



# Grapevine

## Prayer Kids

Monday - Ayla V. (3), Robert B. (4)  
Tuesday - Gissel G. (4), Isabela N. (4)  
Wednesday - Fernanda T. (4), Destiny W. (4)  
Thursday - Rachel W. (4), Jessika C. (5)  
Friday - Bryon C. (5), Oliver H. (5)

## Principal's Corner

### **Socks, and Other New Treasures**

*"Therefore every teacher of the law who has been instructed about the kingdom of heaven is like the owner of a house who brings out of his storeroom new treasures as well as old."*

**Matthew 13:52**

## Dates to Remember

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

I've been in love with a particular brand of socks for many years. Thick merino wool and almost indestructible, they feel wonderful in my hiking boots and I love to just wear them around the house on cold winter days. A few years back my wife asked me what I wanted for Christmas. I told her a pair of socks. Not just any socks, I said, but another pair of these. I held up my covered foot and wiggled my toes.

## 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!

Sure enough my thoughtful wife presented me with a wonderful pair of socks on Christmas morning. I started wearing them that very minute. For most of the rest of Christmas break I hardly took them off. I loved them! I had them for exactly one week,

and then they were gone. (I gave them to a homeless guy named Quin, but that's another story.) I was a little bummed. Deb was a little frustrated as it seems I'm in the habit of not keeping her gifts for very long (water shoes left at a backcountry lake come to mind). Since there were no dollars with the name "socks" written on them, replacing them was not in the cards. (Thanks Dave Ramsey!)

The Friday before giving the socks to Quin, Debbie and her sisters had driven off to have "tea" and spend a few hours shopping at the mall. We men stuck together and did more masculine things like watch VeggieTales and go to Round Table for pizza. Our boys had each been blessed with Round Table gift cards and we couldn't pass up a free meal of hot cheese on crusty bread. We ordered our pizza and I waited while the boys spent their quarters in three seconds flat. We snacked on crackers while we waited close to an hour for our pizza pie. I asked twice at the counter and still we waited. I talked to the manager and he told me they had made our pizza three times and it kept disappearing. He finally brought our pizza himself and refunded our money in cash. Cool! I had arrived with no cash and a couple of pizza gift cards and left with a full stomach, cold cash and some leftover pizza. I pocketed the cash with Deb none the wiser. Here were some dollars with my name written on them. Trouble was I left the cash in my pocket, the cash was laundered with the pants. The rule in our house was that laundered cash belongs to the laundry woman. Why can't I hold onto stuff?

A few days later I gave a worship talk in my classroom using the above Bible text. I told my students that the treasures mentioned were encounters with God, tokens of his love for us. The old treasures are those encounters with God we read about in the Bible, all the old stories we know so well like Noah and Gideon, Solomon and John. The old treasures are great, we learn so much from them, but they are not enough.

We need new treasures, our own personal encounters with God. Yet somehow we don't expect to have them, we don't ask for them. We assume that God just doesn't give out new treasures very often anymore, especially to us.

I encouraged my students to actively ask God for new treasures, to pursue encounters with him and expect them to happen. We prayed that morning for a new treasure. We asked for an encounter with God. Not 20 minutes later we had our answer, an unmistakable token of God's love. Skyler found it and shared it with the rest of the class. New treasures need to be shared.

Driving home that Thursday after school I turned the radio off and talked with God. I asked him for a new treasure. I wanted a new token of his love for me, something I could write about and share with others. I turned on the radio, thinking that maybe God would speak to me through the car speakers, nothing. I looked around through the car window expecting a sign in the clouds or in the fields, again nothing. I was

strangely disappointed God hadn't answered immediately. I was hoping for something a little dramatic, Oh well, I thought, he's got a few days to answer. I walked in the house and saw a new pair of wonderful wool socks on the counter. Deb had taken the laundered money and bought me a new pair of socks!

I'm ashamed to admit that this new treasure went totally unrecognized. In my blindness I even got a little whiny because they weren't exactly the style of socks I wanted. I was nitpicking the new treasure and in the process tarnishing even greater treasures. It began to sink in to me that in diminishing the gift I was disappointing the giver. This new treasure was given with much love and meant to strengthen the bond between us, but I had turned into a source of conflict.

It was a revelation that was hard to take, a different kind of new treasure, yet one that I needed. How often had I done this to my wife? Was this a habit with God as well? Is it possible that we have new treasures all around us, yet unrecognized? Are we

surrounded with wealth and still feel like paupers, not even recognizing the treasure in the Giver?

And why are we often so reluctant to ask for new encounters with God? Have we convinced ourselves that only other people get new treasures? That God doesn't want to come close to us? Do we fear silence when asking for new treasures to add to the old?

I've got my new treasures that day, more than just the socks.

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**Matthew 13:52**

God bless,  
Rick Nelson  
530-588-4730  
[rick.nelson@myuja.org](mailto:rick.nelson@myuja.org)