



Grapevine

Principal's Corner

On Barefoot Tidepooling

Sabbath afternoon my boys and I drove out of the smoke and the heat to the Mendocino Coast. It was time to get out of the house and into some cool ocean air for a hike along the bluffs. The boys didn't even complain all that much. The drive through the cathedral lights filtering through the trees in the Hendy Woods was almost sacred.

We found a trail along some secluded bluffs just south of Mendocino. Very few were there and we nearly had the place to ourselves. The water was clear, the winds were light and the sun was shining. What could go wrong?

We came upon a place where a shelf extended out to sea just above the current tide and found our way down the bluff. The tidepools were calling. It was glorious! Green anemones were everywhere. Purple and red urchins covered the pools and muscles clustered together. We found abalone feeding on algae and sea stars munching on a buffet of urchins. Small and medium sized crabs scurried about. Isaac took off his shoes and wandered about collecting shells of abalone, muscles and urchins. I thought about telling him to put his shoes back on and be happy with wet shoes. But knowing teen boys as I do, I figured this might be an opportunity to learn something through experience and not having to hear me say, "I told you so".

As we were getting ready to head back to the car Isaac wanted to see if he could get an abalone off the wall of a large pool. With a quick grab he surprised it before it could suction down. A family with a small girl arrived and he placed the abalone in her hand and let her feel the foot begin to move on her hand. She loved it. He then decided to find an urchin shell for her and that is when it happened. He slipped and stepped on a purple urchin, barefoot, as he

was reaching for an urchin shell. He hobbled over, gave her the shell and sat down to inspect his foot. It was bleeding and we could see over a dozen large and tiny fragments in his foot.

Hours later we ended up in the emergency room. He couldn't get the spines out himself and wouldn't let me try. He needed help and asked for me to take him.

He wanted healing and knew where to get it.

The doctor dug out most of the spines, did something to the tiny ones and said they would work their way out. It was painful, very painful, but he knew there was no other way for the healing to come.

In a spiritual sense, I don't think it's too much of a stretch to suggest that our role as teachers and parents is to make sure our children know where to go to find healing. They will find themselves at some point injured by our sin filled world. The enemy loves to shoot arrows at our heart, hoping we will forget that Jesus can heal a wounded heart.

"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds."

Psalm 147:3

God Bless,

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September Dates to Remember

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| Sept. 14 | - | Noon Dismissal for Teacher Training |
| Sept. 18-28 | - | Glenn Miller Memorial Golf Tournament
(see attached flyer) |
| Sept. 21-Oct.2 | - | MAP (Measure of Academic Proficiency)
Testing Window |
| September 29 | - | Noon Dismissal for Teacher Training |