



Grapevine

Prayer Kids

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

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

Dec. 19 - Christmas Break Begins
Jan. 4 - School Resumes
Jan. 15 - End of 2nd Quarter
Jan. 18 - No School, MLK Day

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

"A Fading Morning Star"

I'm partial to sunrises. I love the quiet, the calm of the dawn. I like to bask, even if just for a moment or two, in the early peace of the morning before the pandemonium that comes later in the day. Sunrises don't have to be spectacular. Simply watching the light gently, relentlessly nudge the darkness until it has no choice but to recede westward brings me peace. Most of the time I only get to see snatches of the dawn. That's usually enough, knowing that the sun will rise and push back the night.

I spent two nights one summer a few years back at Deer Lake in the Sierra Buttes area. Micah and I had packed in the two and a half miles and reveled in the beauty, spending

time exploring the PCT nearby, circling the lake and scrambling over the rocky shore. On the second morning I was up before the dawn. I'm an early riser, Micah not so much after a summer of sleeping in. I sat and pondered the sunrise, from the first grey of twilight I watched until the sun peeked over the eastern crags.

Early on as I watched I noticed the Morning Star, the brightest one in the sky, rising ahead of the sun. There were no clouds in the eastern sky. There was no smoke in the air, no colors to see as the light grew. My eyes kept being drawn to that bright star, the Morning Star. I decided keep my eye on this star, to see how long I could continue to pick it out as the day became brighter.

As the morning grew it became difficult to pick out the star. More and more of the beauty around me, revealed by the rising sun, distracted me. My eyes would notice the breeze rippling the lake surface, or the color of wildflowers once again seen as the night receded. Once no longer locked in on the Morning Star, it became more and more difficult to find. It faded with each passing minute until, with the sunlight nearly peeking over the mountain, it was gone from my view.

I thought to myself, "Is there a message here, Lord?"

My soul heard, "Yes!"

Sitting there I was reminded that the Morning Star was no star at all. Venus was the morning star that morning. It had no light of

its own. It's light was from another source, reflected from the sun rising soon after. In the night just before the dawn, the Morning Star shone bright, brighter even than the stars. As the sun rose the light of the Morning Star faded. It did not reflect less, but the source of that light became more and more visible, revealing beauty the morning star could not.

Then it came to me, I need to be a fading morning star.

I want my light to fade as others begin to notice more and more the true source of light. I want my children (and students) to notice beauty, revealed more and more as the Son rises in their lives. To see me less and the Son more. I love the words of John the Baptist:

"He must become greater; I must become less."

John 30:30

God bless,

Rick Nelson
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