



WELCOME TO THE

Scholé Chronicle



In this newsletter you will find:
photography, poetry, artwork and so much more!



Letter from the Editors

See what our editors: Madeleine & Isabella have to say about this issue!

PAGE THREE



Seasonal Column

FEATURED

Our seasonal column continues with the theme of fall. Submissions vary from photos & art to poetry and stories!

PAGE FOUR



Commonplace Column

NEW!

We've decided to create a commonplace column, where you can share your favorite quotes with us! Keep reading to see some lovely quotes.

PAGE TWELVE



Thematic Column

FEATURED

Our thematic column this year revolves around the quote, written by Louisa May Alcott, ““It’s amazing how lovely common things become, if one only knows how to look at them.”

PAGE FIFTEEN



Spiritual Reflections

FEATURED

Our spiritual reflections column still remains a part of the Chronicle. Read on to find prayers and encouraging verses from classmates.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE



Arts & Entertainment

FEATURED

Everything from movie & book recommendations to music recommendations too! Check it out!

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT

MEET THE TEAM! PAGE FORTY-SIX

Letter from the Editors

Dear readers,

We are so happy to welcome you to the 16th edition of the Scholé Chronicle! It has been a good and fruitful year for us so far, and we hope that you have had a most wonderful (almost) first semester of this 2024-2025 school year! One of the greatest joys of classical education is seeing students as whole persons, with their own minds, hearts, and souls, and we hope that this year you have been filled with meaningful conversations, new friends, and wonderful teachers as you grow in knowledge and holiness.

Now, after all of the work you have poured into your studies, you have the chance to pause and reflect during this much needed rest: Christmas break is just around the corner!

We hope that in this season of Advent, you will take the time to rest and to appreciate the love of Christ for the sheep of his pasture. We hope that every moment is filled with beauty, and that whatever your Christian tradition, your focus would be directed toward the Savior who was born into this dark world to save us sinners. And may we wish you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

This issue, our Thematic column focuses on the beauty of the everyday with inspiration from Louisa May Alcott's short story, Marjorie's Three Gifts. "It is amazing how lovely common things become, if one only knows how to look at them." Within, you will find beautiful short stories, poems, and essays that reflect the truth, goodness, and beauty of the so-called "ordinary".

Within these pages you will also find seasonal pieces, commonplace quotes, an interview with a teacher- and more! We hope that as you pause in your day to scroll through this issue, that you will find inspiration for your own creative pursuits, and that you will be uplifted by the work of these talented students.

We would like to thank our fantastic editing and design teams for working hard to make this edition of the Scholé Chronicle beautiful!! We would also like to welcome two new team members, Olivia and Genevieve!! They have done amazing work and contributed so positively to the team community and we are grateful to have them with us.

Once again, merry Christmas!! Christus Natus Est
Isabella Jaelle & Madeleine Grace

Seasonal Column

FOUR



"AUTUMN IS A SECOND SPRING WHEN
EVERY LEAF IS A FLOWER."

~ALBERT CAMUS

Seasonal Artwork and Photography

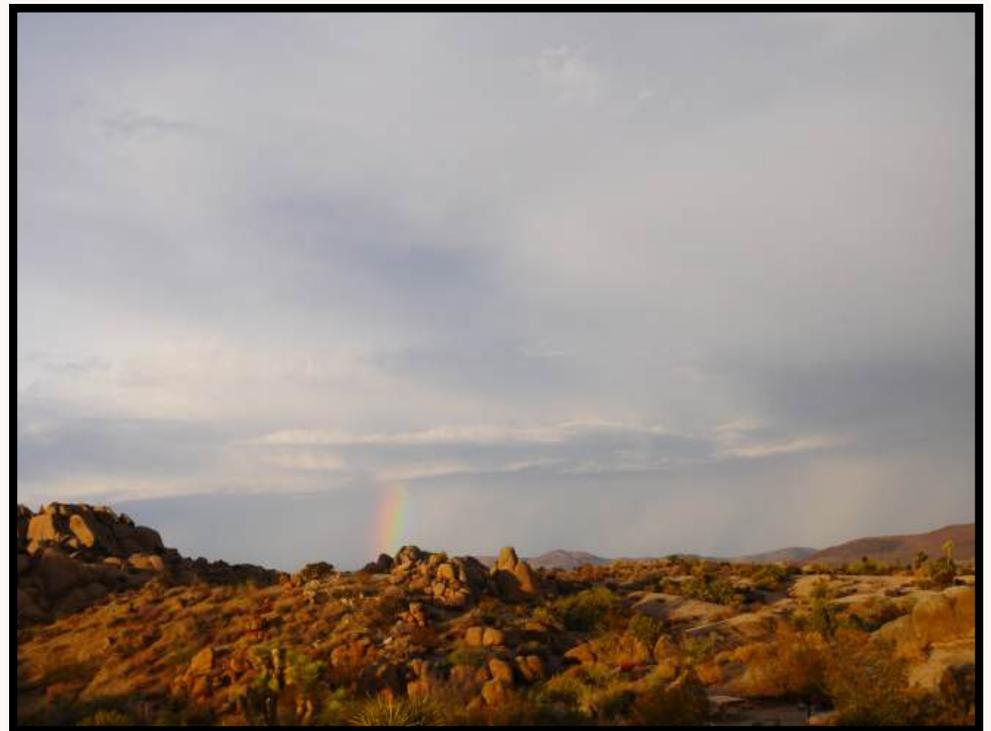
FIVE

By Lenna O.



Desert Autumn

After the Rain



About the Photographer

My name is Lenna and I am 14. I have been with Scholé Academy for 3 years. I like to read, swim, bake (anything my family (or I) want), and play with my new cat. I have always loved all kinds of art but I have just started to get into photography. These photos are from my camping trip to Joshua Tree National Park this fall.



Seasonal Artwork and Photography

By Gaudenis G.



Frosty Fern



Hiding Blue
Jay



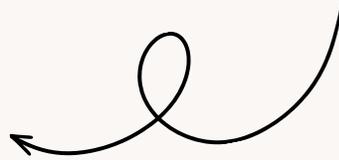
Icicle
Against Pink
and Blue Sky

About the Photographer

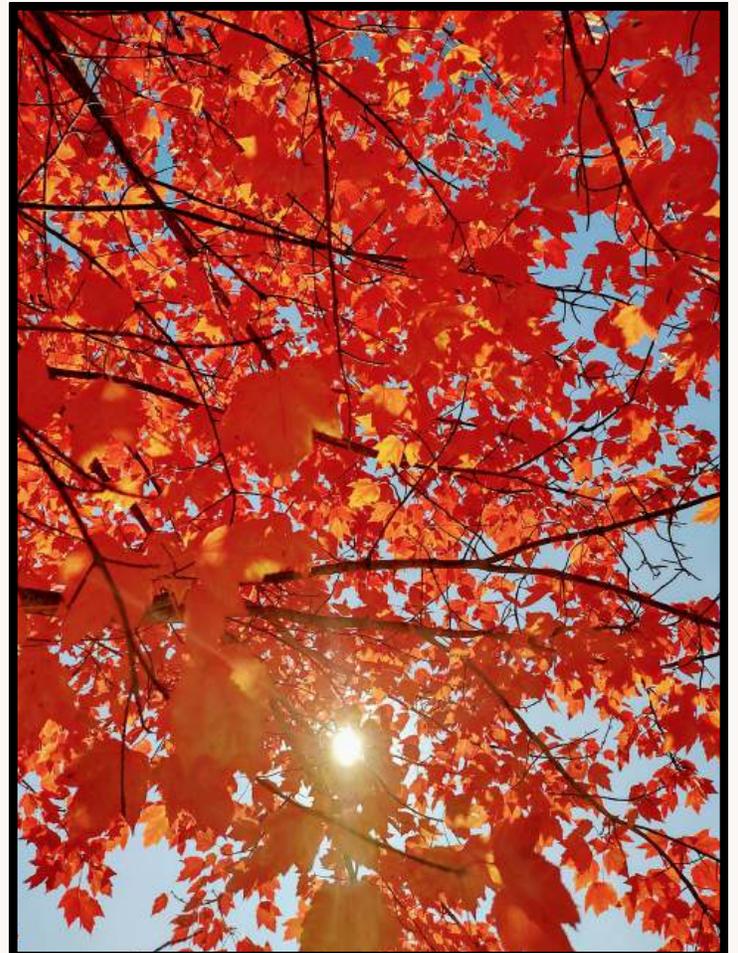
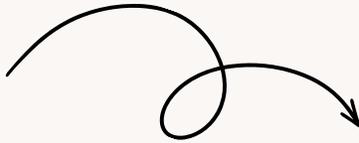
Hi, I'm Gaudenis. I live in Maine with my family, dog (Nora), and 27 chickens. I like photography, solving Rubik's Cubes, exploring etymologies, and engaging in other sundry hobbies.



Muisiriún by
Madeleine B.



Fall Times by Olivia
H.





Silver Gold by Audrunas G.

I am interested in nature photography, and the fall colors with the spiderweb seemed like a perfect photo for this issue. Although common along the rivers and lakes of the eastern United States, the silver maple never fails to delight, especially in autumn.

Sugar and Spice by Jessica

I'm Jessica, I'm 14, I'm in 9th grade, and I love writing, drawing, singing, and crocheting. My favorite show is Gilmore Girls, but I am also a huge Star Wars fan.



A Million Voices

By Lilyann

As soon as I stepped outside a million voices of nature hit my ears, bringing a smile to my face. Fall had come to Tennessee, the cool crisp air a reminder. My little dog, Bean, jumped through the leaf piles, scattering leaves everywhere. All around me were the voices of nature singing their daily song and the warm sun shone on our faces.

A cool wind rushed past me and into the colorful fall leaves. They rustled quietly against each other. Red, orange, yellow, and brown fell silently to the ground. The birds in the trees sang happy, mysterious melodies to each other as Bean and I walked past, our feet crunching on top of leaves. Up ahead of me, a little red barn stood, one my father had made. Inside, my painted horse, Swift, stood patiently for me to get her.

I saddled her up and we rode across the countryside, Bean running beside us. I tipped my hat to the farmer harvesting his corn in a field we passed. We rode over the hills and valleys of the Appalachian Mountains. When I was younger, my mother used to say, if you are quiet you can see and hear the magic in nature. I believed it now as my hair flew behind me and Swift took us beside a crystal clear creek. The water rushed past the stones, babbling along.

We stopped by it and I sat under a graceful willow tree, its long branches softly rustling. Bean jumped into the cold water, her pink tongue hanging out happily. A bright red cardinal sat high up in the tree looking down at me and singing its song of whistles and chirps. Swift lifted her head and turned her ears towards the sound, as if enjoying the music, before she resumed eating the green grass under us. I let out a soft whistle and even the birds fell silent to listen before starting their own songs again.

The sun began to set as the three of us galloped back towards home. The sky shone with striking colors of red and orange and the clouds above them had turned pink. As song birds had all quieted and begun to go to bed, the Great Horned Owl's hoot could be heard through the dusk.

Once Swift was returned to her stable, tiny Bean and I made our way through the leaves yet again. Lights glowed welcomingly from my house. The sky had darkened now, leaving the stars. The face on the moon smiled down at me. I took one more moment listening to the sounds of the wind, owl, creek, and all the other little creatures unseen in the dark. A million voices in the night.



About the Author

Hello, I'm Lilyann and I am 15 years old in 10th grade. I love writing, horseback riding, theater, and exploring the outdoors. This story is inspired by the beautiful colors and sounds I experience around me in fall and my love for horses.

Autumn Golden Hour

By Abigail

It was one of those afternoons, at the ripest point of golden hour, when everything is subtly transforming around you, reaches a brimming point, then slaps you in the face, and forces you to look up.

Everything within me that yearns inexplicably for higher things surfaces suddenly in a surge of melancholic nostalgia and quiet, unshakeable faith in awesome possibility.

The road stretches ever on and on, between rolling, faded plains of grasses and trees.

Everything is still, reflecting the sun's sweet dying breaths, and I forget fear for once.

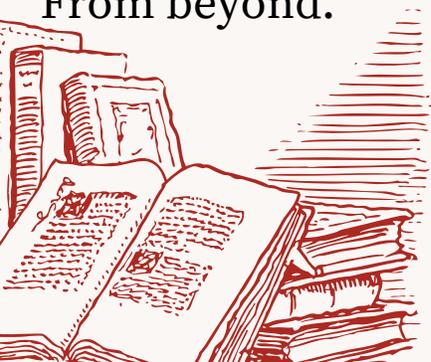
Alert and fully alive I step beneath trees near the fence bordering our property and stare up into the lacy branches and bits of blue sky that show through them, walking with the perceptions and pictures in my mind, vague but poignant memories and barely grasped feelings that afterwards always slip away and cool into embers again.

A wild whir sounds above my head and I jump back as dozens of maple seeds fly towards me twirling and fluttering for their life to get to the ground, imbed in the earth and grow into life-giving wood.

The sun dips deeper into the horizon and ridges glow behind the clouds. They melt and mingle with the setting light, dusky lavender and burning peach. The mountains beyond fall into shadow, and a chilly, thrilling, tingling breeze softly caresses my face.

I think it's coming from them.

From beyond.



About the Author

Hi, my name is Abigail, I am 15 and in 9th grade, I love to play cello, read, and write.

I take literature and math classes here on Scholé. I love the book David Copperfield, and have wanted to be an author since I learned to write.

Seasonal Poetry

When Autumn Folds Its Phoenix Wings

By Sarah S.

Upon descending into ashes, retreat into your fire.
Shed your crumbling cloak, shake the golden foil from your wings,
And be a spark, O Autumn, within the dimming dusk, as a flame shoots up
From blue to red, from flickering fronds of acid green to tongues of withering white.

Let yourself become consumed by your inferno inextinguishable.
Claim your stolen hues, flourish within the heat of your everlasting fire,
And burn, or else be burned; absorb, or be absorbed; expend your endless embers
And rest your blazing, brindle wings. May you be humbled beneath a mortal, molting sky.

Be like a flame, aging Autumn; transform your phoenix feathers.
For though you fall from greatness, though your vast and fiery plumes
Hang suspended in a smoking sky, you must challenge your own immortality
And cling to your eternal embers - for only then may you emerge from this frost.

Fall in Love

By Maleiah M.

Autumn brings grandeur.
My spirit is conscious now.
A leaf flutters down.

About Maleiah

Hello! My name is Maleiah. I am thirteen years old, and I am in 8th grade. I enjoy playing piano and harp, and I love reading. My favorite books/series are The Giver Quartet, The Anne of Green Gables series, The Chronicles of Narnia, and The Mysterious Benedict Society. I like playing soccer, climbing trees, and running around outside. I hope you enjoy my work!



Commonplace Column

TWELVE



"I SIT BESIDE THE FIRE AND THINK / OF ALL THAT I
HAVE SEEN / OF MEADOW FLOWERS AND
BUTTERFLIES / IN SUMMERS THAT HAVE BEEN / OF
YELLOW LEAVES AND GOSSAMER / IN AUTUMNS
THAT THERE WERE / WITH MORNING MIST AND
SILVER SUN / AND WIND UPON MY HAIR."

~J. R. R. TOLKIEN

Quotes about Books & Music & Writing

"The books or the music in which we thought the beauty was located will betray us if we trust to them; it was not in them, it only came through them, and what came through them was longing. These things- the beauty, the memory of our own past- are good images of what we really desire; but if they are mistaken for the thing itself they turn into dumb idols... For they are not the thing itself; they are only the scent of a flower we have not found, the echo of a tune we have not heard, news from a country we have never yet visited."

- C. S. Lewis

"The incalculable winds of fantasy and music and poetry, the mere face of a girl, the song of a bird, or the sight of a horizon, are always blowing evil's whole structure away."

- C. S. Lewis

"Music is God's gift to man, the only art of Heaven given to earth, the only art of earth we take to Heaven."

- Walter Savage Landor

"Be an unstoppable force. Write with an imaginary machete strapped to your thigh. This is not wishy-washy, polite, drinking-tea-with-your-pinkie-sticking-out stuff. It's who you want to be, your most powerful self. Write your books. Finish them, then make them better. Find the way. No one will make this dream come true for you but you."

- Laini Taylor

"A writer, I think, is someone who pays attention to the world"

- Susan Sontag



Quotes about truth, goodness & beauty

“To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment.”

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

“If you want to be happy, try only to please God, not people.”

- Leo Tolstoy

“We cannot stay home all our lives, we must present ourselves to the world and we must look upon it as an adventure.”

- Beatrix Potter

“I think I began learning long ago that those who are happiest are those who do the most for others.”

- Booker T Washington

“The truth, however ugly in itself, is always curious and beautiful to seekers after it.”

- Agatha Christie

“Great things are done by a series of small things brought together.”

- Vincent Van Gogh

“The artist is a receptacle for emotions that come from all over the place: from the sky, from the earth, from a scrap of paper, from a passing shape, from a spider’s web.”

- Pablo Picasso

“The essence of the beautiful is unity in variety.”

- Felix Mendelssohn

“There is only one real happiness in life and that is the happiness of creating.”

- Frederick Delius

Thematic Column



“IT IS AMAZING HOW LOVELY
COMMON THINGS BECOME, IF ONE
ONLY KNOWS HOW TO LOOK AT
THEM.”

~LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

An Indefinite departure

By Brigid

I arise
And oh the serendipity, the surprise!
That stole my fancy and caught my gaze,
The flurry whiteness of the maze.

It cover'd the hills beyond
And nested on the scent of ground.
On the rooftops it settled-
Where the pigeons nestled,
And where the riders sled
Down to the deep bed
Of it.

Like an archer and his bow
Did the snow fly from hands
A boisterous greeting
Upon the white sands.

I arise,
And oh, the indefiniteness, the surprise!
That stopped my happiness with wonder-
That stole my joy and brought me yonder-
To the thin sheet of snow outside.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hi there! My Church name is Brigid and that is what I go by on canvas and in the Temple. I enjoy playing and singing music, drawing-(though to a lesser extent!), and baking and writing.



Journey Blessing

By Jael S.



May no evil cross your path
And may your road be level
May the world be bright around you
In its beauty may you revel
May the fire burn the brighter
To light your open road
May the burden be the lighter
And not weigh as a load
May the destination beckon
Swiftly may you go
May the night bring only peace
May all the rivers flow
May you never be in want
May the stars shine as you roam
May the sun shine all the brighter
To guide you safely home

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hi! My name is Jael, and I love reading, dancing, raising rabbits, math, music, and writing. I mostly work on writing novels, but I love short stories and poetry as well. I enjoy reading classic authors like Jules Verne, Jack London, Jane Austen, and Alexandre Dumas.



Porch Talk

By Amaya W.

We could just sit and be
 At ease; you and me
 In the mellow moonlight
 And the softly-sighing breeze;
 Our faces
 Illumined in lamplight,
 The last lees of laughter
 Floating on the folds of fall
 Unfurling like leaves
 On the shadowed wall;
 Fading and flickering
 In tune to the call
 Of the luminescent night;
 Flooding every bower
 With gold and silver,
 Whispering dreams bright
 With the last sweet shower
 Of dew and summer flower
 Slipping, hour into hour
 Into fall,
 Enfolding all into the desire,
 That inward blossoming fire;
 To speak slow, to indulge in wasting time, to remember...
 That though seasons shift, love stays
 Forever.



Time is a Precious Thing

By Genevieve S.

Time is a precious thing,
One we think is always there,
Yet it flees with lightning speed,
With never a glance to spare.

We waste away with lazy minds,
We think that time is slow,
But stress will find us in our ways,
And not easily let us go.

We let the modern comforts,
Control our minds and thoughts,
Yet many things could we do,
And many should we ought.

So do not rush through business,
Do not pack your days;
For there are things worth watching
In many golden rays.

The birds will fly about,
The leaves will rustle notes,
The waters murmur wistfully,
And on the pond a lily floats.

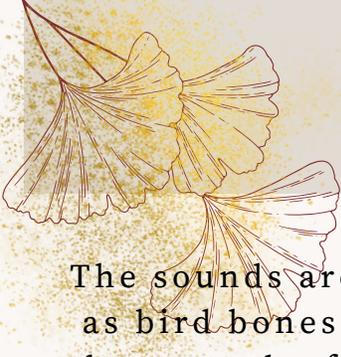
Drop your work a moment more,
And look into the world,
For seasons passed will not return
Nor the same leaves unfurl.

So spend your time wisely,
And create a wondrous sight,
Leave the world with your gift,
Shining with God's Golden Light.



First Words

By Lily S.



The sounds are to him as distinct, as whole,
as bird bones curved round with bright black pebble eyes,
the warmth of a heartbeat—to him

their sounds cascade, each upon the other, like small pebbles
falling, rounded by the rain he feels garlanding his shoulders
like cool glass

beads sliding on his grandmother's chain—
these words he cups

in his small palms, face turned upward—
for what is more delicious than falling rain?

He shapes the blue-gray feathers
prickling skin, the bitterness of almonds eaten
under pine needles

and who knew that glass tasted like lemons?
He does now.

The silver-linked chain is cool like rain, the pebbles
clink among themselves, and oh!
The bird's song is bright as pine trees beneath the sky!

And you—have you forgotten them,
the tang of lemon juice and storm water? Acquaint, acquaint
yourself again with that keening
kind of loss that comes when you first say

loss, and know the absence where a bird's
(a chickadee, *Poecile atricapillus*)
elfin heart once dappled your hands.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I'm Lily S. I'm in the 9th grade and this is my fifth year with Scholé Academy. I love anything to do with storytelling, be it music, art, or literature, and may often be found curled up with a cup of tea and a good book



The Scribe

By Olivia S.

I'm just a pencil,

Held hostage,

A graphite grappling,

I've stockpiled stories,

Pensive pencils,

They tossed their thoughts:

Their experiences,

I truly thought,

The empty enjoyment

Left me limp,

Blind To other possibilities,

He grabbed me,

Falsely feeling my

perpetually imprisoned,

in his hand,

greedy, gremlin.

from separate sources:

Pompous pens.

tyranny, torture.

My expectations.

Their thinking was right.

of exploring escape

left me lifeless.

Of a pencil's purpose.

I groaned, gulped.

Fate before me.



My seraping and scratching:

My dulled pencil point:

My flaws and fears:

My rapid realization:

He elevated me,

He is finished. Fulfilled.

I submitted, surrendering,

A perfect creation he crafted,

His humble hand,

He touched and tailored me,

Truth. Truth that

I'm faced with fact

The pencils were wrong,

The pens rebelled,

Ultimately, unlike them,

Alone, I am absent,

Placed for his purpose,

scene and setting.

plot and people.

faith and fantasy.

repetition. Resolution.

To his ear. Leaving me there.

I am finished. Fearless.

after seeing the story below,

channeled through me.

held a habitat of life.

tailoring with transcendent

tested my thoughts.

and fabricated fiction.

weak-hearted wanderers

paranoid pagans.

I understood my use.

With him, I am alive.

I'm just a pencil.



Hello! I am Olivia and I am a 17-year-old in 11th grade. I love to sing, write poetry/fiction, and build robots! I have been with Schole for 4 years now learning German and math! A fun fact about me is I have one book published titled "The Locket Mystery" and another book on the way!

A Description of Nature

By Madeline V.B.



There is no place more relaxing than a stream on a chilly fall day after a rainstorm. I trudge up the wet dirt trail that runs through the forest, and finally reach my destination. The trail curves right, where it turns into a bridge, made of unevenly cut wood boards and covered with slippery brown maple leaves. Underneath the bridge runs a small stream, clogged with greenish mossy stones, more dead leaves, and branches. Sometimes, the stream is hard to notice amid all the clutter, but through the thickest blockages, it always appears on the other side, tinkling merrily on the way to its unknown destination.

I spread a blanket on the river bank and sit down to observe this stream. My feet in their black rubber boots rest in the water, which, from where I am sitting, is barely deep enough to cover my toes. The boots are already wet from walking through rain-covered grass, and now they become even more wet as the laughing creek runs over them. The creek is only about three feet wide, and is only a few inches deep. It is littered with rocks of all shapes, sizes, and colours. Most of the big ones are covered with moss, and often small plants five or six inches high grow on them. The bottom of the stream, when visible amid the debris, is also rocks, but these ones are tiny, barely bigger than the insects flitting incessantly over the water, and only one step away from being sand.

Amid the rocks are leaves, which have not only fallen in the stream, but have fallen nearly everywhere I can see. They are soggy from the rain which fell only several hours ago, and came from the maple trees which surround me. The trees are mostly a light green, but some places have already been touched by fall and are gradually turning yellow, orange, and red. I watch one leaf as it releases its grasp on the branch it clings to and gently floats down to land on the creaky bridge. The maple trees above crowd out the cloudy white sky and create a roof of yellow branches over my head. Their tall trunks and branches stand out, dark brown against the bright white sky. In contrast to the dark green firs, which do not let in any light, they positively glow.



The creek's pleasant trickling sound fills my ears. It is a relaxing sound, interesting enough that I could listen to it for hours, but not so complex that it drowns out my thoughts. The banks of the creek are covered with grass, soft moss, sticks, sprouts of trees, bushes, more leaves and rocks, but mainly ferns, brilliant green from the rain, and crowding out other plants with their long branches and spore-covered leaves. Everything is wet and covered with diamond-like raindrops that make the forest shimmer. One of the banks is higher than the rest, and dead brown ferns grow on top of it. They drop their long, curling stems over the edge like the hair of a forest troll.

The smell of the forest penetrates my nose. It smells of dirt, and growing things, and of water. If the colour green had a smell, it would smell like the forest just after a drenching rain. I observe, in the centre of the stream, a forked stick standing fast amid the water. Between the fork, a spider has made a web, which, like everything else, is studded with iridescent diamonds made of rain. The fat brown creator of the web perches regally in the centre, waiting to suck the blood out of the misfortunate insect that happens to fly into the almost invisible web. I stand up for a closer look, but out of the corner of my eye, I see another spider, in the corner of the web,

crawling up the stick. My disgust of spiders overcomes my curiosity, and I hurry back to my blanket to observe from afar.

A smooth, brown slug oozes through a patch of grass laden with rain drops. Its grooved skin glistens, both with its own mucus and the water from the grass. This is its favourite weather, where everything is wet and it can comfortably glide over everything. It oozes along, its tiny eyes attached to long eye stems that move this way and that as the slug looks around. I bend down for a closer look, but seeing me, its eye stalks disappear magically into its head, and its long body contracts into a short, slimy lump.

The coldness and wetness of the ground seeps through my blanket, and the chill of the air bites pleasantly at my cheeks, turning them rosy red, but I am warm inside my rain jacket. My experience gives me peace that will last the rest of the day. As I roll up my blanket and prepare to go home, I reflect that I could not have found a nicer way to spend my afternoon.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Madeline V.B., I am 14 years old and I live in B.C., Canada. This is my fourth year at Schole Academy. Some of my hobbies include knitting, ballet, reading, and hiking. Hope you enjoy my writing!



A Greatly Misunderstood Weed

By Audrunas G.

How does a beautiful native wildflower, used by so many, become known as a horrible, invasive weed to be banished from the face of the Earth?

I pondered this question one fine summer afternoon, watching a caterpillar devour a leaf of common milkweed. Its black, yellow, and white stripes produced a dazzling display of shining color in the August sun. The caterpillar grew up to be a monarch, a strikingly beautiful orange butterfly. It flew across the United States and into South America in a great annual migration of thousands, if not millions, of monarchs. This wondrous spectacle is sure to amaze all who are lucky enough to find themselves looking at it.

However, the show won't last long. Monarchs are endangered, relying on the forests of South and Central America during their migration. Those very forests are being cut down as we speak. But I digress. You started reading this expecting the topic to be more botanical, and now you get an essay about the illegal logging market of Mesoamerica. But to understand the plant I will tell you about, you must understand that the Monarch relies on it during its larval stage. The caterpillar is so specialized, that the only thing it will eat before turning into a butterfly is milkweed. In fact, the relation between milkweed and monarchs is so strong, that monarchs pupate on milkweed, and the adults drink milkweed nectar.

This wonderful plant is not only important for this one butterfly, however. There are dozens of other creatures that rely on milkweed, and so the ecological significance is incredible. Yet many people are not aware of this, or simply denounce the biodiversity among milkweeds as just a bunch of bugs, and set out to eradicate this plant. I have read books that label common milkweed using words such as "invasive" and "noxious", and implore you to rid the world of this wildflower. Simply knowing that the beautiful monarchs depend on this plant should be enough to tell the world that the milkweed may not be as evil as the books try to tell you.





But it's not enough. The milkweed extends itself to us even more, with two wonderful types of fiber. I have spent carefree summer hours making rope from the stems. The seed fluff was used in World War II because the kapok usually used to stuff vests grew in Indonesia, which was then occupied by Japan.

Speaking of the seed fluff, every year I look forward to opening up the seedpods, taking out the down inside, and throwing it into the air. I watch, every October, as the seeds are carried up into the sky by their silky parachutes. And yet people hate this plant.

If that isn't enough to convince you, the milkweed produces a sticky white latex, which flows from its stems and leaves if they are broken. This latex has been used to make rubber, and I have used it as ready-made glue. In fact, I did a blind test, and the milkweed glue was as strong, if not stronger, than Elmer's Glue. But still, millions of people pour tons of horrible chemicals on this so-called weed, just to get rid of it.

All this talk about herbicides and illegal logging is making me hungry, and I wander into the kitchen in search of a snack. Fortunately, with three edible parts, milkweed excels here, too. But, intent on vilifying this plant, humanity labels milkweed as horribly bitter, barely edible, and even poisonous. Indeed, I have read many books that state this claim. It is true that there are toxic species of milkweed, and there is a toxic plant that looks sort of like milkweed, but it is easy to tell the difference. I have done it. You can, too.

Milkweed is also a medicine. Native Americans made medicine from the latex and the roots. In total, milkweed has many uses, from ecological and utilitarian to edible and medicinal. This plant extends itself so kindly in our favor, and it only asks that we lay off on the herbicides and disperse its seeds.

What a weed.



The Time We Spent Together

By Ainsley V.B.



I walked up the street towards my house, the cold wind blowing in my face, stinging my bare cheeks and making my nose glow red. I hugged my new book to my chest. I had saved up for two months to buy the new hardcover copy of *Sense and Sensibility*, and today my mother had finally let me walk to the bookshop to purchase it. With my hard-earned book clutched in my hands, I made my way up the porch steps, stopping to look down the street at the trees: orange, yellow, red, and golden. The door opened behind me, and my mother welcomed me inside with a big, warm hug. It was just what I needed after the cold walk back. After a bit she let me go and walked to the kitchen to turn on the kettle. I pulled off my boots and coat, but left my warm woolen sweater on. I followed my mother into the kitchen, where she was just pouring hot water over two chai tea bags in two big mugs. My mother always made the perfect cup of tea. She always heated the water to the point just before it became too hot, poured it slowly over the teabag, and added honey. I don't know how she did it, but it was always just the way I liked it. Perfect. We walked over to the living room, my mother carrying our tea on the wooden tray carved by my great-grandfather. We sat down on the big couch, our tea on the table in front of us, and began to read my new book. I will always remember that day. It was perfect, the time we spent together. Just me, my mother, and two large cups of tea.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Ainsley and I am 12 years old. I enjoy writing, reading, and chai tea.

Remnants of Venice

photography by Isabella S.

(starting from left and going clockwise)

1. Hope
2. Unfolding
3. Memories
4. Remembered
5. Abandoned



This series is seeking to explore how Venice used to be an illustrious, grand location for all traders around the world. People would travel to Venice to import their goods and meet other merchants. Venice is a beautiful city, reminiscent of old architecture and historic pathways. What I'm seeking to represent is that modern Venetians have forgotten their beautiful past...the ancient buildings are old and weathered. The city itself is sinking...People have turned to using motorized boats instead of the distinguished gondolas and row boats...but there is hope on the horizon. Many young people are learning the craft of gondola rowing and are preserving their past. That's what I've portrayed through my photographs--a people who is seeking to remember.



Spiritual Reflections Column



"AS YOU THEREFORE HAVE RECEIVED CHRIST JESUS THE LORD, SO WALK IN HIM, ROOTED AND BUILT UP IN HIM AND ESTABLISHED IN THE FAITH, AS YOU HAVE BEEN TAUGHT, ABOUNDING IN IT WITH THANKSGIVING."

~COLOSSIANS 2:6-7

Possibility

by Amaya W.

If we could dance our way into dreams,
What would we be
In the mirror of our imaginings?
Would we have silver souls,
Shining in the starlight-illuminating
Our peal-white deeds?
Would our speech be smooth as streams of peace
Hollowing stones and rounding rocks,
Its ripples spreading into
The rivers and seas of other stories?
Could we trust ourselves?
Could we withstand storms and laugh at thunder?
Could we erase our scars,
Our guilts, our haunted, hopeless memories
And build bright futures
With unstained, eager hands?
If we could awaken,
Which world would we choose,
What desires would we embrace,
What perfect yet marred personas would we become?
We fear falling, and yet
We ruin ourselves, dash our dreams, and
Plummet into pieces of who we want to be.
I cannot imagine
Eluding myself into a sinless monster
Deceiving the world with
My pieces of purity.
I can scarcely conceive of a never-ending light swallowing night
And an endless, purest possibility.
Who could I be
In an eternity of love and peace?
I seem to drift between two worlds at complete disparity
With one another, belonging wholly to neither!
What if we could escape all illusion—
Cease delusion, step into salvation?
What if dreams, reality, and possibility



Combined to heal our souls, mend the shattered pieces,
And mold our battered beauty anew?
Would that not bridge both worlds,
Meld Heaven and earth, and turn
Silver into gold?
We can lift ourselves into dreams,
But we must awaken back to darkness...
But what if
Someone could hold our hands, say we belong, and
Love us as we are while weaving
Who we will be?
Would time stop
As we gaze into His face,
Erase our meaningless facades,
And weep at the freedom of our Maker's dreams
Instead of our soulless lies?
What if we could live again
In light and love
And horizons of possibility?
Perhaps it is best to live
A marred, broken life and realize the truth
Of our hollow dreams and our need
To be redeemed and fulfilled in the vision
Of the purest, highest one of all;
Gazing into mirrors and
Dancing incomplete yet unfurling dreams as
We long and wait with hope and surety
For our future selves—
Whole in Heaven's grace.

Truth

By Genevieve S.

The Bible's truth is God's word,
God's word is our law,
And every sin we committed
Is a sin that He saw.
Yet though we commit these
And His word we do break
Our grieving repentance
He willingly doth take.

The Bible's truth is God's word,
God's word is our law,
But Satan whispers darkness
And down our spine runs a black claw.
Not resisting the Devil
Is a task of heavy price,
It can change our lives,
And is not virtue, but vice.

The Bible's truth is God's word,
God's word is our law,
When we do a good deed
A cold heart may we thaw.
Good in the world,
Light where we tread,
Is fulfilling God's law,
And love we do spread.



Poll: Tell us about a hardship God placed in your life, and why you're thankful for it.

In the summer of 2020, my mom came down with covid. It lasted 10 months before she recovered. I am grateful for this because it taught me two things, One: That miracles do exist, they aren't just things that happen to saints, they happen to ordinary people as well. Her recovery was a miracle, we were all preparing for the worst to happen. Two: That death is not a far away thing that will happen when you get old enough, it can happen to any one of us, at any time, but with God's abundant grace, it should be painless.

Georgia B.

A recent difficulty in my life God has given me victory over is anxiety. About a year ago I moved to mainland USA from a different continent, and I held a lot of anxiety and stress over my future. I wasn't sure what to expect or who I would make friends with. However, after getting plugged in to a solid, gospel-centered church and meeting friends who encouraged me to deepen my faith in Christ, my anxiety has shrunk dramatically. God reminded me of His faithfulness by showing me that no matter where I move, He and His people are there.

Juliana R.

For me the hardest part of my life is the pressure to do well. Often it adds to the challenge of school or athletics. But I have learned to be thankful for it because means that I have done well before, and can get better! God has helped me to be able to believe pressure is a privilege, and that is something I will never forget.

Jae Won B

God works in strange ways, through ease and plenty, but also (and perhaps more so) through trial and hardship. When I heard that my grandfather had stage 4 esophageal cancer, I was challenged by something that I could not control, something that forced me to look beyond myself for answers. At the time I was a 'cradle-Catholic', born and raised a Christian, but nonetheless very much a child in spiritual life. I knew God existed because I had been told so, but I did not know Him. As I had been taught, I prayed for my grandfather, and gradually came to understand that my prayers were heard. A year later it was finally clear to me that my grandfather would not survive, but by this time I knew God and trusted Him, no matter what. Perhaps the greatest achievement of my grandfather's life (and certainly the greatest for me) was his death, when through him God passed the reliance I had on a fellow human, to Himself, God. Thanks to those two, a spiritual father and The Spiritual Father, I have seen God, heard Him, and Felt Him. "To fall in love with God is the greatest romance; to seek Him is the greatest adventure; to find Him, the greatest human achievement" (St. Augustine of Hippo).

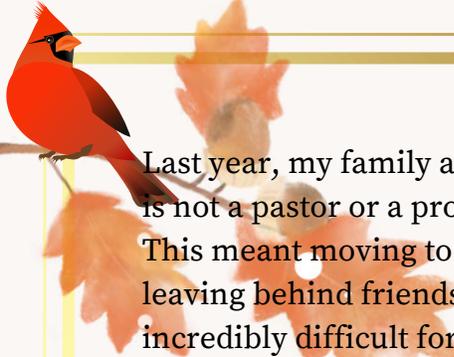
Eoghan I.

As someone who has moved around, and who moved within the last two and a half years, I have found that one of the hardest and most beautiful things in our walk with Christ is trusting in God's will, no matter what. It was difficult to leave behind a beloved home, the familiarity of a beautiful place, and the ability to see friends in person. It was also hard for me to go through illness during that time. However, through prayer, Scripture, and the kind of peace that only Christ can give, God helped me to lean on Him and to also see the beauty in moving, such as new friends to bond with, deep long-distance relationships, and a loving church family. I am very grateful for His grace in my life and for how Christ walks with and helps us through both hardship and joy. As Psalm 37: 23-24 says, "The steps of a man are established by the Lord, when he delights in His way; though he fall, he shall not be cast headlong, for the Lord upholds his hand." Psalm 36: 7, "How precious is your steadfast love, O God! The children of mankind take refuge in the shadow of your wings."

Amaya W.

The hardship placed in my life has been finding my Faith. I was raised as a Calvinist Protestant until I was 11. Then my mom became Catholic. Since then, it has been a long journey to decide where my beliefs stand. I recently got confirmed into the Catholic Church and it has brought a peace over me that I can finally know what to believe. I'm thankful to my mom for showing opening the door to the Catholic Church, and now I can feel confident in my love of Jesus.

Dorothy J.



Last year, my family and I had the privilege of going on a sabbatical year. My dad is not a pastor or a professor, but we, as a family felt called to take a year of rest. This meant moving to another state (where we met sabbatical coaches) and leaving behind friends and our church in our current home state. The move was incredibly difficult for me because I'd just made some amazing friends in 22-23 school year. I felt that God was going back on his word by calling my family away from SC and leading us somewhere else... I'd prayed to him daily for good friends, and now I was moving away from them... But, I am so thankful that God called us to this year of rest, where I learned & grew so much in my faith. (I won't go into full detail, or else this could get really long). And, wonder of wonders, God provided me with SO many incredible and deep friendships in TN that now I'm happy to say that I have good friends in two states within 2 1/2 hours of each other!! Praise Jesus! God had been planning our sabbatical all along and he really showed me that he loves me so so much and plans good and amazing things for me & my life.

Isabella S.

God gave me my sister, but she has fallen away from God. Her struggles encourage me to pray and always stay with God; He has helped me through my suffering. I've grown closer to God because I know that He will hold me and my family fast.

Vivion L.



Just as this school year started, I was hurt very badly. Everything was a mess for me and life was very tough to push through. I had to keep reminding myself that no matter what happens, it's all part of God's plan. He turns everything terrible into our good and his glory. Right now, I'm close to full recovery. This Thanksgiving, I'm grateful for God always being by our side. I want to remind everyone that every hard road has an ending, and God is walking with us on that road. Happy Thanksgiving!

Gabriel S.





One day, I started feeling sick. The next, my joints were turning blue, and I ran a fever of 105! Of course, this didn't just happen randomly. For the past several days, I had taken a medication of Penicillin. However, at the time, we didn't know I had an allergy to Penicillin. And the worst part? I was only three. Looking back now, though, I feel lucky I didn't have it worse. Now that I know how severe allergies can be, I start to wonder how bad my predicament really was. I thank God for bringing me through my troubles without lasting pain or damage.

Isaac K.

One hardship I am thankful God put me through is I moved to a new state this year. It was very sad for me to leave my friends, but I am thankful for moving because I made new friends, and I like the new town I live in.

Alexia J.

Last year, I was diagnosed with severe food allergies. It came as a huge shock, as my family and I were forced to make drastic changes to our diet and how we approached eating. Despite this, God's planning and wisdom shone through. Since then, my family has become healthier, happier, and more conscious of what we put into our bodies. I am incredibly grateful that through the hardships, God always has a plan designed to make us stronger.

Sarah S.

God put me in middle school and I am thankful for that because I learned to work hard. I did not have much faith in God, but since then my faith has grown ever since he told me how to navigate through the tough time he put me in.

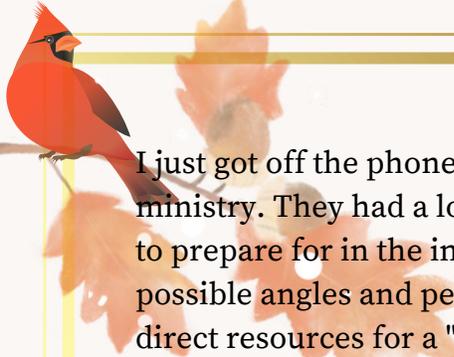
Donovan K.



God has helped me through so many things, it's hard to choose only one! When my Aunt passed away in 2022, it was really difficult for me and my family. Then, 2 years later, my Grandfather passed away. (In July 2024). I got deeper into the word and prayed a lot more often. Now, I know that they're in a better place smiling down on me and my family. I have to remember that God always has a plan for me.

Margaret C.



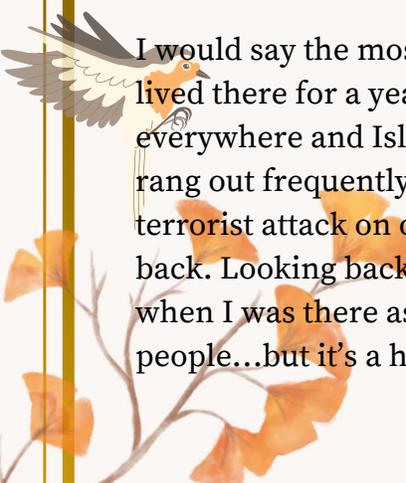


I just got off the phone with an investor who is eager to start a new ministry. They had a lot of enthusiasm and little sense of what pitfalls to prepare for in the initial planning stages. Indeed, with so many possible angles and perspectives, they could hardly imagine where to direct resources for a "next step" at all. The dream was languishing, perhaps even dying. It was precisely because I had faced so many of these challenges in the seemingly most extreme way(s) that I became a fruitful resource to help clarify a path forward in a way that few really could do. At the time of my own sufferings, I often lamented that it seemed almost comedic how everything that could go wrong did in fact go wrong (or at least force us to fight to overcome the challenges). In retrospect, of course, I can see the library of "wisdom" it provided for me and others looking out, possibly saving millions of dollars lost to heading blindly along to major roadblocks. This is how we all learn and grow together!

Jacob V.

My dad had two heart attacks recently, and I was left questioning whether or not he was going to survive. During the middle of that, I was struggling with friend issues at church and youth group and a worship leader who hardly let me play my violin just because he didn't want to learn. I prayed and prayed for things to get better, and they did! My Dada is ok and out of the hospital now, and I still NEVER STOP PRAYING for things at church and youth group to be fixed. I know that God will help me. Psalm 31:24 says, "Be strong and let your heart take courage, all you who wait for the LORD." and that's what I'm trying to do.

Braclynn W.



I would say the most hard thing I've ever seen/experienced was Bangladesh. I lived there for a year and it was so poverty stricken. The homeless were everywhere and Islam was dominant. Police Brutality was common, and shots rang out frequently. When we were back in the states actually there was a major terrorist attack on our street. It hit so close to home that we never actually went back. Looking back I see that Bangladesh needed prayer and attention...but when I was there as a 8/9 year old I just thought it was life. That is life for a lot of people...but it's a hard life. One that shouldn't have to be.

Hannah F.



Arts & Entertainment

THIRTY-EIGHT



"LIFE STARTS ALL OVER
AGAIN WHEN IT GETS CRISP
IN THE FALL."
~F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

A Dear (Deer) Friend

By Eliana W.

Of all the wild creatures that lived around my home, the white-tailed deer were my favorite. There were two does who inhabited the woods beyond the fence. They were wary of most people and would bolt at the slightest provocation. However, they grew to like me, and often they waited at the fence line if they thought I might visit them.

One snowy evening, when the light was already beginning to fade, I bundled up in my warmest clothes, slipped on my hat and coat, and tugged on my boots. I stepped out into the frigid air, and boots crunching, made my way across the frozen yard. I stopped at the fence and listened. Nothing. The silence was deafening. Snow drifted slowly down and landed on my flushed cheeks. I took a deep breath and whistled long and loud. The notes drifted far across the wood, and then all fell silent once more.

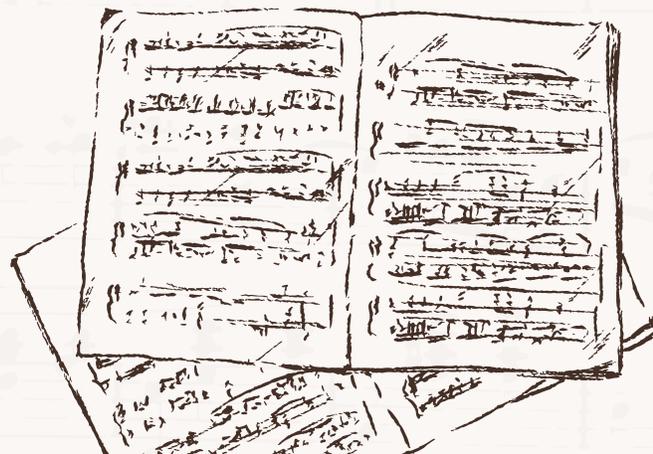
Finally, she came to me, treading as softly as if she were a breath of wind. It was the younger doe, the curious one, and the one I called Skye. She stopped a few feet away from the rusty wire fence, her soft eyes beholding mine. I called out a greeting and opened my palm, revealing my secret weapon, a juicy apple core. Her nose quivered, and she licked her lips expectantly. I broke off a piece and tossed it a few feet away, just past the fence. She stepped delicately forward and flicked her soft ears in my direction. Then she bent her graceful head and snatched up the treat. Her eyes silently requested more from me. I gently slipped my hand through the fence, offering the rest of the core, and averted my eyes so she wouldn't feel pressured. Skye watched me for an eternity, then backed up a step, telling me that she wasn't ready for such an enormous leap of faith yet. I relented and threw the rest to my greedy friend. The tidbits disappeared fast, and the young doe chewed them thoughtfully.

The back door squeaked open, and my mother called me in for dinner. Skye stamped her hoof in alarm and then dashed away, crashing through the barren trees like a wild sprite. The only evidence that remained was the tapestry of little hoof prints in the snow. The magic of the moment vanished, and I turned towards home. Lamplight filtered through the bay windows and swathed the patio in a veil of gold. Somewhere inside, a jolly laugh rang out like a bell. I smiled to myself as I trudged to the garage door. Before I rounded the corner, I looked back one last time at the darkening wood. I thought I could just make out the silhouette of the shy doe staring after me.

About The Author

Eliana W.

Eliana W. is fifteen years old, and in her free time she enjoys reading, biking, and practicing archery. She loves spending time with her family and researching all about animals.



Caught Red-Handed

By Bethel Ann Caroline R.

"Adelaide," Mrs. Jones called up the steps, "please go pick some tomatoes to go with dinner."

"Yes mother, I'll be right down," she replied sweetly. A smiling young girl with windblown, wavy brown hair came down the staircase. She wore a patterned yellow dress with small red flowers on it. Adelaide skipped through the kitchen, picking up a colander, and went out the back door into the yard. Coming to the gate that led into their family field, she opened it and raced across the grass to the garden.

Mmmm, tomatoes, she thought. She spied the perfectly ripe fruit through the plants' foliage. Delectable, she thought, smacking her lips in anticipation. She collected enough tomatoes from the heavy laden plants to fill the colander. Stomach suddenly rumbling, Adelaide thought, I wonder if I could just have a few before dinner. Mother wouldn't mind, would she? After picking a small handful of the juicy, red fruits for her own, she began walking back toward the gate. She wandered lazily through the tall grass as she savored the treat. Closing the gate behind her, Adelaide turned toward the back door and almost walked straight into her mother.

"Adelaide," her mother asked, a smile turning up the corners of her mouth, "have you been SNITCHING?"

With a mischievous glint twinkling in her eye, Adelaide waited for her mother to open her mouth to speak, then popped the last of her tomatoes in her mother's mouth. Mrs. Jones made a dreamy face as she relished the sweet summer tomato, then slowly peeked one eye open and made a swipe for the untouched dinner tomatoes. Adelaide raced around her, laughing, then collapsed in a heap of giggles.

"You lollygagging rascal, you! I'm going to get you," Mrs. Jones said as she started tickling Adelaide.

After they snitched a few more tomatoes and were finally able to stop laughing, Adelaide and her mother went inside to enjoy dinner with the rest of the family and tell them how Adelaide was caught red-handed.

About The Author

Bethel Ann Caroline R.

Bethel Ann Caroline is a junior in high school. She is a triplet, and enjoys spending time with her three crazy and wonderful brothers who make her laugh daily. Her other favorite activities are reading, learning, traveling, exploring, crafting, cooking, and spending time outside. Hebrews 10:24 "And let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds"



Tailstrikes and Tiedowns

By Lydia B.

Silence. The silence was wonderful. I heard nothing but the hum of my engine and the occasional crackling of the radio over my headset. “Scrivener Traffic, Academy Three on final for one-seven, touch-and-go, Scrivener,” I calmly radioed, though I felt anything but calm. I rounded out, flared, and the main gear touched down smoothly on the pavement. All in complete silence.

I glanced at my instructor and he smiled. “I think I had a tear in my eye for that landing.”

I grinned back, retracted my flaps, and pushed the throttle full open. Again, I flew the pattern in silence. Those familiar phrases – “more right rudder,” “watch your airspeed,” “flare, flare, flare!” – seemed but a distant memory.

Back on the ramp, my instructor clambered out and asked for my logbook. “You know what to do: make three full-stops and head back to the ramp. I’m proud of you.”

When I had finished my run-up, I looked down at that coveted signature in my logbook, an endorsement for my first solo flight. Before I knew it, I was on the ground again and took off as usual. Then the silence was broken.

The radio began to crackle: “...Skyhawk...straight-in final...” I worriedly peered out of the windscreen, knowing that if an aircraft was on final, I needed to extend my downwind to maintain anti-collision requirements. Several seconds passed as I scanned the sky. Glancing back at my instruments, my heart came into my throat. The airspeed indicator registered 55 knots, close to the Cessna 172’s stall speed. I pushed the nose over and relaxed as my airspeed increased. But as I banked into my final approach, my heart sank. I was still far too high. Because I had let my airspeed get so low, I hadn’t lost enough altitude on downwind. I knew I should go full-throttle and abort the landing, but had only ever done one go-around before. Panic gripped me. I did the worst thing possible and tried to lose altitude by steepening my approach. Just before touching down, I checked my airspeed and the pit in my stomach deepened: 85 knots– far above the 172’s normal landing speed of 65 knots. Time seemed to freeze as I floated in ground effect. Then all was over in a matter of seconds. The main gear struck the runway with surprising force, causing me to balloon far above the runway. Startled, I pushed the nose down, and the airplane dropped like a rock, beginning a series of unrecoverable oscillations known as “porpoising.” Bouncing violently, I thought I would go off the runway, but I managed to stop before reaching the end.

My instructor walked towards me, a concerned look on his face. “Are you alright?”

I tried to answer calmly, but tears began to roll down my cheeks.

Back at the dorms, I sat despondently on my bunk. I had failed my instructor. I had failed my parents. I had failed myself. How could I be a pilot if I made mistakes like this? Over the next few days, I reflected much on my mistake. Plagued by nightmares of the incident, I spent my free time on long runs, attempting to escape the overwhelming guilt I felt. In many ways, I had been lucky. The aircraft had sustained little damage – the tail tie-down was knocked off – and no one had been hurt. Yet I couldn’t reconcile my feelings of failure, so I spoke with my instructor and he helped me examine the gaps in my understanding that had led to the botched landing. More importantly, however, he helped me to view my mistake as another step towards success, rather than a personal failure. Throwing myself into fixing the gaps, I studied emergency procedures, aerodynamics, and

ways to avoid hazardous decision-making as a pilot. The lessons I learned reached far beyond aviation, however. Now, I find it easier to bounce-back from mistakes, viewing them as the catalyst of improvement rather than a discouragement. Now, instead of being ashamed of what I did, I use my story to help others, encouraging fellow student pilots to persevere and learn from their mistakes.

I smiled as I listened to the chatter around me. It was graduation day at flight academy and all were in a festive mood. I turned as my instructor spoke, “Ever heard of FOD, Lydia?”

“Yes, sir, why do you ask?”

He pulled something out of his pocket and I began to laugh. There in his hand, hung elegantly from a necklace chain, was the tail-tie down. It was merely a scraped and bent bit of metal – quite a common thing. But as I gazed at it, I knew it would always represent the failures I had overcome and the mistakes I had learned from as a student pilot. Seen in that light, it was a lovely thing indeed.

About The Author Lydia B.

Hello everyone! I'm Lydia, a 17-year-old student pilot. When I'm not flight training or gardening, I love to study ancient languages. I also love reading and hiking with my twin brothers.



“Chains” by Laurie Halse Anderson

By Alitsa S.

I recently read this book for a U.S. history class and was astounded by its ability to capture the raw feelings & thoughts of a teenager in slavery during the American Revolution. The story follows 13 year old Isabel, and her 5 year old sister, Ruth. When their mistress dies, they are sold to the cruel Locktons, even though their now-dead mistress promised them freedom. Isabel loves her sister dearly and will keep them together at whatever cost. But Isabel isn't perfect, and one day, the unimaginable happens to Ruth. Later in the story, another slave, Curzon, offers Isabel a job spying for the Americans, and thus Isabel begins delivering messages. The Locktons are Tories, and Isabel, fueled by her anger for what they did to Ruth, finds helpful pieces of information to give to the Americans. However, she realizes that her loyalty is really available to whoever will give her freedom. Thus, Isabel spies for the British as well, eventually realizing that what truly matters is her friends & relationships. The book explores the hypocrisy behind a nation which spoke of “equality” and “freedom” excepting enslaved people.

I was awed by Anderson's ability to pack a powerful punch into such a novel. Its original take on the revolution is refreshing and renewing. Unlike other YA novels, there's no unnecessary swearing, violence, or romance. Chains is a rejuvenating break from the rest of the YA genre. I appreciated that Anderson actually conveyed an important message without any irrelevance. Chains tackles slavery and equality head-on, and does an excellent job of it. I would recommend the novel to anyone who's interested in reading about history and how we can all become people of love. Isabel & Curzon's story is continued in the 2nd and 3rd novels, Forge and Ashes, and both are marvelous as well.



In Praise of Anne of Green Gables

By Bethel Ann Caroline

Recently, I have been pouring over the pages of what is now one of my favorite series, *Anne of Green Gables*. While in many ways it is a simple story of the young, adventure-filled years in Anne's life, its comic mishaps, larger than life imaginings, and timeless values have captivated the hearts and minds of generations of readers.

Some might declare "The story is boring!" merely because it is a tale of everyday life, but that very thing is the main component of its charm. This style of plot innately reveals moments of the extraordinary through the circumstances of everyday life.

Anne revels in the glories of each new day, the sunlight streaming through the window panes, the blossoming of mayflowers, the sky reflecting off a still pond. The vast scapes and pleasant meadows of her world enfold the imagination with a soft shawl of beauty. In the years of her childhood, Anne manages to get caught up in so many accidents that no one knows quite what to do with her, but, in her own words, "have you ever noticed one encouraging thing about me, Marilla? I never make the same mistake twice." Marilla retorts, "I don't know as that's much benefit when you're always making new ones."

But as Anne matures, she does eventually grow out of those faults. Yet, she never ceases to show the same childlike wonder of God's creation, and steadfast devotion to those she loves. Kristyn Getty, a Christian hymn writer, wrote about what the series meant to her: "I've long reflected on why these books affected me so deeply. It was more than just nostalgia for a past age. It was even more than simply really wanting to be like Anne. It was the deep and sometimes aching joy in all that is beautiful and good woven into every page. They nurtured in me a love for so many good things." Anne's life is far from perfect, even in her idyllic Avonlea. It contains the trauma of her past, grief from the death of her father figure, and heartache for the future. But through it all, Anne demonstrates a steadfastness of mind and spirit that no one ever guessed that little orphan girl was capable of.

When traveling to another world through the pages of a book, you never know what you'll find, but it is a rare treasure to come across a protagonist who is such a wonderful example of Christian life. In the words of Kristyn Getty, literary models "can illuminate God's kindness in the everyday graces that make life beautiful and lead us to Him."

About The Author *Bethel Ann Caroline R.*

Bethel Ann Caroline is a junior in high school. She is a triplet, and enjoys spending time with her three crazy and wonderful brothers who make her laugh daily. Her other favorite activities are reading, learning, traveling, exploring, crafting, cooking, and spending time outside. Hebrews 10:24 "And let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds"



Interview with Mrs. Phaedra Shaltanis

By Nola H.

How did you discover Scholé Academy?

As a classical educator, I'd followed Dr. Perrin for many years, and one day I received an email that Scholé was hiring. I jumped at the opportunity!

What do you enjoy about teaching?

My favorite part of teaching is the conversations of depth and insight, which is a particular strength with Scholé students. I love when students discover and connect ideas, and I cherish most the discussions about our lives as Christians.

You mentioned you grew up in Panama. What was one of the big culture shocks returning to the States?

The pace of life! People seemed to be in such a hurry...always busy and not relishing in the beauty of daily existence. Also, I had a terrible time adjusting to the Wisconsin climate!

Did you always want to be a teacher?

No, I never really considered it until my first year in college. I've never regretted that choice.

How did you come to know the Lord?

Thanks be to God, I grew up in a Christian family and don't remember a time when I didn't know the Lord. However, I continue to learn and grow daily through study and fellowship with others.

Do you have a favorite book or author?

This might be the hardest question! Many beloved authors and writings come to mind: Jane Eyre, Frankenstein, Billy Budd, pretty much anything by C.S. Lewis. My most dependable favorites come from 19th century Europe: Thomas Hardy, Dostoevsky, Dickens, but I really appreciate the Americans: Nathaniel Hawthorne, E.A. Poe, and Wendell Berry. Lately I've discovered Leif Enger and am delighted with his works.

What do you do in your spare time?

My favorite pastime is running on nature trails, but anything outdoors is wonderful. I tend my rose garden, paint, and read when I'm too tired to run.

In conclusion, what is one of your favorite online class memories?

Three separate times a Rhetoric or Literature class has been so engaged in discussion we stayed online for 2 hours. In so many ways, that's the heart of Scholé!



Meet the team!

ISABELLA S.

DESIGN TEAM LEADER

Isabella is an extremely passionate, bubbly and energetic 11th grader. She is so surprised that her years of schooling are nearly coming to an end! This new season of scholarship applications, SAT testing and college researching has been an exciting and tiring experience. Juggling a blossoming photography business, academics, working out, driving practice and taking time to just be has left Isabella with a very full but good schedule. In her spare time, you'll find her reading thick non-fiction WWII novels, making Spotify playlists, researching advanced anatomy & physiology topics, debating with her local debate club, going on photography walks, chatting with her TN friends and modifying her photography website, oh and singing opera at the top of her lungs! Her current top artists she listens to are Lindsey Stirling, the Wailin' Jennys, JJ Heller, Sibéal and David Garrett. (photo taken in Eglise St Julien de Tours during France Concert Tour)



MADELEINE B.

EDITING TEAM LEADER

Madeleine is a seventeen year old schoolwork enthusiast who loves to obsessively research any and every interesting topic she comes. She is both a medievalist and a philologist at heart so she can have a propensity to accidentally lecture on the history of the English language, possibly tying in her recent studies of Greek, Anglo Saxon, and Hebrew— besides Irish Gaelic and Latin in her free time. When not drinking tea and pondering medieval philosophy with her friends, Madeleine also enjoys activities such as Taekwondo, Irish step dance, violin, writing, and most especially learning housekeeping skills while singing praise to God (inspired in part by a childhood love of St. Benedict's Rule). One of her most time consuming hobbies is historical hand sewing, which has so far mainly focused on the late 18th century as she is a member of a local Revolutionary War regiment. It is a lovely outlet for podcasts and audiobooks.



OLIVIA H.**EDITING TEAM**

Joining the ranks of Scholé Chronicle editors for her first year, Olivia has roots in the South although she loves living in the great Midwest. As a writer, she enjoys crafting new worlds and characters, creating short articles, or reviewing books and movies. All things music are also one of her pastimes, among which her top two artists are for King and Country and Anne Wilson. John 21:25 (ESV): Now there are also many other things that Jesus did. Were every one of them to be written, I suppose that the world itself could not contain the books that would be written. As a writer and lover of words, this verse rings even truer to her heart. Soli deo Gloria!

**SARAH S.****EDITING TEAM**

Sarah is a 16-year-old artist and writer. She enjoys spending hours on end in various creative pursuits, be it starting a fresh art composition or picking up a new hobby. When her hands aren't covered in paint or charcoal, you'll find her reading and writing poetry and stories. She loves bowling and tap dance, as well as animals, lemons, languages, and the autumn season. This is her third year with Scholé Academy and her second on the Chronicle.



ALITSA S.

EDITING TEAM



Alitsa is in 9th grade this year and can't say she loves high school, but doesn't hate it, either. Her favorite class is World Geography because her teacher brings different cultural foods almost every week. She's also in an amazing Creative Writing class with Scholé, and has been at Scholé for 4 years now, this being her fourth. Alitsa's hobbies include reading whatever middle grade fiction she can get her hands on, skateboarding sometimes, spending time outside, and generally being pretty crazy. She loves nice long discussions about controversial topics and enjoys viewing things from both sides to get a full perspective. Her dreams for the future include getting her real estate license, publishing a book, and buying a horse one day. She also loves snowboarding, horseback riding, hiking, and other such outdoor activities. Alitsa has definitely loved working on the Chronicle this year!

NOLA H.

EDITING TEAM



Nola is a sophomore in her sixth year with Scholé and her second year with the Chronicle. She lives in Ohio with her parents, two younger siblings, her rambunctious cats, Henry, Louie, and Ginny. When not burying her head in schoolwork, Nola loves art, taking long walks, facetimeing her long distance bff, or curling up on the couch with a cup of tea and a murder mystery.

GENEVIEVE S. DESIGN TEAM



Genevieve is an aspiring novelist that lives in North Carolina. She hopes to be traditionally published by eighteen and finished her second novel of extreme length this October. Her common pastimes are playing piano, walking, emailing friends and writing. Of course, in the school year, homework is also a good part of her routine, yet all is enjoyable work. She has been with Scholé for six years and currently is taking five classes, plus a couple at home.

CHLOE O. DESIGN TEAM



Chloe is 13 years old and in 8th grade. She loves to play piano and guitar, sew, make greeting cards, knit, explore nature, read, write novels and poetry, and practice archery. She also participates in local youth organizations such as the Children of the American Revolution and 4-H Clubs. Some of her favorite books are Agatha Christie novels, Jane Austen novels, *Gone with the Wind* and history books. She has been with Scholé Academy for five years and the Chronicle for two. Currently she is taking Spanish 1 with Scholé and American Short Stories with SRS.

AMAYA W. DESIGN TEAM



Amaya is a Senior in high school who lives in Texas and loves continual sunshine, the ocean, and poetry. She is in her third year with Schole and her second with the Chronicle. She especially loves studying history, literature, and art. She lives and breathes poetry, short stories, and novels, and can constantly be found typing away with classical music and a mug of coffee, or playing games with her family while listening to jazz by the fire. She loves philosophical and theological Conversations, reading ancient authors, and discussing music. Some of her most recent interests are learning Japanese, playing the piano, jewelry making, and illustration. She avidly collects books by C. S. Lewis, Tolkien, Rosemary Sutcliff, and L. M. Montgomery. Amaya is passionate about dancing, finding beauty in everyday life, and the value of the soul.

ABIGAIL G. DESIGN TEAM



Abigail, a high school senior, is the youngest of six kids, an aunt of four, and is owned by one adorable mackerel tabby. She resides with her storyful parents in Boston, where she is exploring local art museums with the aid of Ernst Gombrich's *The Story of Art*. The Arnold Arboretum is Abigail's happy place; she walks there every day, wandering among the trees and listening to all their quiet comments. Abigail loves languages. She is studying Book 4 of Virgil's *Aeneid* with the marvelous Mr. Kotynski, continuing her foray into ancient Greek, and venturing into the dizzying, delightful, daunting world of Biblical Hebrew. Abigail enjoys tactile creative pursuits: baking bread, crocheting stuffed animals, using typewriters (including an elderly Greek Underwood!), and has just begun knitting her first sweater. She loves to read and is currently devouring the works of Mary Oliver, P.G. Wodehouse, and Dante. This is Abigail's second year with the Chronicle and she is delighted to be back!



*Thank you for reading the 16th
edition of the Chronicle! We hope you
have a fabulous Christmas break!*

