



Grapevine

Prayer Kids

Monday - Nathan K. (5), Tatyanna M. (5)
Tuesday - Alexis R. (5), Caleb T. (5)
Wednesday - Hunter T. (5), Ethan H. (6)
Thursday - Kyler K. (6), Aleena V. (6)
Friday - Jose V. (6), Caleb W. (6)

Dates to Remember

Oct. 23 - End of 1st Quarter
Nov. 4 - Parent Conf., No School
Nov. 18 - Picture Retakes
Nov. 23-27 - Thanksgiving Break

Music Begins!

We are excited to announce that our Music teacher, Margie Rice, is back from her leave of absence! She will be jumpstarting our Music program this week and we are thrilled!

Principal's Corner

The Price of Beauty

As a young 20 something newlywed there was a lot I didn't know about the typical female morning and evening personal hygiene routine. Naive as I was, I thought it couldn't be that much different than my minimalist ways. I brushed my teeth before I went to bed in the evening and showered, shaved and brushed my teeth after breakfast in the morning. What more did a person need to do? Her beauty was so effortless, so natural, I was convinced it must be a gift from God and required no effort. After a while I began to observe her morning routine. We still laugh about my first comments as I began to realize the time and effort she made to look so good. One day I stood watching and said, "You do that?!"

I love a beautiful sunrise. One of my most memorable sunrises took place at 14,505 feet on the summit of Mt. Whitney on Friday, July 29, 2016. My son, Isaac, and I had just finished hiking the 200+ miles of the John Muir Trail and were watching the grey of the dawn grow into purples and pinks that filled

a sky that seemed impossibly big. We had dry camped the night before at over 13,000 feet and were up and hiking at 4:30 to get to the summit in time for the sunrise. It was cold. We were tired and had a 6,000 foot descent before the day was done, but at that moment none of it mattered. We had paid the price, and the beauty was worth every bit of the pain and agony it took to get there.

I have come to realize that the beauty of the written word only comes at a price. It takes effort even from the most gifted writers. The same is true for those who make music or paint or sculpt or dance or sing or any of the thousand forms of beauty around us. We rarely see the price paid for the beauty we enjoy.

Most beautiful of all, in my mind, is the beauty of a love-filled, joyful smile. The kind of smile that laughter fades into as love settles in. It is a beauty that does not have to be seen or heard. It is felt deep in the soul. I see it in the eyes of young and old (yes, eyes can smile) and I ask myself about the price of such indescribable beauty.

Freedom was the price paid for such beauty. It was only in freedom that the beauty of love could exist. The price for such beauty was the pain of rejection and rebellion that God endured. God counted the cost and found that the ultimate beauty found in a love shared with His people was well worth the price.

I'm so glad He did.

"So if the son sets you free, you will be free indeed."

John 8: 36

"Love each other as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this: to lay down his life for his friends."

John 15:12-13

God bless,
Rick Nelson
530-588-4730
rick.nelson@myuja.org