



Grapevine

Prayer Kids

Monday - Olivia B. (K), Sierra F. (K)
Tuesday - Jordyn P. (K), Jesse Y. (K)
Wednesday - Owen A. (1), Hannah A. (1)
Thursday - Timothy B. (1), Kalea B. (1)
Friday - Logan B. (1), Kataliya K. (1)

What are Prayer Kids?

At the start of each day as a part of our morning prayer, we as a staff will pray for the two students listed for each day. We also ask our parents to join us in praying for these students each day. Let's utilize the power of corporate prayer for our students and watch the Lord work in wonderful ways!

Dates to Remember

Nov. 3 - Election Day
Nov. 4 - Parent Conf., No School
Nov. 18 - Picture Retakes
Nov. 23-27 - Thanksgiving Break
Dec. 19 - Christmas Break Begins
Jan. 4 - School Resumes

Principal's Corner

“Trust, and the Tears of God”

Our son was born with a bilateral cleft lip and palate. His lip was repaired at 3 months and his palate was repaired at 10 months. While stressful for us, he had no worries before these surgeries, and he has no real memories of them now, except for the surgery photo album we look through occasionally. Shortly after he turned five he had a third surgery on his nose. He knew it was coming this time and it was a whole different story.

We began trying to prepare him for this next surgery several months before. When we told him his next surgery was going to be on his nose he said, “Why do I have to have a surgery on my nose?” The confusion in his eyes was obvious. He saw nothing wrong with his nose and had no idea why it needed fixing. We struggled to answer the question tactfully in ways a five year old would understand, but I don't think he ever really understood.

As the surgery date approached our son became more nervous. He really didn't understand why he had to go through with something that he knew was going to hurt.

But, he trusted us. We were his parents and we hadn't let him down yet.

His nervousness was high the night before surgery. The day had been full with a series of pre-op appointments and a wonderfully distracting afternoon at the Exploratorium in San Francisco. In the hotel room my wife, Debbie, read him a bedtime story. I had stayed home to take care of our two year old. He was thoughtful, pensive. She prayed with him, then he softly said, "I'm just scared, Mama . . ." She did her best to reassure him. Finished with the goodnight hugs and kisses, it was hard to hold in her tears until after the door was closed.

The hardest moment came the next morning, around 10:15 in the pre-op waiting area at UCSF Children's Hospital. Our son hadn't eaten all day, but that didn't seem to bother him. They had been waiting for well over an hour. He just sat and colored, quietly. This was not like our son. The waiting was tough for both my wife and Isaac. Finally, they were called upstairs to get ready. The gown and the ID bracelet were put on. The "Sleepy Medicine" was taken. They waited for it to take effect. Then . . . , the moment came. They had

come to take him away. His eyes filled with tears. In almost a whisper he said, "I'm scared, Mommy. . ." He was so brave. He didn't panic. He didn't throw a fit. He let them take him without a fight. He trusted us. He really didn't understand, but he trusted us. Debbie managed to keep it together until he was gone. Then she cried.

They were the tears of one who knows that life is not fair to their children. They were the tears of one who knows that their beloved child simply does not understand the pain and the fear they feel. They were the tears of a proud parent whose child clings to trust through fear and an unknown future.

They were the Tears of God.

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding."
Proverbs 3:5

God bless,

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