart, thankfully, and none of them appeared to hear her. Still, she could feel her nervous heart beating like a hummingbird's wings.

Children in her town told tales about gummy foxes. They were apparently slight nuisances that had plagued settlers. A gummy fox's nine tails could be shed to become more foxes, and a new tail took one month to grow. In this way, the gummy foxes had nearly overrun the homesteads before they were trapped in a large plastic candy bag.

"I can eat whatever I want!"

Breath that smells like chocolate all the time.

Brown eyes.

Not much time left. Maybe none.

Soon Sunflower's feet touched the top of the case. She swallowed silently, then withdrew her employee's key from her pocket. She had promised to protect the



museum's artifacts last summer when she took the job, but no one had known what winter would really bring. Sunflower didn't want to unleash the foxes, but ever since the Chocolate Chicken Apocalypse, they had been on her mind.

Perhaps the only way to stop the chocolate chickens was for them to get eaten by the gummy foxes. Sunflower unlocked the box and drew out the candy bag. There were so many gummy foxes inside, and she had heard only two were captured. One fox turned and looked at her. It was only six inches long. Not that bad, then.


"BIIIIICK-BOCK-BWOOOOOOOOCK!"

She turned around and saw that the largest chocolate chicken had spotted her. Panicked as she was, it took a few tries for Sunflower to put the bag into her backpack and start climbing back up. By then the chicken was at the base of the pedestal, scraping and scratching at it. It lunged forward and bit the rope. Adrenaline surged through Sunflower's veins, and she reached the rafters in time to cut the rope. Taking out her scissors, she sliced off a corner of the gummy foxes' bag and shook it out over empty air.

The foxes fell, their tails separating in midair and turning into more tailless foxes. They began to fight the chickens, and Sunflower realized her plan had worked. The foxes were winning.

A warning label on the back of the candy bag drew her eye. A list of human casualties to the foxes—a long one.

Oh, no. What have I done?



Audrey J. is a student from Texas who likes to read, write, play violin, and dance. She has written two novels, but has not published them yet because she dislikes revising (and they probably need it). She likes to write stories about bizarre things, such as chocolate chicken apocalypses, hummingbirds being eaten by eagles (and fighting back), and an extremely self-centered knight-in-training.

Photography



Spiderweb

By Gaudenis G.

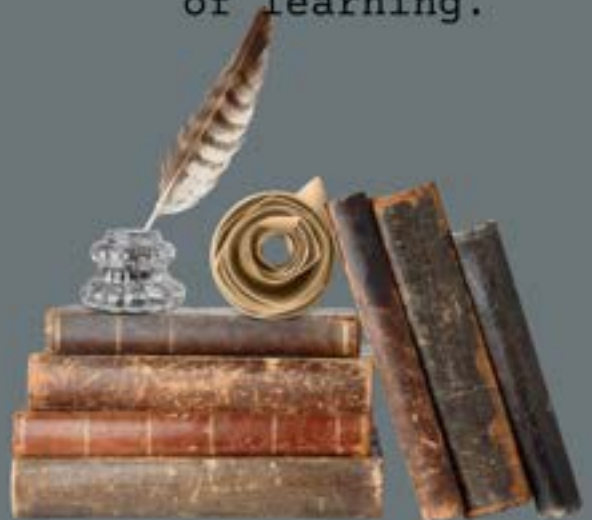
Gaudenis is a 15-year-old Mainer and a sophomore at Scholé Academy, who loves Rubik's Cubes, photography, P. G. Wodehouse books, and any sort of learning.



Lower Falls

By Jonathan B.

Greetings! I'm Jonathan, and am a proud devotee of the art of fly fishing. This long exposure depicts Lower Falls in upstate New York in its full autumnal glory.





Resting

By Sparrow S.

Sparrow is 12 years old. She is a missionary along with her family in Bocas Del Toro, Panama. She enjoys drawing, baking and writing.



Fall Scene By Henry P.

Hello everyone my name is Henry, I'm 9 years old. I live in Ontario, Canada just outside of Hamilton. My interests include locomotives, ships, drawing, and antique cars. I also enjoy learning about history. This is my first year with Scholé Academy.



Thematic Colum: Culture and Family Stories

Our thematic column this year is focused on the culture and family stories of people in the Scholé Community. We wanted to take the time to acknowledge all the cultures in the world and even ones we've never heard of before!

A Poem About Adam of the Road

by Augustina G.

Silver pennies, once he had
Jingling pennies made him glad
Now they're gone from him
Where they are, he does not know
Like an arrow from a bow
They are gone from him

Once a harp hung by his side
Merry music was his guide
Now it's gone from him
Where it is, he cannot tell
Like the leaves that slowly fell
It is gone from him

Once he had a little dog
Gayly down the road they'd jog
Now he's gone from him
Where he is, he cannot say
Like the winds of yesterday
He is gone from him

Sorrow to his heart is come
Cold has made his fingers numb
Hunger has its sting
Still he'll sing through every day
Till his sadness goes away
Like winter in the spring

Faustine

By Nella M.



I did this in my Art II Grammar class with my teacher Ms. Caryn Kepford with charcoals. It is a Roman head study of the marble statue of Faustine. It took me four days to complete this project.

By Isabella S.

La Danza





Horse Herd's Bane

By Serena B.


Horses gallop across the snowy plains
With the wind in their manes
Cruel cliff with many names
I call you the horse herd's bane

Galloping, galloping dare not to rest
Galloping, galloping driven to death
Galloping, galloping, the cattlemen rejoice
That galloping, galloping the horses died

Cattle of men moo and chomp
Where the foals used to romp
Thoughtless of the horse corpses dumped
When the brave herd jumped




My name is Serena Arielle B. and I am 11 years old.



Once Gone

By Jael S.



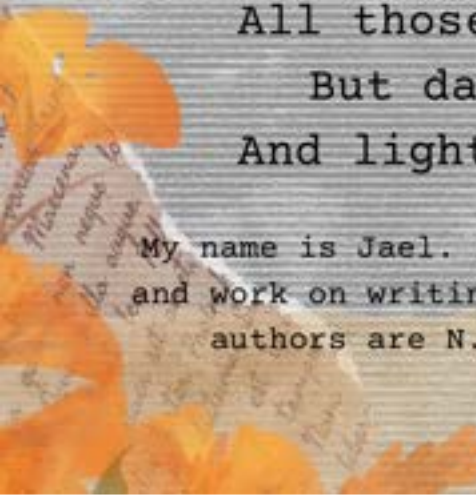
The stars once bright now dull
The mountains once tall now knolls
The greer and thick now dead
My heart once rejicing now filled with dread

The sun once shining now is dim
The pools once full now jagged rirs
The trees once strong now planks of war
People once content now long for more

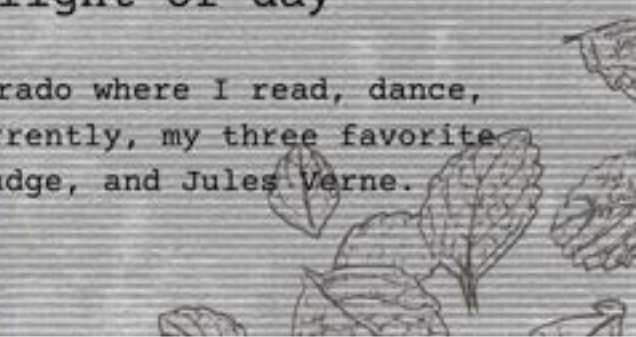
The farming lands now filled with weeds
The rivers ran now crackling reeds
The pools sweet now bitter taste
The good once bright now erased

The battles won forgotten now
The loyal ones to evil bow
The traders, farmers all at war
Our land is burned like never before

The skies once blue now filled with ash
All those who stood now hide and dash
But darkness will be chased away
And light will come, the light of day



My name is Jael. I live in beautiful Colorado where I read, dance,
and work on writing novels and poetry. Currently, my three favorite
authors are N.D. Wilson, Elizabeth Goudge, and Jules Verne.



Beyond the Lion's Roar and the Zebra's Stripes

by Abigail R.



Beyond the lion's roar and the zebra's stripes,
Beyond the cobra's fangs and the leopard's spots,
Beyond the African plains and the Atlantic's waves,
A story that remains untold.



Beyond the impala's leap and the dolphin's dance,
Beyond the elephant's trumpet and the mouse's squeak,
Beyond the sun and the moon, the earth and the stars,
A song which remains unsung.

Beyond the panther's prowl and the cheetah's speed,
Beyond the horse's canter and the owl's flight,
Beyond the swaying trees and hair blowing in the
breeze,
A dance which remains unseen.



Beyond the old t-shirt or the ballet skirt,
Beyond the black and white,
Beyond the old and young,
And where we've come from,
A thousand souls, gathered as one.



Beyond the glittering stone and the shining star,
Beyond those childhood dreams, wherever they are,
Beyond the ashes, among the pain,
If truth be told, it's all the same.



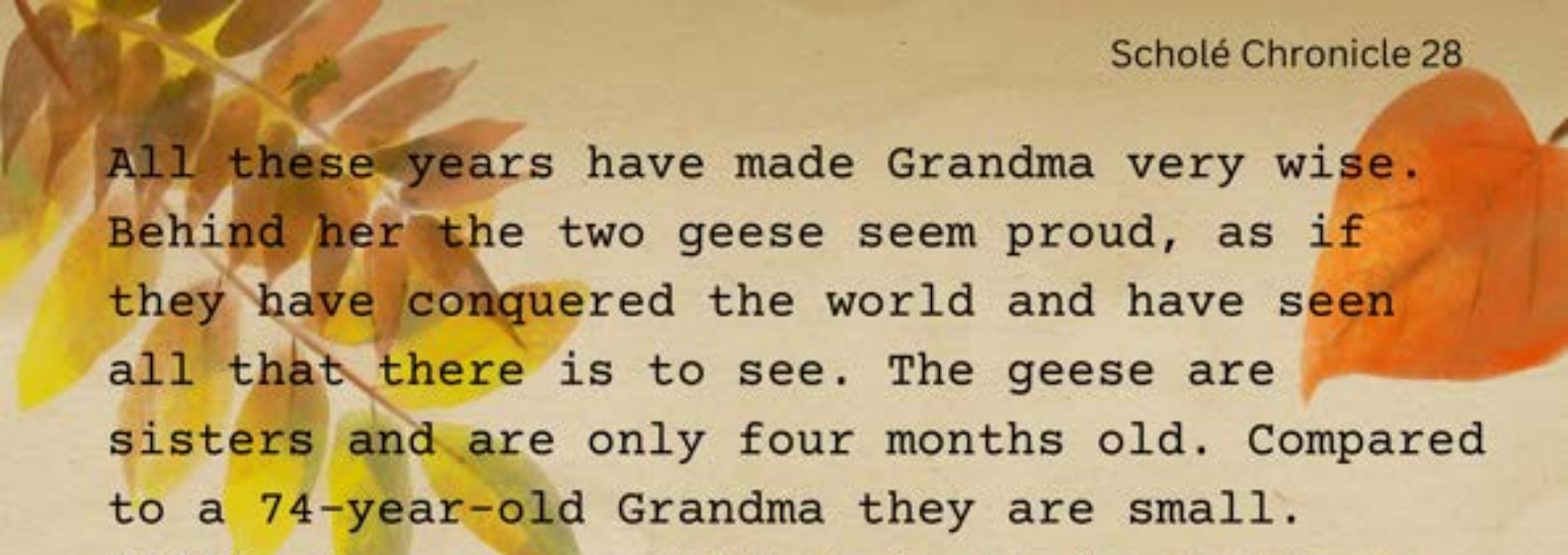
Abigail R. is a world-traveler, a budding author/poet, a musician, and an astronomy lover. She plays the piano and classical guitar, and her preferred writing style is fantasy. She adds too many details to her writing, has horrified herself through her writing multiple times, and has a tendency to overthink everything.

A Crosswalk Companion

By Parsa A.

Go! Go! Go! Grandma hurries up as soon as the little stick figure flashes across the street. Her sun hat protects her from the heat as she crosses the street. In her hands, she holds two bags filled with groceries. Grandma likes to go grocery shopping sometimes even when we don't need food, maybe because the Lion Market reminds her of Taiwan. The Asian pop songs playing on the radio, the smell of stinky tofu and the smiling, fat Buddha statue on the floor are all nostalgic from her childhood. She looks around at the construction of a new community center near our home. She thinks of meeting with her friends and strolling with them near the center. She wears a wool sweater and vest, yet is not bothered by the sun's heat. Behind her, two white dumplings follow. They are geese. The two puff out their chests, waddling behind Grandma.

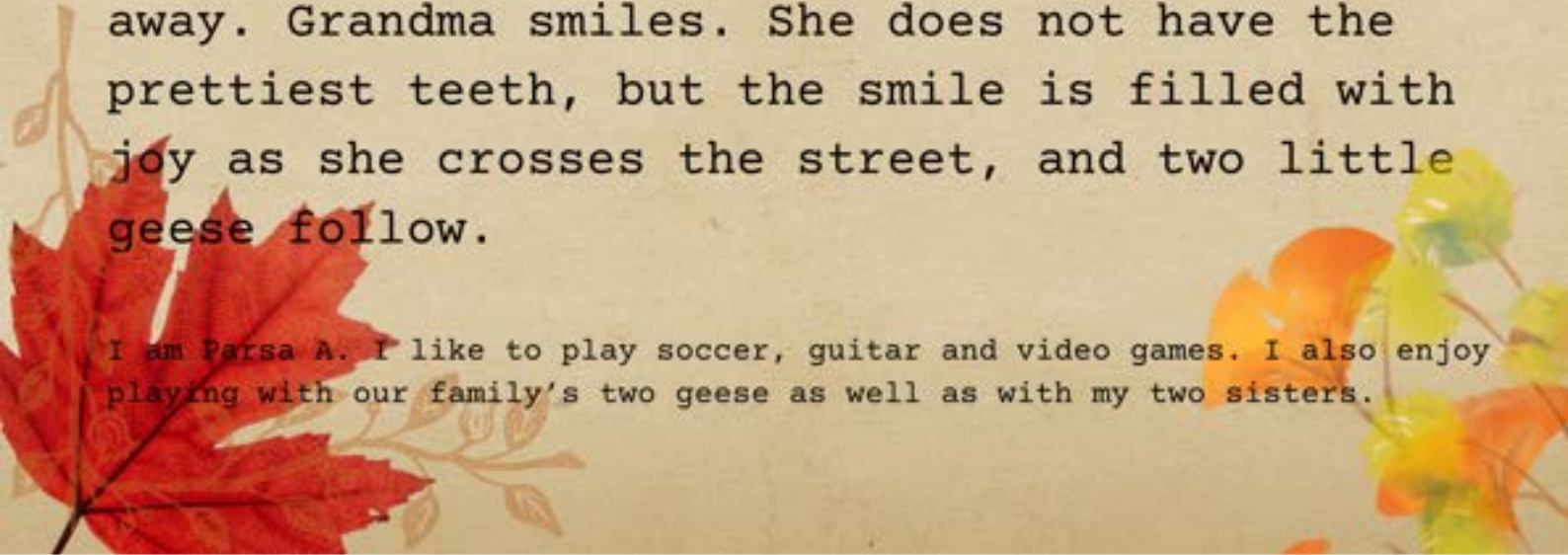
Grandma walks quickly, watching the traffic light countdown. Grandma has crossed this street many times since coming to America. She is an immigrant from Taiwan and has lived in this country for 16 years.



All these years have made Grandma very wise. Behind her the two geese seem proud, as if they have conquered the world and have seen all that there is to see. The geese are sisters and are only four months old. Compared to a 74-year-old Grandma they are small. Still, they are confident in their stride as they look at the strange beasts on the sides of the street. The birds spend many hours with Grandma. The two often observe her garden, but sometimes Grandma must shoo them away because they eat her vegetables.

Grandma has some dirt on her jeans; her clothes are wrinkled and beat up from working in the backyard. The geese's beautiful white feathers are dirty too. Grandma will fill their kiddie pool when she gets home.

The two geese honk as they near the end of the crosswalk. They often honk loudly at our neighbors; their sound can be heard a mile away. Grandma smiles. She does not have the prettiest teeth, but the smile is filled with joy as she crosses the street, and two little geese follow.



I am Parsa A. I like to play soccer, guitar and video games. I also enjoy playing with our family's two geese as well as with my two sisters.



Figure Gestures

by Nella M.

I did this in my Art II Grammar class with my teacher Ms. Caryn Kepford using markers. Our focus was how to draw the human body in different positions. It took three days to complete this project.

{Brackets}

by Jael S.

Pulling away like birds
Sharp beaks ever pristine
Wings that slope and curve
Stretching a banner between

My name is Jael. I live in beautiful Colorado where I read, dance, and work on writing novels and poetry. Currently, my three favorite authors are N.D. Wilson, Elizabeth Goudge, and Jules Verne.



Spiritual Reflections

Keep reading, there are some
beautiful prayers, poetry and
artwork.

Prayers taken from the Psalms

Lord Jesus,

I center my focus on You
as I end my day. I
praise You that You are
enthroned in heaven. As
I sleep, Your loving
hand protects me and
preserves me. Thank You
that I can sleep in
peace, knowing You have
all the concerns and
circumstances of my life
under control.



Taken from Psalm 123:1;
4; 8

Lord Jesus, I praise You
that because of Your
love I can talk with You
at any time. I take
refuge in You as I go to
bed. Spread your
protection over me as I
sleep. Let me fall
asleep rejoicing in You.

Taken from Psalms 5:7; 11



The Candle

By Greer H.

At the window you look in and see a candle
burning brightly just for me.

Though the snow swirls around us.
We are not cold. And though the darkness
beckons we are not alone. For the Holy
Spirit guides us with the open candle
flame. As the night surrounds us, we are
not afraid. Because when the angels of the
Lord are guiding me, I will not be lost.

While the frost is reaching for
me, I will not lose touch with the God who
lights a way for me with Christ His Son.

Hi! My name is Greer, I live in Highlands Ranch, CO. I love writing, drawing, playing, and creating new things. This is my fifth year homeschooling. My family partners with a two-day/week collaborative program called Arma Dei Academy. This is my second class with Scholé, which I really enjoy!

By Katy J.

Katy is 11 years old.

She loves drawing, painting, baking, and playing with her new puppy! She drew this picture for Mrs.

Kashin's Classic Children's Literature
VI class.

*As the Northland blows me with
Love, Hope, and Faith.*



The Lord is my Lamp:

Amaya W.

Purer than the brightest day,
You overwhelm all other light –
Lord, be my lamp and light my way,
Banishing the darkness of the night.

Flood me with Your sacred beauty
And be my sole, deepest delight –
Make me more like Jesus, ever holy,
And swiftly aid me in my dire fight.

Only You are my Salvation,
My sanctifying water springing
Forth from Eternal Well –
Always be my satisfaction,
And only on Your praises may I dwell.



Interviews Column

Here, you'll get to meet Dr Christi Seward, a humanities instructor and Dr Joylynn Blake, our new Scholé Academy Principal.

Interview with Dr. Christi Seaward, Humanities Instructor

By Lydia K.

1. Can you tell a little bit about your childhood?

I grew up in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. I lived in an isolated area and rode the bus for two hours to get to school and two hours coming home from school! My dad was a park ranger, and I lived next to a large lake. I was surrounded by nature, and my childhood was full of enjoyable experiences: swimming, water skiing, canoeing, biking, and hiking. I also interacted with all kinds of animals: a pony, a pig, rabbits, chickens, a raccoon, deer, an opossum, tarantulas, and wild birds. I am thankful for my loving and supportive parents who provided an environment for me and my sister to explore, create, and lead a contemplative life.

2. I know you have moved around a lot as an adult. What was your favorite place to live?

I lived in California until I got married after graduating from college. My husband was a pilot in the Air Force, so we lived in several different places: Oklahoma, Colorado, South Korea, Japan, Hawaii, and Florida. My favorite place to live was South Korea because I enjoyed learning about Korean culture.

3. What is your favorite C.S. Lewis quote?

My first favorite C.S. Lewis quote comes from *The Silver Chair*. One of the characters cries after witnessing a friend fall off a cliff. Lewis writes, "Crying is all right in its way while it lasts. But you have to stop sooner or later, and then you still have to decide what to do." Lewis beautifully acknowledges the emotions of the character while challenging readers to also employ reason.

In Mere Christianity, Lewis asks, "What can you ever really know of other people's souls—of their temptations, their opportunities, their struggles?"

C.S. Lewis shows a refreshing depth of insight about human nature. In this quote, Lewis challenges readers to be cautious when judging others because we can never truly understand the experience of another person's life.

4. Why do you love dystopian and utopian literature?

I enjoy reading both utopian and dystopian literature because it is fun and speaks to me about what is true, good, and beautiful. For example, Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* and *That Hideous Strength* by C.S. Lewis, cause me to face the truth that the world is broken. In the post-apocalyptic book, *The Road*, by McCarthy, I see what it means to be good in the most difficult circumstances. The utopian book *Lost Horizon* by Hilton, causes me to appreciate the beauty of harmony.

5. What is your favorite part of teaching?

My favorite part of teaching is connecting with students! I enjoy hearing what students are thinking about and what challenges they face in their generation. I enjoy the Christian Classical education model that allows me to use texts that point to what is true, good, and beautiful, and I love guiding Socratic discussions that allow for introspection that leads to Christian virtue.

6. What is your favorite Bible quote?

Psalm 19:7 "The law of the Lord is perfect, refreshing the soul. The statutes of the Lord are trustworthy, making wise the simple." This verse is my favorite because it reminds me of the value and worth of God's word in my life.



Interview of Dr Joylynn Blake, Principal for Scholé Academy by Alitsa S.

What are your favorite books?

The Chronicles of Narnia, Educating for Shalom, Educating for Life, and the Political Meaning of Christianity.

What was your K-12 education like?

A bit of public school, homeschooling for 1 year, but the majority of my education was in a small Christian school in a small town.

What college did you go to, and why?

I got my Bachelor's Degree in philosophy and English at Dallas Baptist University, mostly because it was my parents' alma mater. Later, I got my Master's Degree at Regent College in Vancouver, British Columbia.

How did you hear about Scholé Academy and what led you to become the principal?

I've known about Classical Academic Press for a while, because of my interest in classical education. I also know the authors of a C.A.P. book called A Black Intellectual Tradition. One of the authors, Dr. Anika Prather introduced me to Dr. Joelle Hodge. Dr. Anika and I are prayer partners and I told Dr. Anika that my former job, as the head of a Christian school, was shifting and that I was considering a move. Several hours later, Dr. Hodge informed Dr. Anika of a job opening at Scholé Academy. Dr. Anika asked me if I was interested. As the interview process began, we had so many things in common, and the job seemed like a great fit!

How did you come to know the Lord?

At age 5, I asked Jesus to come into my heart. In highschool, though, I hit some rough patches and started questioning whether or not God was good. Finally, I told God, "Lord, I want to know the truth - so if you're the truth, show yourself to me!" As a sophomore in college, I was recruited to go on a mission's trip to Ukraine and God really just met me on that trip. As I told others about the Gospel, it's like God was using me to re-ignite my own faith.

Do you have any mistakes/embarrassing moments or stories you learned from that you'd be willing to share?

One time, I was teaching some students in China. Well, my Mandarin was terrible and the students' English was limited. I was leading them in a sort of compare-and-contrast of Chinese culture versus Western culture. Someone kept saying, "Toa, toa," and I just couldn't understand what he was saying! Finally, I realized "OHhh, he's saying toilet." I was pantomiming and the class was squirming and cringing because their teacher was acting out the differences between toilets in the West and in China. Eventually, another student, whose English was much better, said, "No, he says Americans are taller! Not toilet." The point of this story is: ask questions even if you think you know the answer!

To conclude, who do you prefer, Lewis or Tolkien?

Definitely Lewis! A great deal of his books have made a deep impact on me.

Recipes Column

Keep reading for some awesome fall-themed recipes!

Fresh Apple Cake

by Nola H.

Ingredients

- 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup of oil
- 2 cups of self-rising flour
- 1 tsp. Cinnamon
- 2 apples, cut thinly
- Vanilla extract (optional)
- 1 cup of nuts, walnuts or pecans. (optional)

Directions

1. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F.
2. In a large bowl, stir together the sugar, oil, and eggs.
3. In a separate bowl, mix the flour and cinnamon.
4. Combine the wet and dry mixtures.
5. Add the chopped apples to the batter. Add a splash of vanilla extract (optional), and/or your choice of nuts (optional).
6. Pour the cake batter into a 13x9 Bundt pan, and bake for 45 minutes.
7. Let the cake cool and enjoy!

7 Layer Bars

by Abigail D.

Ingredients

- 1 stick of unsalted butter.
- 1 cup of graham crackers (I use 1 package of biscoff cookies.)
- 1 cup of semi sweet chocolate chips
- 1 cup of butterscotch chips
- 1 cup of chopped almonds or walnuts or pecans
- 1 cups shredded coconut
- 1 (12 ounce) can sweetened condensed milk



Directions

1. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F.
2. Line a 13 by 9 inch baking pan with parchment paper.
3. Put butter in the bottom of the pan and place it in the oven until melted.
4. Put the graham crackers or Biscoff cookies in the blender and blend them till they are crumbs.
5. Take the pan out of the oven and swirl gently to coat the bottom and sides with butter. Then spread the crumbs over the melted butter.(I like to use a fork to help me do this.)
6. Pour all the chocolate chips evenly over the biscoff and butter mixture.
7. Then pour the butterscotch chips over the chocolate chips.
8. Evenly spread your choice of chopped nuts.
9. Spread the coconut over the nuts.
10. Punch two holes into the can of condensed milk and carefully pour it evenly over everything, making sure that it is all covered.
11. Bake for 20 minutes then let it cool and enjoy.

I have loved baking for a long time but this is my all time favorite recipe. Baking and art are my two favorite hobbies. In art I love glass blowing, pottery, and painting. Painting is hard but I really enjoy it.

Apple Dumplings

by Chloe O.

From Delish Blog

Yields: 8 Servings

Prep Time: 0 Hours 5 Minutes

Total Time: 0 Hours 40 Minutes

Ingredients

2 granny smith apples
2 cans crescent dough
3/4 c. (1 1/2 sticks) butter, plus more for pan
1 c. brown sugar
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. pure vanilla extract
Pinch kosher salt
8 oz. lemon-lime soda

Directions

1. Preheat the oven to 350 and grease a large baking dish with butter. Peel and core apples then cut each apple into eighths.
2. Separate crescent dough into triangles. Starting at the wider end, roll one apple slice up in a crescent triangle. Repeat with remaining apple slices and crescents. Place into a prepared pan.
3. In a small saucepan over medium heat, melt butter, brown sugar, cinnamon, vanilla, and salt together. Pour mixture over apples.
4. Pour soda around the edge of the pan, trying to avoid pouring on top of dumplings. Bake dumplings until golden, 30 minutes.
5. Serve warm with ice cream and spoon sauce from pan over dumplings.

Meet the Team!



Madeleine B. Co-Head Editor & Editing Director

Madeleine is a 16-year-old schoolwork enthusiast who loves to tumble down interesting rabbit trails including the history of the English language, various books on genetics and microbiology, and historical fashion from the ancients to the 1800s. She aims to one day be fluent in Irish and able to speak an ever-growing list of global languages across history. Madeleine also has many hobbies which she enjoys when not drinking tea and philosophising including: Irish dance, taekwondo, violin, voice, hand sewing, and writing stories.

Isabella S.



Co-Head Editor & Design Leader

Isabella is a passionate, bubbly, energetic 10th grader. This is her second year at the Scholé Chronicle and her 6th year taking classes with Scholé. She loves to draw, sing, act, read and write. She is obsessed with photography and hopes to become a photographer. She will talk books, art, opera and photography with someone for hours. She loves to design, to organize and to make the world more beautiful. Isabella's ancestry is Armenian and this year she has poured herself into learning more about her ancient history. She loves history and loves advocating for people groups who are not remembered in history books.



Alitsa S. Editing Team

Alitsa S. is a spunky, passionate 8th grader, who has a lot of firm opinions. She loves to read, write, explore the woods in her backyard, play with her brother, and engage in various discussions (especially on current event topics). Recently, Alitsa has become obsessed with birdwatching and enjoys the hobby very much. As an Armenian, she loves to research her heritage and hopes to write a novel about Armenia someday. On that note, Alitsa wishes to be an author and is currently writing her first novel. Finally, Alitsa believes that God has given each of us an individual identity in His kingdom and that we are created to glorify the Creator.



Rachel B. Editing Team

Rachel enjoys editing (but not so much on her own writing). She loves window shopping, good stories, and ice cream. Most common activities are school, chores, martial arts, and reading (at the moment, she prefers Jane Austen).



Sarah S. Editing Team

Sarah S. is fifteen years old and an artist at heart. Her forte lies in graphite, charcoal, and colored pencil drawings, especially portraits, but she likes experimenting with all types of media. When she is not drawing, she enjoys bowling, writing, and spending time with her two dogs. Some of her favorite things include history, music, and rainy weather. Rivaling her passion for art is her love of foreign languages. She is currently in her second year of Spanish while teaching herself Russian on the side.



Nola H. Editing Team

Nola is a ninth grade student who can often be found trying to snuggle her grouchy black cat, Henry. Among other things, she loves to read Jane Austen and Agatha Christie works, write poetry and short fictional stories, bake (and eat) chocolate chip cookies, handletter, and draw. Nola enjoys coffee, chocolate, autumn, warm fires, and cats. This is her fifth year with Scholé and her first with the Chronicle.



Lydia K. Editing Team

Lydia is a junior, and in her third year of Schole. She loves dancing, Broadway, horseback riding, hanging out with friends, and skiing on the local ski team. She is a big hiker, and enjoyer of the great outdoors. One of her favorite outdoor places is Lake Superior. As for school subjects, she enjoys most of them, but particularly environmental science, history, and philosophy.



Abby M. Design team

Abby is a 10th grader from Arkansas who loves books, Spotify, school, dark chocolate, and hanging out with her amazing friends and family. When not perched in front of her laptop, coffee in one hand and Latin translation in the other, you can probably find her out and about singing, reading, running, or wandering aimlessly outside drinking in the sunshine. Abby is in her 6th year at Schole Academy and is incredibly thankful for the amazing teachers who have taught her so much.



Chloe O. Design Team

Chloe O is 12 years old and has been with Scholé Academy for four years. When she is not reading classic novels and watching classic movies, she loves to play piano and guitar, sew, make greeting cards, knit, write, explore nature, and practice archery. She loves helping the community and donating the overabundance of knitted hats and sewing projects that she makes. She enjoys family adventures in the Jeep and side-by-side and likes to play with her dog and five chickens.



Amaya W. Design Team

I am a high school junior in my second year at Scholé Academy, and I live in Texas, where I enjoy the warm weather, sunshine, and beach. I love all beautiful things relating to nature, poetry, and culture; and I spend a lot of my free time researching historical people and events and then writing poetry or stories about them. I also enjoy biking and going on walks, drawing, dancing contemporary or folk dances, crafting, and reading historical fiction, horse stories, and the Bible. I can often be found reading a good book, drinking coffee, and listening to jazz music!



Abigail G. Design Team

Abigail is, quite possibly, a cat in disguise. She is also a poet, a word enthusiast with an irrational penchant for the word potato, and an ardent admirer of Jane Austen, Shakespeare, and P.G. Wodehouse. Her mother is English which has given Abigail an appreciation of the cultural differences between the UK and the US and has left her with an extremely odd sense of humour. This summer Abigail got to act at the living history museum Plimoth Plantation, portraying the Mayflower passenger Remember Allerton. This combined Abigail's love of American and British history, linguistics, costume design, and storytelling



Thank you to the Scholé Chronicle Team for creating such a beautiful document and contributing in so many ways!



Thank you for reading the
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Chronicle!

We hope you have a
blessed Christmas and a
Happy New Year!

