



# Grapevine

## Prayer Kids

Monday - Evan R. (1), Sophia S. (1)  
Tuesday - Kiyara W. (1), Luke B. (2)  
Wednesday - Malia B. (2), Sela B. (2)  
Thursday - Willow G. (2), Zoe G. (2)  
Friday - Emerson H. (2), Eden H. (2)

## 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

Feb. 4 - Teacher Training, Noon Dismissal  
Feb. 15 - President's Day, No School  
Mar. 19 - End of 3rd Quarter  
Mar. 22-26 - Spring Break

## Chess Club

We will continue a Thursday afternoon chess club this Thursday from 3:15 - 4:15 after school. We will be learning together chess strategy and tactics while having fun playing each other.

## Principal's Corner

### Captured by Beauty

Isaac and I were holed up at a dry camp in our tent at 12,000 ft., waiting out an afternoon thunderstorm. This was to be our last night on the John Muir Trail after a month in the Sierra. I wanted to make it to another dry camp along the trail halfway up the west side of Mt. Whitney and set up for a 4:00 AM start the next morning. My goal was to summit before dawn and watch the sunrise from 14,500 ft. Isaac wasn't so sure about it.

The skies began to clear around 6:00 and I convinced Isaac that the sunset on the way up would be pretty spectacular. He agreed but he was a bit wary of a 4:00 AM start the next morning. I told him we could decide on that once we got up to the campsite. I wasn't

going to force him to make the dawn climb even though I wanted to badly. We packed up and started up the switchbacks around 7:00.

As we climbed up the long switchbacks we had to stop often, it's a bit hard to breathe at 12 and 13 thousand feet! I was intent on getting to the campsite before it got too dark, so I pushed hard. As the light faded and clouds broke I found myself torn. I wanted to soak in the view, but I wanted to find the campsite before dark.

Isaac was falling behind. Almost every time I turned around I saw him turned around and just standing there, looking west. We could see mountains begin to pale with an orange sky dotted with clouds tinged in purple and pink. At each switchback the sky seemed to be outdoing itself with each passing minute. We both had cameras and kept taking pictures, trying to capture the beauty. We were only marginally successful.

But the beauty captured us.

Not wanting to miss any of the unfolding display, it was nearly pitch black when we found the campsite. As we set up camp I asked my boy about our dawn ascent in the morning. I sensed something had changed and I was right, our sunrise summit was on! I prepped a pack with water, a stove, hot drinks and breakfast, then we crawled into our bags and tried to sleep a little.

We were up at 3:30 and hiking by 4:00. We could see the glow of headlamps making their way up the switchbacks below. We

wore most of our layers and started up with our own headlamps adding to the chorus of moving lights. As we were making our way up the last climb Isaac did not wait for me, he did not want to miss one bit of the sunrise. The summit of Whitney is large and we shared the sunrise with many others, all eager, for their own reasons, to be captured by the beauty of the dawn.

As I unpacked the stove and boiled water for tea and hot chocolate, I marveled at the ways God pursues us. Each budding flower, mountain vista and placid green meadow is a fleeting display of incomparable beauty created for us, a gift from an Artist so prolific as to be almost overwhelming. Once captured by such beauty even 12 year old boys are willing to rise before dawn and hike in the dark of night to bask in it one more time.

Though it was windy and cold, my heart was warm watching him being pursued by God.

Once captured by beauty, I pray my children are captivated by the Artist who creates it. It seems such a natural progression, like the warmth that comes with the dawn.

*"The heavens declare the glory of God; The skies proclaim the work of his hands. Day after day they pour forth speech; Night after night they reveal knowledge." Psalm 19:1-2*

God bless,

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