

Scholé Academy's



FEATURED!

- Spring photography & artwork.
- Meet Ms White and Mr Hall.
- Read poetry about all things celestial.

STUDENTS!

- Meet the graduating class of '24
- Get some fresh insight on spring recipes!



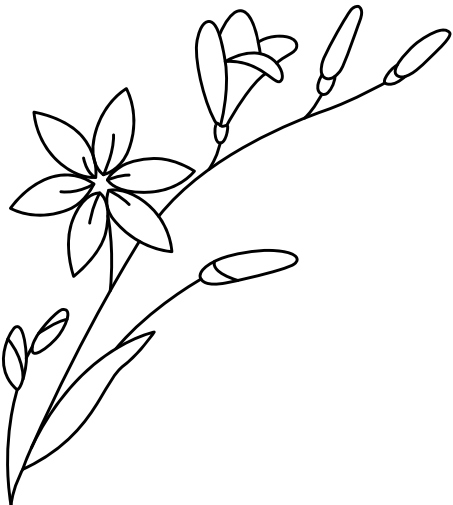
THE SCHOLÉ CHRONICLE

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Letter from the Editors

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Dear readers, we are excited to introduce the 14th issue of the Scholé Chronicle to you all!!

This semester, our fantastic team of student volunteers chose to focus on a cosmological theme because of the solar eclipse in April. We hope you enjoy the many creative celestial themed pieces within these pages, including a starry host of poetry, some stellar artwork, a sci-fi short story- and more!

The Spiritual column has remained a feature, with some lovely poetry and artwork. You'll also find a selection of Seasonal pieces in the Spring Column!

A huge thank you to all the students who submitted their wonderful work! We continue to be impressed by how talented Scholé students are- congratulations to all of you! We'd especially like to congratulate this year's seniors!! You did it, class of 2024!!

We'd also like to thank our lovely team of editors and designers who are so dedicated to making the Chronicle the best it can be! They have been absolutely amazing and have forged a wonderful and prayerful team community. One of our favorite moments this semester was when team members decided to share passages of Scripture and reflections on Easter every day of Holy Week!

As a final note, we've been considering starting an over the summer Chronicle, which will probably follow a travel theme- so keep an eye out during finals time!

Soli deo gloria!

~Madeleine Grace B. & Isabella Jaelle S.



Seasonal Column



Spring

In the Spring

by Jeremiah R.

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In the spring there are butterflies,
Inside the cocoons they form.
In the spring the bees fly,
Packing together in a swarm.

Smell the fresh grown grass,
Watered by the sprinkling rain.
The bears wake up after winter's pass,
Finding new food to claim.

In the spring there are flowers,
Pollinated by the buzzing bees.
Working for hours and hours,
Then flying back to the trees.

The birds come back to where they belong,
Making lots and lots of sound.
Twittering happy spring songs,
Spreading their joy all around.

In the spring the animals come out,
Drawn by the warmth it brings,
And all the plants start to sprout.
New life begins in spring.

About the Author:

I'm Jeremiah, and I am great at juggling and riding a unicycle and both at the same time. I have moved through 19 different houses with my parents, 3 brothers, and sister. I have always been a creative writer and finally wanted to get some of my work published.



Spring Photography & Artwork

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by Isabella S.

by Sarah S.



Spring is Here

by Evelyn G.



“Spring is here!” the animals call out,
Not one of the animals will doubt.
The bears come out of hibernation,
The flowers open with elation.

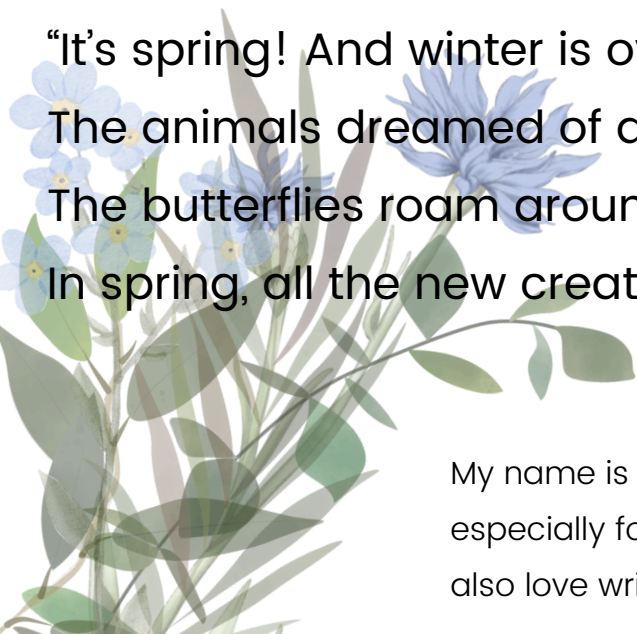
The bees buzz around,
And the excited bunnies bound.
The tall tree’s leaves come back,
The yellow ducks in the pond quack.

The birds sing a brief little song,
Returning from their trip so long.
The sun is shining bright in the sky,
Lazily it moves across the sky in a slow, warm good-bye.

“It’s spring! And winter is over!” said the happy fishes,
The animals dreamed of a warm spring, now they have their wishes.
The butterflies roam around the flowers,
In spring, all the new creation shows God’s powers.

About the Author

My name is Evelyn. I’m 10 years old and in 4th grade. I love spring, especially for the beautiful flowers and nature that pops up around us! I also love writing poems. Most of those are about my cat named Hercules.



Arkansas Campground

by Gemma A. C.



7

Tall, twisted trees
Rusted train tracks
Short, brown-green grass
A cliff leading down
To a sparkling lake;

An island
Infested with trees
A blue sky
Fluffy white clouds.

Thin woods with
Trees budding;
Trailers and motorhomes
Here and there;
Rolling hills
Across the blue-green lake,
Spring is in the air.



About the Author

My name is Gemma C., and I am twelve years old and in sixth grade.
I am learning Latin, and love it. I love animals, singing, nature, and all kinds of art and crafting. I have two cats. I love to write stories and poetry.

The Great Spring Sun

by Teresa W.



The bright sun is up:
the purple tulips are blooming.
The beautiful roses are bright red;
all the magnificent flowers are blooming.

The fields are filled with sunflowers
that are looking up at the sun.
The bright sun is up high now
and I must go.



About the Author

I like to do gymnastics, art and read books. I live overseas with my family and enjoy traveling the world.

A Spring Day

by Preston W.



9

The day is warming, sunny and bright
Flowers leap in great delight!
Bunnies, Foxes, Rabbits too,
Dance around in the grasses' dew.

Bees buzz 'round the honey tree.
Animals run, they fly, they flee.
Otter swims in the small lake,
Cuckoos fly more nests to take

The grass is soft and growing long,
It sways in the music of the wind's sweet song.
Flowers wake with sleepy heads,
Arising up from soft leaf beds.

Johnny Appleseed runs all around,
Planting all his seeds down in the ground.
Seeds that grow into an apple tree,
Then pollen spread 'round by every bee.

The day is warming, sunny and bright
Flowers leap in great delight!
Bunnies, Foxes, Rabbits too,
Dance around in the grasses' dew.



About the Author

Hi! My name is Preston W., I am ten years old and am in 5th grade. I LOVE to read and my favorite book series is The Green Ember by S. D. Smith! I've written books for years, but never published them. They were mostly for my family to read. I hope you enjoy this one!

Risas

by Gretchen D., Cari L. and Sparrow S.



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About the Authors

Gretchen: Hello, I am Gretchen D., and I am fourteen years old. I love to draw, read, play video games, and make stories, all of which come from my passion of stories and creating things. This is my third time participating in the scholastic chronicle.

Cari L., is an avid writer and bookworm who loves Jesus, music, and history. When she is not engrossed in her latest work-in-progress 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>)

Sparrow S., loves writing, painting, playing guitar and doing anything history related. On the rare occasion that she isn't doing one of these four things, she is most likely hanging out with friends or listening to music.



Amistad

by Elizabeth D. & Sarah S.



11

A todas mis amigas yo quiero
Mucho. Y en mi corazón, mi
Integridad las tiene cerca.
Siempre reímos y jugamos.
Todas somos un equipo.
A mi lado las tengo.
Del color rosado es nuestra amistad.



About the Author

Hi my name is Elizabeth D., and I am fifteen years old. I love to run, listen to music, play video games, and to read fantasy stories. But even better, to use my imagination to create my own stories. Whether on paper or in my mind, my imagination will never stop growing and sharing love to those around me.



Thematic Column



Poetry, Short
Stories & Art

Song of the Spheres

by Ava M.



Nine circles of the universe,

Linked in spheres high.

Cast their wondrous song,
Upon the ears of all those nigh.

The outermost of all,
Supreme in deity.

The firmament of stars,
Encircle in their grasp,
All of terreity.

And in this ring of stars,
Reverberations resonate.
Rich and booming vibrant,
Orotund beats great.

The eighth of circles,
Star of Saturn.

A dazzling piece of light,
Within that glorious pattern.

And within that gleaming sphere,
A bright and boisterous melody.

Crept its way around the air,
Rumbling through the clear.

Now seventh of the circles,
Jupiter in all his might.

Within that glorious pattern.

And within that gleaming sphere,
A bright and boisterous melody.

Crept its way around the air,
Rumbling through the clear.

Now seventh of the circles,
Jupiter in all his might.

Jove's star, with hope and healing sight,
The world of men encircles.

The sound that rang out from this star,
Can only be described,
As one that carries high and far,
With flute like notes so slight.

The sixth of circles,
Home so dreaded.

Is that of Mars,
A fiery red.

The intonation at its core,
Was that of irke
disconsolation.

Din like that of a violin's string,
Was replete of clear accentuation.

The fifth within the circles bright,
The star of stars, a sun so lurid.

Chief and ruler of all lights,
With such magnitude,

Wholly illuminating,

That which we call the universe.

Spreads a lively melody,

Merry and ebullient.

Robust as a trumpet,
Through the clement skies.

The fourth of circles,

★ Gentle Venus,

★ Glinting,

★ Full of incandescent light.

★ Its lucid tintinnabulation,

★ Chiming crystalline.

★ Her strain of limpid notes,

★ Echo softly sublime.

★ Third in all the circles clear,

★ Mercury to Venus near.

★ Small satellite of its own sphere,

★ Circles round throughout the welkin.

★ Dulcet and rhythmic to the ear,

★ Its euphonious melodies,

★ Mellifluous to hear.

★ Its silvery simpatico,

★ Symphonic.

★ Second to last in all the spheres,

★ The moon undimmed,

★ . Shines luminous.

★ Underneath the eternal pieces,

★ The orb of night releases,

★ A simple descant

★ Sharp and tranquil.

★ Elysian in its sonance.

★ Last of all the heavenly circles,

★ Center-point of all the spheres.

★ Anchored at the lowest point,

The earth.

Drawing all the rest,

Into cyclical gear.

Deep as oceans,

Smooth as clouds.

The gravitational pull,

Of earth's sweet lull.

Ambrosial in its tempo.

The symphony of the spheres rebounds,

Eliciting rapture in its sound.

Rhapsody prevalent in its muse.

The music of men,

Though elegantly brilliant.

Shall never possess the capacity,

Of something formed in heaven.



About the Author

My name is Ava M., and I am sixteen years old. I am a sophomore in highschool. I enjoy visual, literary, and performing arts, rock climbing, reading, writing, and spending time with friends and family.

This poem is based off of The Dream of Scipio in CICERO The Republic and The Laws. Hence the reason for the described geocentric model of the universe instead of the current heliocentric model. I originally wrote this poem for a history class assignment on the aforementioned book.

Beowulf and Elmira

by Ainsley VB

Now it came to pass that Hrothgar grew old and died. There was much grieving amongst his family and his warriors. Those who would sit in the mead-hall with him, swapping tales of battles past, wept unashamedly for the good man. Now, Hrothgar's widow bade her daughter to go and seek out Beowulf, that he might know of his companion's death and mourn for him. And so on a dreary morning a ship was sent forth bearing both Elmira and the sad news of Hrothgar's death.

Thus it happened that Beowulf and Elmira met.

"My Lord," said Elmira, her eyes cast upon the floor, tears shining in them, "My mother, late wife of Hrothgar thy battle partner and my father, has sent me to tell you of his death."

"Ah," said Beowulf, though whether he heard or not must be determined by you, oh reader, for his gaze was fixed on her raven hair, braided down her back and interwoven with chains of gold. She, likewise, kept glancing up at his strong arms and firm brow.

"Young Maiden, I knew your father, and I mourn for him, but tell me...what is your name?"

Elmira looked up and her emerald eyes locked with his sapphire ones.

"Elmira, my Lord," she said.

"Elmira," repeated Beowulf, lovestruck. "A name to cause the stars to dim for, truly, your beauty far outshines theirs. And yet, thou art not but a twinkling star. Thou doth shine in my sky like a celestial sun, never to be eclipsed."

T'was was love at first sight.

Soon they were wed, after many moonlight evenings spent by the rose bushes or by the pond whispering sweet nothings into each other's ears. When Hrothgar's widow heard these glad tidings she joyfully declared that, although she mourned for her lost love, she was glad her daughter had found love.

Beowulf and Elmira

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But not all stories have happy endings, and the tale of these two lovers was destined to fail, and so it did from the moment Elmira became pregnant. Elmira was growing weak. She had delivered the baby, a healthy happy young boy with blue eyes and fair hair, but now she was growing weaker by every second. Beowulf sat by her side, but all his words, kisses, and prayers could do nothing; by the next morning she lay dead, her hand clasping his. Beowulf raged about the castle for days, tormented by the fact that death was a monster he could not kill.

One of his courtiers, fearing that he was truly mad and possessed by many evil spirits, stole the babe away. He brought the child to a hermit's cabin, telling him the sad tale and bidding him keep the child safe. The hermit performed this service gladly, raising the boy to be a chivalrous knight and naming him...Wiglaf.



About the Author

Hello, my name is Ainsley. I am 12 years old but I wrote this story when I was 10. My sister told me I should submit it and I thought it was a great idea, so I did! 😊 I am in grade six.

This is my story, it is a fanfiction to the epic 'Beowulf' and takes place after he fights Grendel's mother but before his final battle

We Are Thankful For The Stars

by Annabelle K

Oh Lord, my God and Creator,
You created the beautiful stars.
You made the stars to light our night,
We thank you, Lord, for the stars.

The soft light of your creation
Is softer than the sun's bright rays,
And softer than the moon's pale light.
We thank you, Lord, for the stars.

Your beautiful twinkling creations
Seem to dance in the dark night sky,
They sang to you when you created them,
We thank you, Lord, for the stars.

They give us joy in the dark night,
They give a soft and twinkling light,
We gaze at their beauty with wonder and awe,
We thank you, Lord, for the stars.

Oh Lord, my God and creator,
You created the beautiful stars.
You made the stars to light our night
We thank you, Lord, for the stars.

About the Author

Hi! My name is Annabelle K. I'm twelve years old, and I love reading and writing poetry that rhymes. However, sometimes I find poetry that doesn't rhyme more attractive. I created this poem because I love the stars and I love God, and I think that he should be thanked for his beautiful creations!

Space

by Providence F

Space is a place with the moon for its face,
And the rings of Saturn on its hands.
With gasses, and rocks, and ice chunks too,
That shimmer like diamonds, and glimmer like dew.
It has shooting stars, and the red planet Mars,
And black holes that suck up the light.
It has no air, yet there's gravity there.
The worm holes may give you a fright.
In space, it's dark all day and night,
But here on earth there's lots of light.
And when the night turns into day
It stays plain dark, anyway.
When looking up at the night sky,
Seeing many asteroids zooming by,
And all the stars in their right places,
And all the planets, moving in paces,
Just think, "Space isn't that scary and eerie.
For our Lord God, He stated it clearly:
"And God saw that it was good."
So we should love it, yes we should.

About the Author

Hi! I am Providence F, and this is my first year with Scholé Academy. I am fifth grade and have five siblings. I love cats, building forts in the backyard, making shops, the Harry Potter books, and playing piano and violin. I am so glad that I got to participate in The Chronicle.

Artwork



Draco

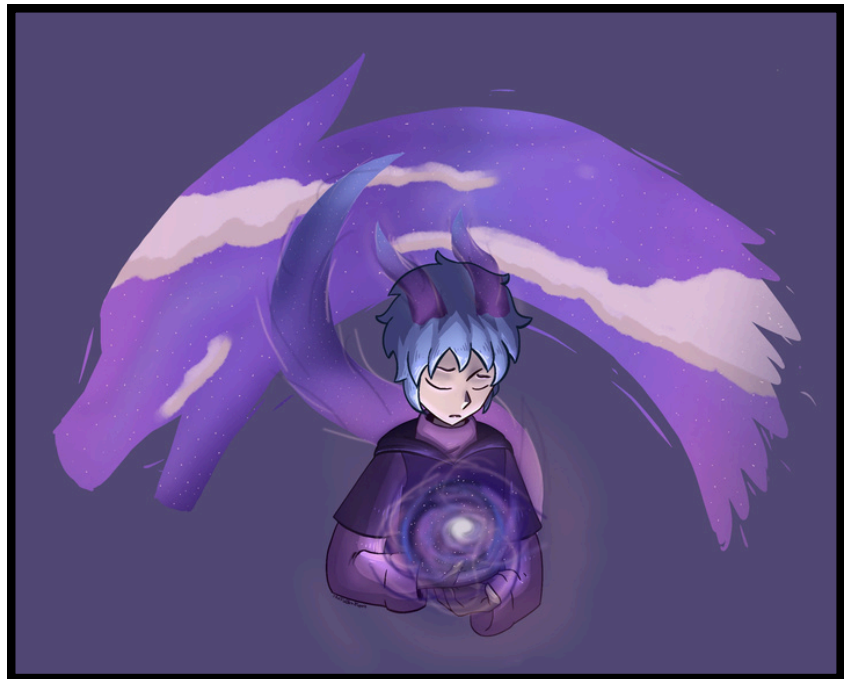
by Angelique H

My name is Angelique H, and I'm 14 years old in 8th grade. I like drawing, working out, and karting. I drew the Draco constellation which is based on Greek mythology. Though the Greek myths are not Christain, I do like to think about this constellation as how God gave us this great imagination.

Celestial

by Gretchen D

Hi, I am Gretchen D, and I am fourteen years old. My hobbies include reading, drawing, making stories and playing video games, all of which all come from my love of stories and creating things. I am in eighth grade and this is my third time participating in the Schole Chronicle.



Velvet Shadow

Lily S.

If fortunate, you may meet
a ghost in summer dusk
alighting—still—on silken feet
all clad in drab and dust—

a shadow made of velvet
all fabric worn and frayed
who holds the dim—but
who cannot stay—

who—fragile, frail—has one quest
a shadow called to light
who—dun and wan—is dun and wan—unless— who could be bright

in deepening of mold and damp
in deepening of gray
toward—onward—to the lamp
to fire—ever fey

and to the lamp—the summer doom—
each flying thread and foot
until the glowing flame consumes
and fragile lace is soot

the trailing threads—the dust—
is wafted on the wind
and—catching sparks—is luminous
in midst of summer dim

you hold your breath—and still
you still—and half in fear—
you watch the velvet shadow's death—
the ashes disappear

About the Author

Hello! I am Lily S. and I am submitting a poem for this 14th issue of the Schole Chronicle. I am 14 and in the 8th grade. This is my 4th year with Schole Academy. In my spare time I enjoy both observing and participating in all forms of the creative arts!



Finding Civilization

by Preston W.

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Ronan Shiningthistle stared at the endless black sky, shivering. One thousand ten years ago, the planet Colossian covered the sun from hitting the surface of his home planet Miniethereal, stealing sunlight and warmth. Horns played in the distance. Ronan bolted up. Had he been lying there that long? The Shining was about to begin!

He ran to his family's stables, hopped onto a horse and rode to the Square, holding his lantern. Every ten years, Colossian let a beam of light shine past. Whomever the beam landed on was taken. The Shining was an unexpected occurrence the first time it happened, but it became expected. No one knew why the Beam took them, but they used the opportunity to find civilization. It was a great honor to be taken by the Beam. Each family could have one member participate each time, and it was Ronan's turn.

Reaching the capital city, he left the horse in the stables and ran into the square. Miniethereal's leader Waylon Proudion entered the stage.


"People of Miniethereal!" He shouted, "We gather here today to find our next Seeker! One of you will search for civilization on the planet Colossian!"

Suddenly, out of the dark sky shot a blinding beam of light, heading straight for Ronan. When the beam hit him, he felt many sensations—joy, sadness, peace, anger, love, and many more. He saw and heard much more, as if he saw, heard, and felt everything that light did.

Suddenly, Ronan found himself in a house with light flowing into the windows. Exiting the house, he saw gardens stretching across a vast piece of land. Under a little porch were one hundred and one lawn chairs. People sat on every one, old and young, male and female. Though one chair was empty. Ronan walked up to one of the people, and was about to ask what's going on, when he recognized the man's face.

"Jepson Meekthunder?!?" Ronan exclaimed, "Why are you here? You were sent as a Seeker seventy years ago!"

"You must have me mixed up with the wrong person, sonny!" the man said. "I've been here for seven minutes!"



Ronan started getting worried. That was clearly the same Jepson whose picture was on the library wall. I've only been here for two minutes, right? He tried to explain to himself. But there were one hundred and one chairs and one thousand ten years AND each search sent every ten years. Ronan put it together. The garden makes us forget our mission! Sprinting down the path he reached a gate and left the garden. Looking back, there was a banner above the gate saying: Garden of Forgetfulness. "Huh, that explains it," he muttered to himself.

Continuing on in his journey, he made camp under a willow tree by a river. After his meal he dozed off.

When Ronan woke up, he walked along the riverbank until he saw a bridge in the distance. He started running to reach the bridge spanning the river. As Ronan reached the river and started to cross a bridge, but out jumped an ogre!

"Answer this riddle to pass on the bridge," the ogre bellowed. "What runs but never walks? What has a mouth but never talks? What has a bed but never sleeps?"

"A river," Ronan promptly replied.

"What!?! Fine," The ogre stepped out of the way.

Across the bridge, Ronan found a wizard waiting there. "Why have you come to find me?" the wizard asked.

"My home planet is covered by yours, making it cold and dark," Ronan replied.

Oh sorry, I had moved my home planet Colossian because yours, Miniethereal, had been covering sunlight where I live. I can move it out of the way, though!" the wizard said.

"Ok! That was easier than I thought it was going to be!"

The wizard handed Ronan one herb: "Eat this and you will go back to Miniethereal."

"Ok, thank you!" Ronan swallowed it.

Suddenly, he was standing in the square. A rumbling started and the sky started filling the planet with light. Colossian was finally gone!



About the Author

Hi! My name is Preston W., I am ten years old and am in 5th grade. I LOVE to read and my favorite book series is The Green Ember by S. D. Smith! I've written books for years, but never published them. They were mostly for my family to read. I hope you enjoy this one!



Star of Wonder


By Olivia H.

With the upcoming eclipse, peoples' minds are naturally turning to the wonders of the sky and space. After all, according to NASA's page on the 2024 total eclipse, the next total eclipse will not be seen until 2044—20 years in the future! A total eclipse is rare, because it occurs when the moon fully covers up the sun, making it possible to actually look at the sun (or rather, its absence) for the short few minutes that the moon remains in front of it. NASA's webpage also provides a comprehensive list of places and times viewers can hope to see the total eclipse—try and make it! It would be totally worth it.

Celestial events have been the wonder of the people viewing them since the beginning of time. In literature, events such as eclipses or planets passing near to each other usually mean some type of omen, whether good or bad. For instance, in C.S Lewis' Prince Caspian, Doctor Cornelius wakes Caspian to see one of the greatest celestial events of all time, involving the stars Tarva and Alambil:

“Their meeting is fortunate and means some great good for the sad realm of Narnia. Tarva the Lord of Victory salutes Alambil the Lady of Peace...There. You have seen what no man now alive has seen, nor will see again.” (Lewis 46).

Even in books of fantasy, the stars and planets hold a certain command for awe and respect over the creatures or people in their domains.



So then, what are the greatest celestial events that have ever happened? A supernova, the explosion of a star? Discovering new planets, perhaps? Certainly the landing on the moon! However, there is a case that the greatest celestial event that has ever happened occurred a little over 2000 years ago.

“And behold, the star that they had seen when it rose went before them until it came to rest over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy. And going into the house, they saw the child with Mary, his mother, and they fell down and worshiped him” (Matthew 2: 9b-11a).

Over 2000 years ago, a star appeared, announcing the birth of the Saviour of the world. Over 2000 years ago, that same star prompted a group of wise men to travel for two years to find the Lord it pointed to. Over 2000 years ago, the star stopped over the house where a young Jesus was.

This year, while enjoying the wonders of the total solar eclipse, take a moment to think of the star that shone over the house where Jesus was, a little over 2000 years ago. Thank God for that star of wonder, not just because of the beauty, but because of what it signified—the birth of a savior announced with a star of wonder.

About the Author

Olivia is most definitely a writer, whether it's books, poems, articles, or essays. On a typical day you can find her reading a book completing homework, or listening to For King and Country.

A Journey to a Sphere

By Michael H.

"It's getting closer, Mama!" Some child in the background pointed at the window, trying to shake her mother's attention from the device in her hand.

The sun would get much closer before they completed their journey to the Fifth Wanderer—or rather to one of the orbital moons.

There seemed, to Father Thomas, to be something wrong with all of this; to leave the fixed circle of the Earth—the gift of God—and flee into the arms of Jove. He was sure there was some good answer that he knew was not his place to question, some extrapolation of "be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters" to include the waters above the earth. Yet, "waters of the seas" seems to suggest—"Enough," he told himself. It was his readiness to question his superiors that had earned him the epithet "doubting" during seminary.

He had never been away from Earth before, so the idea of being on a shifting, rushing body did not at all seem appealing to him. He felt certain he would be motion sick within minutes.

Thomas stood up, reaching to adjust the smooth white collar of his shirt. The eye of heaven, five times the size of the earth, was rushing upon them violently. How much more smooth and docile was it when it had shone gently down on him at home, marking "times, seasons, days and years" instead of impending death. The priest wrapped his rosary around his fingers and mumbled an ave under his breath. He adjusted his cassock and then sat back down. The woman next to him was a pagan. She had ground her teeth and glared so fiercely at him whenever their eyes met during the first part of the flight that he had been tempted to perform an emergency exorcism on the spot. She had fallen asleep with a tear on her cheek, and Thomas had said a rosary for her.

When they had safely outstripped the sun and the thermal system finally had a chance to keep the ship at a livable temperature, Thomas fell asleep himself.

When the ship docked on Ganymede, the cupbearer, Thomas realized it was his last chance to attempt to speak to the woman who apparently hated him.

"Ma'am?" he said, as her eyes peeled open. "Is there anything I might do for you?"

"No. There is not," she said, looking forward coldly.

"I hope I haven't upset you."

She paused. He wondered if she was just going to ignore him.

"I could feel you gloating, churchman. As if it makes any difference whether the earth is flat or round or moves or is still. Only an idiot would think that somehow just because—" She suddenly ran out of things to say.

"It doesn't make any difference," said Father Thomas. "Perhaps science will one day discover that the Earth is not the center of the universe. That will not be enough to change me or you. 'Blessed are those who believe without seeing.'" She still seemed shaken. Thomas thought she must have been one of those on Earth that denied the Ptolemaic model. Those that held to the so-called "enlightenment" era theories.

The rows ahead of them cleared out and the woman got up directly. Francis walked down the opposite aisle, his few worldly possessions clutched in a small bag. When he exited the plane he was still inside. There was no real "outside" here, for God had not made a firmament.

Next there would be customs and all the other annoyances that make spaceports so tremendously frustrating. That evening Thomas met with the bishop, a short wrinkly old man that the reduced gravity was doing no favors for. The meal was simple, but Thomas found eating it tediously difficult. He had hardly spoken throughout the dinner, partially due to tiredness and partially because he knew it was better to be thought taciturn than a fool. When, due to his clumsy inability to cope with the gravitational changes, he knocked his glass across the table and watched it shatter in slight slow motion on the floor he suddenly exclaimed, "Your excellency, why is it that Mother Church allows us to sojourn so far from our home? Hasn't our Creator given us enough?"

The other priests were still collecting themselves from their chuckles at his ineffective eating. The Bishop looked at him and didn't respond. Thomas thought to himself, "You're no better than the woman on the space-ship. Why don't you trust in God who has revealed all things through Scripture? The world is exactly as we always knew it to be, so why does everyone pretend that—"

One of the priests, an old monsignor, looked over at Thomas. "Thomas," he grunted, "should have been doubting Thomas."

About the Author

Michael H. is a high school Sophomore and Roman Catholic from Erie, Pennsylvania. His articles have been published by CiRCE Institute and Crisis Magazine.

God's Bright Creation

By Issac R.



In the night when you look at the stars
Please remember one thing:
They don't come from jars.
They come from the Lord, the King!

If you are still unfamiliar with this
Then listen to the Bible, O Holy.
In the book of Genesis
It will tell you everything wholly.

In the beginning of all beginnings
God created everything.
Without even a bling,
He has created everything!

Colors, stars, day and night,
Candies, birds, seasons and light,
Thoughts, wonders and we in His sight,
God's creation is good and bright!

About the Author

Isaac is 9 years old. He loves to play with words and sounds. This is his first complete poem, and he wants to share it with you!

Recipes Column

Enjoy some Spring-themed recipes!

Baklava Recipe

Alitsa S.

Go Armenian/Middle Eastern this Spring
and bake some Pakhlava (aka
Baklava)!

Ingredients -

4 cups of flour
0.7 pound (300 grams) of sliced butter
4 eggs
0.7 pound (300 grams) of sour cream
2 cups of sugar
0.7 pound (300 grams) of walnuts
1 teaspoon of baking soda
3 to 4 tablespoons of natural honey



Instructions -

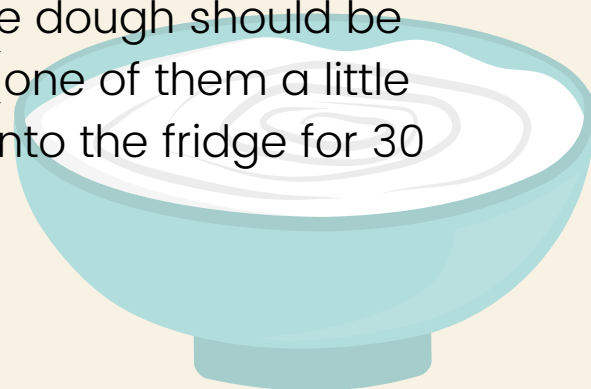
Place flour in a bowl. Make a small hole in the flour with a knife and put the sliced butter into the hole.

Mix everything with a knife until the flour forms crumbs.

Add 1 teaspoon of baking soda to the sour cream. Separate egg whites from yolks and set them aside for later use.

Make a hole in the flour once again and add 3 egg yolks, sour cream, and water. Set the egg whites aside for later use.

Mix everything and knead the dough. The dough should be both stiff and soft. Divide it into 3 parts (one of them a little bit bigger than the rest), and put them into the fridge for 30 minutes to 1 hour.



Baklava Recipe

While the dough is resting, make the filling. Chop walnuts with a knife (you can use a blender or grinder, but I don't recommend it, as the taste will be slightly different).

Mix chopped walnuts with sugar; whip the 4 egg whites lightly.

When the dough is ready, take it out and roll each piece of the dough, making it approximately 0.2 inches (0.5 centimeters) thick.

Put the dough layer into the baking pan and brush it with the lightly whipped egg whites. Spread half the filling evenly on the whole layer.

Put another layer on top of it and repeat (brush with egg whites and add the rest of the filling evenly).

Now roll out the biggest piece of the dough, then put it on top and wrap all the edges down.

Brush baklava with yolk and cut it into pieces (don't cut all the way, just the top layer). You can decorate each piece with walnut halves.

Put baklava into the COLD OVEN. Heat the oven with the baklava inside to 400°F to 430°F (200°C to 220°C). Once it's heated, bake for 30 minutes or until the crust is golden.

Remove the baklava from the oven and brush it with honey. Put it back in the oven for 5 minutes.

Let it cool, cut it into pieces, and enjoy!

<https://delishably.com/world-cuisine/Baklava-Pakhlava-Recipe>



Mallowmelt Recipe

Matthew J.

Ingredients:

1/2 cup butter
2 cups butterscotch chips (divided)
2/3 cup packed light brown sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 cups miniature marshmallows (divided)
2 cups semisweet chocolate chips (divided)
14oz can of sweetened & condensed milk

Instructions:

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C).

Grease a 9×13 inch metal baking pan.

Using a microwave-safe bowl, melt 1 cup of the butterscotch chips with the butter in the microwave. It's easiest to work in 20 second intervals, stirring in between. Set aside to cool. (Note: Do not over melt! It's okay if a few lumps remain.)

In a large bowl, stir the brown sugar, eggs, and vanilla until combined.

In a small bowl, stir the flour, baking powder and salt until combined.

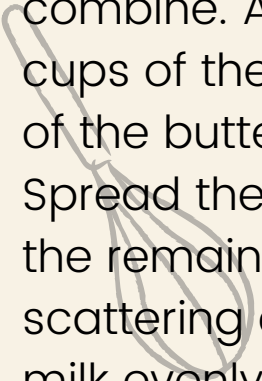




Mallowmelt Recipe



When the butterscotch mixture has cooled, pour into the large bowl (containing the brown sugar, egg, and vanilla) and stir to combine. Add the flour mixture and stir until just mixed. Stir in 2 cups of the marshmallows, 1 cup of chocolate chips and 1/2 cup of the butterscotch chips.



Spread the batter evenly into the prepared baking pan. Top with the remaining marshmallows, chocolate, and butterscotch chips, scattering evenly. Drizzle entire can of sweetened & condensed milk evenly over the top.

Bake for 25 to 30 minutes or until set. Top will be browned but still quite gooey. Cool, completely (at least 2-3 hours) and serve!



About the Author



This recipe has been shared by Matthew J., 8th grade Schole Academy student, who enjoys reading the Keeper of the Lost Cities series, and absolutely recommends it for you.

Spiritual Reflections Column



Poetry, prayers
and art

Easter Reflections

Danielle S.

Matthew 28:1-9 wonderfully shows the surprise and shock of Jesus's resurrection. "After the Sabbath, at dawn on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to look at the tomb. There was a violent earthquake, for an angel of the Lord came down from heaven and, going to the tomb, rolled back the stone and sat on it. His appearance was like lightning, and his clothes were white as snow. The guards were so afraid of him that they shook and became like dead men. The angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid, for I know that you are looking for Jesus, who was crucified. He is not here; he has risen, just as he said. Come and see the place where he lay. Then go quickly and tell his disciples: 'He has risen from the dead and is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see him.' Now I have told you." So the women hurried away from the tomb, afraid yet filled with joy, and ran to tell his disciples. Suddenly Jesus met them. "Greetings," he said. They came to him, clasped his feet and worshiped him." (NIV)

Lilian D.

Jesus foreshadows His resurrection in many different ways. One of the first times he told his apostles about his death, he told Peter that he will deny Jesus 3 times. Another one of these ways was when he says he will tear down the temple and rebuild it in three days, referring to His body as the temple. Even the disciples did not quite understand what he had meant. As he was at the Last Supper, he said that one of the disciples would betray him. All of the disciples were blaming one another, as Judas slowly crept away.


Lillyan M.

What I love about Jesus sacrifice for us is that it wasn't easy for him but he still did it out of his love for us. In his time of need God sent him comfort. We see as Jesus is praying and sweating blood that even he was nervous as a human, but he trusted in God's plan. It's a good reminder that everything we do whether easy or hard is all part of God's plan. When life seems terrible and we can't understand why God has put such painful or hard challenges in front of us it is good to remember they are all for his perfect purpose.

Luke 22: 41-44

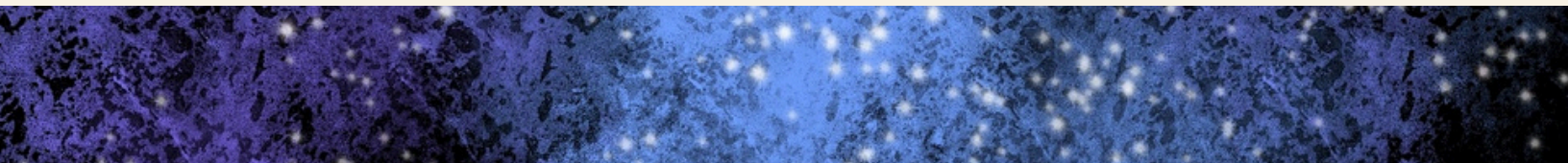


Dream Story

by Amaya W.



I held an idea — burning — in my hands,
White hot as a flamelike star;
Poem pieces, dream fragments,
Saved and cherished, glowing with the fire of
A million stories, beauties blossoming forth like
White petals burning in the inky night;
Leaving a stardust trail of emblazoned memory
For everyone to see, and read the patterns of my poetry,
And interpret these incandescent dreams as they will.

I held a dream too massive to contain, hiding its essence
From the reaching world, its dark fingers groping blindly
To search and tear my dream apart.
It burned my hands — I lift up white scars no longer hot —
Marks of my dreaming, lessons learned, softly scorched
To make way for the growth of my blossoming stories.
And like a little girl, I held the string, and cut kite dreams loose;
Watching them flicker in the night sky until they too became
A spun star, small in the vast sphere of darkness but alive with
Impossibly beautiful fire blossoming, a gleaming light in a well of ink,
And unfading, danced through the Milky Way; a dream let free
To soar for eternity, emblazoned hope with a string of stardust still
Attached to and pulling my heart till, high above the clouds with my
Dream, I saw —
All the world on fire with dreams forgot to grasp at mine.



And I, burning with the same fire of hope, held my dreams high and
Felt my soul leap with them, dancing along the paths of flickering stars
And flame-woven dreams, the song of my soul blossoming forth into an
Open flower blazing in the sky — vulnerable — every fragile petal
Unfurling into Eternity's hands, held in a haven of joy and peace,
Safe and liberated, dream-walking in a land of light without borders,
My essence flooded with light and songs and dreams...

And embraced in the heavens by the hands of One who was marked for
My soul's salvation, I saw in a dream the embers of all my hopes
Igniting into a beautiful reality, and the heart of all my dreams
Was really eternity's woven essence — the secret key to life,
The spark to the conflagration, the string to my soaring kite, the
Delicate petals to the blossoms of love and life and light springing
Across the world wherever I looked.

My dreams reoriented into reality, I desired the highest dream —
The One who wove my dreams into being, breathing life and light
Into my soul burning with a fire of yearning blossoming into
Glory, my dreams a mere reflection of Heaven's wide mirror
That displays Christ's shining beauty...
And held vulnerable in His glory, my life a fire of love and devotion,
I cut my dreams free:
Pouring forth my soul in a joyful blaze
For everyone to see so they might also gaze at the highest
Hope and, learning to love and not diminish humanity
In their consuming fire, let themselves dream also.

Así Eres Tú

by Sarah S.

Así Eres Tú

Eres mi confidente generoso y mi salvador.

Eres el sol que brilla y baila en mares oros;

Un árbol fuerte, eres tú, una hermosa flor,

El frío de la nieve y calor del corazón.

Cuando estoy contigo, no tengo miedo ya,

Y en tu casa, libre soy; yo cuento bendiciones.

Por largos días, eres tú; eres mi lámpara,

Mi guía en la noche, la verdad en la luz.

Una estrella en la mañana, más que un ángel,

Esperas en los cielos, me escuchas a mí.

Nosotros los hijos te llamamos "Padre" porque tú eres fiel;

Tus manos me sostienen, tu voz es como miel.

Las sombras en los valles – tú eres mi pastor.

Las nubes, los planetas – a mi lado estás.

Habitas cada alma, sin límites es tu amor,

La fuente de agua eternal: así eres tú.

Translation

You are my generous confidant and my savior.

You are the sun that shines and dances on golden seas;
A strong tree, you are, a beautiful flower,
The snow's coldness and the heart's warmth.

When I am with you, I do not fear anymore,

And in your house, I am free; I count blessings.

Throughout long days, you are; you are my lamp,
My guide in the night, the truth in the light.

A star in the morning, more than an angel,

You wait in the heavens, you listen to me.

We the children call you "Father" because you are faithful;

Your hands sustain me, your voice is like honey.

The shadows in the valleys – you are my shepherd.

The clouds, the planets – you are at my side.

You inhabit every soul, without limits is your love,

The fountain of eternal water: that is you.

God of His Promise

by Rachel B.

I am the Lord and My promise still stands
One day your children shall outnumber the sands
Fear not, I'm your shield, your reward shall be great, My fulfillment
and gifts come not too soon, nor too late.

"Behold," you have told me, "I have now no child." My power is
glorious, racing, wondrous, and wild; Your tent will be filled with
laughs, not mere smiles— My gifts and My miracles fall in
mountains, not piles.

With rainbows I've sealed My Word in the past,
Firm through the ages, this covenant shall last.

You can't count the stars but I've named every one. I promise, my
child, to give you a son.

The stars are my signature, forever to stand—
Not only that—I'll give you a land!

Look, you, towards heaven, count the stars if you can. There will be
more of your children, gifts of I am.

With honor and glory the beaming stars sing, "One day a child of
yours shall be King!"

St. Crispin's Day Poem

by Rachel B.

Who is he that seeps in fear
And wishes friends to battle here?
Valiant we stand on enemy shore,
Hope's not lost, wish not one more.
No, faith, my coz, hold thine hope longer
Our bows are strong, our hearts still stronger.

We few are brothers bound, in fire and in flood.
Each shall be my father's son, though vile was his blood. Whenever
the sun rises, our tale shall be told
We shall stand a tiptoe then, crowned among the bold.

Then at home, proud an' safe, our scars we'll then display;
Remembering in our flowing cups the deeds performed this day!
There's a greater share of honor for the few of us to keep.

So up, men, rouse thy selves, and pity those who sleep!
An every man will wish him here, who ever hears our story
For our scars today will forever form our glory!

Artistic Souls

By Luke A.

Luke is a creative ten year old living in South Africa who enjoys art, Star Wars, legos, and animals. He lives with his parents, two older brothers, a twin brother, two cute dogs, and a tank of fish.




By Gianna D.

My name is Gianna D., I'm 14 and in 8th grade. I am in the Theology of the Body class with Mrs. Frost at Schole Academy. And here is one of my drawings that I did in this class. It is about Eve and how she turns away from God.


The Road I Wish to Travel


by Genevieve S.



The road I wish to travel leads to a bridge,
One over a trickling creek,
One that can see the high mountain ridge,
One with cherry trees blooming.
And their flowers falling down in the dawn
One that I won't stand all alone on

The road I wish to travel leads to a mountain pass.
One where a stream feeds spring flowers
One that grows green spring grass.
One with snow blanketing behind shadowed stone
And bluebells pushing up through the earth,
Ones that have been carefully sown.







The road I wish to travel leads to a dark forest,
One with branches that hindered winters snow,
One with a moss florist,
One with a light on the other side,
One that He will help me through
Just as He helps the flowers bloom
One that will give me some brighter hues.

The road I wish to travel leads to a resting place,
One that is peaceful and soft,
One that is given with grace.
One that I may leave for a new body,
Like the flowers that lay to regrow the next year,
For the LORD has conquered all death, so have no fear.
And I lay my head to rest.

About the Author

Genevieve S. is the daughter of an attorney and author. With three younger siblings, many animal dependents and piano, tennis and writing goals, she has a very busy yet enjoyable life. She has been writing for half her life and hopes to be published by eighteen.



Arts & Entertainment Column

Book Recommendations &
Reviews

A Wrinkle in Time

Madeline V.B.



A Wrinkle in Time by Madeleine L'Engle is a book with fascinating concepts and wonderful characters that will sweep you entirely away. It explores theories about the universe that are so wonderful they are almost believable, and it clearly depicts the struggle between good and evil. All the characters have unique personality traits that become either their strengths or their weaknesses as they battle disaster to regain what they love. This book mixes fantasy with science, and explores brain-twisting concepts such as the fifth dimension and creatures from other planets. It could be called science fiction, but I have never thought of it that way, because it is far more complex than most sci-fi movies or comic books. Although it is not a Christian story, it has stark lines between good and evil, and God is unquestionably highlighted in the book. It is not hard to read it with a Christian perspective, and it is better than some atheist books because it does not talk about how the universe began, and it does not present evil as good or vice-versa. It is highly recommended to anyone who is in search of a new, great book.



About the Author

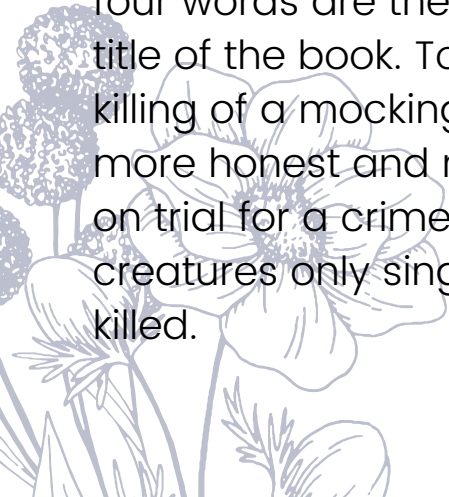
Hello, my name is Madeline VB, and I am 13 years old and in 8th grade. I love the stars and everything to do with space, which is why I am thrilled with the theme of this chronicle! I really love reading, and I hope that if my piece gets published, it will inspire others to read this book as well.

To Kill a Mockingbird Review

by Isabella S.

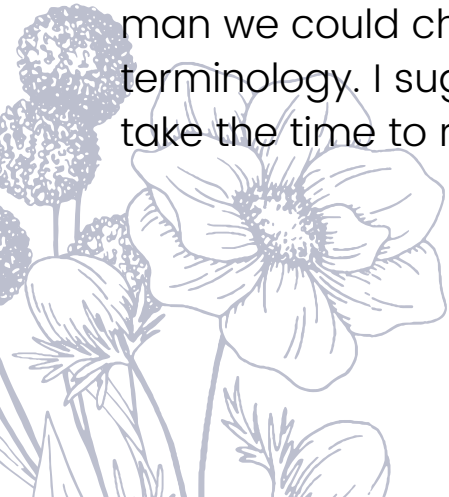


As one opens the battered, tattered, ripped copy of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, she knows it is a well-used, treasured book. Sticky notes fall out of the browned pages, fluttering to the ground. Pencil and pen annotations blur from age. But the message is clear, *To Kill a Mockingbird* is a classic, treasured novel. It portrays many themes, including an obvious one, the backstory behind the title. The phrase is first mentioned deep in the story, as Miss Maudie and Scout chat on the porch, saying that it is a sin to kill mockingbirds because they only chirp and sing for us. As the story progresses, each character in the book comes to realize the importance of human dignity and racial equality. Tom Robinson, an African-American man, put on trial for allegedly raping Mayella Ewell, a representation of impoverished white people, is condemned for his crime. Atticus Finch, Tom's lawyer, delivers a powerful speech depicting the truths of the entire case... yet, he knows he will lose the court case. When there are 12 white men on the jury, it is a clear and sure sign that they will vote for the white man in the court case. However, the knowledge of this fact did not faze Atticus Finch, he worked just as hard in supporting and defending Tom Robinson. An African-American man, an honest and noble one at that, was killed for escaping a prison he should not have been in. Mr Underwood, the county newspaper writer, likened his death to the "senseless slaughter of songbirds" (Lee 241). These four words are the explanation for the entire tale and especially the title of the book. Tom Robinson's prosecution, and trial was like the killing of a mockingbird. An honest, noble African American, much more honest and noble than many of his white counterparts, is put on trial for a crime he did not commit. Likewise, mockingbirds, jovial creatures only sing all day for the pleasure of humans, yet they are killed.



Harper Lee artfully pens a tale of racial injustice and she contemplates societal norms, existent in the mid 1900s, all this through the lens of a young girl, Scout Finch. The innocence of Scout is important, as she comments on such large events that take place in her life. She does not realize the magnitude of what is happening around her. Even when she saves her father from imminent danger, she merely talks to Mr. Cunningham about “normal” things, things she talks about regularly at her father’s dinner table. She opens the eyes of the men in that group, subconsciously, to realize that they are each a human and just regular, ordinary men. Atticus is a regular man just like them; this truth saves Atticus’ life and provides a large insight into the power young children have. Children have a winsome innocence about them which allows them to make comments on society without the restraints of societal pressures and rules. They are free. Easily, children can hold strong beliefs and suddenly drop those beliefs when they realize the truth. At first, Scout is incredibly scared of Boo Radley and she wonders why he never comes out. As the story progresses, Jem Finch, growing more thoughtful, realizes that perhaps Boo does not come out because he does not want to. This thought is staggering, why would anyone not ever want to come out of their house, after being shut up for so long?

In all, this tale leaves me speechless...in awe of the wonders authors can do to words. I think this tale accomplished whatever Ms. Lee had hoped to accomplish with it. I think it provides deep insight into the racial injustices and human injustices we tend to have. For, not only is a black man hurt and treated inhumanely, but so is Boo Radley, a man we could characterize as mentally disabled in our modern terminology. I suggest all highschool aged young men and women take the time to read this masterpiece.



Interviews Column

Meet Mrs White &
Mr Hall

Interview With Ms. Ash White

by Alitsa S.



Ash White has been a teacher of logic and writing at Scholé Academy for five years now. Mrs. White and her husband, Jon, currently live in Butler, Pennsylvania, a small town about thirty minutes away from Pittsburgh. She grew up in Virginia, with her two siblings.

As a child, she loved English and she loved reading (she still does). Her favorite books back then were the Little House series, Anne of Green Gables, and the Redwall series. She actually has Redwall copies which were signed by their author, Brian Jacques himself. Mrs. White prefers Lewis to Tolkien, mostly because she's read more of his work. She especially loves Till We Have Faces by Lewis. At the moment, Mrs. White's favorite book is The Dictionary of Lost Words by Pip Williams. In terms of movies, Mrs. White loves The Princess Bride, and Life is Beautiful, among others. Mrs. White was homeschooled by her mother till 4th grade. During the rest of her k-12 years, Mrs. White switched between several different private schools. In her senior year, Mrs. White attended a public school in Texas, which had an incredible theater program. She attended Mary Baldwin College, mostly because she deeply wanted to be back in Virginia, as she was living in Texas at the time. As it turned out, the Lord was in that decision; Mary Baldwin College became a perfect fit for Mrs. White. It was a small college, with small classes. Mrs. White really fell in love with her education at that point.



Mrs. White has always been committed to the Lord. Of course, like anyone, she's had her periods of doubting and walking away from the faith. Still, she does not think there was a time in her conscious memory where she did not have her faith and her community.



Mrs. White taught literature at an in-person highschool for some time before switching to online teaching. She says, "I was looking for something where I could teach with more flexibility." The principal of the in-person highschool that Mrs. White was working at was connected to Mr. Chris Perrin (the author of many Classical Academic Press books). And Mrs White also met Dr. Joelle Hodge. Mrs. White became interested in Scholé Academy, reaching out to Dr. Hodge and Mr. Perrin, and completing the interview process, eventually becoming a teacher at Scholé. The rest is history!

As mentioned before, Mrs. White teaches Writing and Rhetoric and Informal Logic. She loves both classes equally for different reasons. Writing and Rhetoric presents the opportunity to delve deeply into stories, exploring topics such as, "why are stories important?" and "what stories do we love and why?" Mrs. White truly loves to teach Writing and Rhetoric. "[Informal] logic, she says, "really turns the lightbulb on for you; you start to hear fallacious arguments, [and it] opens [your] eyes to how the adult world works. [You] learn to tune out and filter what's important and what isn't."

All in all, Mrs. White is an incredible person, for sure, and she thoroughly enjoys teaching at Scholé Academy.



Interview With Mr. Chris Hall

by Chloe O.



Q: What was your favorite subject in school?

A: My favorite subjects (in public school) were science, history, French, and music. I played the violin all the way through high school, and Orchestra was the high point of my day. I loved language class, too, for the challenge as well as the opportunity to communicate through time with other people: it's one thing to ask how much something costs at a restaurant, and quite another to read *Le Petit Prince* or *Les Misérables* in the original, which we did in French V and VI.

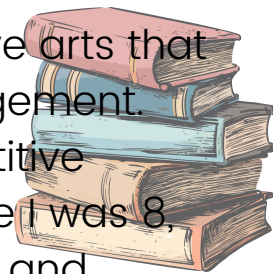
Q: When you teach Common Arts and Astronomy at SA, what do you hope students take away from those classes?

A: For both classes, I could say facts, skills, and wonder. Know the basics of whatever we study, apply yourself to building the skills of observation and virtuous practice, and never forget that we're only catching a glimpse of the real depth of either discipline! These are life-long practices, with lifetimes' worth of knowing embedded within them: whatever we make, and however we make, it also makes us. As Musashi said, think on these things.



Q: What is your favorite Common Art, and why?

A: That's a tough one. I suppose I have no favorites, but I do have arts that I've practiced longer than others, or to a greater depth of engagement. Armament has been with me since I was a boy: I was a competitive marksman by the time I was 12, I've played chess earnestly since I was 8, and I earned multiple black belts and certificates in martial arts and combatives starting at 21. Later in life, agriculture and animal husbandry have really captured my attention



since you can't homestead successfully without them! But that's not to say that the other common arts haven't also been joys to pursue. I've built firearms, chicken coops, and transmissions from scratch or from parts, and each one has been an adventure. If I could cite a second-order common art that has captured my attention for the past few years, it would be amateur radio. Second-order common arts are those that provide for our basic, embodied needs, but that work within man-made structures like computer coding or 3D printing,

Radio has been harnessed for communications for only about 120 years, but its principles have led us to wireless internet and GPS networks. I've built tuned UHF/VHF and HF rigs here using my training in physics, and I've had to become a beginning student again to earn the required licenses, and it has been totally worth the effort. It is a joy to sit in my den and fire up conversations world-wide at the touch of a button any day, any time.

Q: What is your favorite part of studying Astronomy and why?

A: Astronomy has held my imagination since I was a young child. At 5 years old, it became a focus for me, in part because one of my father's brothers, Uncle Tim, also had a fascination with the subject, and he took the time to talk to me about it. I still remember the first time I saw the Big Dipper: I was on a winter walk around the neighborhood, looked up, and there it was, just like in the star guide! I'll never forget that experience. That, or the first time I saw Saturn through a telescope that my grandfather had made. Through all the facts, through all the figures, through all the data, the wonder remains!



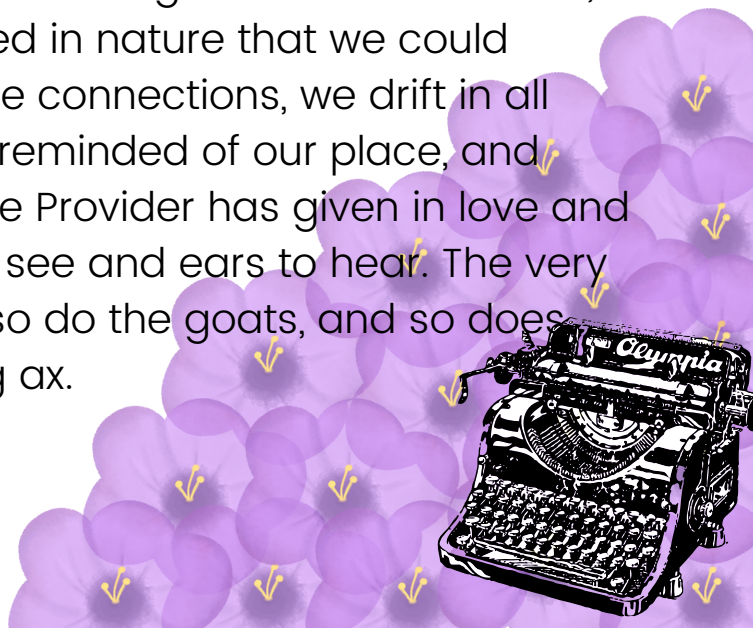
If you've never read Whitman's *The Learn'd Astronomer*, it's all there. The facts and figures are important, and good in their own way, but nothing replaces standing on the Earth, looking up at the heavens, and basking in one's own smallness while also knowing enough about what one's looking at to be amazed!



Q: Why did you start homesteading? Have you found it easy or challenging?

A: We started homesteading twenty years ago, when my new bride and I moved to a piece of family land here in Virginia. We lived for the first summer in a tent, and then for the next almost-two-years in a converted tool shed without running water.

We had electricity, but our shower was outside, and I had to bring water up from the lake every day to run it, even in the winter. Our first son, who is now in college, came home from the hospital to that shed, and only when he was learning to crawl did we receive occupancy on the house. Since then, we've built up the gardens, fields, livestock, and surrounding timber to suit. Why did we start? Besides a sense of adventure, a set of realizations about the world. For thousands of generations, the skills of homesteading, and the common arts in general, sustained humanity. It's only in the past few generations here in the first world that the practice of these skills has faded out in favor of supply chains and other somewhat-ephemeral grids of electricity, communication, and provision. In losing our connections to land, livestock, seasons, and providence, we've also lost connections with the givenness of Creation, the rhythms and patterns that God placed in nature that we could survive under all conditions. Without those connections, we drift in all sorts of ways. With them, however, we're reminded of our place, and the place of worship in our lives: when the Provider has given in love and in utility, it's a good thing to have eyes to see and ears to hear. The very stones cry out. So does the lettuce, and so do the goats, and so does the physics of a good swing of a splitting ax.



We have found homesteading both easy and challenging. We have weathered all sorts of challenges, from ice storms to death, finances to seemingly-impossible tasks, but we are still here, and the homestead is, too! On a daily basis, it's both easy and hard, and that is the way. One thing I've discovered: what makes it easy or hard is often me, not the circumstances.



Q: What books do you enjoy reading in your spare time?

A: On my bedside table right now, besides two dog-eared and annotated copies of scripture, you could find a copy of Dante's Purgatory, Isaac Asimov's Best Science Fiction of 1939, Butler's Lives of the Saints, Emery's Encyclopedia of Country Living, Lockhart's Measurement, a copy of the Virginia Extension Office's Spring Planting Guide, and a Marine Corps publication about insurgency strategy and tactics against the Soviets in Afghanistan. I have a wide reading diet....As I approach fifty years old, I find myself immersing yet again in the Great Books, taking another walk through some tomes that I haven't read for a decade or two. The beautiful thing about the Great Books, and even the Good Books: they don't change, but the reader does, and so every time you read them, you read them differently. They echo off of one's experience, and the reader rightly sits at the feet of the perennial wisdoms. If I live to my eighties, I'll still be re-reading these, and if you've never picked them up, I'd encourage you, at whatever age, to pick them up now and see what they say to you. Then do so again in another decade.



Senior Spotlight

Meet the Class of '24

Senior Spotlight

We asked some of the Scholé Academy Seniors of 2024 to tell us a bit about their favorite memories and where they're headed next. Here are a few of their answers!

Isaac-Paul K.



Where are you headed next, and what will you study?

I am going to University of Tennessee at Chattanooga and I am studying Criminal Justice.

Favorite Scholé Memory?

My favorite Schole Memory is on the first day of classes. Just logging into class and realizing that this is a positive atmosphere that builds people up.

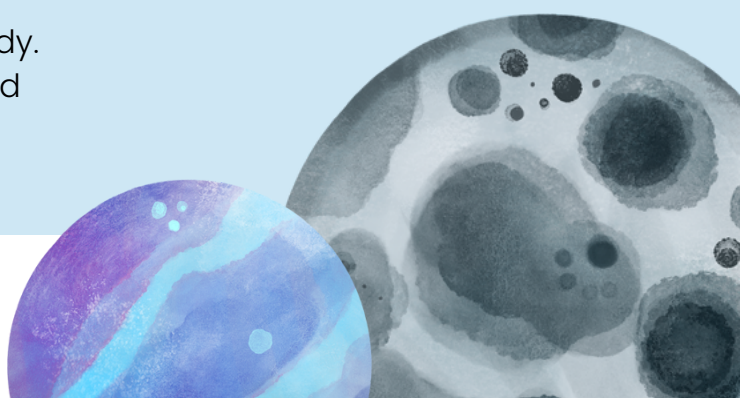
What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I enjoy altar serving, playing video games, and captaining my mock trial team.

Favorite Scholé Class?

My favorite Schole class is Theology of the body. Partially because it is my only Schole class and partially because I love studying theology.

years at Scholé
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Seniors of 2024

Maddie L.

Where are you headed next, and what will you study?

Heading off to college this year, I will be attending Ave Maria University and will be studying Athletic Science and Exercise Physiology.

Favorite Scholé Memory?

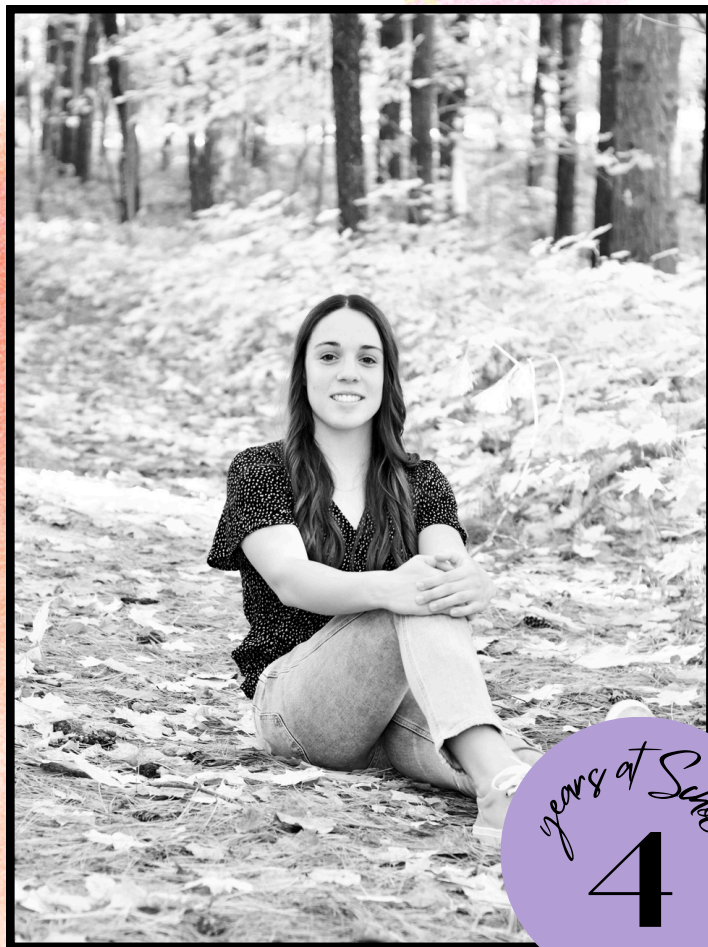
My favorite Scholé would probably be the time when one of my teachers brought a frog to class. Totally unexpected, my teacher had this tiny frog sitting on his shoulder throughout class! Quite hilarious.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

As an active person, I have many hobbies and interests that I love to do. Some of my ultimate favorite hobbies are baking, reading good books, downhill skiing, hiking, and training labradoodle puppies. I am very invested in my local swim team, and I compete regularly in triathlons. Spending time with friends and family are one of my top favorite things to do as well. I love traveling with my family around the states and experiencing exciting adventures with them.

Favorite Scholé Class?

My favorite Scholé course that I have taken, would probably be Mr. Bradshaw's ancient literature class. During that class, we discussed countless ancient philosophers and their works. Even though the course was challenging, it helped me to learn more about ancient history in a deeper way. I enjoyed the class discussions greatly and the numerous jokes we shared during the sessions.



years at Scholé
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Seniors of 2024

Marigrace N.

Where are you headed next,
and what will you study?

I am still discerning which college I will attend, but I trust that the Lord will guide me on the right path. :)

What are a few
hobbies/interests you have?

Music (both listening and performing, particularly Gregorian chant and medieval/Renaissance polyphony), knitting, reading, gardening, various sports, anything to do with Latin...just to name a few!

Favorite Scholé Memory?

I don't have a particular memory, but I will forever treasure the joy and laughter that infused every class and club meeting I attended.

Favorite Scholé Class?

It would have to be a close tie between Advanced Latin with Mr. Kotynski and Science and the Catholic Church with Mr. Hall. I learned so much from (and thoroughly enjoyed) both classes!



years of Scholé
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Seniors of 2024

Sophie L.

Where are you headed next,
and what will you study?

I'm headed to Gordon College in Wenham MA. I'm not exactly sure what I will study yet but I have deep interests in creative writing and human flourishing.

What are a few
hobbies/interests you have?

I love writing and creating stories, but I also love art, and anything that has to do with stationary. I also love working out, going on walks, and rock climbing.

Favorite Scholé
Memory?

This is such a hard question to answer because there are so many. My favorite moments were those in which me and my friends would be connected through a class. There was nothing more special then getting to learn great things with great people. The way that we'd make zoom eye contact and laugh because we knew we were both struggling with the same assignment, and the late night message asking for help with the essay. Those are the memories that I cherish the most - learning together.

Favorite Scholé Class?

Again, there were so many I loved, but there were three that I especially loved : Latin 4, American Government, and Ancient history/lit.



years at Scholé
4

Seniors of 2024

Rebekah C.

Where are you headed next, and what will you study?

I plan to start working this summer and possibly go to community college in the fall. I would also like to travel and learn new skills. I hope that in all I do, I will do it for God's glory.

Favorite Scholé Memory?

My favorite Scholé memory is from Latin class when we went overtime one class because we got sidetracked on a long discussion about Disney movies.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I enjoy going outside and doing most outdoor activities. I like to play the piano, do art projects, ride horses, ice skate, and hang out with friends and family.

Favorite Scholé Class?

My favorite Scholé class is Latin with Magister Kotynski. It is very interesting to learn the Latin language and it's also a fun class.



Congratulations, Seniors!

Meet the team

Design/Editing Teams 2023-24

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Madeleine B. Co-Head Editor Editing Team Director

Madeleine is a sixteen year old schoolwork enthusiast who loves to research any and every topic she comes across. When not drinking tea and philosophizing, Madeleine enjoys hobbies like Irish dance, musical theatre, violin, taekwondo, philology, historical hand sewing, and writing stories. She aims to one day be fluent in Irish and able to speak an ever-growing list of languages across history. Madeleine been editing the Chronicle for two years and has been a Schol  student for four.

Isabella S. Co-Head Editor, Design Team Leader

Isabella is a passionate, bubbly, energetic 10th grader. She has always had an artistic eye and loves exploring the world through her camera lens. She loves to draw, sing, act, read, dance and write. She is obsessed with photography and hopes to become a photographer. She loves to design, to organize and to make the world more beautiful. Through photography, she hopes to unveil the secrets and beauty of the world. She has uploaded her work from her ballerina photoshoot to the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards contest. And, she wants to connect with her fellow Armenians and take pictures of their lives and lifestyles in Armenia, her ancestral homeland. She also loves sharing her heritage through song and her podcast: Armenia: A Culture, A people, An Identity. (available on spotify podcast) Check out her blog where she talks faith & photography: belleveritephotography.blogspot.com





Amaya W. Design Team

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Amaya W. is a high-school junior who is a poet and a dreamer. She is passionate about God's grace and loves to express her faith and delight in life through her stories and poems. She wants to bring joy and beauty to others through her art and writing. She also loves to draw anything lovely, such as flowers and designs; and some of her favorite hobbies are dancing, reading, biking on sunny days, and playing games with her family. Amaya enjoys sitting down with a good book, a mugful of coffee, and some jazz music. Her favorite books are *Black Beauty*, *Little Women*, the *Narnia* series, and anything by Tolkien. Amaya loves history, literature, and languages and is currently immersing herself in Japanese and the world of Charles Dickens.

Chloe O. Design Team

Chloe O is 13 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.



Abigail G. Design Team

Abigail is a raconteur in training. She enjoys collecting words and stories, studying ancient languages, and playing with her cat. She is also fond of reading, sewing, letter writing, and sketching. This is her second year with Schole, and she is excited to be a part of the Chronicle!



Abby M. Design Team

Abby is a sophomore from Arkansas who loves all things sunshine, chocolate, and books. When not sipping coffee at her desk and studying, you can probably find her wandering around outside, sketching, or goofing off with her friends or siblings.



Sarah S. Editing Team

Sarah S. is a fifteen-year-old artist.

Through her art, she seeks to capture the beauty, grace, and mystery of God's world. She is constantly expanding her style, channeling her endless creativity, and doodling on any blank page. In addition, she is fascinated by foreign languages and how they connect us to the wider world and its cultures. She will be completing her second year of Spanish and looks forward to many more years on her language journey. She loves poetry, music, and witty humor, and her favorite things to do include shopping, dancing, bowling, and writing.



Rachel B. Editing Team

Rachel B. loves reading and writing; recently she has been experimenting with poetry. She is an editor for the Schole Chronicle and is taking two Schole classes. Rachel also enjoys taekwondo, trampolines, baking, card making, sewing, and a ton of other things.



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.



Nola H. Editing Team

Nola is a fifteen-year-old freshman who has been a Scholé student for the past five years. She enjoys writing, baking cookies, and reading any mystery book she can get her hands on. Her love of reading includes Jane Austen, Agatha Christie, and CJ Redwine, as well as lots of poetry. When not writing, reading, or burying her head in school work, Nola can be found sipping coffee with friends or snuggling her grouchy cat, Henry. Through her wonderful classmates and wise teachers Nola loves to be reminded of God's constant grace and provision.



Lydia K. Editing Team

Lydia is a junior who loves the outdoors. She spends plenty of her time dancing, but also enjoys cross country skiing, running, and hiking, and will readily try any other sport, or any hot salsa, for that matter. Her favorite state is Montana. This year she has found the mid 1900's of history and chemistry especially interesting. She also likes listening to Led Zeppelin and looking at cars; mainly DeLoreans and army jeeps.



Thank you so much Scholé
Chronicle team!



*Thank you for reading the 14th
biannual Scholé Chronicle!*



Enjoy your Summer!

This year, we're going to try out a summer Chronicle! Be checking Canvas during the few weeks before school ends, for important info about submitting! Information will be posted on May 15!