



Scholé Academy

#20

The Scholé Chronicle



Within these pages you will find:

Seasonal Inspirations

Reflection on Artistry

Senior Spotlight

Table of Contents


Letter From the Editors.....	3
Arts & Entertainment.....	4
Commonplace Column.....	10
Seasonal Column.....	13
Senior Spotlight.....	34
Spiritual Column.....	39
Thematic Column.....	50
Meet The Team.....	66





Letter from the editors

This marks the twentieth issue of the Scholé Chronicle. Can you believe it? This edition holds some of our finest pieces yet. Many thanks to those who contributed their thoughts and wondrous works, both written and drawn, and many more to the Scholé Chronicle team who spent hours designing and editing said works.



This spring's Thematic column features the quote by Pablo Picasso: "Every child is born an artist. The trouble is how to stay an artist once we grow up." The creativity that came forth was incredible, and we can't wait for you all to read and feel elated with wonder and joy.

Finally, we'd like to congratulate the graduating class of 2026! Well done! May God bless you with joy and passion in all of your future endeavors.

Love and Blessings

Sarah & Genevieve



Arts

&

Entertainment

Photography

by Melrose

He makes all things
new. - Revelation 21:5



The grass withers, the flower
fades, but the word of our
God stands forever.
- Isaiah 40:8



God made the wild animals
according to their kinds, the
livestock according to their kinds,
and all the creatures that move
along the ground according to
their kinds. And God saw that it
was good. Genesis 1:25



About the Photographer

Hi! My name is Melrose and I am sixteen
years old. One of the things that brings me
joy is capturing the beauty of God's amazing
creation through my camera lens!

Photography

by Chloe O.



Desert Sunset



Art Work

by Mary Sophia L.



A Rendition of
"The Angelus"
(after Millet)

About the Author

Hi! My name is Mary Sophia, I am 15 and a freshman this year. I enjoy reading, writing, art, and spending time outdoors. This is my third year at Schole and I am so thankful for this wonderful academic experience!

Athena Monologue

by AnnaMaria.

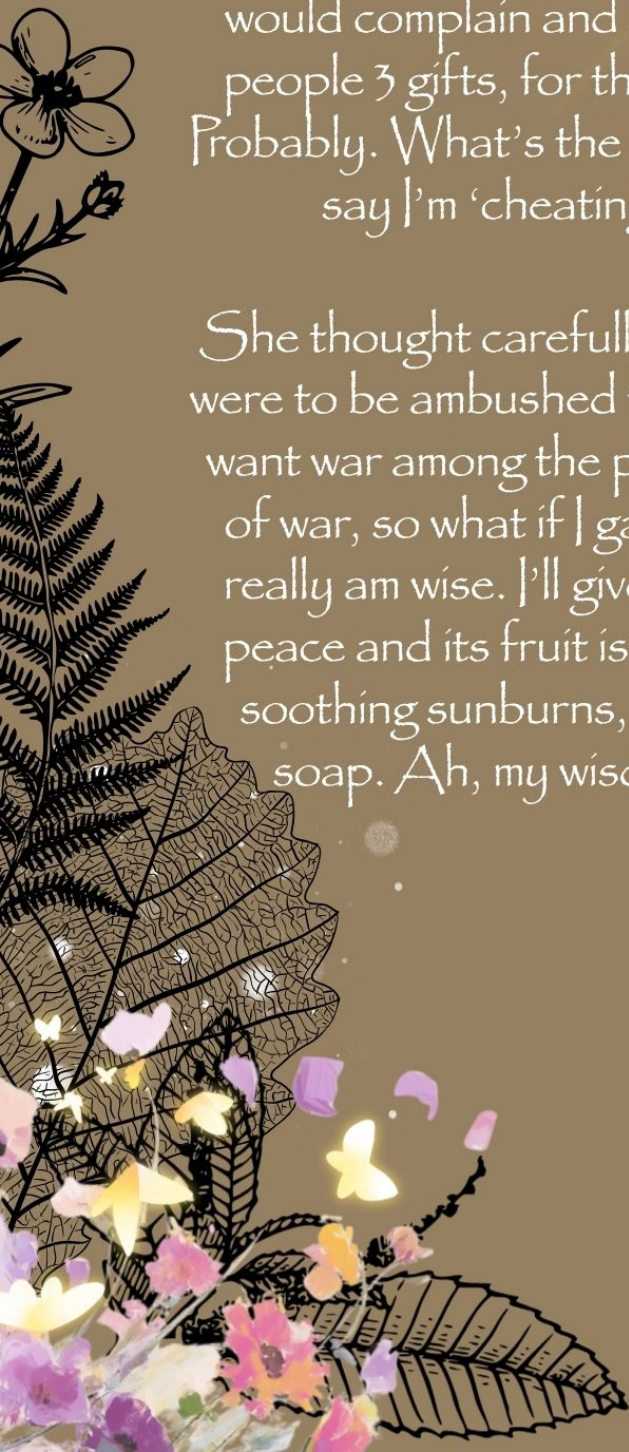


“Hmm,” thought Athena to herself, “I could give them tools so they can build things. Oh, but what about the women and children? I wonder if Poseidon would complain and be a whiny baby if I gave the people 3 gifts, for the men, women, and children. Probably. What’s the point in even trying if he’ll just say I’m ‘cheating’? Anyway, let’s see.”

She thought carefully, “I could give them weapons so that if they were to be ambushed they would be prepared. Oh no, I would not want war among the people. Weapons or war materials are a sign of war, so what if I gave them a sign of peace? I know! My, my, I really am wise. I’ll give them an olive tree! It is the perfect sign of peace and its fruit is yummy and its oil can be used for cooking, soothing sunburns, cleaning wounds, and even trying to make soap. Ah, my wisdom has led me to make yet another wise decision.”

About the Author

My name is AnnaMaria. I'm 10 years old and I am 1 out of 9 kids. My submission for the Schole Chronicle is my Athena monologue for my writing and rhetoric class with a picture to go with it. The picture shows Athena trying to decide what gift to give the people of the city in Acropolis so that she could name the city instead of Poseidon.



Athena vs Poseidon

by Emma.

Once there were two gods, Athena, goddess of wisdom, and Poseidon, god of the sea. Athena and Poseidon both knew that a small fortress town on top of a hill known as the Acropolis would someday be a famous city. Both gods wanted the honor of naming the town.

Athena said, "I want it to be named 'Athens' after myself." But Poseidon, on the other hand, exclaimed, "No way! I like the sound of my own name much better!" But Athena did not agree.

And the gods quarreled and argued and quarreled some more. At last they came up with a way to resolve their differences. They agreed to give gifts to the people of the town and allow them to decide which god would name the place. So Poseidon said, "I will create the horse and give that to the people to help plow their fields and to carry men into battle."

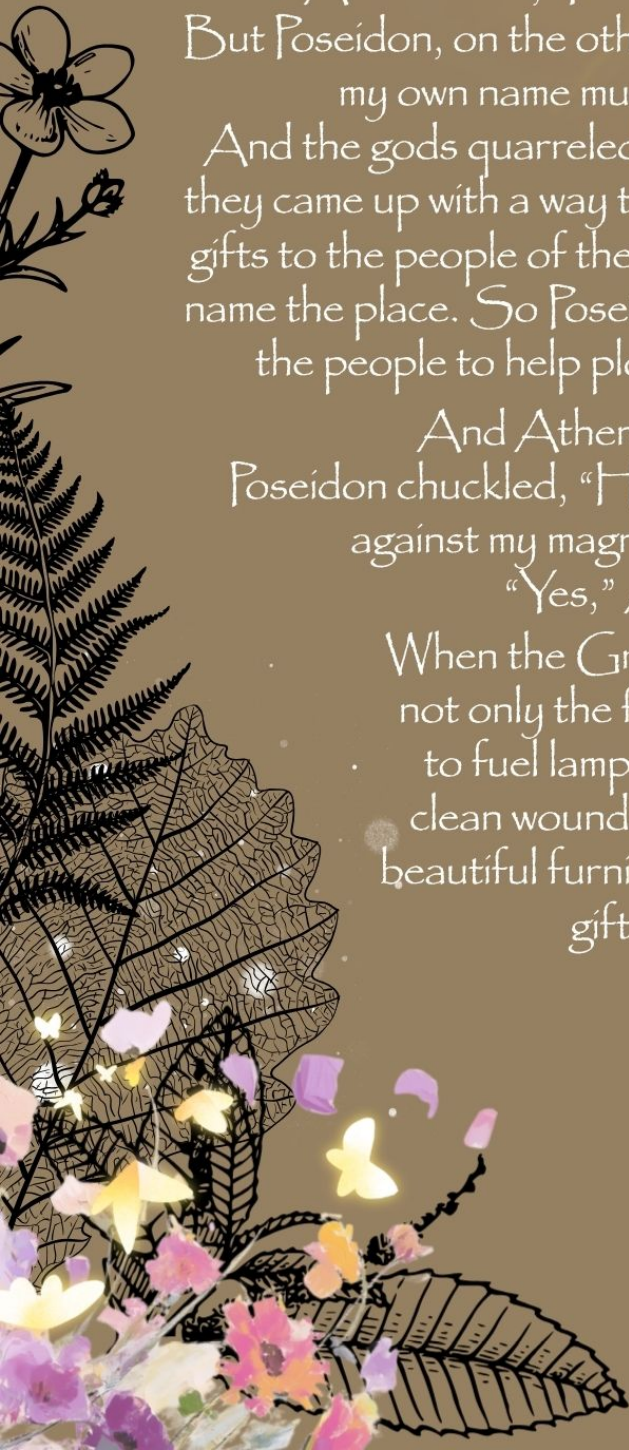
And Athena said, "I will create the olive tree." Poseidon chuckled, "Hah, do you think that a spindly tree would win against my magnificent, beautiful, and majestic horse?"

"Yes," Athena calmly replied, "I do."

When the Greeks ate the fruit they found it was delicious – not only the fruit, but its oil as well. Olive oil could be used to fuel lamps, to make soap, to soothe sunburns, and to clean wounds. The wood of the tree could be carved into beautiful furniture. In the end the people voted for Athena's gift and the city was known as Athens.

About the Author

Hi, my name is Emma and I am in 4th grade and I am 9 years old. I like to read, ride horses, and play make believe with my sister. This is my 1st year at Scole and this is my 2nd submission to the Scole Chronicle. My favorite classes are Literature and Nature Study.





*Commonplace
Column*





Reflections

By Marie V.




"Loneliness does not come from having no people around, but from being unable to communicate the things that seem important to oneself."

— Carl Jung

This emphasizes that true loneliness is the inability to express or communicate your thoughts and feelings that are important to you. It shows the importance of meaningful connections and understanding in relationships. Even if you are surrounded by people, if you can't share or connect on a deeper level, you may still feel alone.

"We can appear to be tough as nails, but guys have a level of insecurity and vulnerability that's exponentially bigger than you think."

— John Krasinski




While men may project a tough exterior, they often struggle with deeper feelings of insecurity and vulnerability. It emphasizes that beneath the strong, confident façade, many men have emotional challenges that are much more significant than people might realize. Essentially, it's a reminder to consider the complexities of emotional experiences, especially in men, who may feel pressure to appear strong and stoic.

"He that has revenge in his power, and does not use it, is the greater man."

— Thomas Fuller

This shows that true strength and greatness lie in the ability to restrain yourself from seeking revenge when you have the opportunity to do so. It implies that choosing not to act on feelings of anger or the desire for retribution shows a higher moral character and self-control. Essentially, someone who can forgive or hold back from taking revenge despite having the power to do so is considered to have a greater sense of dignity and humanity.





"To be loved is to be fortunate, but to be hated is to achieve distinction."

— Winston Churchill

The contrasting experiences of love and hate. To be loved suggests you have good fortune—people appreciate and value you. On the other hand, being hated can set you apart, giving you a certain level of distinction or notoriety. It implies that while love is a desirable state that many seek, being hated can mean that you have strong convictions or have taken bold stances that provoke strong reactions. Overall, the quote highlights how both love and hate can define a person's experience in life, each in its own way.

The cure for a broken heart is simple, my lady. A hot bath and a good night's sleep."
— Margaret George

Healing from deep emotional pain, like a broken heart, is often found in the simple things we do to take care of ourselves. Imagine soaking in a hot bath—it's like a cozy escape where your mind can finally relax. Getting good sleep also helps because it's like a reset button for your feelings, letting you know that you can find peace again. This journey shows how important it is to look after ourselves while we heal, reminding us that the best solutions are often the easy, loving things we can do every day to acknowledge our strength and kindness.

About the Author

Hey! I'm Marie V, a 17-year-old theater kid who's super bubbly and full of energy! I love being on stage because it's the best place to be myself and have fun. I work hard and always try to learn new things. When I'm not acting, you'll find me hanging out with friends, sipping boba, and writing little stories. I'm all about good vibes, hard work, and having fun. Can't wait to see where my bubbly spirit takes me next!





*Seasonal
Column*

Lemon Curd Cookies

By Reagan

These cookies are so perfect for springtime. Whether you're hosting a tea party or just hanging around at home, these light and tangy treats are a wonderful bake!

Ingredients:

2 cups all-purpose flour

Pinch kosher salt

1 cup unsalted butter

½ cup granulated sugar

2 teaspoons lemon zest

1 tablespoon lemon juice

2 egg yolks

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

¾ cup lemon curd

¼ cup confectioners sugar

Lemon Curd Cookies

Instructions:

1. In a medium bowl, combine the flour and the salt and set aside.
2. Add the butter, sugar, lemon juice, and lemon zest to a large mixing bowl and mix with a stand mixer or a hand mixer on high speed until light and fluffy: about three minutes. Add in the egg yolks and vanilla extract and mix on high until combined.
3. Add the flour and stir until combined, mixing with your hands if needed.
4. Form the dough into a ball, wrap it in plastic wrap, and chill for about one hour.
5. Preheat your oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit.
6. Line a baking sheet with parchment paper and make about 36 one-inch balls with your dough.

Lemon Curd Cookies

7. Space your dough balls evenly on your baking tray and flatten them slightly with your hand. Use a rounded teaspoon or your thumb to make a small well in the middle of each ball. Fill each cookie with about a teaspoon of lemon curd.

8. Bake for about 10-12 minutes or until the bottoms are just starting to brown.
9. Remove the cookies from the baking sheet and allow to completely cool.
10. Use a fine mesh sieve to sprinkle the cookies with confectioners sugar.
- If you need to pack and store your cookies, the best way to do so is in an airtight container between sheets of wax paper.

Bio

My name is Reagan. I'm 14 years old and I'm in 8th grade. I love to bake, do musical theater, read books, and write stories. One day, I want to become a Christian Broadway actress. I hope you love this recipe as much as I do!

Spring Bugs

By Lenna O.



The Sun Rises Up

By Gabrielle M.

The sun rises up,
the birds sing so sweetly.
The clouds part away,
the animals wake.

The bear finds some berries,
the fox steals some eggs.
Picnic season is here,
leaving crumbs for the ant.

The air is so crisp,
sweet and silent.
The spring flowers wave,
so carefree and wild.

The tulips and roses,
the lilies and daisies.
The butterflies soar,
and bees zip around.



The children will run,
chasing after the birds.
The winter will fade,
the snow will blow far.



The sun melts the snow,
and makes the ice drip.
Every animal is awake,
Spring has begun.

Bio

Gabrielle M. is thirteen years old and in seventh grade. She enjoys sewing, reading, and writing short stories and poems.



Journey to the Setting Sun

By Nikiya P



Bio

This piece of artwork is titled "Journey to the Setting Sun". It is done in pastel by Nikiya P.

The Story of Leo and Luna

By Maristella W.

Once upon a time there lived a little leaf named Leo. Leo loved to sing; he sang to the birds and to the bugs and to a very special leaf named Luna, but now he didn't sing. He made all sorts of songs but never shared them with anyone. When he did he was laughed at and teased. He did not sing any more, not if someone was watching. One very particular evening, Leo was singing at sunset. He was feeling sad so he sang a sad song. Luna had been floating by when she heard his song. She stopped to listen and this is what he sang:

**Go sun, it's time for you to go, I wish you could stay but it's time to go away
You must sink below to show all how you rise, come back soon, come back
soon**

Sun, oh sun, you leave me here all alone

In the dark moonless sky, come back soon sun, oh sun come back

As Leo sang, Luna spoke up. "That sounds beautiful."

Leo jumped and turned to see Luna. "You really think so?" he asked.

"Of course I do! Why don't you sing anymore?" Luna responded.

"How do you know I used to sing??" he asked with a worried look on his face.

"I heard you... I heard you sing about the birds and bugs and ... and ... me."

Luna said the last bit so quietly Leo had to take a step closer. "When everyone teased you I tried to find you, but you disappeared. Where did you go?" Luna asked sadly.

"I came here to sing every night. I still sing but not in front of people," Leo responded.

"Can you sing another song?" Luna asked.

Leo turned, took a deep breath, and sang in the most beautiful voice Luna had heard

**Oh how do the waves crash on the sand? How do the ants carry their load and
I can't carry mine?**

**Oh how do birds build nests? How does the wind blow trees down? Why does
everything around me work but not me?**

**Oh how do the waves crash on the sand? How do the ants carry their load when I
can't carry mine?**

**Till you come and find me I will wonder why and why you can't save me then
there you are Luna moon I see you over head and I am saved**

**Why do the waves crash on the sand? Why do ants carry their load because all is
well with them and with me**

Leo held the last note a little longer and when he turned Luna was standing there taken aback.

“That... that was beautiful Leo. Would you sing another one?? A happy one?” There was silence for a minute. “Please?” Luna whispered.

Leo glanced down the road to make sure no one was approaching. Then he turned to Luna and began:

**As the stars fill the sky all I can think about is when the moon comes out and
shines in its surreal glory oh oh oh oh**

Its surreal glory

**Then the sun comes up and the birds fill the skies singing their songs as I sing
mine then all I can think about is when**

**The stars fill the sky and when the moon comes out and shines in its surreal
glory oh oh oh oh**

Its surreal glory

**Then you oh Luna you fill my skies you make me happy oh Luna won't you sing
with me**

Luna gasped and with watery eyes joined in on the chorus:

**The stars fill the sky and when the moon comes out and shines in its surreal
glory oh oh oh oh**

Its surreal glory

Years later they married. Leo started singing again and Luna joined in. Now they had three kids who loved to sing as well.

“Daddy, won't you sing to me?” squeaked the little leaf.

“Daddy! Daaaady!” shrilled the second little leaf.

“Sing, Dad! Sing!” yelled the third little leaf.

Smiling, Leo turned and kissed each of his children. “Yes, I will sing to you my little leaves,” Leo whispered affectionately.

Leo sat for a moment trying to decide what song to sing, as the little leaves squirmed restlessly. Before Leo could begin, Luna walked in and smiled. His heart bursting with love at the sight of his beautiful wife, Leo stood and swept her in a circle before gently placing her back down.

Laughing, Luna told the children, "Now my little leaves, after your father sings to you, it is time for bed. Understood?"

"YES MAMA!" shrilled three young voices.

Luna settled down with her young leaves as Leo began to sing. No longer did Leo fear rejection, his voice was full of assured peace, and this is what he sang:

**Now little leaves one two three sing with me
Twirl and spin jump and leap its time to sing with me
Here we go**

Ants carry lots. Waves carry little and we are a family, together forever, your children and grandchildren will sing with you so

Now little leaves one two three sing with me

At that moment three little shrill voices joined in:

TWIRL AND SPIN JUMP AND LEAP ITS TIME TO SING WITH ME!

When the song ended all of the little leaves started giggling. "Ok ok time for bed," said Luna.

"OK MAMA!" Lilly, Luka, and Lander squealed as they jumped up and ran to bed.

As Luna walked away she said, "Oh Leo really?"

"What??" Leo asked.

"You were supposed to be putting them to bed."

Leo ran over to his wife and hugged her while whispering in her ear, "I love you."

The End

Bio

Hello all, peace and good. My name is Maristella (Maris-tella).

I am 12 years old and in sixth grade and I have four siblings. I love reading, writing, drawing, and acting. I am currently only in one Schole class but I hope to be in more. God bless.

P.S. Peace and good is how the Fransicans greet each other.

A Texas Spring

By Noah B.

Covered pasture and burdened trees,
Resting still in smothered repose.
Sun sets early and warmth flees,
None can triumph over the cold snows.
Oh! What is this terrible thing?
It is just the prelude of a Texas spring.

The sun rises again, higher and higher,
Giving courage to clouds in their skyward rush.
Soon they send down great bolts of fire,
Warm deluges follow to make the gutter gush.
Oh! What are these chaotic things?
Nothing but the melodies of a Texas spring.

Moments before, the lands silent and
still,
Next they leap up with a sudden thrill,
Swelling up with the sound of thunder,
Roused with the heavens and torn
asunder.
Oh! What is this quick-changing thing?
It is just the complexity of a Texas
spring.

End of a Cold Day

By Noah B.



Sunset on the Aftermath of a Snowstorm

By Noah B.



Bio

My name is Noah, I live on a farm in Texas, and I enjoy photography, flying, and outdoor activities.

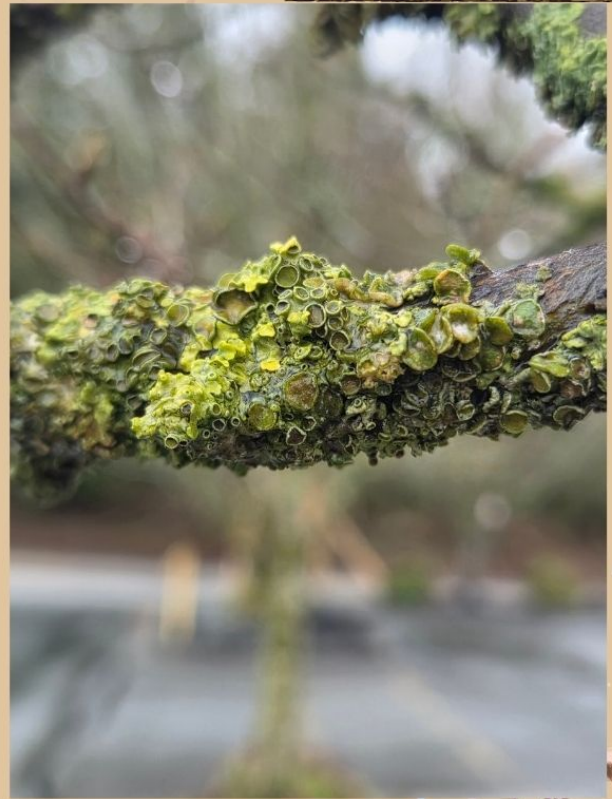
Consumed By Peace

By Gretchen D.



Lichen

By Madeline V.B.



Bio

Hello! I am Madeline, and I live in B.C., Canada. I took these photos on a scavenger hunt with my brother, because I find lichens quite fascinating, and great photo material. I am 15 years old and have been with Schol Academy for 5 years.

Lichen Essay

By Elijah V.B.

Lichen is very interesting; it only grows when bacteria and fungus team up. The fungus provides shelter and the water, and the bacteria—using photosynthesis—makes the energy from the sun into food for the fungus. Lichen usually grows on dead, porous surfaces like wood or rocks. Lichen grows on every continent, even in Antarctica. There are thousands of different types of lichen. Maybe you can go outside and see how many lichen species you can find, because you would be surprised how common they are.

Bio

Hello! I am Elijah, and I live in B.C., Canada, along with my 3 siblings. This is an essay on the interesting facts of lichen. I am 10 years old and I love to play outside.

Ambivalence

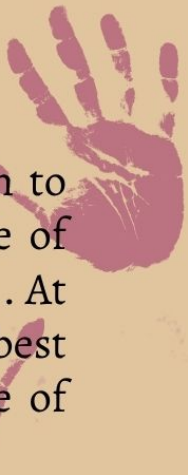
By Braelynn W.

Allan Ward sat in his living room on March 17th, 1946. The brown armchair was torn, patched up in places with various colors and prints, while the would-be plain rug had the same effect. Paintings were on the walls from memories of a better time, some half finished sketches of the town, and some watercolors of nature. The piano sat in the corner of the room by the old stone fireplace, the cushioned seat in much better shape than everything else in the room.

If you had gone into that room on that day, you would have thought the world was beautiful, albeit messy, but peaceful. However, the truth was not as simple, for the rest of the world sat in blissful harmony, but to Allan, he thought he could never find peace again.

Allan stared into the distance, reminiscing on past events, before the war. He had only been 21 when he joined, an old age for some, but he had never truly known hardship before. Allan had been an artist. Not only that, but he was a musician.

He didn't want to work for the government and paint their commissions, no matter how good the pay was, nor did he care to use his talent to paint dreary scenes of injustice like so many others. No, Allan wanted to paint freedom; freedom with colors and beauty, and the wonders of nature and everyday life.



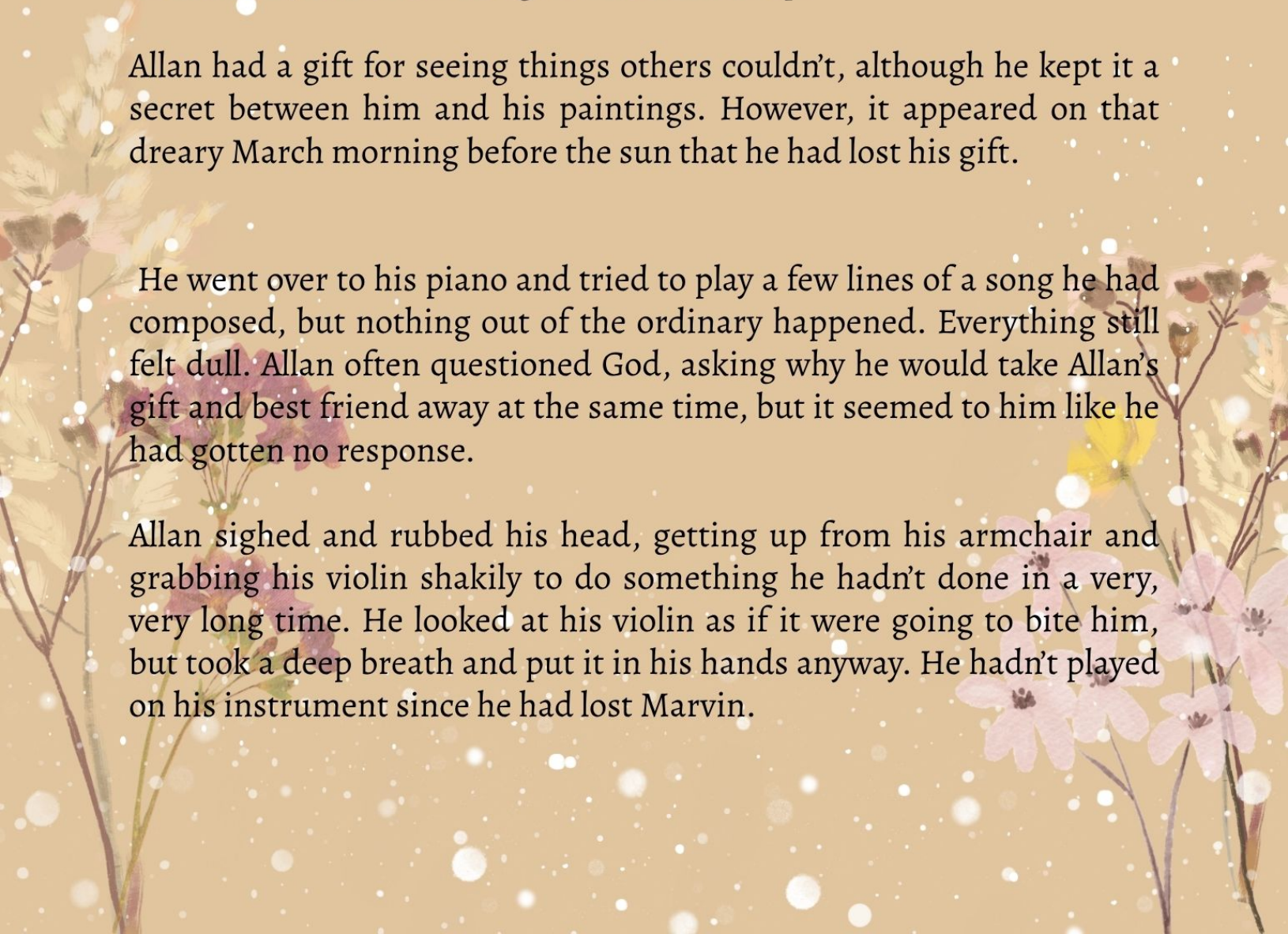
Even when Allan had enlisted, he had brought his violin with him to cheer up the other soldiers. He had never lost his childlike sense of wonder during all the fighting and joking around with his friends... At least not until the battle when he lost Marvin. Marvin had been his best friend during the war, and when he had died... Allan lost a piece of himself.

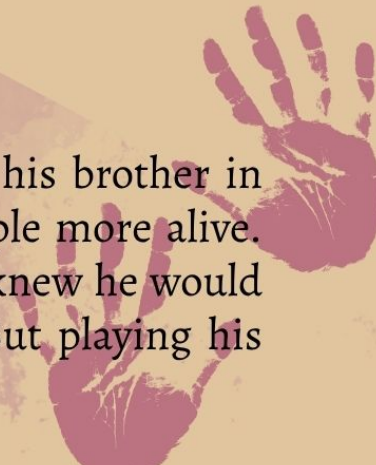
When Allan had come back to his little cottage in September of the year prior, everything vibrant about his simple life had just become dull, stagnant, and ordinary. He missed the thrill of an idea, the beauty of God's creation around him, and the simple village drama that always cheered him up. Not even old Farmer Miller getting stuck upside down in a hole in his attic, something the farmer still insisted was intentional, had been enough to cheer Allan up.

Allan had a gift for seeing things others couldn't, although he kept it a secret between him and his paintings. However, it appeared on that dreary March morning before the sun that he had lost his gift.

He went over to his piano and tried to play a few lines of a song he had composed, but nothing out of the ordinary happened. Everything still felt dull. Allan often questioned God, asking why he would take Allan's gift and best friend away at the same time, but it seemed to him like he had gotten no response.

Allan sighed and rubbed his head, getting up from his armchair and grabbing his violin shakily to do something he hadn't done in a very, very long time. He looked at his violin as if it were going to bite him, but took a deep breath and put it in his hands anyway. He hadn't played on his instrument since he had lost Marvin.






There was something about playing a string duet with his brother in arms that just made the war seem distant and the people more alive. And that's what he was to Allan: a brother. However, he knew he would never hear the resonant tone of Marvin's cello again. But playing his violin without Marvin wasn't all Allan was going to do.

Allan stepped outside the door of his cottage, violin in hand, and went out into the woods of his backyard. The woods were a vibrant green, and the first of the wildflowers were starting to bloom, but Allan barely saw them as more than a muted color. He went deeper into the woods, into the clearing where he had spent so many hours of his young life, and sat down, putting the violin against a tree.

He looked around, wishing and pleading for the vibrancy to come back, but it never did. Then Allan knelt and started to pray. It was a short and simple prayer, but the tears in his closed eyes and the disorderliness of his whole appearance conveyed more than words ever could.

“God... please bring the colors back. Please.” At that, Allan stood up, went back over to the tree, and brought his violin to his chin. He didn't play any modern or classical composers. He didn't even play any of his compositions. He played his life. Every slur was the flow of time, every trill the blissfulness of peace, every crescendo the wave of emotions that rocked him to his very core, and every flying scale the absurdity of age.

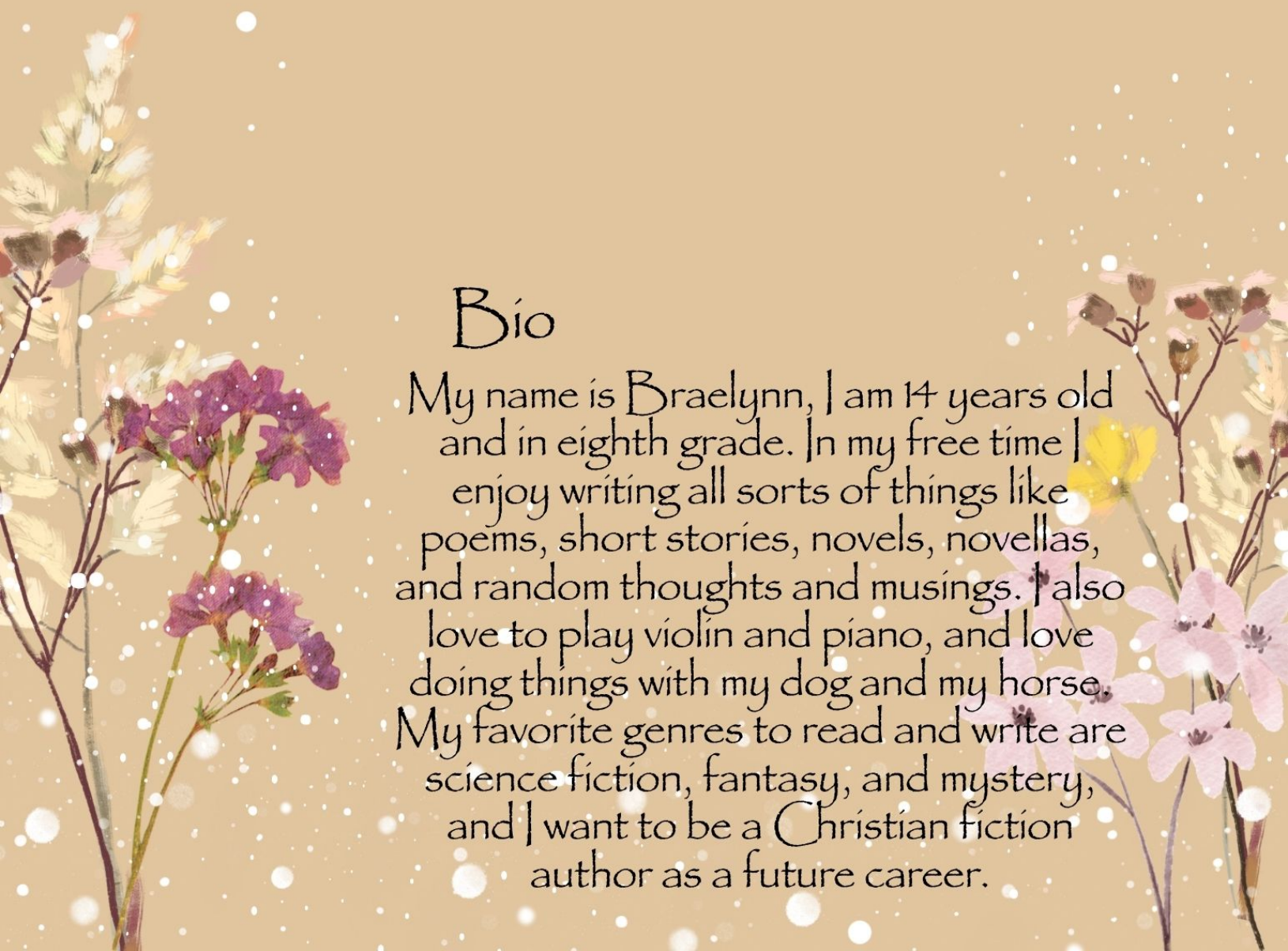
“God... please bring the colors back. Please.” At that, Allan stood up, went back over to the tree, and brought his violin to his chin. He didn't play any modern or classical composers. He didn't even play any of his compositions. He played his life. Every slur was the flow of time, every trill the blissfulness of peace, every crescendo the wave of emotions that rocked him to his very core, and every flying scale the absurdity of age.



Allan's eyes were shut the whole time, and tears streamed down his face. He was scared to open his eyes for fear nothing would change. But then he heard the voice of a friend that was no longer alive, saying "Was I ever afraid?" Then Allan took a deep breath, opened his eyes, and there was color. The green of the boughs seemed light, the flowers a vibrant rainbow, and even the brown dirt seemed bursting with life. Allan cried again, but this time, tears of joy. But that wasn't even all.

Swirling against the wind, meandering with nature, were more colors, the colors of music. Allan kept playing for quite some time before he put his violin down, looked one last time at the woods, and went back inside. He had hope, but he also had his synesthesia.

Bio



My name is Braelynn, I am 14 years old and in eighth grade. In my free time I enjoy writing all sorts of things like poems, short stories, novels, novellas, and random thoughts and musings. I also love to play violin and piano, and love doing things with my dog and my horse. My favorite genres to read and write are science fiction, fantasy, and mystery, and I want to be a Christian fiction author as a future career.



Senior

Spotlight



Olivia H.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

Currently, Elmhurst University with a double major in Nursing and English with a minor in Spanish! Subject to change, of course :)

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

I'm not sure one particular memory stands out, but there are a few small moments that I can picture! One was making piña collladas in Florida for Spanish class. The

other time was in my chemistry class, when I was one out of three students. The other two got sick, so I came to class and essentially got an hour-long session of tutoring!

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate!

Oh, all of my classes were fun. The smaller ones were definitely interesting, since participation was a must, but the larger ones were intriguing as well. I especially enjoyed the science classes, when I got to complete experiments alongside my classmates.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love writing and reading, as well as listening to music and curating playlists on Spotify. I also enjoy playing soccer and talking/watching/reading all things ice hockey (NHL).

Is there anything encouraging or insightful you would like to share from your education journey?

It may sound cliché, but the years truly do go by fast. When you start your journey, you're almost always ready to be done with it: as soon as you're a freshman, you're looking ahead to your senior year. Take time to enjoy the journey, and don't be afraid to reach out to your teachers for office hours or extra questions! Also, studying more does actually help, especially in subjects that are memory-based, such as vocab memorisation for language classes, or term memorisation for science classes.



Timothy C.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

Special Music School, music.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

Christmas Pirate Day, where we got to do all sorts of backgrounds and put on costumes..

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate!

Writing and Rhetoric, I am fond of the ability to persuade.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

Watching movies, singing, drawing, writing, and swimming.



Anonymous

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

Oregon State- Accounting (online degree)

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

I have so many great memories, its hard to choose which one is my favorite, from Bug the Cat unplugging the wi-fi in Magistra Reeves' class, to playing Kahoots in Magister K's class I have so many memories in my years of latin at Scholé which have been some of my favorite classes. I think my favorite memory is of helping and being helped by my peers in subjects that we struggle with. I have met some amazing people through working on homework together, and I am still friends with so many to this day. It's amazing how much laughter can be integrated with learning. Laughter really makes learning easier!

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate!

Anything with Magister K!! While Latin is not my favorite subject, Magister K really helped me to find the beauty in Latin, and enjoy learning Latin! Thank you Magister K!!

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I enjoy spending time with my pets, reading, listening to music and exploring the great outdoors with my family.

Is there anything encouraging or insightful you would like to share from your education journey?

While it might sound really cliché, enjoy the time now. The college classes I have taken up till this point have been a lot more mundane. I really miss the discussions that happen in many Scholé classes, and the community style of learning. It is very hard to find this same environment at a college.

Owen F.

Where are you headed next & what will you study?

I'm headed to Harding University to study mechanical engineering.

Favorite Scholé Memory? Briefly elaborate!

In one of my classes, one of the students was being a little witty with his responses in a discussion, and so he and the teacher got into a roast battle. I'll never forget that class.

Favorite Scholé class? Briefly elaborate!

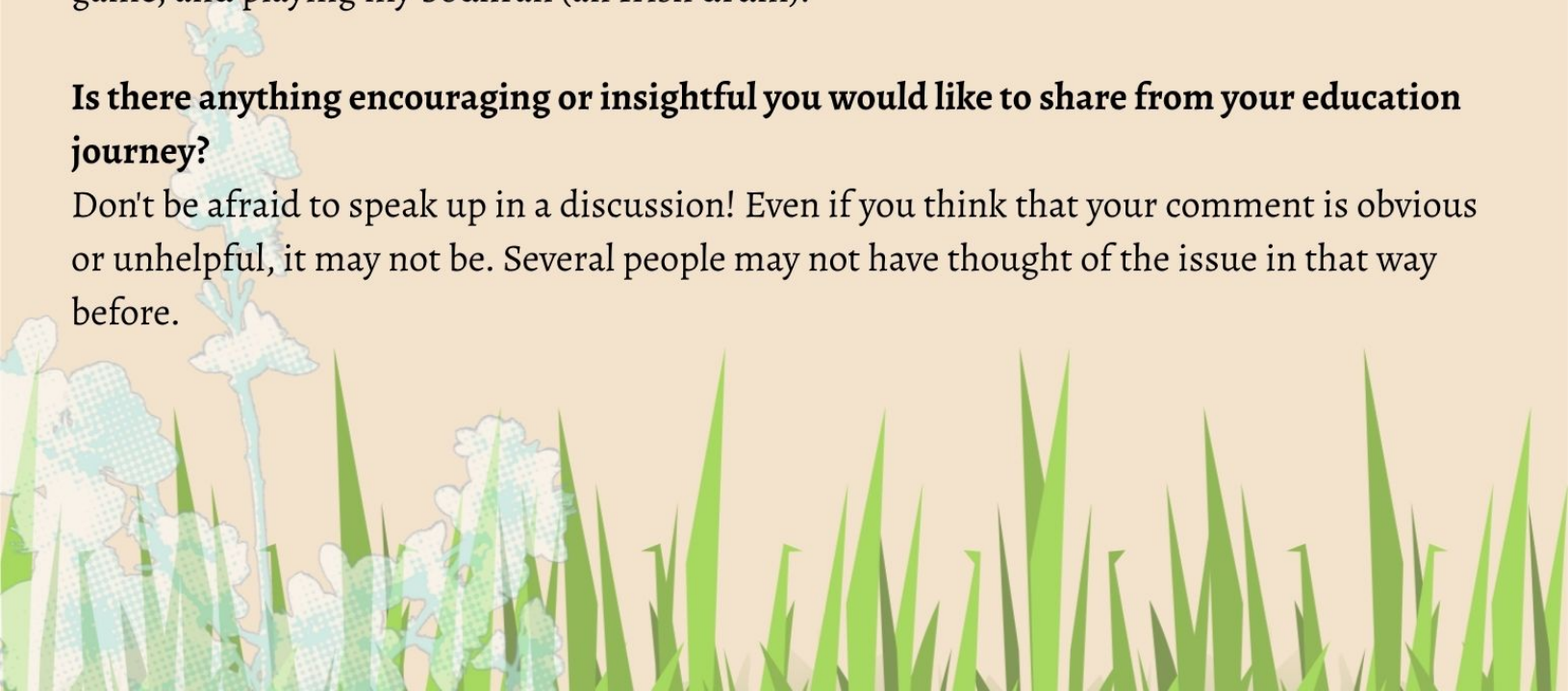
My favorite class was Rhetoric with Mrs. Shaltanis. The way that she taught, with so much discussion in class and without an overwhelming amount of homework, was so refreshing.

What are a few hobbies/interests you have?

I love reading, exploring the Ozark Mountains around my home, playing any sort of analog game, and playing my bodhran (an Irish drum).

Is there anything encouraging or insightful you would like to share from your education journey?

Don't be afraid to speak up in a discussion! Even if you think that your comment is obvious or unhelpful, it may not be. Several people may not have thought of the issue in that way before.



A decorative border of various flowers and petals surrounds the central text. The top-left corner features thin black branches with small pink buds. The top-right corner is filled with a dense cluster of colorful flowers in shades of pink, orange, and yellow. The bottom-left corner shows a large, vibrant bouquet of flowers in pink, orange, and white. The bottom-right corner has thin black branches with small pink buds, mirroring the top-left corner. Scattered pink petals are also visible in the center and bottom areas.

*Spiritual
Column*



Weak and Weary

by Genevieve S.

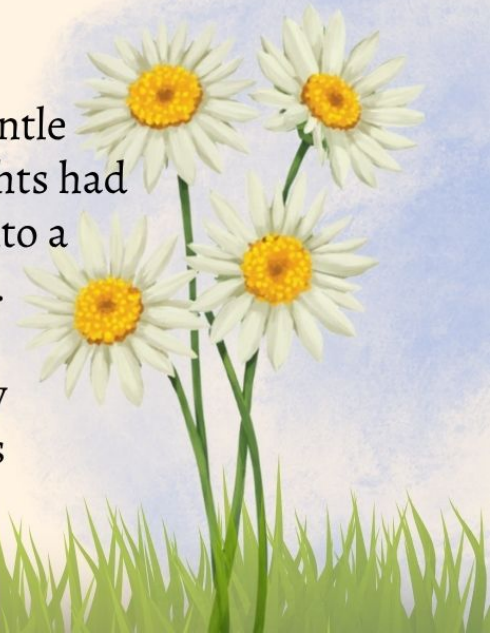
It was beneath the sky of mid autumn's eve that the haggard man came. His hands were bare and callused and scarred from toil he spoke naught of, with hair hanging like roots about his face. And his eyes were far within their sockets, graves for what had once been such lively lanterns.

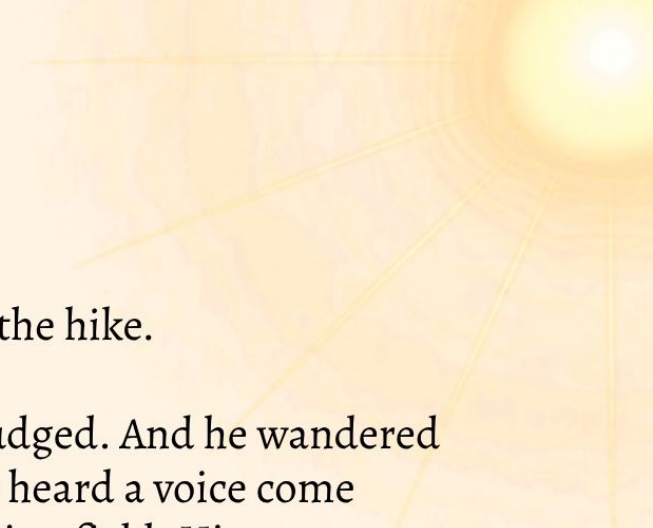
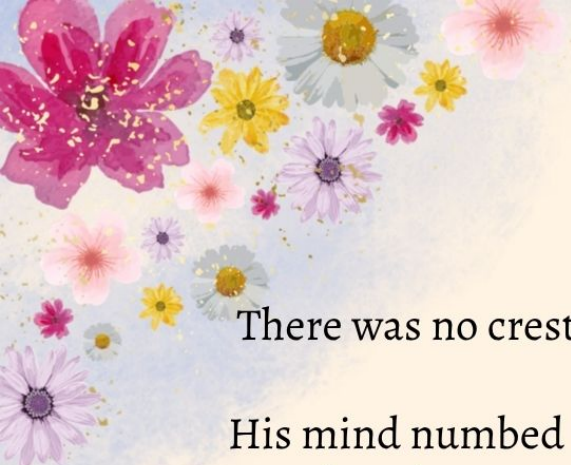
Upon his back was a battered shield which had once borne the name of himself but was branded with his master's: Rector Umbrae. At his side the man carried nothing but a tattered scabbard, it was burned and flayed, as if human skin, and beneath could be seen blood.

He staggered with a burden on his shoulders, invisible to the eye but felt by all, and a shadow followed him. A guilt. A deed. One that was bound to his flesh, latched to him like a leech. The meadow he strode through was of wasting wild flowers and lost saplings. Their seeds had been planted far from their mothers by the careful hands of the wind. He plucked at the wilting petaled heads. Pulled roughly at the goldening grass. And he dropped grass. And he dropped them again, pondering: the Spring was of life and that all life came from its roots far beneath the earth. But he wondered. Wondered if it really was just a myth.

Soon the meadow ended and the forest began, a gentle swelling of trees and before the dancing midnight lights had risen to their peak, there was before him a pass, up into a mountain he did not remember seeing from the field.

But he entered. The steps were slippery, cut roughly into the rock, and the walls were tight so that at times he only barely scraped through.





There was no crest for a time. No end to the hike.

His mind numbed to thought. And he trudged. And he wandered up, weak and weary. It came to pass that he heard a voice come drifting through the trees and across the dying field. His master calling.

It followed like a snake. A hissing in his ears. A ringing. But the man pressed on.

At another time his foot faltered and he felt the cold slippery hand upon his shoulder. *“Come down, you shameful creature.”*

The air was thin, the rocks spattered with his blood. He knew he was a shameful creature. He knew it very well. The only words he’d heard since birth were those. Of his disgrace. Of his lust. Of his pride. Of his hate.



“The Great Deus sees no creatures with the likes of you.”

The man’s foot slipped again, gripping the rocks till his knuckles bled.

And far below he saw something. A man but crooked and bent, with one glowing eye on its forehead. Like a bead of blood riddled with rot.

“I won’t come down.” His voice trembled. The ground shook.





“Then I’ll come get you.”

It started coming, slowly at first, that red eye fixed on him. But it came faster, until the distance began to close in leaps and bounds. All the air rushed from that crag in the rock. With a cry, the man turned and ran. The shield upon his back being torn loose and clattering back down the slippery stairs. Cuts over his arms and back and sides burned as cold air rushed over him. A little light was at the top of the stairs. Far above.

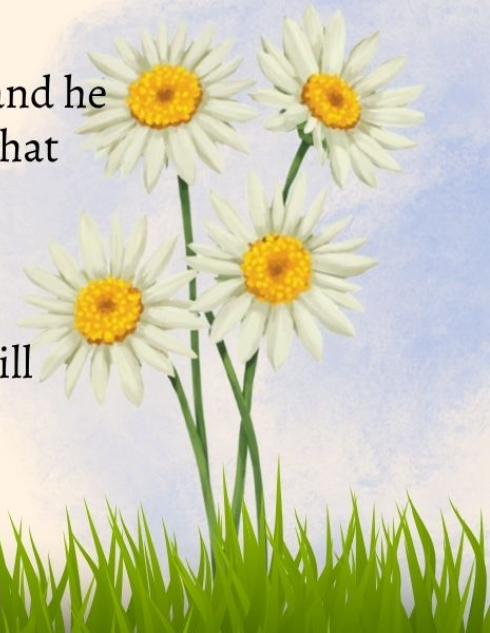
But suppose it was a myth that there was no Spring of Life and no life flowed from it. Suppose it was all a lie. That this was all a dream. That he would wake up in his bed in his city and dawn his red robe and walk in the banquets and feasts laughing and drinking. Feeling empty. Rotten. Broken.

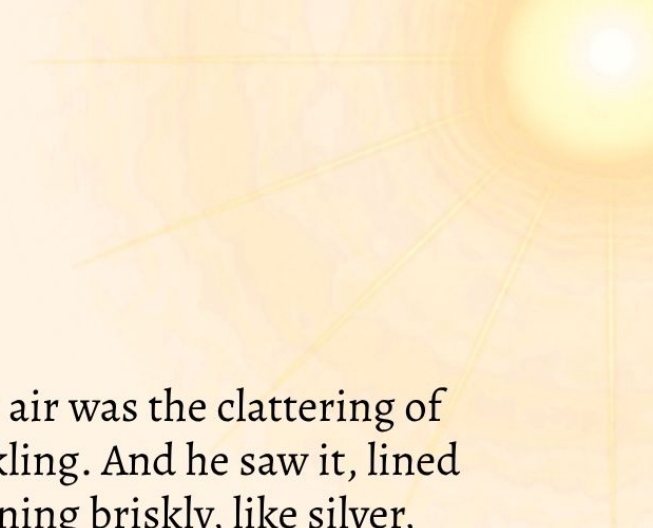
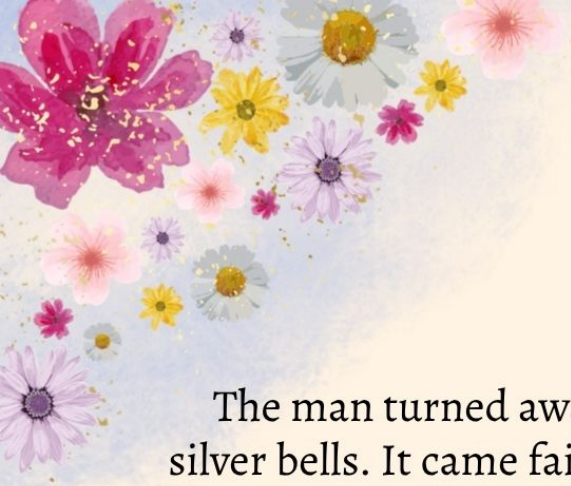
He was at the doorway, the creature swarming up and over like a wave.

But it was as he stepped over the threshold, upon the moss, that the creature reeled in horror. Its tendrils and fingers are trying to extend beyond the terrible rock.

As the pounding of his heart faded from his ears and he looked upon his master, a soft awe came over him. What Spring could cause such magic?

A trapped beast, the shadow raged and seethed, seeming to pace and simmer down, still watching. Still waiting.





The man turned away. Gently through the air was the clattering of silver bells. It came faintly. A trickling, a tinkling. And he saw it, lined by snowdrops, and roses with its waters running briskly, like silver, was the stream. The rock beneath its path was lined with gold.

Gold everywhere. Veins of it in the moss, vines of it from the trees.

“You come with a burden.”

The words were soft and resonated in the man’s chest. It came from everywhere and nowhere, deep inside himself yet from the very soil.

“I do, and I hear you can destroy it.” He responded wearily.

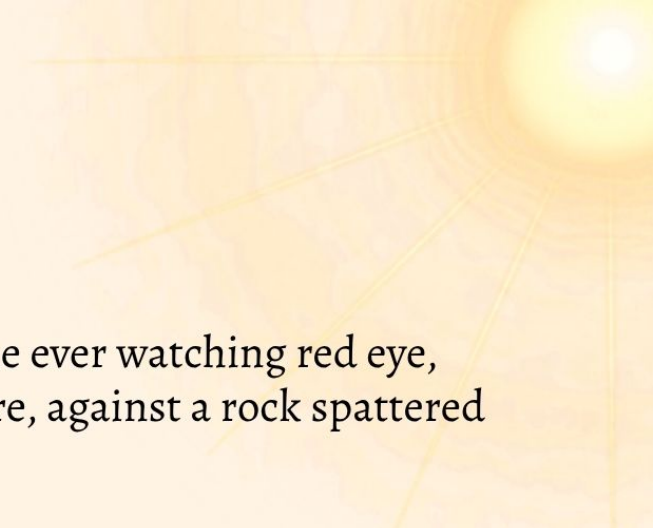
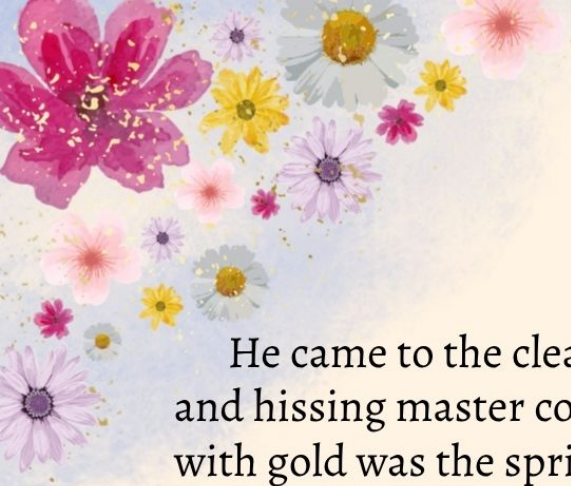
There was a moment of silence and the great trees swayed. Blood still trickled down his body, and as he walked, following the path of the spring to its source, little droplets spattered the grass. And where they landed, flowers bloomed.

“I cannot take it...” Said the voice, and the resonance grew greater as the man parted hanging vines and peered to the Spring of Life.

“But I came up the path. I’m bleeding. I...” his voice cracked and his knees faltered.

“You must lay it at my feet.”





He came to the clearing, a place where the ever watching red eye, and hissing master could not find him. There, against a rock spattered with gold was the spring.

“But I cannot grasp it. It is bound to my flesh.” The man whispered, staggering to the fountain.

“Not in my Presence.”

His knees finally buckled and he collapsed upon the moss, the dew cleansing the blood from his fingers. For a time, he breathed, no words, only an aching deep in his heart. A creature that held tight the doors. His back only grew heavier. And he bent with his forehead to the ground. It was sweet. And cool. And he inhaled its earthly scent.

“Give it to me.”

The voice was urgent and kind. Warm arms enfolding him into an embrace. The burden clung to him, sucking and digging with slimy claws. He didn't want to feel it anymore.

“I can't...” His voice broke. “What will I do without it?” The arms held him tighter. A sigh and a rushing wind caressing his flayed skin.

“My son, you will learn to fly.”

And like water, something came slipping off.





The Problem of Evil

by Ben M.

Apologetics —The following is a dialogue between a confused student who doesn't understand why there's evil (or, rather, why God allows it), and a student who is trying his best to explain why God *does* allow it.

Jack: Hey Will, how's it going?

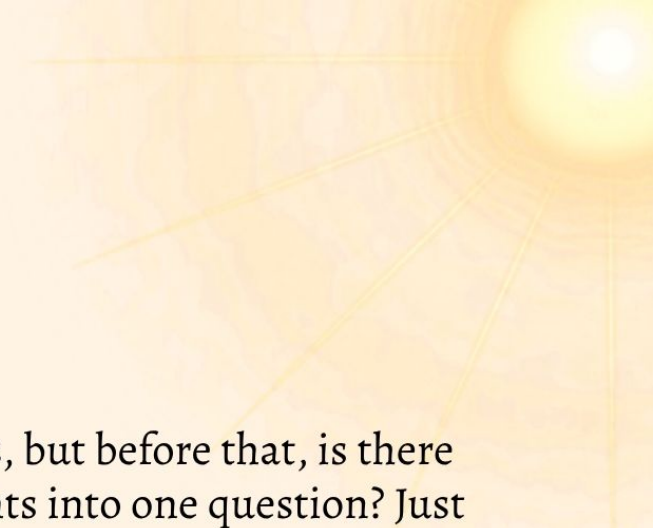

Will: Good, I've just been thinking recently of a lot going on in my life.

Jack: You good? Do you want to talk about it?

Will: I guess. Recently, my grandma passed away. She was pretty close to the family and it's a hard blow for us. And then there's the school shooting that happened recently, and the hurricane that hit Florida. During this whole time, my mom is still trying to get me to go to church, and keeps telling me that God has a plan. That he loves me. And I just don't believe it – how could an all-powerful God let so much bad happen? And sorry, I don't mean to ramble, I'm just so confused.

Jack: No, you're totally fine. And don't worry, I get it. Losing family members can be so difficult, and when you combine everything else that happens in this corrupt world, it really makes it seem bleak.





Will: Yeah.

Jack: I'm gonna try to answer your questions, but before that, is there some way you could summarize your thoughts into one question? Just that way we don't get sidetracked.

Will: Yeah of course, basically my point is, is God responsible for evil, or just unable to stop it? **Jack:** Thanks, that actually clears it up a lot. I think what's going on is you're treating evil as a thing. And it's actually not. People think that God created everything, evil is something, so God created evil. But rather, evil is not a "thing" that exists on its own. It's more like... a hole in goodness, or a lack of what should be there.

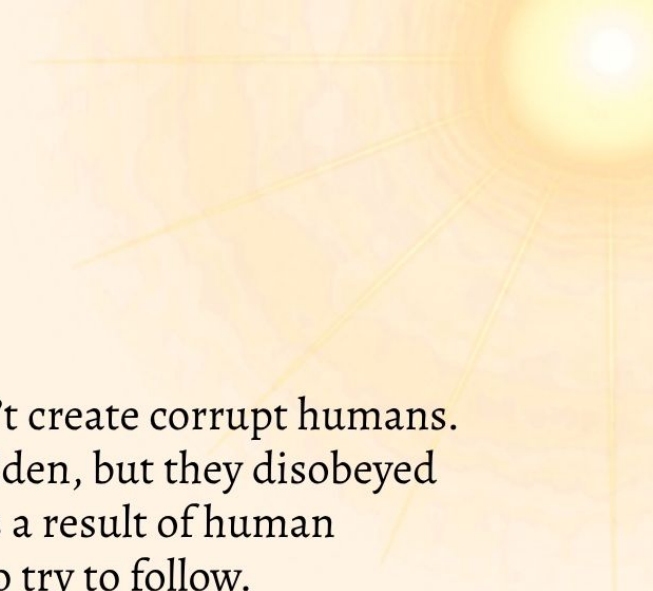
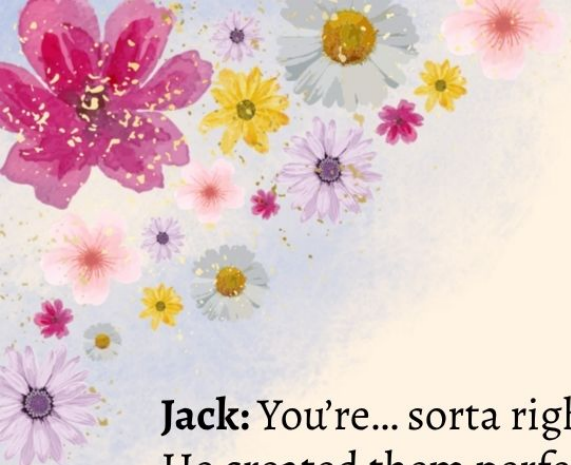
Will: Sorta like how darkness is the absence of light?

Jack: Yeah! Exactly. Think of it this way: in the beginning, God created goodness. Evil is what happens when goodness gets damaged, reduced, or twisted.

Will: I think that makes sense... but it still doesn't change the fact that God still allows it to happen.

Jack: (laughs) Of course, we'll get there eventually. But you are going in the right direction. I guess the next question we could ask is, where does evil come from?





Jack: You're... sorta right. However, God didn't create corrupt humans. He created them perfectly in the Garden of Eden, but they disobeyed God, therefore, we have evil. So, evil exists as a result of human free will. Now, this might get complicated, so try to follow. And just stop me and ask questions if you get confused.

Will: Yeah, sure.

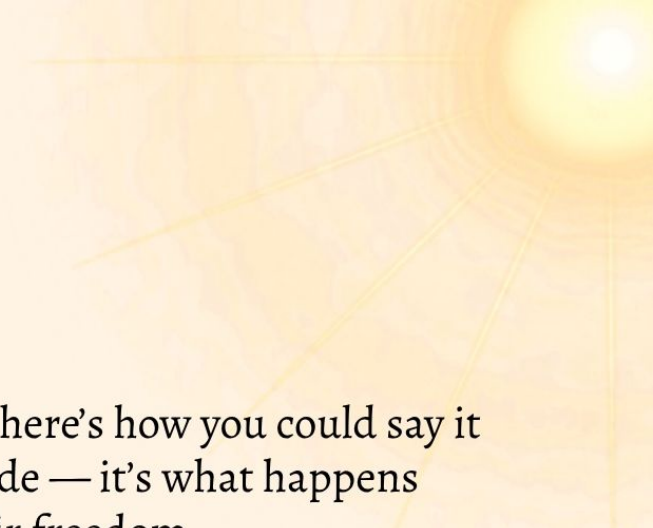

Jack: (*thinks for a second*) Because we already discussed that evil isn't a thing, that means we never choose "evil" as a substance, we just choose a lesser good over a greater good.

Will: Wait holdup, you mean if I go steal from the store, it's not me choosing evil, it's me choosing something less than something good?

Jack: Yeah, sorta. Think of it this way. Food = good. Pleasure = good. But, choosing pleasure over obedience, love, or justice would be evil. Because you would be choosing something that is not good, that would be the lack of something good, which would be evil, as we discussed earlier.

Will: Good analogy, I think I got it.





Jack: Great! Just to make it even more clear, here's how you could say it in a sentence: Evil is not something God made — it's what happens when free creatures (God made) misuse their freedom.

Will: Perfect. However, what I would say to that, is why couldn't God make free people who never choose evil?

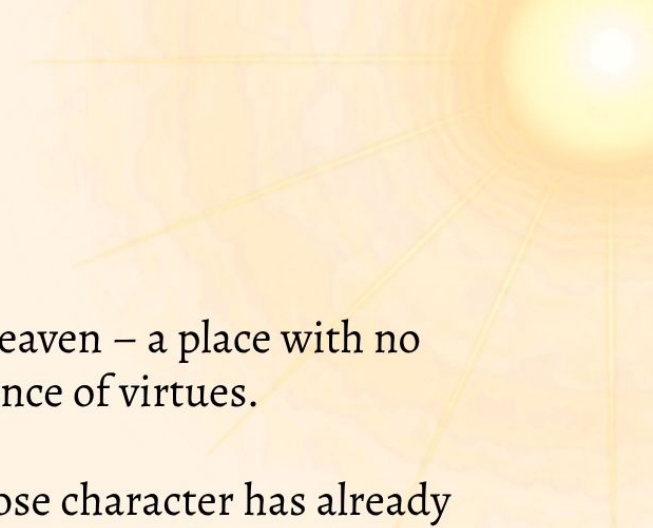
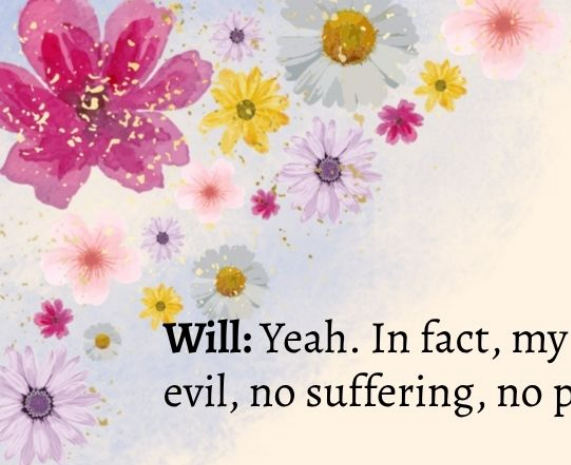
Jack: Great question. Remember, God didn't just want beings who could choose things, he wanted beings who could develop virtue and choose goodness. The reality is, some virtues cannot exist without the possibility of evil. You couldn't have courage because there would be no danger. You couldn't forgive someone, because there's no wrongs to forgive. No mercy, because no suffering. No patience, because there's no difficulty. No self-control, because no temptation. I think the key idea is that a world with no evil could be good...but nobody would have the ability to develop goodness and virtues.

Basically, a world where people grow through struggle produces a greater long-term good.

Will: I'm not sure how I feel about that. I think evil isn't worth having those great characters like you said: goodness, courage, self-control – I think I'd rather have a perfect world with neither virtues or vices.

Jack: Honestly good point. Want to explain more to me?





Will: Yeah. In fact, my mom tells me about heaven – a place with no evil, no suffering, no pain, and thus the absence of virtues.

Jack: True, however, heaven is for people whose character has already been formed. On this earth, faith is tested, virtue is built, and souls grow, resulting in different treasures in heaven. Heaven is more like the final state, not the training ground.

Will: Okay, I think I'm following. And it makes sense. I was wondering, could you like summarize this so I can kind of see the big picture?

Jack: Of course. Basically I'm trying to defend two truths at once: God is perfectly good and Evil is real. But, even though evil is real, it is not a created substance. It's spoiled goodness, caused by human's free will turning away from a higher good. Therefore, God is not the author of evil and not its helpless victim, but rather he allows it for a time to bring about a greater good.

Will: Wow... okay that actually makes a lot of sense. It's cool to know that amidst all the suffering in this world there's still a God who didn't create evil, who still loves me.

Jack: Exactly! Isn't it amazing?

Will: It is. Hey, how about you take me to your church this Sunday? I was thinking of visiting anyways...



The page is framed by decorative floral borders. The top-left corner features thin black branches with small pink buds. The top-right corner is filled with a dense, colorful bouquet of flowers in shades of pink, orange, and yellow. The bottom-left corner shows a large, vibrant bouquet of flowers in various colors including pink, orange, and red. The bottom-right corner has thin black branches with small pink buds, mirroring the top-left corner. The central text is set against a plain white background.

Thematic

Column

The Unicorn

By Jael S.

When I first saw it, I was young, lost in gentle fantasies
Across the clearing its strides sprung, startled at the sight of me.
I caught my breath and then it was I lost my childlike dreaming
How I regret that choice because I thought he was light beaming.

I did not dare believe my eyes, just on reality's edge
And then my dreaming met demise as I built my own hedge

I next saw the unicorn (I called it what I knew)
When passed had six years' eyes and morns and left me someone
new I

ts gauzy mane and restless feet were one with earth and breeze
With flashing horn and dashing eyes as grey as stormy seas
And then it was that I regained the wonder so long lost
To be a child again I deigned and did not count the cost

It did not run away again; it stood in stoic joy.
Then saw me, then ran past my ken. My laughter I deployed
I watched it to my vision's edge, believing it was true
And I ne'er rebuilt my hedge but faced life seeing new
And still I close my eyes a while and dream I see him there
And when he does come for me, I'll climb with him heaven's stair.

About the Author

Hello! My name is Jael and I love to read classics, solve equations, dance, and write!
This poem was inspired by a scene in the book *The White Witch* by Elizabeth Goudge.

Holding Onto Imagination

By Olivia S.

How to hold imagination?

As a child it is easy.

One must simply play outside
In sweet times both warm and
breezy
Pick up sticks and rocks and
feathers

Tossed about in many weathers.

These are really quite transformed
When they're caught up with a
bound

And then the child too is changed
Making raucous, beautiful sounds.
But what happens when one grows?
No one really wants to know.

How to hold imagination?

As one grows it is well nigh
Impossible to reach
Like the never ending sky.
Lost to work is this old joy
Of the little girl or boy.

Responsibilities eat up that time
Which once was had for things sublime.

I ask, "Please try another's story
Before you grow too old and hoary!"
Imagination lost, what sorrow!
Could one regain it on the morrow?

About the Author

Hi, I'm Olivia. I am a Junior and this is my 6th year with Schole. I love reading, writing, and walking in the woods or climbing trees. I have two younger sisters and a rather old cat who likes to be outside with me. If I had to pick a favorite book, it would be Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, just because of its wonderful descriptions. I have been writing stories for a while now, but this year I was introduced to poetry writing by one of my teachers and have been experimenting with it ever since.



Cracks

By Yuna P..



Prompt: “What if children lost their spirit the moment they touched concrete?”

Sometimes when I am walking I
Suppress the childish urge to step round sidewalk cracks,
For is it not a foolish thought
To think they are some rift where dark waits in attack?

The moment children touch concrete
They grow up, as the pavement makes them recognize
That hope and joy cannot support
The monument of men's ambition in the skies,

That dandelion wishes are
Seeds of unruly weeds among the tailored grass,
That throwing coins in fountain pools
Is wasting valued silver, copper, gold, and brass,

That strength is in concrete and steel,
In shades of gray things, never plain as black and white.
And beauty, worthless to pursue
As streetlamps flood the dark and drown the stars' soft
light.

Then I see cracks and feel a fool:
For this concrete can crack and shatter just like glass.
This world is temporary while
The panorama of eternal brushes past.

Each time we build up higher still
We tremble with increasing fear to drop below;
Afraid of turning to mere dust,
The scaffolds of our pride will not make falling
slow.

But children hold that artist's soul,
They know the magic of cement-crack flower
sprouts,
Of wishes blown like summer snow,
The glint of light as water tumbles from a spout.


The grays all wash together, so
They seek new life and color from high peak to vale
Thus to restore their wide-eyed praise.
Remember beauty is the air our souls inhale.

The loud and artificial lights
Make us a child, scared of the dark and its amount,
Because we have forgotten that
Night is a promise of more stars than we could
count.

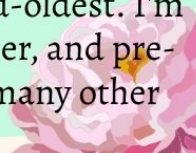
Sometimes when I am walking I
Indulge the childish urge, evading cracks and rifts,
For I will gladly be the fool
That keeps the artist's soul alive to see such gifts



About the Author



Hi! My name is Yuna, I'm a senior in high school, and this is my first and only year at Scholé. I have four other siblings, and am the second-oldest. I'm an avid reader, writer, language learner, and pre-professional ballet student, among many other things.





Every Child an Artist

By Claire T.



Every child an artist, every artwork a dream,
such is a reminder not all is what it seems--

for as we grow older
we often know more;
our views get much bolder
and we forget what was before.



A child, hard at play,
writing a poem per week or a painting a day.
With no care about more
than what's behind their few doors.

And should we all act like a child at play,
That might be a better sort of day,
No one would say "Can't," they'd just say "try,"
and the world might be a better place
for you and for I.



About the Author

Clare is 12 years old. She loves writing, reading books, and poetry. She has two pet rabbits, Cordelia & Monacella. This is her first year in Schole Academy.





Little Artist of God

By Walentyna G.




Every child is an artist,
God made them so,
To know good from evil,
To paint the world aglow.
In every little heart,
In every little soul,
So little child, do not fear,
For you are an artist too,
You help change the world,
In your little ways too.



About the Author

My name is Walentyna. I am 11 years old and in 6th grade. I really enjoy music and writing such as poetry and stories. I also enjoy baking and drawing.





Tears of Art

By Preston W.

Tears splash on the blank canvas.
Eversorrow reaches for recognition,
And creates a work of art.
Remaking emotions as visual masterpieces.
Stuck forever in the stain of time.



Other tears of joy and laughter,
Forgotten, yet all the more meaningful.

Among the paints of sorrow and grief,
Runs the river of joytears,
Teaching the joyful message of life.



About the Author

Hi! My name is Preston W. I'm 12 years old and in grade 7. I love to read, write, and I hope to publish my own novel some day!



Wonder

By Eliza S..

Quote: “Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain one once we grow up.”

Children see the world with curiosity, imagination and openness. They are able to create without fear of what others will think and they do not doubt their ability to fabricate beauty. As a child I loved to draw and paint. Every stroke felt magical, every color was something new to explore, every piece I created inspired me and made me want more. But as I have grown up I have lost some of that wonder. As rules were added to my art my creativity became more and more fragile. As I compared my art to others and as others told me things like, “That’s not art, it’s not good enough,” or, “That’s not art, you used a reference photo,” my pieces no longer felt good just because I made them. This turned art into a chore. But I realized that there are no rules in art. No one else defines it for you. Art isn’t art because someone else likes it, or because it fits some universal art standard. It is art because you created it and you said it is. Others don’t have to like it, and that’s what makes it truly yours. Maybe staying an artist as we grow older means refusing to trade curiosity for approval, and imagination for permission—choosing, again and again, to create the way you did as a child, before anyone told you what art was supposed to be.



About the Author

Eliza S. is in her sophomore year of high school. She enjoys painting with watercolors and inks, practicing music, and practicing / coaching gymnastics.



Never Truly Grow Old

By Madaline K..

Once there lived a man in a big city, the kind of man who is kind, yes, but the kind of man who you simply could not imagine as a child. One day, he was riffling through his junk-drawer and found a little tin soldier. For a moment, he scratched his head. Where was this rusty man from? Then, suddenly, he remembered, and his face softened slightly in surprise, allowing a beam of childhood to peek through, as he wondered how he could have ever forgotten, how he could have let go of the time when he had been a young boy in a small, grey town on the side of a mountain.

His house had been quite small, having only three rooms. There was a little kitchen, with a table in a neat, whitewashed corner and a black, squat woodburning stove with a pipe going through the roof. There was a little bedroom, with a big bed for his mother and father and a little one for him. That was the lower story, but if you climbed up the ladder in the corner of the bedroom, you found yourself in a low wood room with rough, handhewn sloping beams: the attic. The attic was his favorite, for in it was kept the things that he played with... Small stumps of branches and fat little logs the size of his fist to stack. Little stones to act as paths or rivers. Rough, flat slices of wood to become the roof of a cottage or a boat. He also had small, upright branches two inches tall with acorn-caps on their heads, the villagers. He would play with these for hours.







But his favorite toy of all was this little tin soldier. Its paint was faded and chipped, its tin dented in some places, but he didn't care. The soldier was always the hero of the little village, saving the townspeople from small branches slightly resembling dragons,

or rescuing a little baby acorn from falling into a hole and returning it to its grateful wood-chip mother. He would carry the soldier everywhere he went, whether it was into the woods nearby or merely to the dinner-table, for he had had it all his life, and it had been his father's father's before it was his.

Once, it had been dropped into the wood-pile on a cold day, and had been forgotten. When the boy found out, he searched the orderly mound of neatly-stacked wood, reducing it to a large, untidy pile before he found the soldier, not much worse for wear, and had indeed been ready to put out the fire and rake through the hot ashes if need be. Another time, he left the soldier in the woods and only realized that he had when it had become dark and the sun was dipping under the peaks in the cold, winter light. He had searched the woods a good portion of the night, too, before he found him, calling and scuffing at the leaves to see if he had burrowed under. You see, he had thought of the little tin soldier not as a toy but as a person, and the thought never even crossed his mind that the soldier could not move, think and talk for himself.






But he grew up, as all children do, and moved into a big town far from the little village on the side of the mountain. He had all but forgotten the little tin soldier, for he was swept up in the big world of grown-ups.

He remembered all the time he had spent in the dusty attic, beams sloping steeply above his head, playing with the little villages and villagers, and the tin soldier. He felt a kind of tug toward the tin, as if he were a magnet drawn toward the soldier's metal body, and found himself lifting him up. That night, he ate dinner with his tin companion, and read in his chair with him. When he got into bed and turned out the light, he could just see the silhouette of the little tin soldier. Drowsily, he reached out his hand as if to caress the tin, and thought to himself, I think that no matter how old you get, there is always a wisp of childhood slipped into your soul, ready to blossom in your heart, to open a door in you that closes when you grow up. And he fell into a deep, contented sleep.



About the Author



Maddie is an 11 year old writer who loves playing with words and is rarely found without a book in her hands. Her favorite place to read is in her cozy bed, and her favorite genre of literature is fantasy. Maddie loves artichokes, rescuing earthworms and rock climbing outdoors.

Childhood Animal Friends

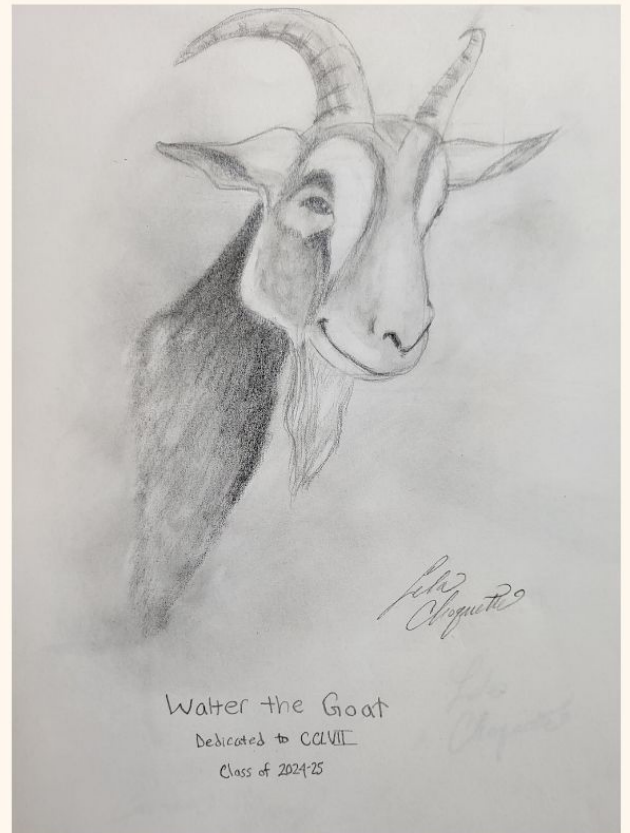
By Lela C.



Sketch of a frog



Sketch of a rabbit



Sketch of Walter the Goat



About the Author

Hello! My name is Lela, and I'm in 9th grade. My favorite subjects are literature and history. Poetry is one of my favorite pastimes because it combines 2 things that I love: music and language! Some of my hobbies include playing violin, singing, sketching, and reading classic literature. I also love spending time with my dog and 2 cats. Someday, I hope to write and illustrate a children's book.

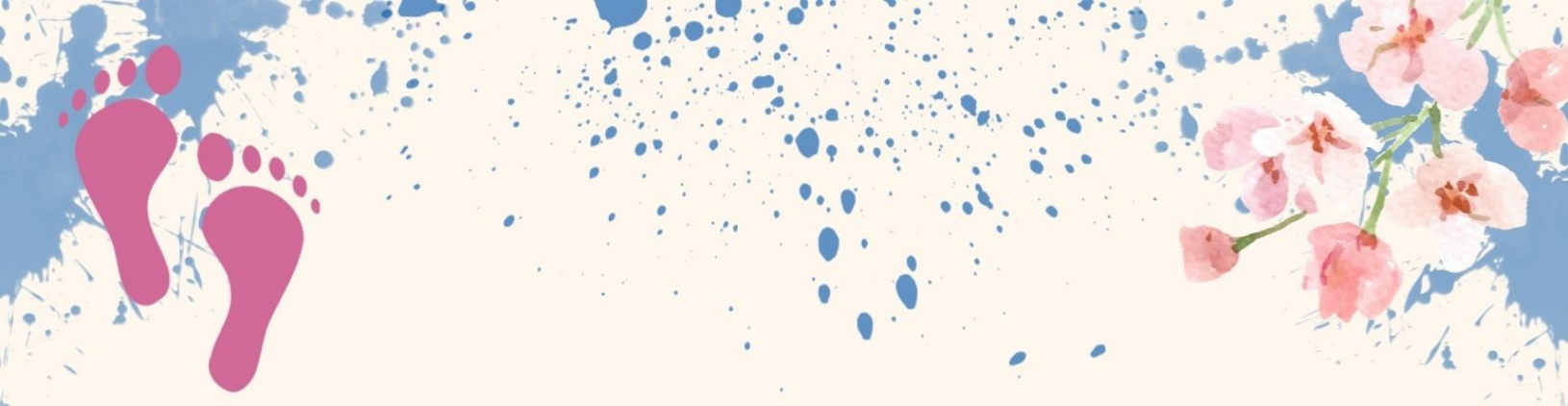
The Resurgence of Beauty: An Aristotelian Guide

By Caitlin M..

The modern world is, perhaps, the most formidable enemy of artists. What is authentically beautiful is often ignored; what is objectively ugly is too frequently celebrated and exalted. Indeed, it seems as if the modern world wishes to destroy the intrinsic sense of beauty that animates a child's soul and replace it with new, far worse roots. In a world where beauty has been rejected, the innate sense of wonder at Creation—and, perhaps more importantly, the ability to imitate it—is achieved only through the marriage of utility and beauty, the culmination of Aristotle's *arete*.

The soul of the modern world vacillates between one of extreme utility and one of endless abstraction. On the one hand, new contracts for another iron skyscraper or just one more claustrophobic apartment building emerge on a daily basis. Ugliness, born from utility, is the product of a soul obsessed with ease. On the other end of the spectrum are the “artists” who, attempting to counterbalance materialism, create pieces that have no form at all. They splatter paint on canvases with no plan; they present raw material as a finished creation. In the modern world, the focus is either on efficiency or formlessness, of shameless utilitarianism or the “new standard” of beauty, which is not beauty at all.







Even in the midst of the confused modern world, children have never ceased loving what is beautiful. Pablo Picasso once wrote, “Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once we grow up.” Every child’s heart burns with an innate love of beauty. They wonder at flowers; they notice how butterflies flit around petals, how a symphony is played at mathematical intervals, how the clouds form irreplaceable shapes in a glowing sunset sky. Children are born to love, and they admire Creation with wonder that rivals the most brilliant scientists on earth.




As children age, however, it becomes increasingly difficult, and ever more countercultural, to continue to cultivate this sense of wonder. The first echoes of practical concerns in the teenage years demand children to ask: Is the skyscraper, built with no thought of beauty, all that we, as a society, can afford? Or, glancing upon new forms of art, they wonder: What is the height of beauty? A great catch in a sporting event? The perfect cosmetic aesthetic? Is what pleases the eye always good for the soul? As the world plunges into greater uncertainty, teenagers must face the questions that determine whether their lives will be a classical statue or another part of the “Post-modern” section of the art gallery.







In the *Nicomachean Ethics*, Aristotle describes *arete*, the state of excellence through which a person achieves the best of his ability in all things (cf. Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, 1.13). The architecture and artwork of the modern world is utterly anti-*arete*: it rules that function must rule over beauty, or that beauty must lack any function. To maintain a true sense of beauty and order, however, is to return to the traditional idea of perfection that dominated Western civilization throughout history. When something is truly perfect, it meets its best end in all ways; and, when it fulfills its end, it is both functional (useful for the soul and body) and beautiful (achieving its end to glorify God and nourish the mind). Young adults, therefore, must seek to pursue two-fold excellence in all of their art, both in function and in beauty.

Even as the modern world so often rejects beauty, therefore, it is necessary for young adults to continue seeking and producing beauty, the *arete* which feeds the soul. God intended that the human spirit be constantly bathed in beauty; though every eye appreciates the various aspects of beauty (color, ratios, shapes) in different proportion, every mind inherently longs for that which is lovely. No heart can truly abandon the original childhood wonder at the magnificence of the world, and the standard of *arete* in beauty is, in its foundational form, consistent across locations and ages. In every vocation, in every area of life, young adults must constantly seek this *arete*. Beauty, *arete* in the nourishment of the soul, is necessary for a truly fulfilling life.







Beauty, however, does not discount functionality, which nourishes the mind and body. On the contrary, the two are necessary simultaneously to fulfill the purpose of Creation, the sustenance of every part of the human person. It is impossible to philosophize if a person is struggling with basic needs constantly; concern about electricity makes it ever more difficult to focus on virtue. Function is the necessary companion of beauty, sustaining the body and mind so the soul may bloom. Architecture that has met its *arete* is both structurally sound and visually appealing; the eye is able to rest in a painting that is displayed well and is attractive. Function and beauty are not interchangeable, nor are they isolated. Young adults seeking *arete* must strive to cultivate both in every aspect of their lives.

So often, the art of the modern world is utterly opposed to Aristotle's *arete*, the sense of excellence which permeated the West for centuries. Once artists and businessmen alike have abandoned *arete*, art is either utilitarian or amorphous, unpleasant in appearance or lacking any true appearance at all. In a world that is increasingly confused about the reality of beauty, it is the duty of young adults to seek *arete* once again. By constructing functionality and beauty in their daily lives, they will benefit the world immensely and allow society to return to what is truly noble. May all seek to make this change today.



About the Author



Hello! My name is Caitlin, and this is my first year at Scholé Academy. My greatest passions are theology and philosophy, where I may glorify God and the beauty of His creatures. When I am not buried in a dusty old book, I am drawing, writing, and baking.

Meet the Team

Sarah is a 17-year-old junior in her fourth and final year at Scholé. She is so grateful to have learned and grown alongside this wonderful community! She plans to make the most of her senior year and is excited for what God has in store. Whatever career calls to her after graduation, she hopes to continue pursuing art, which is her biggest passion. She loves drawing in all styles, though realism is her favorite as it offers a great challenge. In addition, she loves reading, writing, dancing, and studying foreign languages.



Genevieve S. is an avid aspiring author of many genres, and is currently attempting the challenge of writing a short story every week. Thus far, she has only missed two. She adores walking, and anything to do with notebooks, tea, and books. Currently, she is working on three writing projects: the second draft of last years novel, the first draft of an historical fiction novelette, and a psychological thriller...of sorts.





Alitsa is a passionate, spunky sophomore who's been on the Scholé Chronicle team for several years now. In her free time, she loves whipping up healthy, delicious dishes in the kitchen, reading a vast array of middle-grade fiction, working on her novel-in-progress, and taking long walks in the (hopefully) sunshine (rain is great, too!). As each season passes, she's learning, more and more, how to live in the fullness of who God created her to be.



Olivia is a senior who's been at Scholé for the past 5ish years, and has been blessed to be on the Chronicle as an editor for the past 2 years. You can usually find her watching hockey, reading, writing, or listening to movie soundtracks (John Williams, Hans Zimmer) or other artists (For King and Country, Anne Wilson). Soli Deo Gloria!



I'm Gretchen and I am sixteen years old. I've been at Scholé for six years, and this is my second time working on the Scholé Chronicle. I love stories and art, particularly video games and books. I love drawing so, so much, and enjoy imagining my own characters as well. The chronicle is such a beautiful display of how many things in this world are inspiring, so thank you to all the participants!



Elizabeth has been at Scholé for six years and has started taking college classes at ASU. She has grown much in writing and her art skills over the years. After being a pianist for eight years she has started organ this school year. She is a known world traveler and in the summer of 2025 alone she has flown 34 flights, visited 10 counties, and traveled over 49,060 miles.



Chloe O. is a Freshman finishing her sixth year with Scholé Academy and her third on the Chronicle. She loves to read, write, play piano and guitar, go on ATV adventures with her family, and participate in local youth groups. She is excited for summer break and can't wait for another fun year of designing!



Abigail G. is an aspiring polyglot and literature enthusiast, fascinated in particular by the languages and culture of ancient Greece, Rome, and Medieval Europe. She also loves to knit tiny cats, write poems on her typewriter, and walk in her neighborhood arboretum, looking for signs of spring. This is her third and final year on the Chronicle.



Lenna O. is a lover of all things artsy and creative. Her current obsession is creating miniature book nooks for her bookshelf.

Lenna loves to read and is currently trying to move out of her historical fiction phase and find new genres. She is very excited for spring and all the fun it brings and is very happy to see flowers starting to bloom.



Violet Cooper is a junior who lives in Las Vegas, NV, with her family and beagle, Bentley. She continues in her journey with the Trinity, and even through ups and downs, she carries on. Violet leads a group at her speech club, is a cadet in Civil Air Patrol, and joined the Scholé Chronicle this year. Recently, she has been interested in a career within Nutrition and Dietetics. She is learning to take life as it comes, and seeks true rest and happiness in the Lord.



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Edition of the Scholé Chronicle!!!
We hope your spring has been full
of New Beginnings, Joy, and Light.*

Be on the look out for call for submissions
for the Summer Chronicle!

