



Grapevine

Prayer Kids

Monday - Braydon K. (2), Nevaeh L. (2)
Tuesday - Genesis M. (2), Olivia N. (2)
Wednesday - Emilio R. (2), Aria T. (2)
Thursday - Patrick T. (2), Mia A. (3)
Friday - Ethan A. (3), Philip A. (3)

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

No Chess Club this Thursday due to noon dismissal.

Principal's Corner

Sucked In and Pulled Under

There's a creek that runs within sight of my mother's place in Oakhurst called Nelder Creek. Every visit to Grandma's place by my children included some playtime at the creek. My boys, Isaac and Micah, loved spending time down there hunting for frogs, floating sticks and leaves downstream and hopping around on the granite bedrock that the creek is carved through.

There's one spot on that creek that fascinated me. I'm drawn to it because of the particular way the water has carved out this section of the creek in the solid granite. A hole about three feet in diameter has been carved out. What's fascinating about this hole is that the rim is above the flow of the water and forms a perfect unbroken circle. The water has carved an entrance a few inches below the granite hole big enough for a large flow of water to enter, swirl around and exit downstream through another opening. I've often been mesmerized, watching the water swirl and bubble in that hole, wondering how deep it is and curious about its shape and the current that carved it out.

Years ago, we were visiting my mother's place and the boys wanted to go down by the creek, so early one morning down we trekked. After spending a long time catching frogs at a spot

where Micah declared had a “feast of frogs” we wandered upstream toward that swirling hole. For the first time the boys seemed fascinated with the way the water flowed into and out of this particular hole. Isaac sat down on the granite and put his feet in what seemed to be the fairly calm entrance upstream from the hole. Micah wanted to follow his brother’s lead, so he sat down as well. The granite was a bit steeper where he was and while he was scooching down the rock to get closer he began to slide. As I watched him slide toward the water I figured it was shallow enough that he would only end up wet to his waist or so and then I would need to help him crawl out. But that’s not what happened. Micah slid into the water and disappeared.

I knew instantly that he had been sucked into that hole but I could not see him. I waited for what seemed like an eternity, watching to see if he came up in the hole or had been washed downstream out the hole. As I watched the water swirl and bubble in the hole I caught a glimpse of some blonde hair. I slid down into the water above the hole (it was deeper than I thought, about 4 feet), reached down into the swirling water and felt around for my son, pulled him out and set him on the edge of the granite.

As I pulled him out I could feel him clamp down on my hands as I lifted him up from under his arms. He was alive and kicking! He started crying, telling me he thought he was going to die. While it broke my heart for my five year old to have to contemplate death, I was overjoyed to realize that he had taken in no water; he had held his breath (the swimming lessons paid off). He described his feet hitting the bottom of the hole, pushing off, trying to reach the surface and not being able to. The water was holding him down. He can swim like a fish in the pool, but the water was pulling him down. He told me his

eyes were open and he could see the swirling bubbles and not much else until he felt me grab him and lift him out of the water.

After talking with him and calming him down a bit I picked him up again and carried him back to my mother’s house. When we got there I asked Debbie to come out. She saw us both completely wet and before she could begin to fuss about the wet clothes I explained what had just happened. Micah cried some more and again said he thought he was going to die.

As we spent the rest of the day exploring Yosemite Valley, we could not help but be thankful that our boy was alive and well. Micah seemed to want to talk about it over and over again, to relive the event. And every time I tried to let him know that I was right there and I pulled him out, that I had gotten him out of the water when he couldn’t get out himself.

Some day in the future I hope he remembers, when life seems to have sucked him in and pulled him under, when he feels he’s in over his head and can’t get up for a breath of air, that his Heavenly Father is right there ready to pull him out, catch his breath and live another day.

I pray I can remember this as well.

*“God is our refuge and strength,
an ever present help in trouble.*

*Therefore we will not fear, though the earth give way
and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea.*

*though its waters roar and foam and the mountains
quake with their surging.”*

Psalm 46:1-3

God bless,
Rick Nelson
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