



# Grapevine

## Prayer Kids

Monday - Philip A. (3), Rema A. (3)  
Tuesday - Emberlynn C. (3), Kira C. (3)  
Wednesday - Samuel K. (3), Brianna N. (3)  
Thursday - Jessie P. (3), Natalie R. (3)  
Friday - Rosalia T. (3), Emmanuel T. (3)

## Dates to Remember

Oct. 5 - Teacher Training (12:15 dismissal)  
Oct. 8 - Picture Day  
Oct. 23 - End of 1st Quarter  
Nov. 4 - Parent Conf., No School  
Nov. 5 - Picture Retakes

## Picture Day

1:00 - Grades K-1  
1:30 - Grade 2  
1:45 - Grades 3-4  
2:15 - Grades 5-6  
2:30 - Staff  
2:45 - Homeschool  
3:15 - Grades 7-10

## Principal's Corner

### **Quin**

I usually don't remember names very well, but this young man's name has found a permanent place in my memory. I only met him once and I don't expect to ever see him again (and I'm not sure I would even recognize him if I did).

He walked into our school one cold December evening. Our Christmas break was nearly over and another teacher and I were at school doing some lesson planning and general classroom preparations in anticipation of our students' soon return. I was at my classroom desk when Mrs. Miceli came in to let me know about a young man who had just walked into the school while she was at the copy machine. She told me he was looking at the religious tracts we have displayed in our waiting area and asking her questions about them. She expressed some discomfort at his presence there at that time of the night and asked if I would come and talk to him.

I walked into our office to find him at the literature rack on the wall. I introduced myself. He told me his name and proceeded to ask some questions about God and religion. I don't remember his questions or my answers. It was obvious to me that he simply wanted to come in from the cold.

Tall and angular, he had the look of someone confused and unsure of what the future held for him. I asked if he had a place to stay for the evening. He told me he was just passing through town, that the shelters were full but that he had some ideas about where he would stay for the night. He was evasive about where exactly that might be.

He asked to use our bathroom. He was there a long time. He seemed to be trying to clean himself up a little.

When he came out I asked him if I could give him something to eat. I found some bread, peanut butter and jam in our fridge and made four or five sandwiches and put them in a bag for him to take with him.

I asked him if he would like some warmer clothes. I gave him a school sweatshirt and sweatpants. He immediately put them on over his pants and the light jacket he had on.

We talked some while he ate. He wouldn't say much about himself, where he was going or what he planned on doing when he got there. For some reason I noticed his shoes. They were a light slip-on loafer type. I also noticed that he had no socks.

As he was getting ready to leave I asked if there was anything else I could do for him. He turned to me and said, "Do you have any socks? I could use some socks."

I balked.

Up to that point it had been very easy to help Quin. We had extra bread and peanut butter and jam and sweats. Socks were a different matter.

I had socks. They were on my feet at the time. They were my Christmas gift socks. Socks that I had specifically asked for. Socks that my wife had put into my Christmas stocking hanging on the mantel that I had opened on Christmas morning. Wool socks from my favorite outdoors store downtown. Darn Tough merino wool socks with a lifetime guarantee. I loved my socks!

But Quin needed socks.

I have to tell you that I searched high and low for a pair of socks for Quin. I looked in the cupboard with the sweats hoping against hope that somehow a Christmas miracle would turn sweats into socks. I searched the school lost-and-found pile to see if some student of ours had somehow left a pair of socks laying around for us to pass on to Quin.

The only pair of socks in the building were on my feet, keeping them very warm and cozy.

I didn't want to give Quin my socks.

But I did anyway.

I took them off my feet and watched as Quin put them on his own feet. He walked out the school door and I never saw him again.

We are called to help those in need, to give when the opportunity presents itself. Sometimes it's convenient to help others, sometimes it's not.

*“Then the King will say to those on his right, ‘Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you*

*clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me.*

*“Then the righteous will answer him, ‘Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink? When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?’*

*“The King will reply, ‘Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.’*

God Bless,  
Rick Nelson

530-588-4730  
[rick.nelson@myuja.org](mailto:rick.nelson@myuja.org)