

The Homeschool Herald

The Newsletter Created By and For Homeschoolers

The place to share your creative creations!

Spring 2010

Spring! Spring! Spring!



Spring is here, and what a season it has been! The world is turning green again! I love Winter, but it is wonderful to look out the window to see

my garden coming back to life....mints, lettuces, herbs, blueberries....with more to come!

Why does this happen? Why do the plants suddenly wake up? Why do the birds migrate? Why do animals come out of hibernation? Well, the obvious reason is that the weather warms up. But why does that happen?



Here is a brief explanation... In spring, the axis of the Earth is increasing its tilt toward the Sun and the length of daylight rapidly increases for the relevant hemisphere. The hemisphere begins to warm significantly causing new plant growth to "spring forth," giving the season its name.

Here at Homeschool Excursions, we've had lots of fun adventures.... learning how to compost with worms, helping one of our local farms with their Spring planting, studying bees and how their colonies work so they can pollinate our plants while also making delicious honey.... and there are so

many more to be added to our Calendar of Events for the coming months. See you there!

Photos from our programs are scattered throughout this issue.... Enjoy!

What have you been up to? Have you taken any fun trips? Are you growing a garden this year? Do you play any Spring sports?



If you have something to share with us for the Spring issue of the *Homeschool Herald*, you can send it via e-mail or snail mail. Please contact us with any questions, ideas, or suggestions. We look forward to publishing YOUR creative creations!

Enjoy this issue of the *Homeschool Herald*!

I look forward to seeing you and your family soon!!

~Vered Kleinberger

Director, Educational Excursions



[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spring_\(season\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spring_(season))

A Village Singer: The Prequel

By Tara Venema
Abbotsford, BC, Canada

Candace Whitcomb sighed contentedly and glanced out the window at the new buds growing on the flowering bushes in the front yard. "I'm gonna be gardenin' agin soon," she told her bushes. "Mebbe if'n the sun's a-shinin' tomorra I'll be a-weedin' an' waterin' y'all.

Humming, Candace turned and sat down at her organ and began to play. She was so concentrated on her music that she didn't hear the hushed murmur of voices that grew louder, and abruptly stopped. Suddenly the doorbell rang, breaking Candace's concentration. "Hmm, I don't remember makin' plans fer t'night," Candace asked herself curiously as she got up to answer the door. "Wha-"

"Surprise!" the church choir chorused loudly.

"Now what's all this fussin' about?" Candace asked, confused.

"It's a surprise party in honour of your forty years of faithful singing in the choir," one member explained patronizingly."

"I brought cake," Jenny Carr laughed, holding up a platter so Candace could see.

"And I brought oranges," William Emmons mumbled gruffly, passing Candace the bowl.

Candace smiled pleasantly and took the bowl. "Well, don' stan' out there in the cold, c'mon in!"

The evening that passed was very joyful, with much singing and laughing. The time flew, and it seemed very soon that Candace ushered everyone out the door, waving and smiling. Candace turned and began the after party tidy, still reflecting on the evening. As she picked up the cake plates, Candace's eyes came to rest on the table by the organ. Puzzled, Candace walked over and picked up the album. As she did so, an envelope addressed to 'Miss Candace

Whitcomb' fell to the floor. Candace stooped over and picked up the envelope, opening it at the same time. Quickly, her eyes scanned the page, then froze as she sank weakly into an armchair.

"Notice to quite..." her voice trailed off. "I cain't believe it." The letter fluttered gently to the floor as Candace buried her face in her hands. Then, just as suddenly, her head snapped up, and there was fire in Candace's eyes. "Well," she scoffed, "they cain keep me from singing' in the choir, but they cain't keep me from singing'."

Spring Fantasy

By Hannah Streett
Smithsburg, MD

Standing in a bright green field
A breeze is blowing 'round
Wildflowers paint the grass
The warmth is like a gown
Look over to the forest
Where trees are rising high
Can you hear the babbling brook?
Its color like the sky
A bird of red flutters by
One feather falls to me
I slip it in among my hair
And giggle happily
My eyes now blink softly shut
I listen for the sound
Of all the songs from the trees
Of brilliant renown
As this draws to an end
I see the bright blue sky
The white cloud, the golden sun
A perfect spring respite

Can You Sink An Orange?

What objects float and what objects sink? It all depends on the density of each object.

Materials you will need:

- A Bowl
- Water
- A bowl
- An Orange
- A Friend

Steps:

1. Put the orange in the bowl and fill the bowl with water. What happens to the orange?
2. See if your friend can get the orange to sink.
3. Peel the orange.
4. Place the peeled orange back in the bowl of water. What happens this time?



The explanation:

The orange sinks because the orange peel is full of trapped air pockets, therefore making the orange light for its size (so it floats). When you remove the peel (including the air pockets) the orange weighs a lot for its size. Then it sinks because the orange is denser than water.

<http://www.kids-science-experiments.com/sinkingorange.html>

Spring Has Sprung Word Search!

S U Y T L O S P A R H B E S O
 B I K E S L T U E S L R O K D
 K L I L A C O D N P U E K I A
 G P O L L Y P D S U L E S P F
 A S Y O J R T L L P W Z U P F
 R P H B M H G E R O H E N I O
 D I R P S I L S O L R S S N D
 E L O S H K N L T L W T H G I
 N S H P O I V G R E E N I B L
 I T B U W N S R L N F L N S R
 N U Y L E G E A I P O R E K W
 G L O T R D H S R T H S Y A B
 B I R D S L O S I A L O R N L
 M P F L O W E R S E I U M E O
 L O T H U N D E R L S N Y L R

Look for these words hidden in the letters above:

- | | | | |
|----------|----------|-----------|---------|
| bikes | birds | blooming | breezes |
| flowers | grass | green | hiking |
| daffodil | iris | lilac | tulip |
| puddles | rain | showers | thunder |
| skipping | sunshine | gardening | pollen |

Upcoming Homeschool Excursions Programs

We hope to see you at some of our upcoming adventures!

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| Visionary Garden Project | Ongoing |
| Civil War Bike Tour | April 28, 2010 |
| Wild Salad Walk | May 4, 2010 |
| Backcountry Cooking | May 10, 2010 |
| Cheese Making | May 12, 2010 |
| Harry's Farmers Mkt Tour | May 21, 2010 |
| A View of the Garden | May 24, 2010 |
| And the Green Building Adventure will be an ongoing project all summer! (See page 16) | |

And more will be added soon!

We'll be offering programs this Summer too!

Check our Calendar of Events for updates.

Weeds?

What Weeds?

Compiled By Vered Kleinberger



Dandelions....many folks view them as annoying weeds that are nearly impossible to remove. But did you know that they're delicious and nutritious??

All parts of the dandelion are edible and have medicinal and culinary uses.

Here are a few of this amazing plant's many uses:

- It has long been used as a liver tonic and diuretic.
- In addition, the roots contain inulin and levulin, starchlike substances that may help balance blood sugar, as well as bitter taraxacin, which stimulates digestion.
- Dandelion roots can be harvested during any frost-free period of the year and eaten raw, steamed, or even dried, roasted and ground into a coffee substitute.
- The flowers are best known for their use in dandelion wine, but they also can be added to a salad, made into jellies or dipped in batter to make dandelion fritters.
- The leaves are rich in potassium, antioxidants, and vitamins A and C.
- Dandelion greens can be eaten raw, steamed, boiled, sautéed or braised.
- For use in salads, greens should be harvested from new plants while still small and tender, before the first flower emerges.
- Larger greens tend to be tougher and more bitter, and better suited for cooking.
- The fresh juice of Dandelion is applied



externally to fight bacteria and help heal wounds.

- The plant has an antibacterial action, inhibiting the growth of *Staphylococcus aureus*, pneumococci, meningococci, *Bacillus dysenteriae*, *B. typhi*, *C. diphtheriae*, proteus. The latex contained in the plant sap can be used to remove corns and warts.

Spread the Dandelions! It's so fun to blow the Dandelion puffs... and now you know you're growing a fabulous medicine chest and food pantry!

Think twice before pulling that weed! You may be throwing away something delicious and nutritious! *Please consult your physician before making any medical or dietary decisions.*

Images and Information:

<http://www.motherearthnews.com/Real-Food/2008-04-01/Dandelion-Recipes.aspx>

<http://2-women-on-2-acres.com>

<http://www.beautyandthebabyart.com/dandelion2.jpg>

http://www.bio.brandeis.edu/fieldbio/medicinal_plants/images/dandelion_seeds_full.jpg

<http://www.altnature.com/gallery/Dandelion.htm>



Lady Guinevere

By Julia Algya

What kind of woman could capture the heart of a strong and noble knight? After just one meeting, the Lady Guinevere continually dwelt in Arthur's thoughts. What was it about Guinevere that made her extraordinary? Arthur vowed, "I will forget that I am a king and I will cherish the thought of this lady and will serve her faithfully as a good knight may serve his chosen dame" (62). Arthur's immediate action of putting aside his stately place in society and willingly serving Guinevere shows a great respect for the Lady Guinevere. King Arthur fell in love with a woman who displayed not only outward beauty, but also an inner beauty shown through her compassion and tender heartedness.

The Lady Guinevere possessed a beauty unlike anyone of her years. She carried this beauty so elegantly, drawing Arthur's attention to her. Her exquisiteness caused Arthur to disguise himself as a gardener's boy just so he could marvel at her beauty and attain the her favor. Lady Guinevere's court followed her wherever she went, learning about her. Pyle states, "And the Lady Guinevere rode in the midst of her damsels and her Court, and her beauty outshone the beauty of her damsels as the splendor of the morning star outshines that of the lesser stars that surround it" (60). King Arthur's love for Guinevere stretched far beyond her external loveliness to include her compassion and kindness.

"And the Lady Guinevere was filled with a great pity at beholding King Arthur's sorrowful estate" (61). The Lady Guinevere first met King Arthur, out of coincidence, at the hermit's dwelling. Her purpose of arrival was to find healing for a favorite page of hers who had taken ill. Arthur was blessed by her presence and through her compassion for others she aided in healing him. An immediate reaction of

condolence appears upon her face when tragedy confronts her. Another incident regarding her compassion arises when the damsels snatch Arthur's hat off of his head. She jokingly laughs in front of him; however, she had pity on him for feeling ashamed and she privily requested of her damsels to say nothing of the event. The Lady Guinevere freely uses her gifts of kindness, compassion and tender-heartedness to benefit others.

Throughout the tale of Lady Guinevere, Howard Pyle elaborates on her kindness, loveliness and affection for the people around her. On one occasion her manners were not the same. A knight named Sir Gawaine had angrily struck a favorite dog of hers, causing her to react with a stern and angry temper. In conclusion, she ordered Sir Gawaine to leave and never return to her court. "And Queen Guinevere went into her chamber and wept in secret for anger and for shame. For indeed she was greatly grieved at what had befallen..." (243). She became so ashamed of her actions; however, she knew that she could not take back what she had said. Even though her usual loving spirit had not emerged in that incident, she did not become characterized by anger.

The Lady Guinevere, an extraordinary woman, captured the heart of a great and noble knight. Her exquisite beauty set her apart from the world around her. Guinevere's characteristics of inner beauty, compassion, and tender-heartedness drew attention to her and won the adoration of King Arthur. For these same reasons she won the hearts and dedication of her subjects. Guinevere devoted her life to love and to cherish what surrounded her everyday. Whether for people or animals, she demonstrated by her actions what mattered to her most.

Resource:

Pyle, Howard. *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*. 1965. Print.

The Turnaround

By Christopher Holland

This story is Christopher Holland's continuation of Gilbert K. Chesterton's story, [The Wisdom of Father Brown](#). You can read the original story here: <http://www.classicreader.com/book/915/1/>

It was Friday night. The ocean rolled like thunder as the waves crashed into the jagged crevices in the rocks, and a dark shroud seemed to cover the whole of England. Dr. Hood looked out from his office window, his thoughts deep and probing. The realization that a priest, who seemed to be rather a simpleton, had out done his own masterful mind was troubling to him. It was now three days since the resolution of the "Glass Case". At first his failure to solve the mystery had seemed rather comical, but now it haunted his very existence. Just then, there was a quiet rapping on the huge mahogany doorway that led into his office. Dr. Hood slowly turned around and removed his empty pipe from his lips. When Dr. Hood had something to think hard on, he would always use his pipe, whether he had tobacco or not.

"Enter." He then sat in his large leather chair which had the appearance of a throne and crossed his strong hands. The heavy door slowly opened and revealed a young woman of a blissful countenance. She was Dr. Hood's secretary, Miss Jane MacDonald. Generally, her pleasant demeanor cheered the Doctor, but not today. Her high-heels clicked across the oak floor in a melodic rhythm.

"Here is your daily paper, and I brewed you some tea with three sugars, as you like." She smiled and then turned to leave just as Dr. Hood spoke.

"Miss MacDonald," She turned. "No one is permitted to see me today. If anyone wants to speak with me, make an appointment." She nodded, then left in the same fashion as she had come. Dr. Hood took his tea and sipped at it as

he opened the paper. What he saw on the front page filled him with horror. The paper dropped to his desk and he stared at it as if he was looking at a dead man who had come to life...

Priest Brown was hurrying about his business, as he always made calls on members of his flock. He had just visited Widow Fletcher and was now on his way to Mrs. MacNab. Normally, his visit to Mrs. Macnab was pleasant enough, but today he was told that there was a special lunch prepared especially for him. The priest, flattered as he was and being a man who loved food, made no delay in traveling to the MacNab's. As his little carriage arrived at the gate, the sky broke open and started to pour. Mr. Brown was dismayed to see his old Bible, which had been handed down from generation to generation, utterly soaked in the rain. He quickly jumped from his seat and dashed, as quickly as an elderly man in priest's clothing can, to the front door which was sheltered from the weather. He knocked at the door with three deliberate blows and lifted his arm to wipe the rain from his face. Opening the door was young, fair, Maggie MacNab, who smiled and welcomed the priest. Maggie could barely be heard over the loud voice of her mother in the background who was chastising her for not letting the butler do his job. Priest Brown entered, removed his over coat and hat, and followed Maggie to the drawing room...

Dr. Hood's lip quivered. He sat motionless, stunned with amazement. The newspaper stared back as if it were mocking him. The front page read, "Local Priest Solves Mystery: Nationally Acclaimed Doctor is Bested." Just then, anger swept over him like a great torrent of fire. His voice thundered as he called for Miss MacDonald. She, knowing all too well that tone of voice, was there before he could even rise out of his chair.

"Have the coach ready, I'm leaving in five minutes!" He stormed towards the door, grabbed his hat, and set it firmly, very firmly, on

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his brow. Putting on his gloves and grabbing his cane, he then straightened himself, looked in the mirror with amazing intensity, and then headed for the door. His mind raced for answers. How could Mrs. MacNab go to the press and make him out to be such a fool! He had never liked that woman, and now she was the focus of his rage. He then thought about how the priest must be basking in self-glorification at this moment. "How dare he be so filled with pride!" He was but a lowly priest, and now he's a hero. "Ha!" Dr. Hood sat in his coach brewing and growing more and more bitter.

As the coach pulled up to the MacNab's, Dr. Hood spotted the priest's open carriage parked along the side of the establishment. "So... the schemers have gathered to enjoy their little victory, have they?" Dr. Hood jumped out and made his way to the door. He paused in the doorway, straightened his hat with such vigor that it seemed he thought it was the enemy, and then he banged on the door rapidly five times.

The MacNab's and Priest Brown were enjoying a splendid spread that Mrs. MacNab had spent a great amount of time in preparing. The joyous voices echoing from that room and throughout the halls would cause any unknowing visitor to assume that it was Christmas Day. Priest Brown was happily overwhelmed with all the praise Mrs. MacNab offered. Not even the King received this much praise at his own table! Just then, there was a thundering knock at the door. The joyful group suddenly became quiet. The butler had opened the door, and Mrs. MacNab's ears strained to hear who their visitor could be as the footsteps grew louder. Little did she know that her happy party would soon turn into a battlefield.

**The world is
mud-luscious and
puddle-wonderful.**
- E.E. Cummings

Rising Up

By Abby Caron

"Our greatest glory is not in never failing,
but in rising up every time we fail."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Chapter 1

Lucy Harris slid farther down in her soft bed and pulled the bulky covers up over her head. Her small hand shook from holding the flashlight so long and her eyes were growing weak. Realizing she could be caught at any moment, Lucy knew she should go to sleep. But this book on Amelia Earhart was just too interesting to stop reading. Lucy Harris loved books. Whether they were about Thomas Edison inventing the light bulb or a book of poetry, she simply could not put it down. After being called names such as "four eyes" and "geek" by kids at school, Lucy's way of escaping was to become immersed in a book. Lucy had just come upon the part where Amelia Earhart had decided to fly over the Atlantic Ocean when suddenly the covers were thrown off of her and Lucy found herself staring up at her mother whose arms were perched angrily on her hips. "Lucille Harris, you're almost 10 years old! When are you going to learn? How many times have I told you, lights out after eight? It's past eleven! And where are your glasses? You know you have to use them when you read!" Lucy glanced sheepishly up at her mother who stood waiting for an answer with pursed lips and a foot tapping the ground with a steady rhythm. "A million and one," Lucy answered. "But I'm reading a book about Amelia Earhart and she's about to fly the Atlantic and..." "Lucy," interrupted her mother her tone softening a bit, "You've been through six books this week. I love that you enjoy reading so much, but rules are rules." She held out her hand and Lucy reluctantly placed the book in it. Lucy knew her

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Ode to Snow

By Emily Semans
Santa Rosa, CA

A sea of white
Untouched by human hands
Softer than a rabbit's fur
Snow, ice cold, but holding
Imaginable warmth.

Children on sleds
Shrieking with joy
While snowflakes fall
Softly on their pink cheeks.

An unseen light radiates
From the fresh powder
Stretching as far
As the eye can see.

And the snow
Will not last forever
But will melt into cold water
The tears of the sky.

That glistening white stuff falling
From the sky more of
God's wonders right
Before my eyes!

How did it become so white
Falling from our sky?
That glistening white stuff
Falling from the sky



Stuck in the Middle

By Emily Apgar
Warrenton VA

Stuck in the middle. Between faith and lost dreams. Hope is whispering in the deep frozen waters. Puddles of tears pool at my feet. Pain battles peace, in raging rush of brokenness. Stuck in the middle.

Stuck in the middle. My reckless fancies wrapped in uncertainty. Will the rose forever be wilted. Damaged flower trying to bloom. A wish to be known and to be known. But here I am still stuck in the middle.

Stuck in the middle. Melting gold, refined by fire. Yet fearing wounds that might go deep enough to break past the numb and frozen heartache. Past the surface, light is waning, at the core my heart is shaking slowly. And I'm still stuck in the middle.

Stuck in the middle, hope is crying out. Screaming love within a sea of doubt. Get past the fence and I'll be free. But ice is frosting out my guarded heart. Where has my sight gone, why can I not see? Deep water faith doesn't last if you can't forgive. Look past each throbbing memory, let yourself live... I will trade my dreams for his. I won't get caught in the middle.





The Sun Rise

By Andrea Voron
Gilbert, AZ

Watch the sun rise color the sky.
Behold its blinding rays,
For there creation steals a sigh.

Majestic clouds want to cry,
At the sound of the valley's praise.
Watch the sun rise color the sky.

All night we wait for light to fly,
Over the mountains in a blaze,
For there creation steals a sigh.

Though often storms may tempt up high,
The golden light soon paints the grays
Watch the sun rise color the sky.

We stare up high where splendors lie
We wait to feel its glorious gaze
For there creation steals a sigh.

But then, however, we say goodbye,
And wait until the suns next raise.
Watch the sun rise color the sky,
For there creation steals a sigh.



Ode To A Spring Afternoon

By Amanda Lacayo

Close your eyes, listen to the wind
On this spring afternoon full of promise.
Let out a smile and a contented sigh
As the sun beams the warmth past your
window,
And past the old winter days full of loneliness,
Into the month of summer,
For spring is the gateway to freedom,
To happiness,
To friendships that blossom,
And days that you wish will never end.
Sit on the end of your bed and ponder.
Sit in the path of the rays of sun
That caress your faintly smiling face,
That rise the tulips from their wintry beds,
That wake the birds and remind them to sing.
That song of the birds in spring,
The chirp of a peaceful harp on wings.
And the flowers that peek into the world,
They slowly rise, grow, and develop,
And gradually open to see a new day full of
new faces.
A feather floats on the soft breeze
Around the budding green garden full of life.
Yes, spring is a path to contentment.
Listen to the music played by the wind—
The rustle, the breeze, the lullaby.
Let it lull you to sleep.
Let it cradle your heart full of joy,
And show it your love by singing back.
Sing your new spring song,
Of the season of pleasure,
And the season of peace.

Xingu Extended

By Abby Coker

Daphne AL

This story is Abby Coker's continuation of part one of Edith Wharton's story, Xingu.

You can read the original story here:

<http://www.eastoftheweb.com/short-stories/UBooks/Xing.shtml>

"I'm so sorry -- I'd quite forgotten --" she flung back at them from the threshold; and as she joined Mrs. Roby, who had turned in surprise at her appeal, the other ladies had the mortification of hearing her say, in a voice which she did not take the pains to lower: "If you'll let me walk a little way with you, I should so like to ask you a few more questions about Xingu . . ."

The moment the door to Mrs. Ballinger's house was firmly closed behind Mrs. Roby and Osric Dane, the two women took deep breaths, taking no pains to hide their obvious relief at having escaped the constructed atmosphere of the Lunch Club meeting.

They walked in silence for a few moments, each woman contemplating the situation they had just witnessed. Osric Dane was first to speak. She cleared her throat and properly began, "Thank you for letting me--walk--with you". The way Osric Dane thanked Mrs. Roby was much like a convict thanking an accomplice for helping him escape from prison.

Mrs. Roby was a little taken aback at Osric Dane's sudden-- though reserved--outburst of gratitude, such an aberrant contrast to her previous behavior displayed to the women of the Lunch Club.

"Well, I think it was as good a time as any to make our--exit," replied Mrs. Roby, her eyes twinkling, and her cheeks rosy with the exhilaration of conquest.

Osric Dane's intrigue overcame her and in a quite uncharacteristic fashion for one ordinarily so calculating, her words gushed out, "Mrs. Roby, you mentioned one of my latest books being awash with Xingu but you did not know

which one. I must confess my complete oblivion regarding a mention of the great river in any of my manuscripts."

At the mention of the word "river" Mrs. Roby pressed her lips together in a satisfied smile. So, the distinguished Osric Dane had more of a working knowledge of geography than any of her pompous hostesses. Mrs. Roby had suspected as much, but now allowed herself a good-natured moment of self-satisfaction over her success at enlivening Osric Dane's monotone existence.

The distinguished author suddenly grabbed Mrs. Roby's shoulder and slowed them both to a stop. Osric Dane, her face registering a perfect cross between confusion and embarrassment, turned Mrs. Roby to face her directly and scanned her face intently for several consequential seconds. Osric Dane's face relaxed, she took a deep resigned breath and exhaled all her embarrassment; she squinted her eyes as if to peer beyond Mrs. Roby's features and straight into her cerebellum ... "It is the river Xingu to which you refer, is it not?"

For a moment Mrs. Roby's countenance mirrored that of Osric Dane's as she pulled her brows together and feigned complete seriousness. Suddenly Mrs. Roby threw her head back and laughed-- a large, gleeful laugh reminiscent of a prankster relishing in the moment of being found out. The corners of Osric Dane's mouth pulled up in a sheepish, forced smile and a nervous giggle, louder than she intended, rattled from the back of her throat.

"Oh," squeaked Mrs. Roby between rails of laughter, "I sincerely apologize for my reaction. Your confusion is understandable. I'm still amusing myself with flashbacks. Did you notice the way Mrs. Ballinger's nose rose when she said, 'I should hardly call it wading.' Mrs. Roby lowered her pitch a few octaves, exaggerating the distinguished drawl of Mrs. Ballinger.

For one last moment Osric Dane remained mystified, then suddenly her jaw dropped, a knowing gleam crept into her eye as the perfectly

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What Do You See In Me?

By Emily Apgar
Warrenton VA

I love the way you laugh with me
I love that you're so near to me
But I wonder
I wonder if I'm really what you see in me
Cause my heart keeps changing
My worry slows
Then starts its raging
Will you runaway?
Will you love me enough to stay?
Love me enough to pray
Love me enough to say
"You're going to be ok."?
Do you love me enough?
Now that I've told you
Do you still think I'm so tough?
Do you see that my heart is throbbing?
Do you listen for my sobbing?
I kept me hidden for a reason
Kept me hidden because I was scared
Kept me hidden because you'll define me by a
season
Define me by my aching darkness
I'm willing to confess
I really made a mess
I haven't made much progress
But I am moving forward
And I have been restored
But why don't you see
The grace that set me free
Why do you get stuck on my failure?
Do you hate me?
For the things I've done?
For the times I told no one?
For the times that I run?
For the moments when I come undone?

I know I hurt you...
I know that's true
And now I'm scared after all I put you through
You'll walk away from me too
I try to hide everything
I fake my laughter, I learn to sing
I try to hide the sting
I love you
I hope you love me too
I'll always be here for you
I think saying so is long overdue
I hid things for your own sake
Please, don't be burdened by my mistakes
I will fake happiness if I have too
You're worth everything you put me through
Just know I'm quiet for you
I don't talk about this for you
I hide me because I need you
Because I love you...

Valentine's Day

By Emily Semans
Santa Rosa, CA

I love to celebrate Valentine's Day
With my love by the bay.

I want to sit by the water with my love
And watch the seagulls fly above.

To have a picnic by the shore
And dance without a dance floor.

I want to talk and laugh non-stop
And drink our lattés from the coffee shop.

I want to stay by the bay until the sun goes
down
And then return to our small town.

hilarious reality of Mrs. Roby's ruse fully hit her. Her face registered a combination of incredulity and admiration.

"My dear Mrs. Roby, I do feel compelled to tell you how much I admire your cleverness," complimented Osric Dane between giggles.

Mrs. Roby grinned in pleasure. "Why thank you," she said with a lilt in her voice and a playful little curtsy, causing Osric Dane to laugh jovially.

"So, you must tell me why you titled your latest book with such a macabre title"? Asked Mrs. Roby as the two women linked arms and continued to stroll down the lane as carefree and comfortable as two school girls.

Rising Up
Continued from page 7

mother loved her, but she also knew when rules were broken punishments were given. But after Lucy had turned off the flashlight and kissed her mother goodnight, she saw a slight pull at the corners of her mother's mouth and Lucy fell asleep with a smile on her face.

Chapter 2

When Lucy got home from school the next day, she raced up to her bedroom so she could become absorbed in her book once again. However, it wasn't until Lucy was halfway up the stairs that she remembered last night's development. She trudged up the rest of the stairs and plopped down on her bed as if carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders. She fought the tears that threatened to come as the day's difficulty came rushing back to her. Ricky Johnson was the leader of the group. If he made fun of her, his posse soon followed suit. As Lucy recalled the names they had called her, tears ran freely down her face, despite her resistance. Lucy's thoughts were interrupted by her dad calling for her to come downstairs. She quickly

wiped away her tears and descended the stairs. "We're going to pick up Gram and Gramps at the airport," announced her mom. Lucy put on her jacket and followed her brother to the car. Talking and joking with her family on the way to the airport and the thought of seeing her grandparents brightened Lucy's day. When they arrived at the airport, she ran to hug Gram and Gramps with a squeal of joy. After everyone had embraced and Dad and Gramps were off getting the luggage, Lucy spotted Ricky Johnson from the corner of her eye. Her head whipped around and she saw him making faces as he walked over to make fun of her, no doubt. Lucy panicked. Being called names in front of the school was bad enough, but in front of her whole family? Lucy took off at a run for the bathrooms knowing she wouldn't be able to bear it. When Lucy arrived at the bathrooms, breathing hard, she figured waiting a little while until Ricky left was a good plan. But when she came back out to join her family, they were nowhere to be found.

Chapter 3

Lucy curled up on one of the airport seats and sobbed. Where were they? She had looked for hours, but there was no trace of them. Lucy knew she hadn't left for that long, but she also knew she never should have left in the first place. It was all her fault. They had probably forgotten about her in all the excitement with her grandparents and gone home. This thought triggered a new spring of tears. Images raced through Lucy's head of what could happen to her and she closed her eyes and wept. "Well, hello there, sweetheart." Lucy opened her eyes at the sound of a warm feminine voice and saw a strange woman standing before her. With short red hair, a brown leather jacket and goggles on her head she reminded Lucy of someone, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it. The woman held out her hand, "Amelia Earhart, at your service." Lucy's eyes opened wide with

Continued to page 13

disbelief as she shook the woman's hand. "You're Amelia Earhart?" "Yes, m'am, and who might you be?" Lucy told Amelia her name and what had happened to her. Amelia had an odd way of making people want to pour out their hearts to her. "Well," Amelia declared, "Let's see if we can't have some fun tonight anyway, hmm? Your parents will surely be here by morning." Amelia motioned for her to follow and walked swiftly out of the exit and outside. The chilly air made Lucy wish she had a jacket, but it was indeed a beautiful night. However, with the runway lights on Lucy could see a beautiful red plane with gold stripes, smaller and much different than the usual ones at the airport. "Well, hop in to the little red bus," said Amelia. Lucy stepped in, sat down next to Amelia, and buckled her seat belt. When they had taken off and were gliding in the air, Lucy glanced outside. She gasped. The magnificent stars hanging outside looked as if each one had been placed there with the utmost care. It was the most beautiful sight she had ever seen. "Quite a sight, isn't it?" Amelia asked softly. "I remember one night when I was flying. The moon had set and I was alone with the stars. Flying might not be all fine sailing, but the fun of it is worth the price."

Chapter 4

"Well, here we are," declared Amelia. Lucy stepped outside onto brown dirt and discovered she was on a baseball field. "Good evening, Miss Earhart," said a man with a baseball uniform on. "Mr. Ruth, what a pleasure to see you again, this is Lucy Harris." The man turned to Lucy and held out his hand, "Babe Ruth". Lucy could only gawk at him. "Babe Ruth? The greatest baseball player ever?" Babe laughed, "You might say that. Say, do you want to play some baseball?" He winked at her. Soon it was Lucy and Amelia versus Babe, the score all tied up. "It's the bottom of the ninth folks," announced Babe in a deep voice, "Lucy Harris up at bat. Babe Ruth throws a curveball and..." Lucy hit a

clean hard shot and took off at a run. Babe ran to get the ball as Lucy rounded first base. Babe was nearing her now and she could see home plate, but about 10 feet away from it she tripped and came down hard. Amelia ceased cheering for a moment and everything was silent. Then Amelia burst out "Come on Lucy, show him what you're made of!" With Babe only a hand's length away from her, Lucy stood up and with a burst of energy slid into home plate. Amelia cheered wildly and Lucy could almost hear the crowd's roar. Babe stood with his hands on his knees panting, but smiling widely. "It's hard to beat a person who never gives up."

Chapter 5

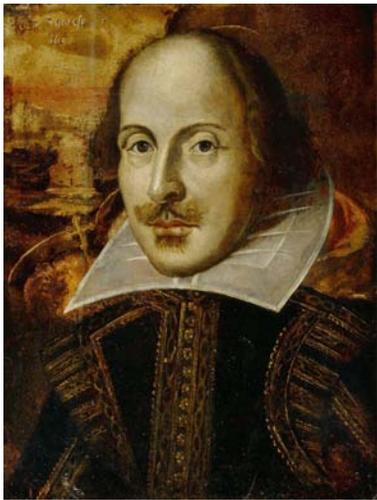
"Lucy!" Lucy opened her eyes at the sound of her mother's voice. Her mother squeezed her tightly then began to question. "Where have you been? We've been looking all over for you!" "Mom, I flew in a plane with Amelia Earhart and played baseball with Babe Ruth!" Her mother smiled. "Well, I'm glad you're all right, but don't ever go off like that again!" "I'm sorry I ran off alone mom. It won't happen again. I'm not afraid of Ricky's teasing anymore, I'm even going to try to be nice to him tomorrow at school," said Lucy. "That's wonderful sweetheart," her mother replied as she hugged Lucy again. "Let's go tell everyone I found you and go home," suggested her mom. So, mother and daughter started down the hallway, Lucy chattering about her adventure the whole time. She only stopped for a moment when she looked out the window and saw a red plane with gold stripes whiz by.

**In the Spring,
I have counted
136 different kinds
of weather inside
of 24 hours.**

- Mark Twain

William Shakespeare

By Kathryn Buhler



William Shakespeare is considered by many as the greatest poet ever to walk the face of the earth. His nickname “The Bard of Avon” referred to his unofficial title as the national poet of England. Many years later, the title

of “The Bard” also belonged to the renowned poet, Robert Burns. Hundreds of years after Shakespeare’s death, his works never fail to amuse audiences of a variety of ages. There were many things he did to become famous. His childhood, his style and his incredible works left a mark on mankind.

Although William Shakespeare’s birth remains unknown, most usually observe it on April 23. He was baptized at a young age on April 26, 1564. Shakespeare lived in Stratford-upon-Avon in a family of nine. He may have attended King’s New School, where he learned Latin grammar and the classics. When Shakespeare was merely 18 years old, he married the young Anne Hathaway. Anne gave birth to a girl named Susanna, and later to twins Hamnet and Judith.

Shakespeare had a very interesting, varied style in his writing. He wrote 154 sonnets. 126 sonnets were dedicated to a young man, and the other 26 were dedicated to a woman. The general rhyming pattern for his sonnets were abab cdcd efef gg. Some of the themes in his sonnets were “Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?” and “When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes.” William Shakespeare also had an interesting mixed vocabulary. He changed words, made up

imaginary words, and used words from other languages in his works.

William Shakespeare’s works still live on today. A few of his surviving works are the following: 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, not to mention his many plays. Some of his tragic works include Antony and Cleopatra, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and Romeo and Juliet. Also, he wrote many comedic plays. Several of them include All’s Well That Ends Well, Measure for Measure, The Tempest, and Much Ado About Nothing. All of these plays were excellently performed and appreciated in theaters all across the world.

This great author and poet shall never be forgotten. His works, performed by Shakespearean actors all across the globe, have left a lasting impression on the world. His writing style actually helped form some of the English Language. He did so many things to leave his lasting mark on history. His works may not be forgotten in the years to come. As Ben Jonson quoted, “He was not of an age, but of all time.”

Resources:

“The Bard of Avon – William Shakespeare.” No Sweat Shakespeare. n. pag. Web. March 15, 2010. <http://nosweatshakespeare.com/>

“William Shakespeare.” Wikipedia. Web. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_shakespeare.

“WilliamShakespeare.”WilliamShakespeare. The World Book Encyclopedia. 17 vols. Chicago, Illinois: Scott Fetzer Company, 1991. Print.

image: <http://www.divadlonymburk.cz>

**In the spring, at the
end of the day,
you should
smell like dirt.**

- Margaret Atwood

Sudoku

4								
			3			1		6
	1		9		2		4	
		8		1	6			5
	5						7	
7			8	5		9		
	2		6		9		8	
1		7			5			
								3

The numbers 1-9 must be in every column, row, & box

So... You Think You Know Everything?

- Peanuts are one of the ingredients in dynamite.
- A hippo can open its mouth wide enough to fit a 4 foot tall child inside.
- A hummingbird weighs less than a penny.
- The average person has over 1,460 dreams a year.
- One in every 4 Americans has appeared on television.
- The average American will eat about 11.9 pounds of cereal per year.

<http://funny2.com/facts.htm>



We look forward to seeing you and your family soon!

Lots of fun programs are currently being planned for the Summer.

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Homeschool Excursions focuses on providing unique, hands-on adventures. These include environmental activities, cultural programs, historical events, and much more!



The Green Building Adventure, Phase I

I've been thinking about how to start this article, so instead I finally decided to just start typing a first-person narrative.... And I guess I should begin at the beginning. The Green Building Adventure is a program we have been developing for the past few years, and now we're getting started!

The Green Building Adventure has been designed as an intensive program in which a group of students will research various building options, they'll design a sustainable structure, and then they'll help build it using mostly reclaimed and recycled building materials. We have been accumulating doors, flooring, tools, and other items and we now need a place to store everything. So we have decided to start Phase I of the Green Building Adventure.



But this isn't going to be just any storage space because that's not how we do things here at Educational Excursions.... it will be two stories with a rooftop garden. And it will also be constructed from reclaimed materials. We have already collected lots of lumber for the structure and construction has begun!

Recycled materials have many plusses, but also require lots of work! Reclaimed lumber has already been used in a structure. This means there are lots of nails to be removed, the wood needs to be cleaned up, and the sizes are



irregular which can make framing a little more challenging.

But it is worth the additional labor! The wood we've collected is superior in many ways: used wood comes in sizes that are unmatched in today's lumber yards, old recycled lumber is also dry wood so it's much less likely to twist, warp or shrink, and the best aspect of all is that we're not cutting down more trees!

We'd love for you to come help! Kids ages 15 and older are encouraged to come lend a hand, though those ages 17 and younger need a parent to join them. We have many tasks - pulling nails, cleaning-up the wood, and then putting it all together to make a beautiful and functional structure. But we can't do it without you!

The lumber we've collected is roughly 100 years old. Some is from a hay barn in Cave Springs and some is from a cottage in Cabbagetown in Atlanta.....this wood represents both rural agriculture and urban industrialization from the same time period in Georgia's history. All we're missing is a piece of Pickens County from the height of the marble era to bring in some local history, and it will add another cultural element - rural industrialization.

How can you get involved? There are several ways!

1) Let us know if you have some usable materials that you'd like to donate or sell. We prefer items from the same general era as our other wood, but we'll take anything usable.

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What's Inside??

Spring 2010

This issue of *The Homeschool Herald* is filled with fabulous submissions from amazingly creative homeschoolers.

Homeschoolers from throughout the United States have made this issue of *The Herald* one of the best ever! Enjoy these stories, articles, poems, and more!

Have fun with the word search, sudoku puzzle, and other activities. Do you have a fun activity to share? A science experiment you've done recently, or a maze, or a crossword puzzle, or anything else you'd like to send us for the next issue?

Spring time is a time for inspiration and for letting your imagination run wild. Share your creative creations with us!



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