



# Grapevine

## Prayer Kids

Monday - Hunter M. (8), Micah N. (8)  
Tuesday - Michelle R. (8), Noble C. (9)  
Wednesday - Jan Carlo S. (10), Amelia A. (K)  
Thursday - Yesenia A. (K), Olivia B. (K)  
Friday - Dax C. (K), Sierra F. (K)

## 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

Mar. 19 - End of 3rd Quarter  
Mar. 22-26 - Spring Break  
Mar. 29 - Teacher Inservice - No School  
Mar. 30 - 4th Quarter begins  
Apr. 13, 14 - P/T Conf. Half Day,  
12:15 dismissal

## 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

### Rooster Rescue

Shortly after we moved out to our 40 acres in the Sierra foothills, my father decided we needed chickens. Maybe he liked the sound of a rooster crow at 5 AM. Maybe he thought that when you live in the country you had to have chickens. Maybe he just wanted farm fresh eggs, or maybe he figured since we had no electricity (therefore no tv or radio) we needed some entertainment.

They ended up being quite entertaining. We built our hen house and chicken run, then incubated the eggs for 3 weeks. Baby chicks are very, very cute . . . for about three days. Then they get ugly fast. With pin-feathers sticking out everywhere they start to win you over with their personality. We loved to just watch them scratch the dirt

and peck at the ground. We even named our chickens.

The funny thing for us was that all had their own unique personality, their own way of doing things or their own way of clucking or crowing. While we named most of our chickens, I can only remember three of them. One of the hens we named Greensleeves and I'm not sure why. The only other two chicken names I can remember are Beethoven and King. Beethoven was a rooster who developed a crow that sounded just like the first measure of Beethoven's 5th Symphony . . . da da da DAAA. We always chuckled each time we heard it.

King earned his name. He was undisputed as the ruler of the roost. Nobody messed with King. If any of our other roosters dared to crow within 30 feet of him King would be



after them before they could finish crowing. Often they would have to cut their crow short and start running while in mid-crow. King was thick and heavy set. He was imposing and as he matured he began to think of himself as indestructible.

After our chickens matured and began providing us with eggs we began to lose them to predators. One fall we began to lose them at an alarming rate, as many as two a week. There was a bobcat who had developed a taste for our chickens, and this bobcat was bold. This cat would saunter into our yard and grab a meal within feet of us in broad daylight. The cat would come back a couple of days later for his next meal. Her schedule was quite regular.

One Sunday my Dad decided that he was going to put an end to this. The cat was due to come back for her next meal. He sat on our porch with his rifle in his hands all morning waiting to get a shot at her. The cat never showed up. After lunch he grew impatient, leaned his gun up against the wall and began to get some work done around the house. Sure enough, it was then that the bobcat showed up. My sister, who loved our chickens and was keeping watch, suddenly began to scream. "Daddy! Daddy! The bobcat is here!" We all came tearing to the hen house and my dad went for his gun. All the screaming and running around was too much for that old cat. She left in a hurry and my dad didn't get a shot at her.

After that we figured the cat was gone for good. The gun was put away and we all

went back to work. My sister was ever vigilant and stayed at her post, keeping her eye on her beloved chickens. The cat must have been hungry because she came back later that afternoon. Again, we heard the screaming, even more shrill than before. "Daddy! Daddy! The bobcat is back again and HE'S GOT KING!"

Angie told us later that she saw the bobcat come back to the yard and then to her amazement she saw King attack the cat. King found out he wasn't indestructible. The bobcat found an easy lunch. The cat took off up the hill, slowed down with a large flapping rooster in her mouth and my father running after her, yelling and screaming. This was too much for the cat and she dropped the bird and ran.

When my father got to where King was lying he thought the bird was dead. He was traumatized but alive. My father picked the brave bird up and took him back to the hen house. He was breathing but he wouldn't move. Nothing seemed to be broken, so after much fussing over him we left him sitting there on the hen house floor. He sat there, unmoving, the rest of the afternoon. He was still sitting there when we went to lock up the hen house. We placed him on his perch and left him there for the night.

The next morning when the hen house door was open he still sat on his perch, unmoving. It was sad, really. He was a shell of his former greatness, king in name only. He was placed back on the ground next to the feed and water. Again he just sat there, motionless. In the trauma he had somehow

forgotten how to be a chicken, how to eat and how to drink. He no longer ruled. He was breathing, but was he really alive?

In desperation my stepmother picked that rooster up and took him to the feeder. She forced his head into the feed, trying to mimic a chicken pecking motion. It was like a light came on in his little chicken brain and he began to eat. She took him over to the water and did the same thing and forced that little beak of his into the water. He began to drink. The King was back!

After a few days King was back to normal, the undisputed ruler of the roost. There are times when I wonder if we are all that much different than our rooster, King. We have all been damaged by the trauma of sin. As humans, we are all shells of our former greatness, in many ways kings in name only. We need restoration.

"To restore in man the image of his Maker, to bring him back to the perfection in which he was created, to promote the development of body, mind, and soul, that the divine purpose in his creation might be realized--this was to be the work of redemption. This is the object of education, the great object of life." Ellen White

God bless,

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