

# The Scholé Chronicle

SCHOLÉ ACADEMY



May 2025



In this newsletter  
you can expect:

Art

Short stories

Spring recipes

Senior spotlight

Spiritual  
reflections

Poetry

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# Letter from the Editors -

Dear readers,

We are so excited to welcome you to the 17th issue of the Scholé Chronicle! The highlight of this Issue is undoubtedly our Senior Spotlight. The response from the student body this year has been wonderfully overwhelming, and we are so grateful to be able to highlight their time at Scholé and their plans for the coming years! Congratulations to the Class of 2025! May you each be blessed in all you do.

On our own team, we have some seniors to congratulate as well. Amaya and Abigail have been on the team for two years and have done a wonderful job and contributed to making the Chronicle community a very sweet place! Madeleine, our head editor, who has been working on the Chronicle for three years now, is also graduating! But this is not her final sendoff, as she's hoping to help with the summer edition too.

A massive thank you so much to all the students who submitted their exemplary work! This year you'll find a treasure trove of seasonal photography, along with some delicious recipes and excellent poetry.

Our Interviews column is bursting this year with three interviews, the first with Scholé Spanish teacher, Mrs. Legere, and another with the Chronicle's own Isabella, the head designer! We are also lucky enough this year to have an interview with fantasy author, Jessica Day George, who gives advice to aspiring writers in her interview: "Dragons, Horses, and Magical Griffins".

As always, we would like to thank our fantastic team for the work they put into making the Scholé Chronicle feasible. And once again, thank you to the students who submitted.

*Soli deo gloria,  
Madeleine & Isabella*

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# Thematic Column

*I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,*



# Paper Birds

By Genevieve S.

He sent her one every evening for a year. They would float delicately over the window sill on white wings with straight angled bodies. Coarse and rough they looked, but nevertheless beautiful. The little birds held notes in their hearts, and she would unfold the papers, carefully, edge after edge, corner after corner. Words of love lay inside of them. Words of love—and lies.

He didn't live near her, no. They had met in a dream, a dream full of little white birds and crashing ocean waves and laughing sunshine. They had collided curiously and he had said, after sweeping her up into the clouds, that he would send a bird every night. Strange he was, his eyes deep blue pools, nearly black, swirling like the depths of the sea. They were kind eyes, caring, and even if his life was troubled, it hardly seemed to have any effect on him— or at least, what he showed at first.

It was just a dream after all and she didn't expect anything to come of it, but that evening a little creature made of paper soared through the window. Hesitantly, she approached it, carefully unfolding every edge and crease, smoothing it out... Reading its words... Smiling to herself.

She didn't see him again for a long time after, in her dreams at least, but his eyes haunted her waking hours, his little birds haunted her window sill, and their words haunted her mind. But when the night finally came that they might behold each other, there was an odd air about him. Something had changed. He had become harder around the edges, a colder glint in his eye. But his voice was still kind and reassuring so, with ease, she ignored the shadowy signs and fell ever so slowly, deeper and deeper in love.

His letters were true, his words kind, and dreams admirable. He was a man whom all others should strive to be. At least, that was what she believed. She was blind, however, to his true self, deaf to his lies.

One night, when they walked through her dream together on a slope of emerald grass besprinkled with flowers and under a sky besprinkled with stars, winking like diamonds, there came a whisper on the breeze. A gentle murmur, an utterance she could feel within herself. Turn away before he hurts you... She had heard it before in her heart, deep within the places she never ventured. It was the place that held all her darkest thoughts, the place she hated because it told the cold truth. She glanced at him but he had heard nothing, eyes distant ocean depths.

He lies...

He hurts...

It murmured. Yes. He had. She knew so. But she ignored it. Still. Ignored the call. The truth. It was cold and meant giving him up. She would cry—And she didn't want to cry. It would be hard—And she didn't like hard.

So she ignored it.



# Paper Birds

More nights came and went, the little birds flew over the window sill, bringing words of love and care and kindness. Words that made her feel appreciated.

Loved.

Another evening came when she was walking beside him in a dream and...he left her. It was so sudden, so startling, that she merely watched him walk away, obscured by a sudden forest of dark shadows. She didn't see or hear from him for weeks.

Silence.

Utter silence.

In her dreams she followed him, begging him to come back—not to leave. But he did. She had known this would happen. She had felt it. But he had caught her up. Entangled her. Used her desires against her. She cried alone in her dreams and alone in her chambers, reading through the little paper birds that hung from her ceiling.

So caring.

So true.

Yet the character he had revealed through actions was cold and cruel, and something she shouldn't have trusted.

But she had.

It was a curious dream that she had one night, having fallen asleep clutching a little bird to her chest; hurt by the lies, by the tricks.

Broken.

Would she ever heal? Would she ever be able to come out of her shell? Would he ever know his wrong?

In the dream, she found she was alone. Utterly so. It was the first dream in several nights she had dreamt. Her mind had wallowed in memories; maybe if she pretended and hoped, maybe...maybe he would come back. But she was alone and the little voice came again. Came on the breeze.

Gently.

From the depths of her heart as if put there by another breath.

He made his choice.

It said—

Now you make yours.

She looked up at the fuzzy twinkle of stars. But would he come back? Why would he leave her? She looked at the little bird. It looked kind and sweet and loving, but as she ran her fingers over it, the sharp edges tore her skin, bright red blood beading on her flesh. The words meant nothing. You can say anything you want on paper. Anything in the world. Anything. Any truth...any lie—and no one would ever know the difference.

A tear dripped down her cheek.

Find the truth, child.

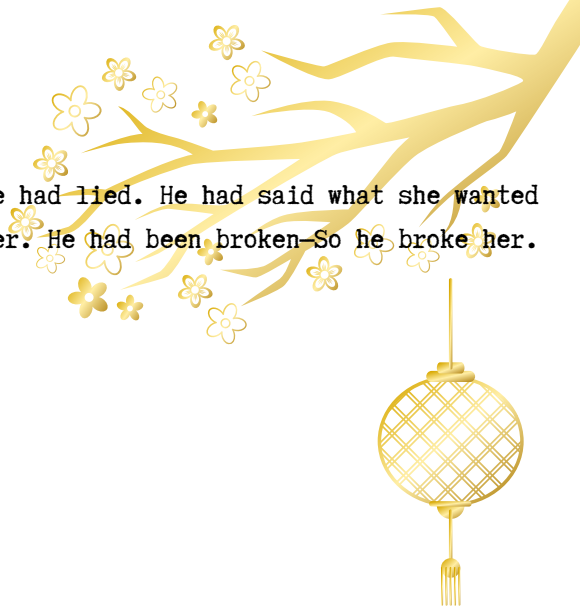
# Paper Birds

The wind was warm, caressing her cheeks, her hair like a mother would. He had lied. He had said what she wanted to hear, but his actions showed otherwise. He had been hurt—So he hurt her. He had been broken—So he broke her. She wiped another tear away.

He made his choice;

The wind echoed again—

Now you make yours.

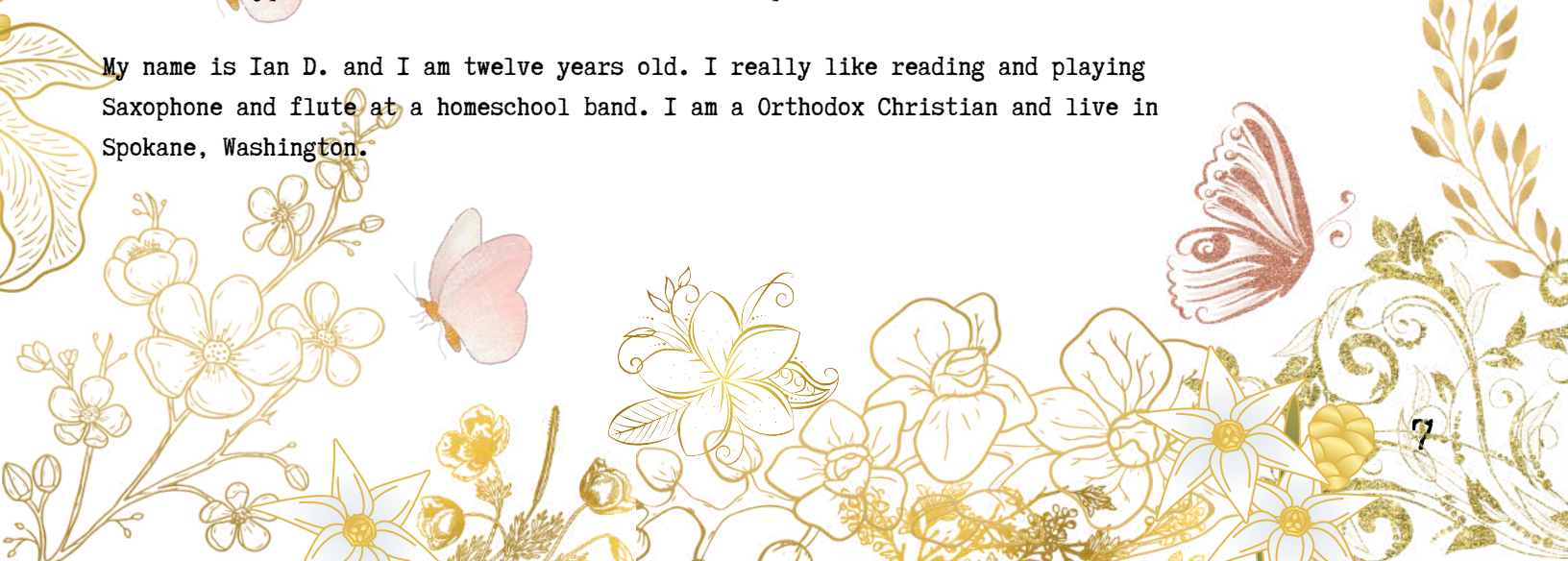


## Looms in Motion

by Ian Durka

Its metrical rows, now swelling pant and roar,  
In its panoply, its shuttle throbbing and its beat convulsive,  
Its vibrating body, glossy wood, and silvery steel,  
Its knitted frame, its strings and springs, the tremulous twinkle of its needle,  
Its metrical train of cloth, obedient and merrily made,  
Its thunderous laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all,  
Type of the modern-emblem of motion-pulse of the continent.

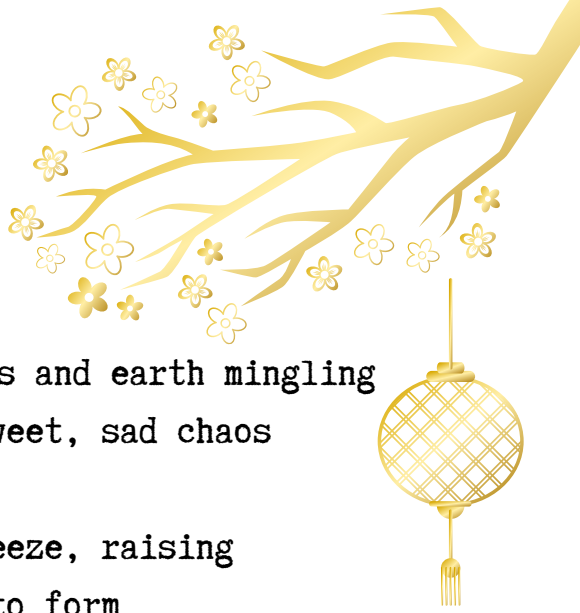
My name is Ian D. and I am twelve years old. I really like reading and playing Saxophone and flute at a homeschool band. I am a Orthodox Christian and live in Spokane, Washington.



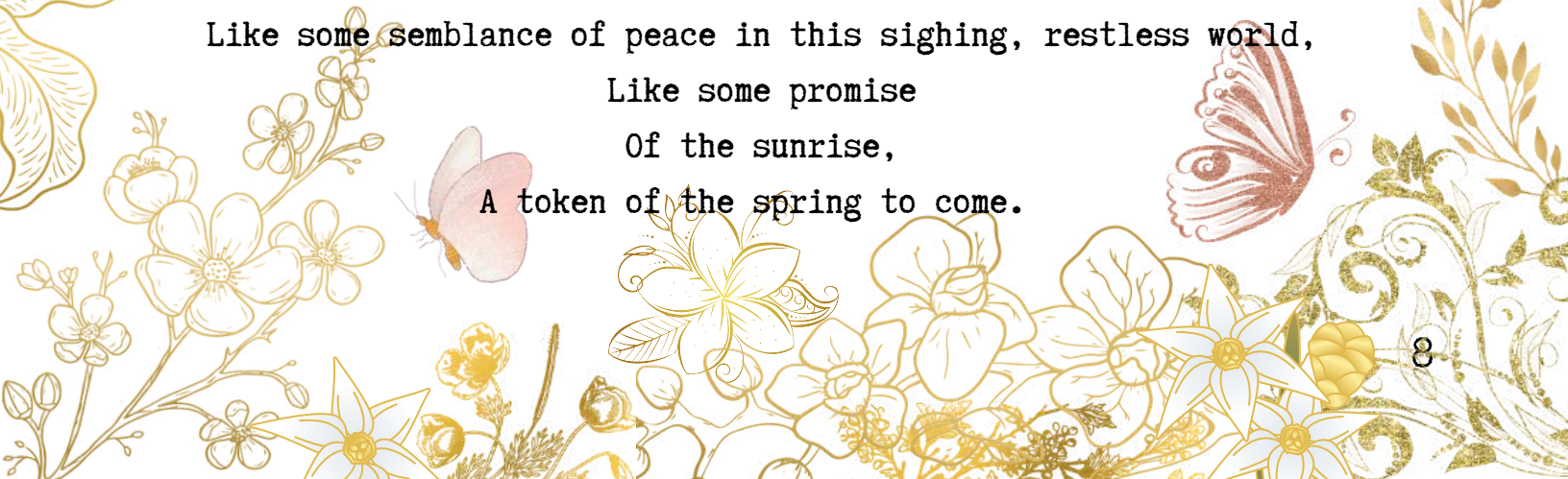


# *Wisteria in Winter*

*By Amaya W.*



All seems cold and smoke-choked gray, the clouds and earth mingling  
In a chill, windswept expanse, its wild, sweet, sad chaos  
Just barely hemmed in by  
Skeletal trees swaying in the bitter breeze, raising  
Their rasping, creaking branches to form  
A fence between our neighborhood and the unknown  
Of a thousand possible imaginings,  
Some sweet, some sad, some wild  
In a myriad of dreams,  
Painted in brushstrokes of pale pink and  
Faintly glowing gold into the formerly funereal sky  
As we go walking by, hand in hand, through  
This hushed, waiting land  
Rustling with a thousand whispers  
Of coming springs and summers, and past falls, and still reigning winters  
Icy and barren, yet frosted  
With the wonder of lamplight springing warm and inviting,  
Like golden blossoms,  
Around the doors—  
And look, Sister!—  
Wisteria, drooping pale, shadowed purple, yet dancing  
Wind-stirred,  
Like some semblance of peace in this sighing, restless world,  
Like some promise  
Of the sunrise,  
A token of the spring to come.





# *Of Books, Rain, and Poetry*

*By Amaya W.*

For what more could I ask  
On a rain-wet evening than  
A quiet room and an ancient book in hand  
To pair with an earthen mug of steaming tea?

Of books and rain and dreams I sing.

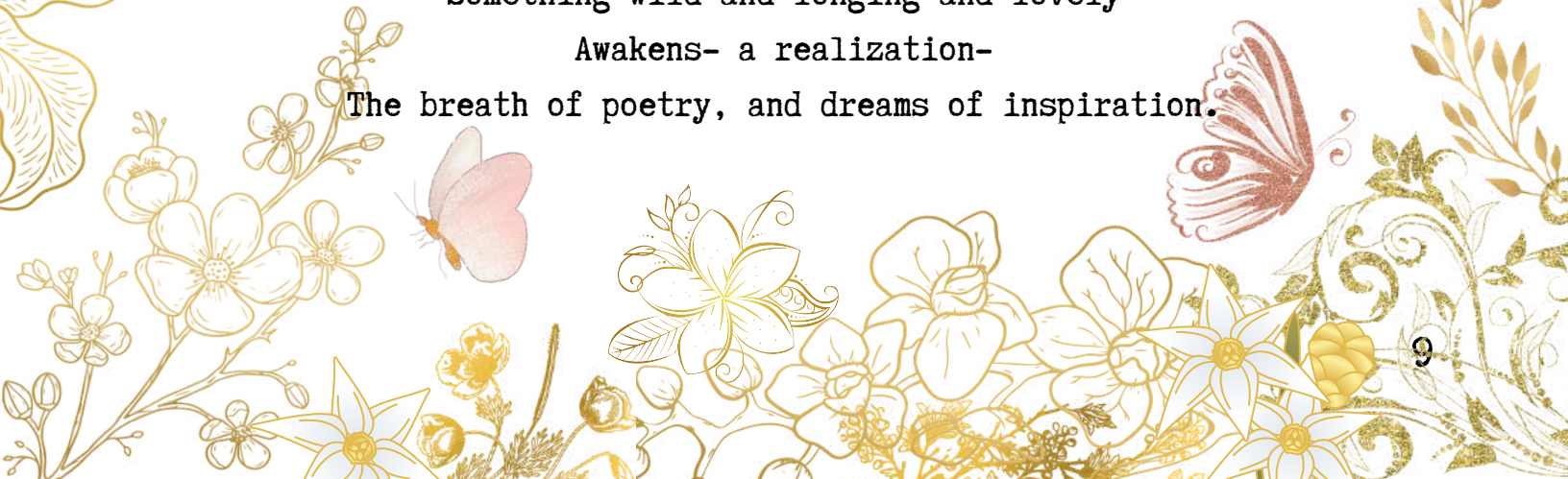
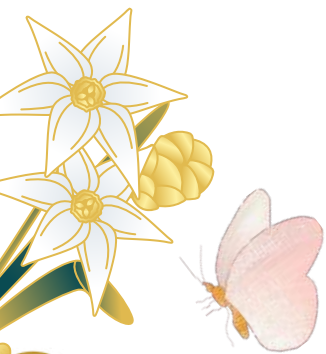
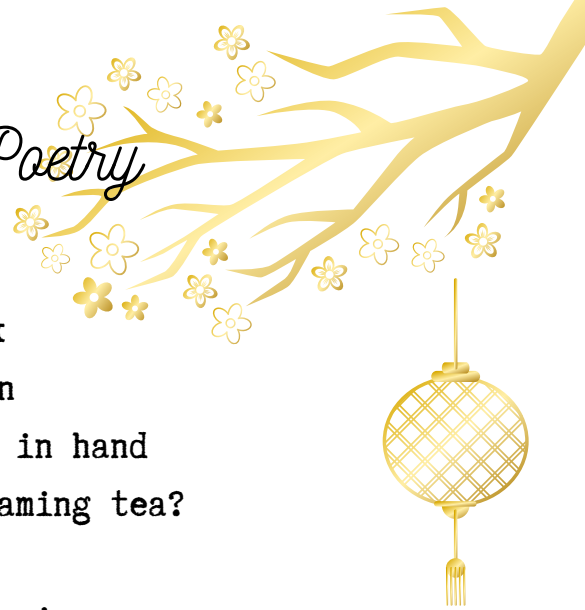
This world is dripping gray and  
Clouds cloak the sighing land,  
The sun hidden behind their cover-  
Yet inside, I linger in solitude and safety.

Of books and rain and spring I sing!

I gladly turn my mind to foreign places  
And inviting, yet-unmet faces,  
Walking beneath a tapestry of golden history  
Rife with rich life and authenticity...

Of books and rain and poetry I sing.

And, soul-stirred, within me  
Something wild and longing and lovely  
Awakens- a realization-  
The breath of poetry, and dreams of inspiration.



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# Seasonal Column

*When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;*





# Seasonal Poetry

By Isabella



## The Emerald Whisper

A bruised sky,  
winter's lingering sigh,  
then a hesitant brushstroke of brilliant green,  
a whisper of jade on the skeletal branches.

Spring, a phantom limb of hope,  
reaching from the frozen earth,  
a memory half-forgotten,  
then reborn.

Like a melody sung in dreams,  
she unfurls,  
a banner of delicate petals,  
painted with the colors of promise,  
brief and brilliant as a firefly's dance,  
a fleeting kiss on slumbering faces.

She fades,  
this emerald whisper,  
leaves falling like forgotten stories,  
but the seed of her return is buried,  
a dormant echo,  
in the heart of the earth,  
knowing,  
in her quiet patience,  
that the golden glow of hope will once again bloom,  
a relentless, gentle tide.

### About The Author Isabella

Hi! My name is Isabella, I am 13 and in 8th grade. I live in North Carolina and have 4 dogs and quite a few other pets. I love riding horses, reading books, and making delicious desserts in the kitchen.







# *Seasonal Poetry*

By Gabrielle M.



## Winter's End, Spring's Beginning

When birds begin to build their nests,  
When bees start buzzing all around,  
When all the flowers start to bloom,  
This means that spring has finally come!

The baby birds will hatch quite soon,  
The buzzing bees will gather pollen;  
The tulips, roses, violets, lilies,  
All will bloom when winter ends!

The dreary, snowy, freezing winter  
Has finally left, thawed, and melted.  
The warmest, most wonderful time of all,  
Is when the sun warms up for spring!

Winter's end, Spring's fresh start!  
All is new, warm and beautiful,  
With bees buzzing, birds chirping,  
Winter ends and Spring begins!

*About The Author*  
**Gabrielle M.**

Gabrielle is a twelve year old  
who loves to read and write,  
sew, and bake.

# Seasonal Artwork & Photography

By Elaina W.



Flores  
Moradas



Flores Rojas

## About The Artist Elaina W.

I like painting and drawing. I also like reading books. My favorite book series is Ashtown Burials.



# Seasonal Artwork & Photography

By Gaudenis G.



Dew



Ferns



# Seasonal Artwork & Photography

By Gaudenis G.

Hummingbird



Ladybug



## *About The Photographer* Gaudenis G.

Gaudenis lives in Maine with his dog Nora and many chickens. He is very curious all the time and loves learning all sorts of things, from pinpointing locations on GeoGuessr (or at least trying to), to finding out the etymology of the word “fickle”.



# Seasonal Artwork & Photography

By Fiona B.



Chicken in  
Spring



Garden  
Daisy

## About The Photographer Fiona B.

My name is Fiona B, and I am a 10th grader taking Creative Writing through Scholé, though I plan to do more classes next year! I am a fantasy writer with hopes to be published, competitive mountain bike racer, twin sister, and proud owner of more chickens than we are allowed to have on one acre (not to mention dedicated Christian)!

# Seasonal Artwork & Photography

By Audrūnas G.



## Red Maple



### *About The Photograph* Audrūnas G.

One of the earliest blossoms to open in spring is that of the red maple. Every year, the New England hills turn red with the color of maple blossoms, so much so that it sometimes looks like fall. And every spring, this noble tree provides bees with early nectar and humans with yet another wonderful source of beauty in God's Creation.



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# Senior Spotlight

*Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*



# Joseph S.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?  
Benedictine college, studying mechanical engineering.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

When my teacher noticed I was sitting in front of an oven while in the living room after weeks of being in that same spot.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

Formal logic with Mr. Newman. It was very engaging and Mr. Newman was funny and knew his stuff.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I enjoy customizing Nerf guns and making models.



# Abigail G.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

While home for a gap year, I will take Greek 3 with Mr. Kotynski, continue discussing Great Books with the wonderful Zena Hitz through the Catherine Project, and help a local rabbi with her young autistic son. I will also apply to pursue a degree in Classics.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

In Introductory Physics, Marianna, Gemma, and I had to design an experiment that demonstrated convection. The experiment itself was full of setbacks (Marianna set part of her lawn on fire!), but we bonded over the struggles, and it was the most effective group-project collaboration and communication I have ever experienced.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

Every class with Mr. Kotynski. His humour, linguistical knowledge, and joie de vivre make learning a delight.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love to walk in nature, draw, knit, read (especially plays and murder mysteries), write typewriter poetry, and act.



# Katelynn T.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I will stay in my home town of Fargo-Moorhead and study Music Performance at MSU-Moorhead.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

I have so many great memories from my classes that I could probably write a novel, but in general my favorite memories come from when we have discussions in Greek class about linguistics and how to interpret texts.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate!

Mr. Kotynski's Greek classes are the only formal classes that I have taken, and I have loved every level and minute that I have spent with this class. I have been involved in a couple of Mr. Marchand's summer book clubs, and it was very fun to meet people who also wished to take a deeper look at mystery novels and the works of Tolkien. So, I find it impossible to pick one!

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love studying Greek and learning how language changes over time. I really enjoy crocheting, and reading books (especially when I can combine these and listen to an audio book while crocheting!). Learning about animals has always been a passion of mine, and two years ago my family became the proud owner-friends of a parrot named Nancy! Probably my favorite hobby over the years has been playing piano and guitar (I have even trained my parrot to sit with me while I practice). I love music so much that I decided to make it my career!





# Sophia S.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I'll be going to Hillsdale college, I'm currently undecided but will likely minor in graphic design and major in either English or rhetoric & media

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

So hard to choose!! Maybe all the funny discussions we had in history and lit with Mr. Newman my junior year. My favorite part has always been all the cool people I've met and friendships made.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate!

Probably American Lit with Mrs. Dickinson, followed closely by British Lit with Mrs. Shaltanis or 20th Century history with Mr. Newman!

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love to read and spend time outside, especially taking walks and playing volleyball and pickleball with friends! I also play ice hockey competitively which I plan to continue in college.



# Cari L.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I'm heading to college at Patrick Henry College, and I will study journalism.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

My favorite Scholé Memory is when we had a discussion on abridged versus full-length books in Rhetoric I with Mrs. Shaltanis. Everyone had such thoughtful insights, and I ended up with several new book recommendations.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate!

My favorite Scholé class is Current Events with Mr. Marchand. We've learned all about the different ways to consume news and analyze it from a Christian perspective. I love getting to discuss what's going on in the world, and Mr. Marchand makes the class engaging and fun.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

My hobbies are reading and writing stories. I have a keen interest in politics.



# Michael H.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

Next year I'll finish my degree in Philosophy at Holy Apostles College and Seminary.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

My favorite Scholé Memory was hearing the Mayo Monster story read aloud at open mic night.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

My favorite Scholé class was probably Greek I because I had so many friends in it.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love writing articles, public speaking, and composing music.



at Scholé  
5  
Years

# Evelyn H.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I will be graduating this year with my certification as a Birth Doula and will continue building up my own business and helping welcome little one's into the earth!

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

It's hard to pin down just one. Overall, I think I am just grateful for the wonderful teachers and classmates that I have had. So many laughs and memories were made these past few years, and I am very grateful.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

My favorite Scholé class has to be Rhetoric with Mrs. Shaltanis! Lots of learning and laughter in that class, absolutely loved it!

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I enjoy music, hanging out with friends and family, and supporting families as they enter a new stage of life, parenthood.



at Scholé  
3  
Years



# Lydia K.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I am currently deciding between three small liberal arts schools in Minnesota and Pennsylvania. I plan on studying ecology/environmental studies and the classics, taking full advantage of the liberal arts experience. I'll figure out my exact major after taking a few classes. I am very excited to do some field research and study abroad in college! I am so thankful to all my Scholé teachers for all their support and enthusiasm in their subjects -- they made me love subjects I may not have gravitated towards!



Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

This is so hard! While I absolutely loved carving Roman coins out of Oreos in latin club, and discussing different aspects of science in chemistry class, I have a specific memory from a random moment in Mr. Schambach's logic class when Mr. Schambach made the dad joke: "Whenever people say they do things with their bare hands, I always wonder why they don't use their human hands". I know this is completely random and not particularly educational, but it still tickles me to this day.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

US Western History with Dr. Seaward! Since that class two years ago I have been going back to things learned in that class over and over! I absolutely loved reading Descartes and other philosophers/great thinkers of the mid-18th and 19th centuries. We had so many interesting discussions. As a class we also had a blast playing Kahoot!.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I have been dancing ballet for 15 years, and have always really enjoyed dance. I also was on a nordic ski team and plan to continue skiing in college. I'm trying out track this year for fun, and plan to do that in college as well! I absolutely love hiking and the outdoors, and hope to work at a national park sometime.



# Eleanor H.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

At the moment I'm staying put and taking a much needed gap year to figure out what I'm going to do with my life--and build up my savings account... After that, I don't entirely know... I could be ten thousand miles away exploring some foreign country, working a full time job, hiking mountains, improving my photography skills, spending time with family and friends, discerning my vocation--the possibilities are endless! (And it doesn't help that I can be very indecisive...) But if I do go to college in the end, I would either study music and/or the Liberal Arts since those are the subjects that interest me the most, and the knowledge you can gain from them will most likely be useful to you no matter where life takes you. But amidst all of this, I do plan on taking a course in first aid, and (somehow) learn how to fix electrical things like household gadgets (yes yes, I know that may seem slightly strange for a woman, but you can't argue with the truth that it would be a very practical skill to have since we depend on electricity almost as much as we depend on oxygen nowadays ;)).



Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

Last year when the solar eclipse happened, one of my Physics classes was supposed to be in session during the time of its occurrence. My teacher happened to be in the totality zone so instead of having our typical class meeting, she set up everything so that whoever wanted to watch the full eclipse could see it virtually. I took full advantage of it since I had never watched a total solar eclipse before and it was awesome! She also showed me that if you take something like a large holed strainer and let the sunlight go through the holes during an eclipse, you can see how much the moon is covering the sun!

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

I would have to say that my favorite class on Scholé was my Physics class. Yes, it was hard--some times more than other times--but I still had lots of fun and learned about many fascinating things (not that I remember all of them anymore though, sadly...). And it was through working with little circuit boards in class that I developed a curiosity for learning how to fix electrical things despite hating the calculations that are used for them.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I don't have many hobbies, so listing a few turns into listing 95% of them; but my main ones are photography, piano and singing. Although I also enjoy cake decorating and playing the guitar.

# Abe N.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I am currently in EMT school which I will finish this May right around graduation. I plan to work full time as an EMT for a year and then either attend paramedic school or pursue a degree in healthcare.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

There are so many to choose from! I don't know that I have a specific favorite, but one that stands out in my memory happened my very first year with Scholé when I was in 7th grade. I was taking Ancient History with Mr. Adam Lockridge and our end of the year assignment was to put ourselves in the shoes of a citizen of the ancient Roman Empire and write a letter to a famous person of the time. I wrote quite a long, humorous letter to Julius Caesar and enjoyed every moment of it. I still have that letter and when I inevitably stumble across it every couple of years it always makes me smile.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

I think if I had to choose a favorite class it would have to be Spanish I with Señora Rushing. I took the class during my Sophomore year and enjoyed it thoroughly. Señora Rushing was one of the best teachers I ever had and the class was so much fun. It'll always have a special place in my heart.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love spending time with my family, traveling to National Parks, hiking, horseback riding, playing music, listening to music, and serving behind the altar in my church. I am a lifeguard and love first aid and emergency medicine so I am in the process of getting my EMT license and am interested in working in emergency medicine in some capacity.





# Amaya W.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I will be taking a gap semester and then attending the Author Conservatory, a Christian online, college alternative writing program for three years. I'll be studying the components of writing, as well as working on two novels, studying business, and learning about publishing so that I can become a published author.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

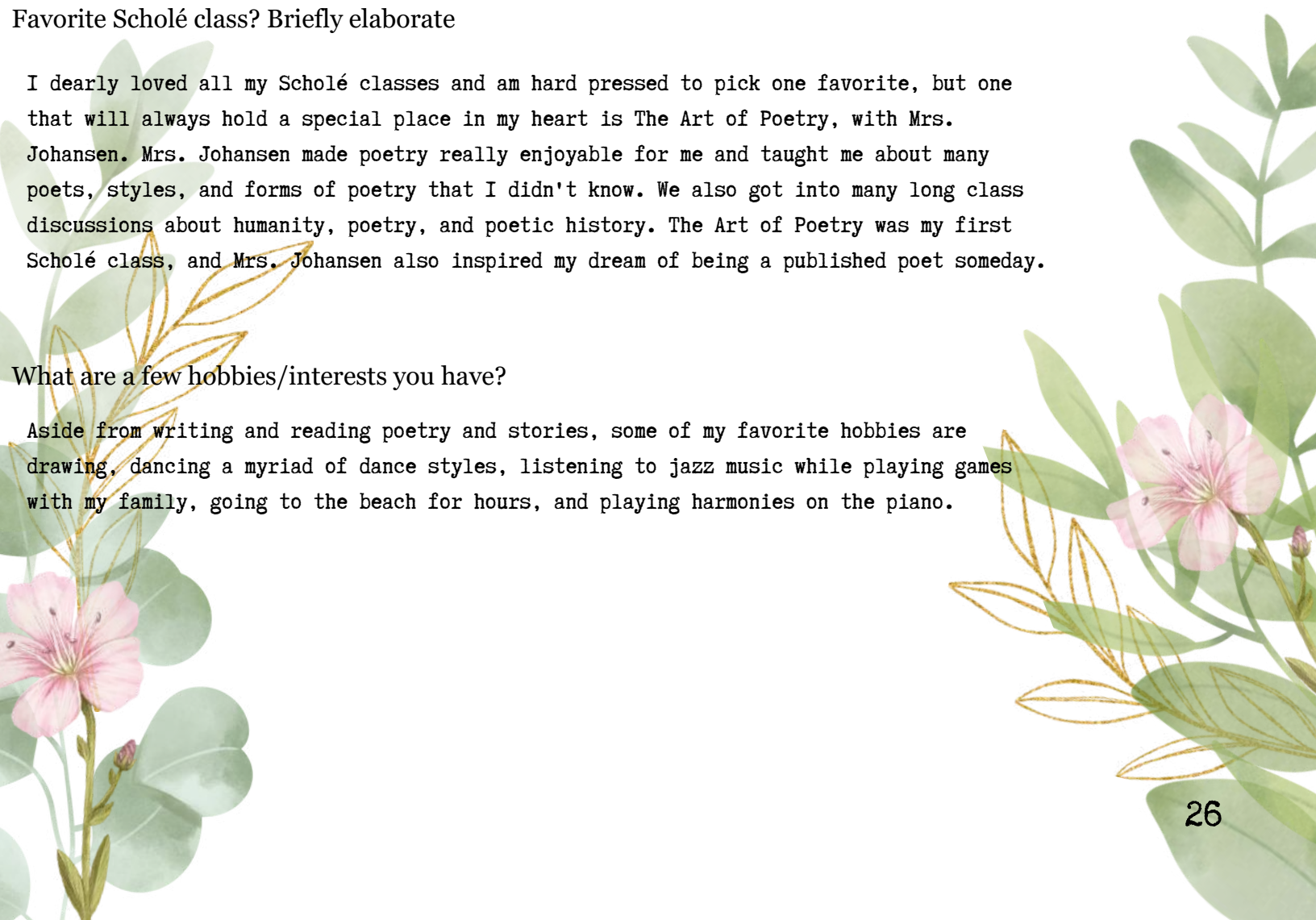
I have many favorite Scholé memories, but some of my favorites are talking about beauty and the human soul in art class with Mrs. Silkwood and staying overtime after a Rhetoric I class with Mrs. Shaltanis to talk with her and my classmates about everything from the Bible to favorite book themes, quotes, and recommendations.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate

I dearly loved all my Scholé classes and am hard pressed to pick one favorite, but one that will always hold a special place in my heart is The Art of Poetry, with Mrs. Johansen. Mrs. Johansen made poetry really enjoyable for me and taught me about many poets, styles, and forms of poetry that I didn't know. We also got into many long class discussions about humanity, poetry, and poetic history. The Art of Poetry was my first Scholé class, and Mrs. Johansen also inspired my dream of being a published poet someday.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

Aside from writing and reading poetry and stories, some of my favorite hobbies are drawing, dancing a myriad of dance styles, listening to jazz music while playing games with my family, going to the beach for hours, and playing harmonies on the piano.





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# Recipes Column

*Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,*



# Chocolate Strawberry Cake

*Isabella S.*

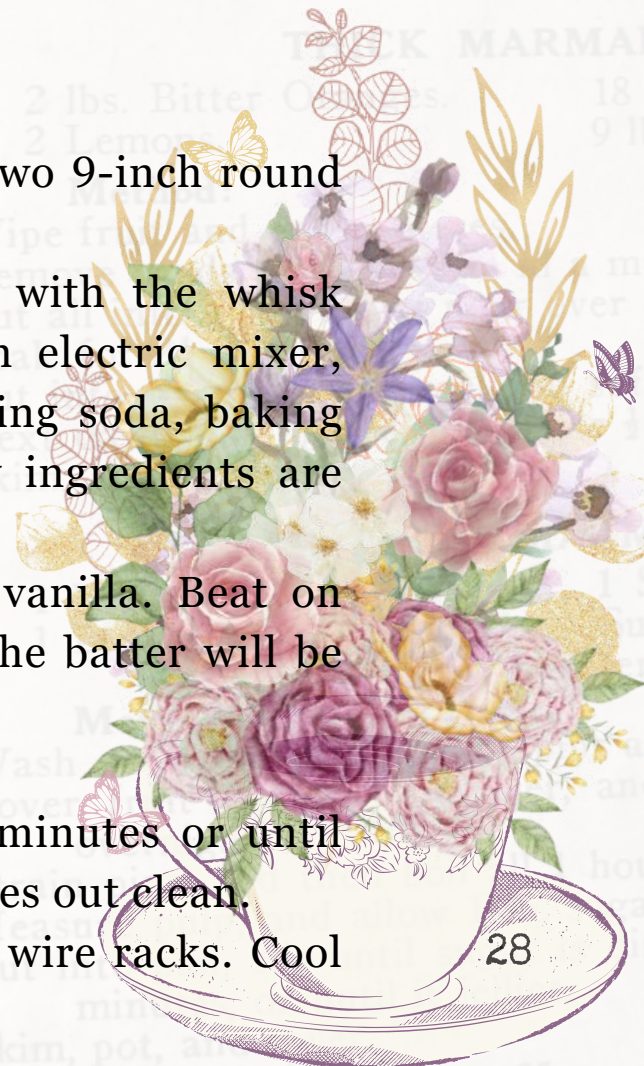


## Cake Ingredients

- 2 cups sugar
- 1  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups all-purpose flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup unsweetened cocoa powder
- 2 tablespoons Dutch process cocoa (optional)
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon kosher salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 cup strong black coffee
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vegetable oil
- 2 teaspoons pure vanilla extract

## Cake Instructions

1. Heat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour two 9-inch round baking pans. Set aside.
2. In the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with the whisk attachment or in a large bowl with an electric mixer, combine the sugar, flour, cocoa(s), baking soda, baking powder and salt. Mix on low until dry ingredients are thoroughly combined.
3. Add eggs, buttermilk, coffee, oil and vanilla. Beat on medium speed for about two minutes; the batter will be thin.
4. Pour batter evenly into prepared pans.
5. Bake in preheated oven for 30 to 35 minutes or until wooden toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.
6. Cool 10 minutes; remove from pans to wire racks. Cool completely.





# Chocolate Strawberry Cake

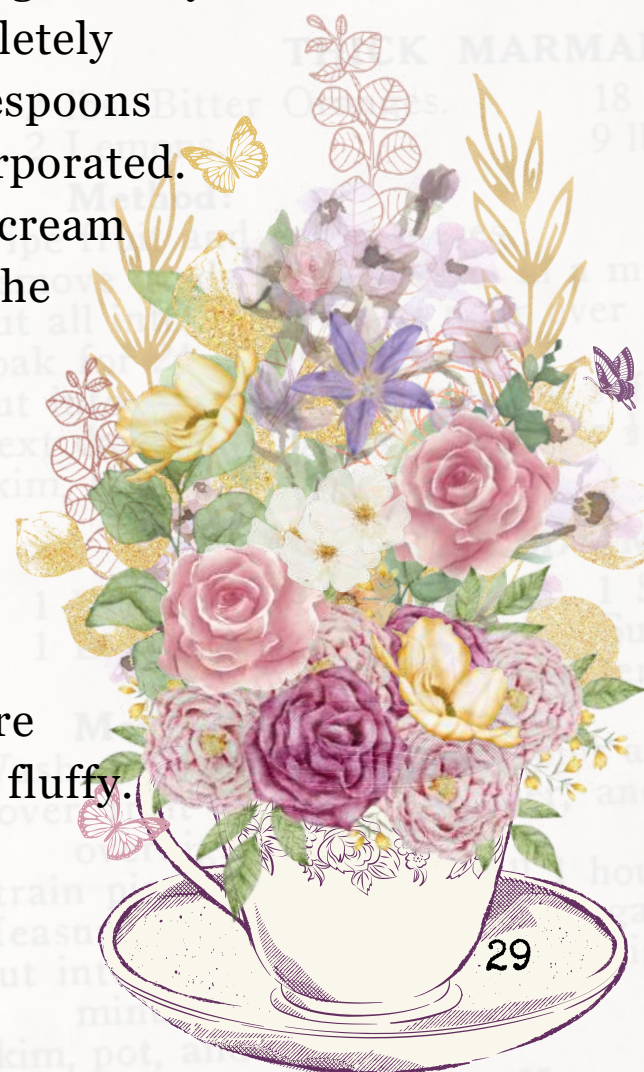
*Isabella S.*

## Frosting Ingredients

- 2 cups unsalted butter room temperature
- 1.5 pounds confectioners' sugar 24 ounces or about 5.5 cups, sifted
- 2 teaspoons pure vanilla extract
- About 6-8 medium fresh strawberries pureed (you'll need 4-5 tablespoons of puree)

## Frosting Instructions

1. In the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with the paddle attachment, beat the butter on medium-high speed for about 5 minutes.
2. Turn the mixer down to low speed and gradually add in the confectioners' sugar until it is completely incorporated. Add in vanilla and 3 tablespoons of the strawberry puree, mix until incorporated. Turn off the mixer and check the buttercream for taste and texture. Gradually add in the last 2 tablespoons of strawberry puree until you reach the desired level of strawberry flavor. Please note that adding more than the recommended 5 tablespoons could result in a thinner frosting. Turn the mixer back up to medium-high speed and beat the mixture for about 3-4 minutes or until light and fluffy.
3. Spread or pipe onto cake or cupcakes.





# Chocolate Strawberry Cake

*Isabella S.*

## Assembling Instructions

- Place one of the cake layers on a cake plate or cardboard round. Top with about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the strawberry frosting. Top with the sliced strawberries.
- Add the second cake layer. Frost with the remaining strawberry frosting. Top with the ganache. Decorate as desired with additional strawberries – try dipping whole strawberries into some of the ganache for an extra-special decoration.
- Store in the refrigerator until ready to serve. Let come to room temperature before cutting.



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# Arts & Entertainment

*They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay.*



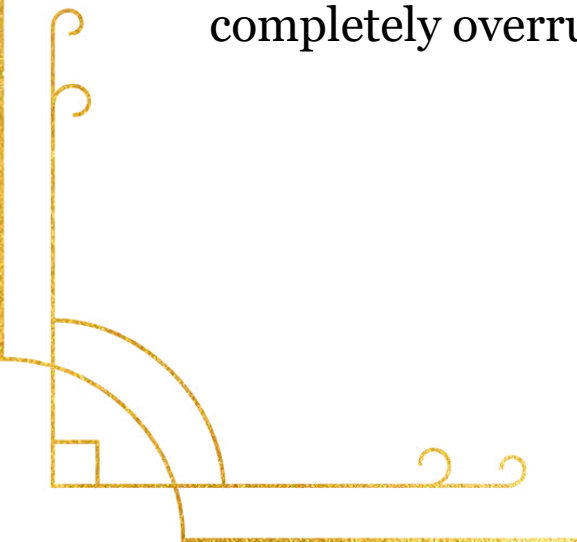




## *Description of a River*

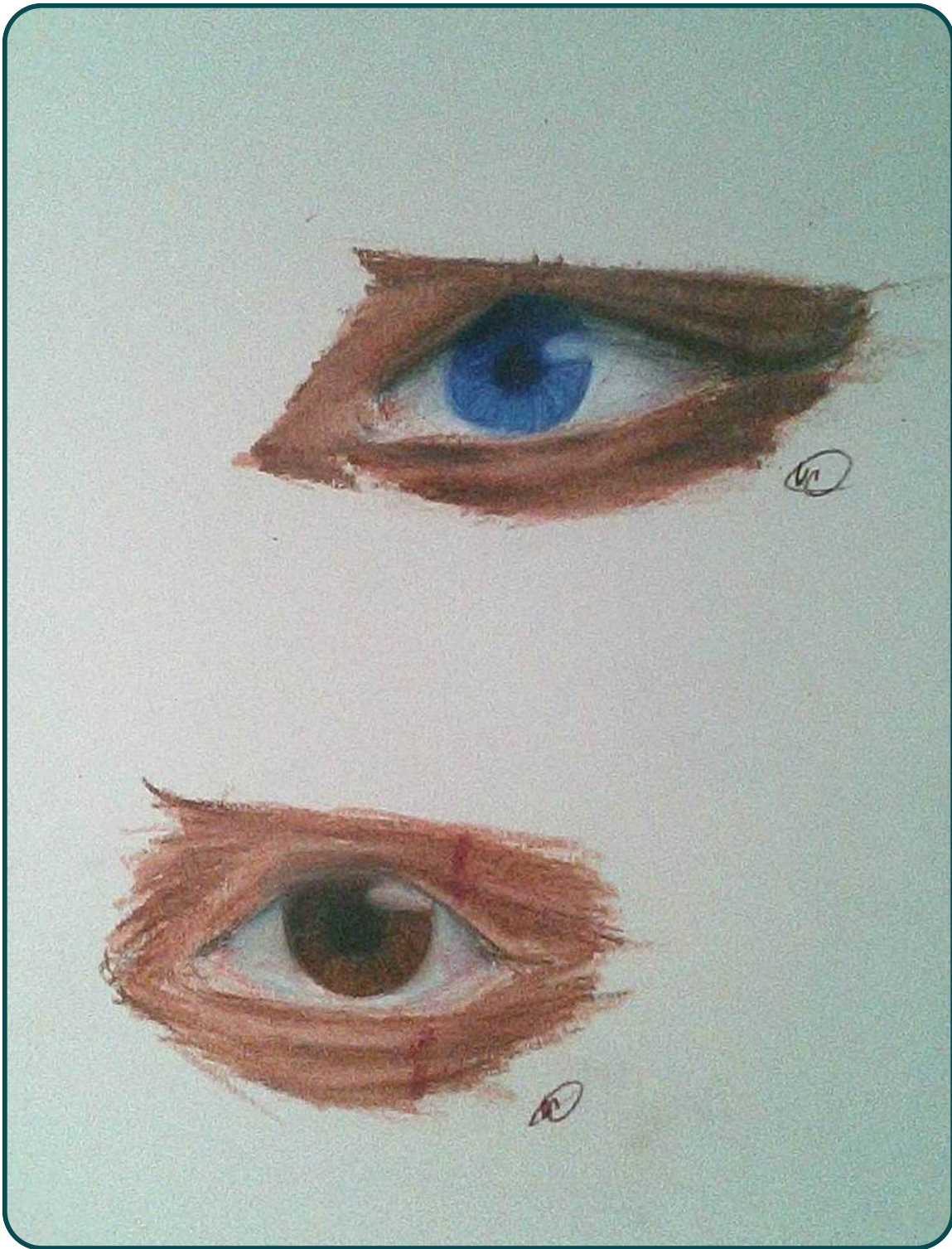
By Zach J.

The noise of the water was deafening. It wasn't loud, but it completely blotted out all other noise. The invisible force was mysterious. The icy waters had a mesmerizing effect. Infinite emotions flooded your mind, fear, peace, anger, sadness. You ask yourself, "Why? What's going on?" but your train of thought is lost in the pull of the iron gray waters. The rabid surface growling and clawing, foaming, and frothing. Reaching out to you, begging. It was as if it had been starved and just wanted a meal. You feel a strange tug, an impulse to jump in and let the river take you, to let it show you. The beauty of the auburn sky above you and the jade pines around you meant nothing, for your eyes seemed chained to the white capped river, charging through its jagged and rocky gash in the land. No other thoughts crossed your mind, for it had been completely overrun with a dark, freezing void.





*It's just a muscle*  
By Vivian



*About the Artist*

Hello, my name is Vivian. I am thirteen years old and this is my submission for the upcoming theme.



# *The Runaway Slipper*

## By Lilyann

A slipper's life can be quite dull. After all, it is those around it that give it a life of interest or sadness. The usual slipper gets worn around the house, forgotten in the closet, muddy from getting the mail, and even perhaps takes the occasional Walmart outing. Jayne Blake's slippers had a very different life due to the short Scottiman Bean.

It all started the first day Bean and the gray sheepskin slippers met. The pair of slippers had been left beside the couch when Bean came trotting into the room. When she saw them, she stopped mid-step. Checking to make sure no one was watching, Bean gently lifted the left slipper and jumped onto the couch with it. She had begun to curl up for a nap and use the slipper as a pillow when it dawned on her she should take them both since they had clearly been left there just for her. From that day forward, she claimed the slippers as her own, taking them all over the house, eventually making sure the pairs ended up together. She nibbled on them and guarded them from her big brother, Echo the Doberman. Jayne and her husband Bjorn teased Bean about it, but she didn't care.

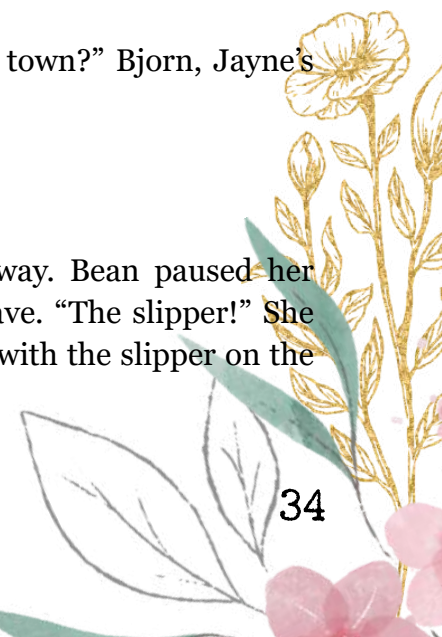
One sunny spring day, Bean and Echo were running through the backyard when Jayne walked onto the deck in her slippers. Slipping off both slippers, she put on her work boots to plant flowers. Bean waited for Jayne to disappear into the shed before she ran to grab one of the slippers. She was determined to take them with her on an adventure. She trotted through the backyard, moving her head this way and that so that the right slipper could take in all the scenery, forgetting, of course, that slippers do not have eyes. Bean walked towards the shed, forgetting Jayne was inside, and peeked her head through the door.

"Hi, Bean," Jayne said, grabbing a shovel and a bag of dirt before looking down at Bean. "My slipper! Bean, you're going to get it all muddy." Jayne took the slipper from Bean and placed it on the back of Bjorn's pickup in the carport attached to the shed. Bean huffed. She should have been more careful. Echo ran past, barking at a squirrel, and Bean's sorrows were soon forgotten as she ran after him.


"Jayne, I'm going to run to the hardware store. Do you need anything in town?" Bjorn, Jayne's husband, called.

"Can you get some more peanut butter?"

"Of course." Bjorn climbed in the pickup and pulled out of their driveway. Bean paused her barking at the tree that a squirrel had gone up as she heard the truck leave. "The slipper!" She barked and ran to the front yard, but it was too late. The pickup was gone with the slipper on the back.







Bean ran as fast as she could behind it, but the truck was too far ahead. Bean stopped from exhaustion and watched the slipper get away. She was afraid to go any further for fear she would get in trouble, but what if she never saw the slipper again? She let out a sad sigh, “At least I still have the other.” With that, she sulked home with her head low and tail drooped.

On the truck bed, the slipper managed to stay on till the truck reached 20 mph. Slipping off, it fell onto the center of the road, across from the local fish ponds, entirely unnoticed.

On Bjorn’s way home from town, he was halfway through his neighborhood when he spotted a gray, sheepskin slipper lying on the road.

“Is that Jayne’s?” He stopped the car and got out to look. Sure enough, it was the same slipper that Jayne wore on her right foot with the Bean teeth marks on the sole. “Bean must have walked all the way down here for this slipper to get here.” Bjorn took the slipper and got back in the truck and traveled the rest of the way home.

Jayne came into the driveway to meet Bjorn and was surprised to see him step out of the car holding her slipper.

“I found this all the way down by the neighborhood fishpond. Bean must have taken it down there.”

“I never thought Bean would go that far-oh that was me.”

“You walked down to the fish pond and left your slipper there?” Bjorn inquired.

“No, no, Bean came to me holding the slipper so I put it in on the truck, meaning to take it inside with me later, but I totally forgot.” Jayne took the slipper from him. “Good thing you saw it.”

Bean came running around the house and started whining with joy, “My slipper!” Jayne handed the slipper to Bean, who took it very gently.

“Put it with the other slipper, Bean.” Bean ran to obey and placed the slipper next to its left twin. Bean decided to leave them there for fear another slipper might get lost down on the road.

### *About the Author*

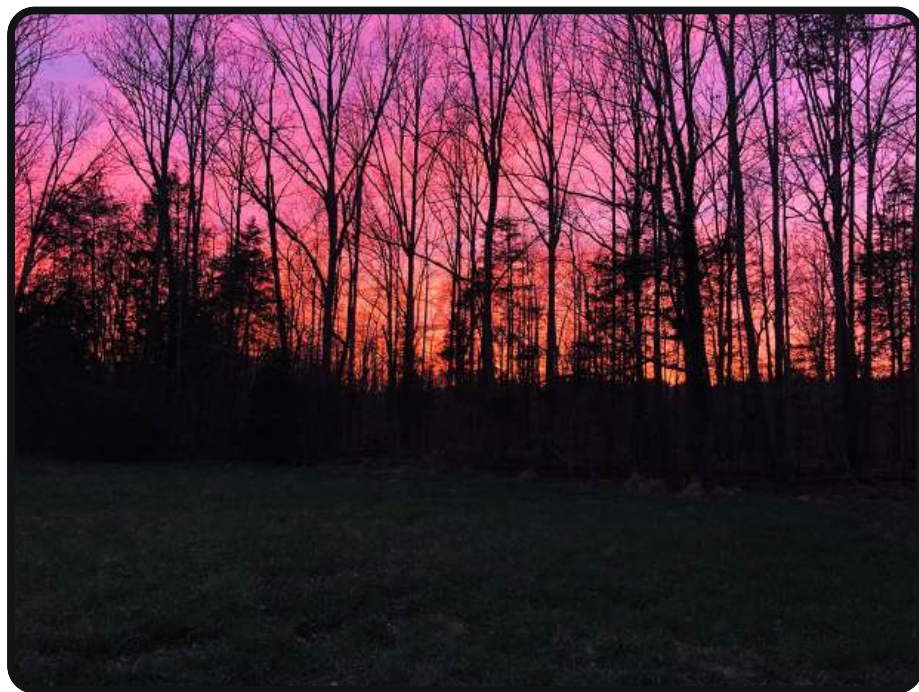
I'm Lilyann and I'm a 16-years-old Sophomore in High School. I love writing, the fine arts, and horses. This is based on a true story of my Scottymen (Scottish Terrier Doberman) and her strange obsession with my mom's slippers.



# *Photography*

By Genevieve S.

Coral skies



Gold Rises





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# Interviews

*Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*



# *Interview with Mrs. Legere*

**By Sarah S.**

*-How did you first hear about Scholé Academy?*

I learned about Scholé Academy when my daughter finished the third book of Latin for Children. Though she was still in 5th grade, I decided to wait to register her in Latin Alive classes until she was in 8th grade. I loved what I saw. Here and there, I picked through the classes, and I knew they were rigorous but gentle at the same time. One day I received an email from Scholé Academy that they were looking for an Upper Level Spanish Instructor, and that is when I decided to contact them.

*-How long have you been teaching Spanish?*

I started teaching Spanish 12 years ago at a private Christian school in Arizona. Then, when I found out about Scholé's Spanish position and they welcomed me into their instructor pool, I quit my in-person job and joined Scholé 4 years ago.

*-Where did you attend college and what did you study?*

I attended college in Guatemala City and earned a degree in business.

*-What was your experience adjusting from life in Guatemala to the United States?  
Any culture shocks?*

The hardest experience, at first, was the lack of family here. I am a huge fan of family, getting together, and celebrating my relatives' milestones. Still, that is something that I miss and my heart yearns for. Probably one of the culture shocks was the lack of physical contact between people you know. My friends, who know me well, give me kisses on my cheek and hugs every time they see me because they know how important that is for me.

*-What do you like to do in your free time?*

I enjoy a good long hike, walk, or run. Reading a good classic book out loud to Tim and Cari brings pleasure to me. I am not a fast reader because I like to picture things in my mind. They have always enjoyed this family time. Our last book was an Agatha Christie mystery novel. We were always speculating who the bad guy was.



*-Finally, what is one of your favorite Schole memories?*

I have so many!!! Every time I come to class, my day is brightened. But my favorite memories are seeing students progressing and mastering the concepts. I love watching the oral presentation done by the students. Two years ago, in my Spanish 4 class, one of the students used a word that he didn't know what it was, but it was similar to one he had heard before. I asked him to never use it again in that context, especially with people of Latin America. I asked all of them to look in the dictionary for the meaning of it. My three students looked and started laughing out loud. It wasn't a bad word, but it wasn't one to use in the context. We probably laughed for about 5 minutes. Some of them even had tears in their eyes! I can't even remember the word now, but the good laugh we all had!





# *Dragons, Horses, and Magical Griffins:*

## *An Interview with author Jessica Day George*

**By Olivia H.**

Jessica Day George is the author of the series Dragon Slippers, as well as the Castle Glower books and the Rose Legacy trilogy. She also has another set of novels, all different retellings of classic princess stories. From her author's website, she tells all readers that she has always had a dream of being a writer, of having a book published. Though it took time and patience, her now successful books are fan-favourites in the fantasy world. Over email, I was able to ask her four questions, all related to advice for aspiring authors. Enjoy!

*For any young writer who's afraid of diving into the blank page and starting a story, what would be your words of advice?*

Don't worry about getting the words "right" at first. If you have a story you want to tell, dive in. Also: it doesn't have to begin at the beginning. Start with the first scene or conversation you're most excited to write, and once you get going, you won't have that scary blank page to worry about and you can loop back to the beginning or fill in the bits between scenes later.

*As an author who mainly writes fantasy, how do you keep your conflict both realistic for the readers and accurate to the world in which your characters live?*

A tree is a tree is a tree. And if it quacks like a duck and has webbed feet and a beak- it's a duck. A good fantasy world is a mix of things that the reader will recognize: trees and ducks and rocks, and things that they won't: dragon wizards, singing swords. If your reader can "recognize" the setting, they can keep up with the magic or epic dragon vs. griffin battles.

*There are endless names that an author could call her/his characters! What is your favourite way of nailing down that perfect combination?*

"What am I drawing on for the setting?" In the Princesses of Westfalin series, I used 19th century Germany as a model for my world, so I looked up popular German and British names, although my twelve princesses were all named after flowers. In The Rose Legacy, it's based on WWI era Scotland, and so the names reflect that. Also sometimes I'm going for pleasant sounds: Creel (from Dragon Slippers) is named after the sound that baby dragons make in McCaffrey's Dragonriders of Pern books, and the dragon names are contractions of words that suit them (Shardas = shards of glass) or names with letters flipped. (Theoradus = Theodorus)



*Any writer, whether it's creative or a school assignment, always hears the phrase, "show, don't tell." It's also stated that too much or not enough of both is not a good thing! When you are writing a story, how do you find the happy medium between the two? And are there any spots that you would consider it essential to do more of one than the other?*

When you're establishing setting or character, it's definitely a matter of show, don't tell. Don't just list the climate and physical features of your country, ditto your main character! Describe a beautiful mountainside, green with spring, and talk about how it's just recovering from The Great Fire. Mention how your character has to pull back their long hair with a ribbon when they work so much they finally get frustrated with the current fashion and cut it off, which starts a new trend! But if you start every chapter by describing the SAME mountainside, or how your character hates their hair, it gets boring. It doesn't need to be said any more, at that point!



# *Interview with Scholé Chronicle Head Designer, Isabella S.*

**By Amaya W. & Nola H.**

In the autumn of 2017, Mrs. Shinstock and her year 3 and 4 Writing and Rhetoric students released the first edition of the Scholé Chronicle. Now in 2025, we have a volunteer-based team who edits, designs, and manages the paper with the help of Ms. White.

## *1. What challenges did you face with the Chronicle?*

Before Madeleine and I became head editors, I would send submissions to the Chronicle. I joined Scholé Academy in 6th grade and the Chronicle had already been going on for a bit before that. When I joined the Chronicle team in 2022 as a freshman, I was thrilled! I certainly enjoyed my first year on the team and I learned a lot. Once the previous head, Adalie Everitt, graduated; I asked Madeleine if she wanted to be a co-head editor with me. I planned to streamline the Chronicle and its team in a more organized and efficient way. The Chronicle was lovely before, but I wanted to make it even better - and even more enjoyable for its team members. Challenges, well, I really wanted to make sure that the team followed all the specific deadlines and not leave one editor or one designer with all the work. That's not how a team works, so I wanted to alter that. I think communicating that in a kind way was a challenge and that we wanted people on the team who wanted to be there - who had a strong work ethic and a passion for the Chronicle.

## *2. What was your vision for the Chronicle, and have you achieved it?*

I've been raised since I was a kid to have an entrepreneurial mindset. I used that in establishing the Chronicle into what it is today, three years later. My dad has core values & a mission statement at his office, so I decided to implement that to my team' - the Chronicle team. So, Madeleine and I drafted a mission statement and also polled the team members for what core values we wanted to be known for. Here's our mission statement: "At the Scholé Chronicle we strive to serve the Scholé community by providing a platform to showcase the work of students and to give them the opportunity to experience being published and sharing their work with others. As the Scholé Chronicle Team, we strive to provide a community where students who volunteer can grow in their design and editing skills, where they can learn how to work hard and contribute towards a final product. We hope that the Chronicle will give people a good real world experience of how to work well with others, especially online." I really can confirm that we've accomplished this mission!

Diligence: At the Scholé Chronicle, we want hard working, devoted people who will take time to adhere to deadlines and do their very best on the paper.

Kindness: at the SC, we want respect to be played out as kindness by speaking gently to others, solving conflict respectfully when needed, and keeping all conflicts in the light rather than talking about it behind another's back.





Beauty: at the SC we want our editing and designing done with all aims to create beauty in everything we do. We want our work to reflect God's glory and his creation. We want the actions and things we do to be done in a beautiful way.

Authenticity : we want our people to feel safe and welcome at the SC. But, we also want to know people's true selves and who they are truly. We want truth to be at the focus of everything and our people to be authentic.

Contribution at the SC, we're all taking time out of our busy lives to work on the paper and that means if you're on the team, you must contribute with ideas, thoughts and designs.

Optimism: When something goes wrong, or if something doesn't go as planned, we want to be optimistic and ready for a challenge. We want to problem solve and figure out ways to handle the issue. We're the type who would see a glass half full rather than half empty.

Respect: Besides kindness, we want to be people who use our words wisely and keep track of our actions and how they could potentially harm others. We want to be respectful of our peers' beliefs, ideals or thoughts. We don't want to be disrespectful by shutting someone down because their opinions don't work with ours.

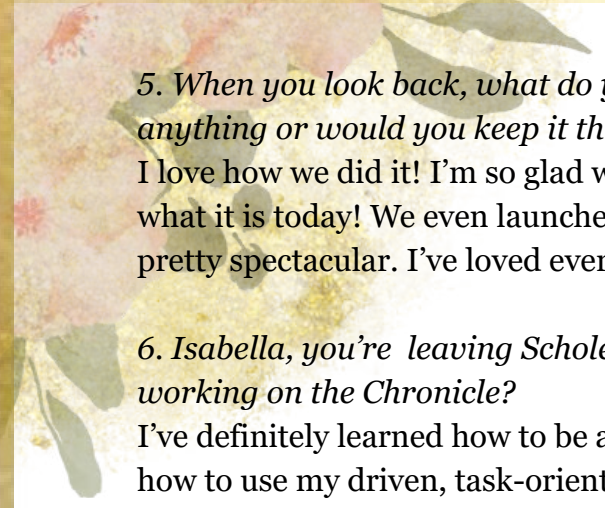
Challenge: Finally, the people at the SC always want a challenge. They're ready to tackle anything with a happy attitude and a strong work ethic. We don't do things that are normal or trendy; we try to set new precedents and be trailblazers. We work hard instead of choosing an easy route. It has been really neat to get to lead an amazing group of young women towards creating such an impactful newsletter each semester. Truly, I've loved this job and this opportunity.

### *3. What are some of your favorite aspects about the Chronicle and its role in Scholé community?*

My favorite aspects about the Chronicle are specifically that we get to highlight the work of classmates in a newsletter! It's so much fun! Honestly, being a leader at the Scholé Chronicle has allowed me to grow my Scholé community. I've met a lot more people and learned a lot more by being a part of this community. Otherwise, I also love that the team has gotten so close, sharing our lives together - from prayer requests, to funny conversations and all the things in between; it has been a gift to see that blossom in our team. And, the amazing thing is, none of us have ever met in person, yet we're still close! I think for the overall Scholé community the Chronicle is a blessing because it provides some excitement - something to look forward to. It also provides the opportunity for students to be published and see their work online!

### *4. Could you tell us how the Chronicle has changed over the years?*

Madeleine and I both streamlined the Chronicle and made things a lot easier for the team and our faculty advisor, Ms. Ash White. Before, everything was a little disorganized so Madeleine and I organized the Chronicle and created a better system of doing things so everyone benefitted.



*5. When you look back, what do you wish you might have known and would you change anything or would you keep it the same?*

I love how we did it! I'm so glad we were able to reform the Chronicle and also expand it to be what it is today! We even launched the Summer edition of the Schole Chronicle, which is pretty spectacular. I've loved every second and I'm so glad I could serve Schole in this way.

*6. Isabella, you're leaving Scholé Academy. What lessons will you carry with you from working on the Chronicle?*

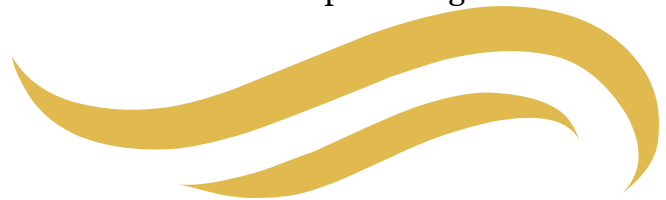
I've definitely learned how to be a leader of a group of people! It's been a fun journey learning how to use my driven, task-oriented gifts towards cultivating a hardworking, strong team of young women who strive towards truth, goodness and beauty. I think this experience will help me greatly as I start my own small business! I've loved every minute of my six years at Scholé Academy and my three years with the Chronicle.

*7. What advice would you offer to the teams and new heads of the Chronicle?*

Keep working hard always. Never give up. Never be afraid to do the right thing and to push your team towards the right thing. Sometimes being blunt is the best thing you can do - but in a gracious and kind manner.

*8. Last but not least, what are your favorite memories of your time on the Chronicle?*

My favorite memories are just seeing the team get closer with one another and learn how to work together. We made a group chat on Slack and our relationships blossomed as a result. Other memories include working with Madeleine (she's the best partner) and also doing such funny zoom/slack calls with her as we brainstormed and worked together. Ms. White and her input was also so welcome whenever we had such awesome leadership meetings with her.





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# Spiritual Reflections

*The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:*





# *The Light of the World*

By Giulia M.



It's dark outside – damp, dark, and chilly. It isn't a dreary cold. It is a blackness that reaches for the rope to unveil the curtain of springtime. It outstretches its bony hand slowly for the long, hefty cord. It grabs it and pulls it calmly.

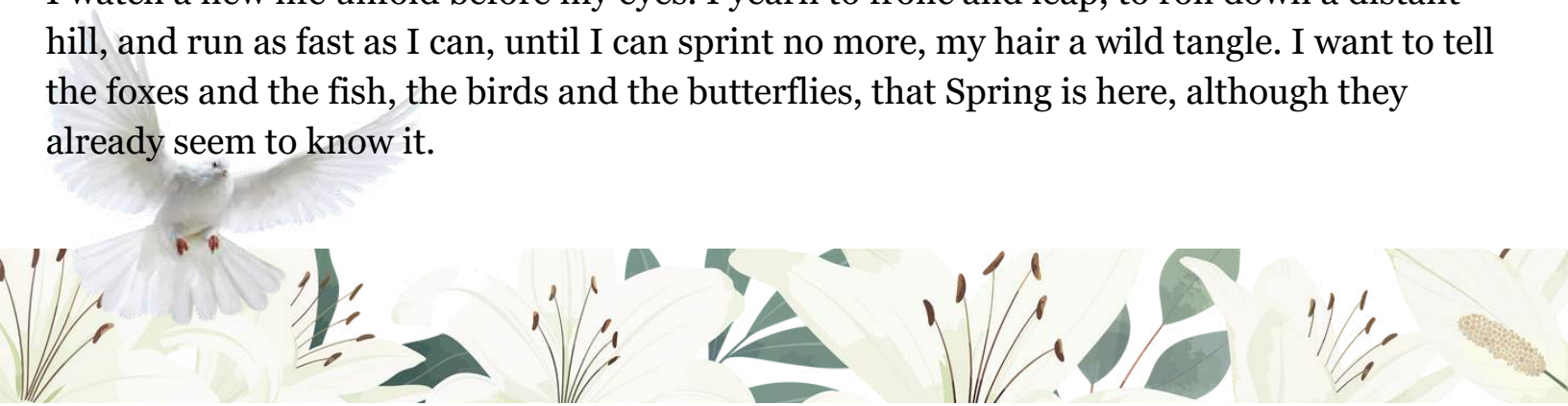
Rising in the East, a soft light shimmers on the horizon. It ascends minute-by-minute, second-by-second. A mix of colors creeps up and up. The sky in the West is dark blue, but it grows clearer and clearer.

As the colors continue to reach higher, the world wakes up from its Winter sleep. A chipper robin sings nearby, followed by a cheerful chirp from another red-breasted fellow. Swallows flit and swoop freely. Geese communicate amongst each other as they fly in their unique V-shape. Squirrels scamper friskily along fence tops, up tree trunks, and across green lawns. Rabbits scurry to overflowing gardens to sneakily search for any ripe vegetables. Foxes trot through vast fields in a carefree manner, knowing that no danger is lurking. Butterflies flutter gracefully while insects hum in harmony.

Suddenly, a glorious painting emerges. Soft gold, bright crimson, fiery orange, and cerulean hues are brushed on the sky, which was dark only minutes ago. Amidst it all, a bright orb rises ever so slowly, radiating its warmth and happiness on all. It dispels all the dark shadows, revealing the fresh, soft, green grass, blanketed with a thin coat of dew.

A crisp wind arises – but it doesn't bite skin piercingly, toss leaves vehemently, or bend trees violently. Instead, it lightly ruffles one's hair, blows puffy cotton ball-clouds by, and causes the leaves on trees to tremble. It is a breeze, a breeze that warmly welcomes us, announcing, "Spring is rounding the corner!"

I watch a new life unfold before my eyes. I yearn to frolic and leap, to roll down a distant hill, and run as fast as I can, until I can sprint no more, my hair a wild tangle. I want to tell the foxes and the fish, the birds and the butterflies, that Spring is here, although they already seem to know it.







The sky has now changed to a light, welcoming blue. The countless stars have vanished. The moon still shines, but it cannot seem to withstand the sun's overpowering light. Little white clouds float about. No, not gray, foreboding clouds that loom and cast gloom on all – benign clouds, that can only throw down joy upon the world.

There is no more sadness, desperation, anxiety – not on a day so perfect as this. The splendor illuminates not only the sky. It brightens one's soul and banishes all sorrows.

I find a soft, leather Bible in my lap. I open the Holy Book. The pages are fringed with gold. The flimsy papers crinkle as the breeze flows sweetly over them. I'm staring at John 8:12, which states, "Again Jesus spoke to them, saying, 'I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.'"

A light dances in me and streams through my veins. It is brighter than the sun itself – brighter than the sun, moon, and stars combined. It doesn't flicker, nor can anyone or anything snuff it out because it is the Light of the World. Nothing can blow out the Flame on that candle. Nothing can extinguish the Light in my soul.

I will let that Light on the inside glow just as bright on the outside. I will let the Light of the World kindle the fire inside of me, both day and night!

### *About the author*

My name is Giulia. I am twelve years old and in seventh grade.

I love almost any outdoor activity, such as camping, fishing, and hiking! I also enjoy hands-on learning and the arts, especially sewing, crocheting, and playing the violin! Reading, writing, watching birds, and drinking coffee come in a close second.





## *Sunday Still Dawned*

By Abigail

Saturday dawned as if it had not seen  
The gruesome sight of the day before.

The sun rose still, just the same,  
As if the body of Christ had not died.

Saturday dawned as if it had not seen  
The Savior of the world put to death on a cross.

The wind blew still, just the same,  
As if the body of Christ was not in a tomb.

Saturday dawned as if it had not heard  
The wails of those who saw Him die.  
The stars still gleamed, just the same,  
As if Christ was not killed by those He came to save.

How could the sun rise?  
How could the wind blow?  
How could the earth tilt?  
Had they not seen  
This act of defilement of the living temple?

But Sunday still dawned.  
The sun rose, the wind blew,  
The clouds raced across the sky in joy.  
For behold! The stone has been removed:  
The entrance to the tomb lies open.  
Rejoice! His body is there no more!





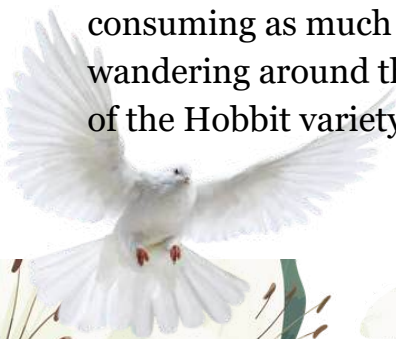
Christ, who died, rose again.

Sunday still dawned.  
The stars shone brighter,  
The waves leapt and danced for joy.  
For behold! Christ has risen:  
New life breathed into us, though we too were dead.  
Rejoice! There is freedom on the cross!  
Christ died and rose to save us all.

Sunday still dawned,  
With an act of love beyond compare.  
He who died lifts us up still,  
No price too great for his children to save.  
For behold! Christ has risen:  
He in whom we can do all things lives again.  
Rejoice! We were lost, but now we are found!  
The greatest love,  
Poured down for us,  
Still stands unshaking.

### *About the author*

Abigail is an aspiring young author who writes poetry because her epic fantasy novel is somehow still not done despite the fact that she has been kind enough to gift it several thousand years of history. When she is not working on the aforementioned novel, she can be found reading, consuming as much chocolate as she can get her hands on, or wandering around the Shire. She has found that the best of friends are of the Hobbit variety.





# Spiritual Poll



We asked Scholé Academy to respond with a short reflection to: In Matthew 26:39, Jesus prays before his coming betrayal, arrest and crucifixion, "....My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as you will." Jesus models perfect submissiveness to the Lord's will in the face of his coming humiliation, torture and death. How does the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus Christ enable us to obey the Lord in times of hardship? How can we practically follow Jesus' example? What pieces of Scripture can encourage and challenge us to desire the will of the Lord?

Here are some of the responses -

Jesus is sorrowful about being on the cross, but he still trusts God to get him through it.

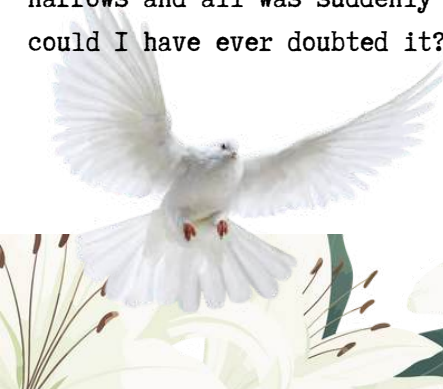
*-Braelynn W*


The crucifixion of Jesus enables us to obey Him, because he took the brunt of our sins and suffered for them as his own. We are forever indebted to him, and I think that should be something to motivate us to follow Him eagerly and willingly.

*-Jessica G.*

Jesus demonstrated to us the ultimate example of steadfastness in hardship, since He endured brutal sacrifice and took upon himself the judgement we deserve. Throughout all this, he stayed within the loving and merciful character of God. As Christian's we should seek to follow His example. Some ways we can practically apply this to our lives are finding goodness and encouraging others in the midst of trial. Jesus reassured the criminal hanging beside him even though they were both about to die. Even though it is unlikely that we will ever face such an extreme hardship as execution, we can still be there for our friends and family—and even our enemies—when we ourselves are hurting. And ultimately, when we experience hardship, we know that in the end, God has a higher, better life set out for us: a life with Him, forever in eternity. In *The Screwtape Letters* by C. S. Lewis, it says, "All horrors have followed the same course, getting worse and worse and forcing you into a kind of bottle-neck till, at the very moment when you thought you must be crushed, behold! you were out of the narrows and all was suddenly well [...] You die and die and then you are beyond death. How could I have ever doubted it?"

*-Kate B.*





I think in everyone's life there is suffering. Whether it is big or small, everyone has a cross to bear. What matters is how we bear it. Jesus knew suffering was ahead of Him. We know suffering is ahead of us. Jesus in His ever loving goodness, humility, and generosity showed us how to bear our crosses in the same way He bore His. Matthew 5:48 tells us to be perfect as our Heavenly father is perfect. When we are feeling weak and let down, we must strive for perfectness by taking up our crosses and relying on God for strength.

-Gianna S

Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection remind us that even in our hardest moments, God is at work for something greater. He didn't just suffer-- He overcame; and because of Him, we can too. His victory over death gives us the strength to trust that no pain is wasted, and no trial is meaningless, and that God's love will carry us through. When life feels overwhelming, we can follow Jesus' example by bringing our struggles to God in prayer, trusting His plan even when we don't understand, and choosing faith over fear, knowing that He is always with us. "Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go." (Joshua 1:9) "So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand." (Isaiah 41:10) "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight." (proverbs 3:5-6)

-Julia S

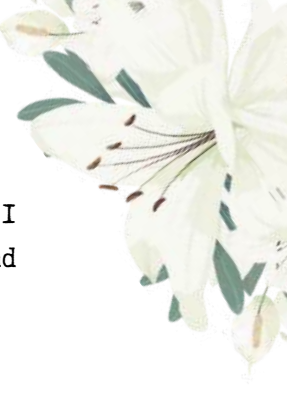
Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection is a great illustration of not only God's love but that there will be hard trials in our life that, once we overcome it, will be brighter on the other side. We can know that just as Jesus trusted and prayed to his father in his hardest moments, we too can do the same. When there is something that must be done or an obstacle that seems impossible to scale, we can turn to God and pray to him for help and he will enable us. Jeremiah 29: 11-14 can encourage and challenge us to desire God's will for our lives for he listens to our prayers and allows us to find him if only we seek him.

-Lilyann M.

Jesus knew that Judas was going to betray him- but he still died for our sins because He loves us.

-Dimitri P.





Jesus died for us, sacrificing his entire life, leaving behind his family and disciples. If I had the choice, I don't think that I would pick to do that. I can always look to him and find comfort in him. Philippians 4:13 said that He will be with me through everything.

*-Nathan B.*

Although in the moment our struggles may seem unbearable, we must remember that these are handcrafted GIFTS given to us from Jesus to purify us and make us like Him! The turning point for us is when we can look at those annoyances, burdens, and sufferings, and say, "Thank you Jesus." Keeping His perfect sacrifice at the forefront of our minds, especially as we approach Passiontide and Easter, will help us in that daily choice to pick up our crosses and follow Him. There is so much joy when we can recognize everything (whether it be joys or sorrows) as coming from the loving hand of God. If we want what God wants, then we always get what we want! "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light" (Matthew II:30).

*-Evelyn L.*

We're human; we automatically see hardship as something that pulls us back. We normally respond to fire with fire (giving that nasty math concept some serious procrastination), but we can't extinguish the flame by tossing in another spark. Christ's response to his impending suffering on the cross was to follow the will of His Father. We can imitate Him by accepting God's will, and realizing: He knows better than us. It's when we face trial that we earnestly seek God's love. We are taught by the world to give up suffering because it's impossible to overcome. Yet, the resurrection gave us hope; with trust in Jesus Christ, we can overcome the impossible. The world cannot deny that. Following God's will may look dirty and brutal, but it isn't the path we follow that we long for, but the destination. This Easter, seek the will of God and immerse yourself into gratitude for all the beauty that comes towards us; even if it comes at us from the darkest valleys. "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him..." Romans 8:28.

*-Elizabeth S.*








# *Our Massive Universe*

By: Ainsley V.B

We live on an earth that has over 2 million people in one country. In one small country. In a big country there are easily over 10 million. And there are many big countries. All we have known is life on this planet, and yet this planet is a small one compared to others. Our existence depends largely on the sun. And the sun is a tiny star, compared to most. Our earth is in a solar system full of planets, stars and moons. Our solar system is one of many in our galaxy. Our galaxy is one of many in the Universe. A universe full of stars, galaxies, nebulae, blackholes, planets, moons, and more that we haven't even discovered or imagined. Our world is just a blip. And this massive universe is expanding. Expanding into what? No one knows. So, you might be thinking, how can I make a difference? I, who am so small? Well guess what, you were big enough, important enough to be thought of by God, the creator of this massive universe. The Almighty God, who holds this massive universe and all that it is expanding into in the palm of his hand, cared enough about you to not only create and design your personality, but to die for you. He loved us humans on a tiny speck called earth, enough to sacrifice His life for us. To forgive those who offend him and endlessly accept them back through the Gates of His Divine Mercy, every time the lost come calling to Him, every time a sinner repents. So how can you change anything? Make any difference? By pleading to this Omnipresent, Omnipotent, and ever-loving God. By asking His Holy and Perfect Mother to intercede for us before the Throne of God on High. Only by prayer and the will of God can we accomplish anything. But, "be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord, your labor is not in vain." I Corinthians 15:58

## *About the author*

Hello! My name is Ainsley, I am 13 years old and in 8th grade. I am in my 3rd year with Scholastic, and I love it. I enjoy reading, writing, tea, and Lord of the Rings.



# Meet the Team!



*Isabella S., Head Designer*

Isabella is a vivacious, passionate, & energetic 11th grader. Her plans for senior year include learning everything about wedding photography and working for her dad in real estate. Her current pastimes include reading, drawing, creating vision boards and playing violin & photographing pretty much anything. Isabella's idea of a relaxing afternoon includes reading a novel by Ruta Sepetys & listening to Lindsey Stirling's music. She is not going to take any more Scholé classes (after six incredible years in which three were at the Chronicle) and is quite sad to be stepping down from her much-beloved position of Head Designer.



*Madeleine B., Head Editor*

Madeleine, who recently turned eighteen and is leaving Scholé Academy behind after a wonderful five years of study, has worked on the Chronicle team for three years. She loves research, reading, house chores, history podcasts, Loeb classics, and anything made from linen. Most notably this year she was able to wander about medieval Normandy in fourteenth century clothing she hand stitched herself, and discovered she now has begun to speak French with a Greek accent.



*Sarah S.*

Sarah is a 16-year-old sophomore and editor. An artist at heart, her favorite subjects to draw and paint include portraits of people and wildlife. She can often be found bowling, reading, playing with her three dogs, or writing stories and poetry whilst listening to classic 80s music.



*Nola H.*

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.



*Alitsa S.*

Alitsa is a spunky, sarcastic, slightly rebellious freshman. She's a writer, currently working on her first novella. You can find her watching Carolina Wrens build nests, reading middle-grade fiction, educating herself in the Marvel Cinematic Universe or just simply sitting and being. She values her "me time" and doesn't let her homework infiltrate upon that. Alitsa loves sleep, matcha lattes, and snowboarding. She strives to glorify her Father in all she does.



*Olivia H.*

A midwestern girl with southern roots, Olivia is a high school junior who enjoys most forms of writing and almost all books she's read. Chatting about Tolkien's works pertaining to Middle Earth, listening to soundtrack music (Hans Zimmer and John Williams!), and singing are what take up a good deal of her time. When she's not doing homework or playing soccer, she'll be creating yet another story plot to go along with the many already in her archives, or hanging out with family. This is her fourth year with Scholé and first with the Chronicle.



*Amaya W.*

Amaya W. is an eighteen year old dreamer, poet, and story-writer who loves ethereal words, the ocean, birdsong and flowers, and the simple joys of life. She enjoys dancing, drawing and jewelry making, and reading with a mug of coffee and jazz or classical music, as well as playing games with her family by the fire, discussing theology and philosophy, and reading her Bible. She also loves to play piano and is fascinated with history, the Japanese language, and anything Celtic or Medieval. This is Amaya's last year with the Scholé Chronicle and she has been delighted and honored to be a part of it.



*Genevieve S.*

Genevieve Saroni dwells in North Carolina, spending her days writing, composing music, and looking for anything and everything that could inspire her next novel. She adores notebooks, walking in all weather, and talking with friends. This is her sixth year at Scholé, and plans to take classes here all through high school, as well as avidly awaiting the next Chronicle to design.





*Chloe O.*

Chloe O. is 14 years old and has been with Scholé Academy for six years and the Chronicle for two. When she isn't reading novels or writing her own, you can find her crafting, practicing piano and guitar, exploring nature, writing poetry, practicing archery, and participating in local youth organizations. She looks forward to summer break!



*Abigail G.*

Abigail—a city girl living next to an Arboretum—is a curious, thoughtful, and witty 18-year-old. She loves to bake, knit, write on her typewriter, tell stories with her nieces and nephews, and learn languages. Most days, you'll find her walking in nature, playing with her cat, and asking Hamlet and Macbeth for time management advice. This is her final year on the Chronicle Design Team; working with her fellow Klutzy Monks has been a pleasure and a privilege.

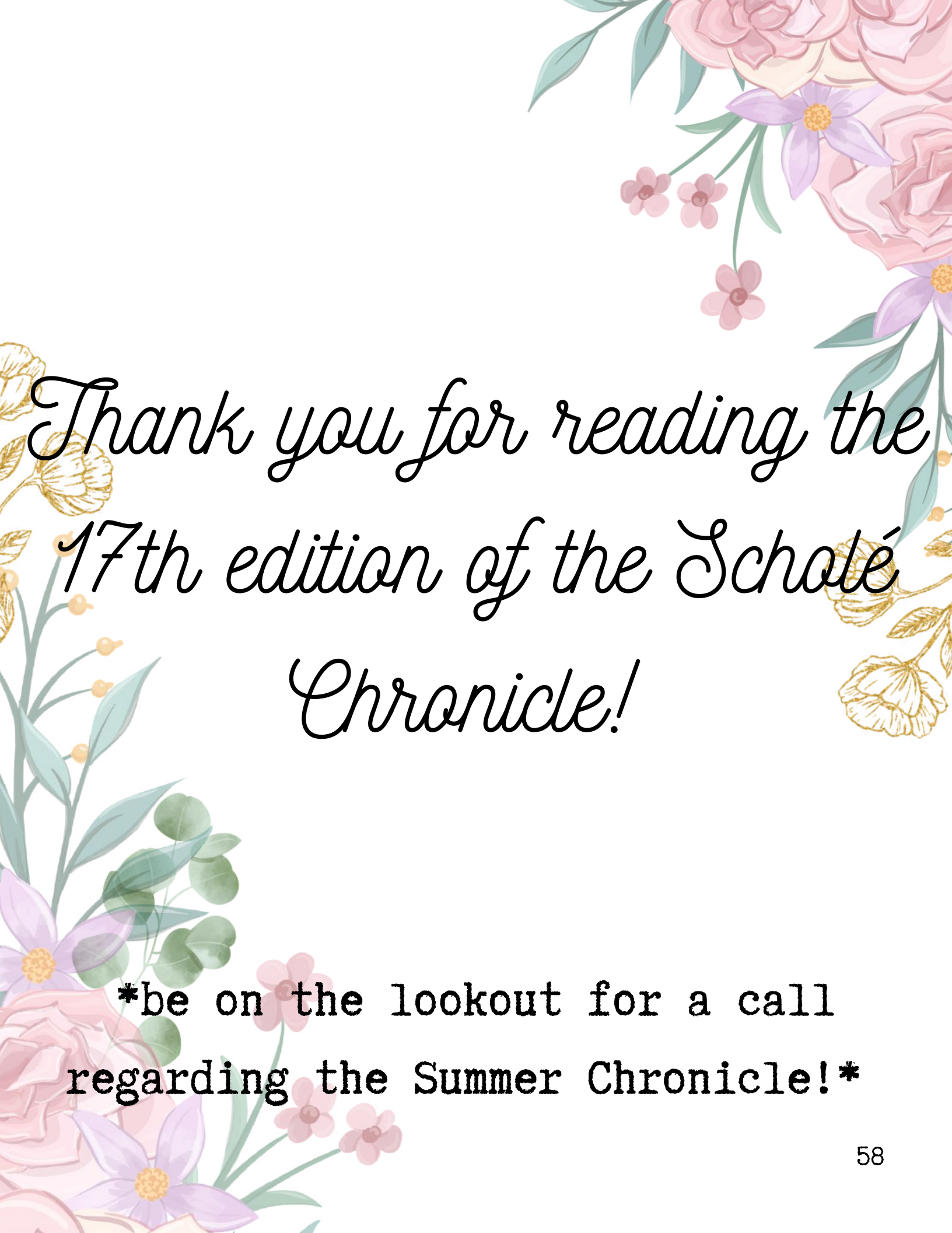
*Thank you to our team! Congratulations  
to our graduates - Amaya W., Abigail  
G., and Madeleine B! We've loved  
working with you all!*





*Scholé Chronicle Team '23- '25*





*Thank you for reading the  
17th edition of the Scholé  
Chronicle!*

**\*be on the lookout for a call  
regarding the Summer Chronicle!\***