

The Homeschool Herald

The Newsletter Created By and For Homeschoolers

The place to share your creative creations!

Summer 2009

Summer.... Swimming.... Sunshine.... Super!!



Summer is here! What an exciting time of year! Swimming, playing with friends, reaping the garden's harvest, reading a great book on a hot day, the possibilities are endless!

Homeschool Excursions welcomes all of you to our community! We are looking forward to having fun with you!

Many of you are new to Homeschool Excursions. We offer lots of programs and activities.... one of them being the *Homeschool Herald*. This is a newsletter composed of the creative creations submitted by kids from throughout the United States. We hope you will contribute to future issues!

We have other programs listed on our website, www.homeschoolexcursions.org. We hope you

will visit it and join us for some of our upcoming activities.

We recently visited Whitestone Farm and learned how to make Poplar bark baskets. Several photos are scattered throughout this issue. Hope you can join us next time!

If you have something to share with us for the Fall *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*!
Have a fantastic Summer!

Images & Info:
<http://www.calfinder.com>

Steve Nash: The Hard Working Hero

By David Rawlings

The point guard's long hair flaps around as he drives to the basket just like he has practiced so many times in the past. Steve Nash's amazing life story inspires me to dream about basketball and working my way to the NBA (National Basketball Association). Nash grew up in Canada, playing soccer and basketball constantly. His dad told him that there would always be players that were more athletic than he was, so he needed to work at the fundamentals of basketball. By practicing every day Nash improved rapidly. He did not just play around like most kids his age, but he devotedly worked on drills in his own free time. Growing up Nash did not get much attention, but he always had confidence in himself.



Nash backed up his confidence by earning a college scholarship, and soon NBA scouts started noticing him. The scouts were impressed by

Nash's fundamentals. After college the Phoenix Suns drafted Nash, and a few years later traded them to the Dallas Mavericks. Nash then burst into the spotlight of the NBA and some called him one of the NBA's best point guards. He also won an Olympic Gold Medal while playing with team Canada. Steve Nash enjoyed his years with the Mavericks, playing with Michael Finley and best friend Dirk Nowitzki, but wanted to move back to his original team. So in 2004 he traveled to Phoenix joining the Suns again. Back-to-back Most Valuable Player awards in 2005

and 2006 made Nash's inspiring life story complete.

Steve Nash inspires me. He makes me want work at basketball. Nash kept playing because he enjoyed basketball not because someone told him too. The love for the game should never escape a true basketball player. A determined and positive character makes Nash a great role model. I think Steve Nash makes a wonderful hero for any basketball player. Maybe by following in his footsteps I will play against him someday!

Resource:

Steve Nash MVP Basketball Fundamentals of Basketball. DVD, Varsity Films.

To Heal The Broken Hearts

By Mia Langford, age 13, Oregon

Sighing, I strolled through the silent streets of Haarlem; even though I was taking my time, I easily passed another lonely-looking visitor wandering along across the street. The weight of the world seemed to slump his thin shoulders; slumping them into a sad arc. Why did the gloom of war still hang over our heads like a heavy cloud? The war was over! Germany had surrendered! But in my heart, and the hearts of all the Hollanders, I knew the battle was still being fought. I slowed to a stop and turned to stare at a shop across the street; it reminded me of something. The windows had been boarded up, the walls stained with soot, and in between the boards blocking the wide windows you could see glass and shrapnel everywhere. Then it hit me! That was the butcher shop I used to frequent every Wednesday... but that was before the war of course.

While I continued to stare at the store front, lost in thought, a man shuffled past

Continued to page 7

Weeds? What Weeds?

Compiled By Vered Kleinberger,
Program Coordinator for
Homeschool Excursions



Lemon Balm (*Melisa officinalis*) is an amazing herb. It is a member of the mint family, so if you decide to

cultivate it, make sure you plant it in an area where it can spread.

There are so many uses for Lemon Balm! Here are a few:

- Lemon Balm is a native to southern Europe and northern Africa and has been cultivated for over 2000 years.
- It has a long history as a healing herb and was also part of a drink that ensured longevity.
- The branches were strewn on floors to freshen a room, as mentioned by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor".
- It is considered a "calming" herb.
- It was used in the Middle Ages to reduce stress and anxiety, promote sleep, improve appetite, and ease pain and discomfort associated with digestion (including flatulence and bloating as well as colic).
- Even before the Middle Ages, lemon balm was steeped in wine to lift the spirits, help heal wounds, and treat venomous insect bites and stings.
- Today, lemon balm is often combined with other calming, soothing herbs, such as valerian, chamomile, and hops, to enhance the overall relaxing effect.

Sunny Summer Word Search!

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

Look for these words hidden in the letters above:

bumblebee
gardening
shovel
water

butterfly
marigold
snapdragon
weeds

dandelion
petunia
soil

flowers
shade
sunshine

<http://www.dltk-holidays.com/summer/wordsearch/index.htm>

- Several studies have found that lemon balm combined with other calming herbs (such as valerian, hops, chamomile) helps reduce anxiety and promote sleep.
- Some studies suggest that topical ointments containing lemon balm may help heal lip sores associated with herpes simplex virus (HSV).
- Although few rigorous scientific studies have been conducted on lemon balm, many health care professionals suggest that this herb is beneficial for a variety of



Continued to page 4

health problems, including Alzheimer's disease, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, indigestion, gas, insomnia, and hyperthyroidism. Experimental laboratory studies also suggest that lemon balm has antioxidant and anti-HIV properties, but further studies are needed to confirm these findings.

- The tea is taken to treat colds and flu, lower blood pressure, and to relieve indigestion.
- Balm is an excellent carminative herb that relieves spasms in the digestive tract.



- Because of its delicate lemon flavour, lemon balm has a wide culinary potential. Apart from using fresh leaves as an attractive garnish, Chopped fresh leaves can be used to add zest to sweet or tangy dishes. It combines well with allspice, bay leaves, mint, pepper, rosemary and thyme.

So next time you see some Lemon Balm, remember what an amazing plant it is!

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.umm.edu/altmed/articles/lemon-balm-000261.htm>
<http://www.theepicentre.com/Spices/lemonbalm.html>
<http://images.flowers.vg>
http://lh6.ggpht.com/_1iJCu6byePA/SdheI5EnIxI/AAAAAAAqQ/O21ppN5EZqc/P1000062.JPG
http://image61.webshots.com/161/7/49/42/396274942gOqIoq_fs.jpg

Shel Silverstein By Faith Cheung

“ ‘And now, children, your Uncle Shelby is going to tell you a story about a very strange lion—in fact, the strangest lion I have ever met.’ So begins one of Shel Silverstein’s very first children’s books, the Lion Who Shot Back. It’s funny and sad and has made readers laugh and think ever since it was published in 1963.” (About Shel) Shel Silverstein had a good sense of humor. He added his thoughts and attitude towards the world into his creative writings making both children and adults enjoy reading his books. Although constantly under the attention of photographers and reporters, his attitude towards attention and fame was shunning them out and avoiding personal questions which led him to a less hectic life of fame.

Shel was born in Chicago, Illinois on September 25, 1930. He had one younger sister named Peggy, who died of the common cold. Although he became the only child of his family he worked hard, spending his time writing and drawing. Eventually he developed his own writing style because he had never read work from other writers. From his talent, Shel advanced ahead of his Senior class by a couple of months but later failed at the University of Illinois, being expelled. Shortly after, in 1953, he graduated with a bachelor’s degree and was drafted into the Army. The Army stationed him in Kyoto, Japan and South Korea, and during his tour, he became a cartoonist for the Pacific military newspaper and had worked alongside and befriended Don Carpenter. He served in the Army for two years until they discharged him

Continued to page 5



in 1955. Shel died at the age of 68 on May 8, 1999 from a heart attack but was remembered by many Americans because of his dedication to writing many enjoyable books for children and adults.

He also had a passion for music, which he discovered early on while studying briefly at Chicago College of Performing Arts. Fans remembered him as one of the greatest songwriters of our time. Shel tended to shun publicity and even photographers. Nonetheless he released a breathtaking catalog of songs that became quite popular. He also composed original music for several films in which he played different instruments including guitar, piano, saxophone and trombone. Not only did he compose music for other singers but also lyrics. Along with his composing of lyrics, poems and stories he was part of a popular radio show.

Out of Shel's many awards, the most recent was in 1985. He received the Buckeye award for "A Light In The Attic". His awards emphasized how well the morals behind his stories were told, making his books best sellers. Shel dedicated poems to his beloved family members in memory of their deaths, touching the many readers around the world. Due to winning so

many awards and having popular success in all of his professions he became one of those rare "multi-threat" artists. He did not become conceited, but continued to work hard doing what he most enjoyed. Even though he wanted readers to enjoy reading his books, he did not care what people thought of his writing. His goal in continuously writing helped him keep fighting towards beloved career.

He achieved fame by being a children's writer after the publishing of "The Giving Tree" in 1964. His book had first been rejected by a famous publisher who felt that the book fell in between adults' and children's literature and would never sell. From Silverstein's point of view it told a story about two people; one gives and the other takes. The book was later published and both children and adults adored the book. The story of a tree that gives its shade, fruit, branches, and finally its trunk to give a little boy happiness, steadily grew to be famous. The touching story had been viewed as a religious symbolism; ministers used the book for discussion topics in Sunday schools. Shel Silverstein's abilities to make readers smile and enjoy the many poems, stories and drawings that he created made him into a well known author who is still recognized for his works today.

Works Cited:

Geocities. "Shel Silverstein." Available from <http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Club/6166/ss/ssbio.html>.

Wikipedia. "Shel Silverstein." Available from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shel_Silverstein. Internet; accessed 11 March 2009.

About Shel. "Shel Silverstein." Available from <http://www.shelsilverstein.com/indexSite.html>.

**Someone's sitting in the shade today because
someone planted a tree a long time ago.**

Warren Buffett

Naturally Good?

By Joshua Mohn, age 16
Greenfield IN

Natural, natural, quiet the fad.
They say natural is never bad,
But since the fall every lad
Has been ever truly, really bad.

His nature is to do what ever is reprobate.
The sin nature, we all have, is not great.
Naturally good things are no longer innate
In the great way that God did create.

Because of this, our mind must contend
In ways that God did command,
To mend the sickness of sin at hand,
To elude the fallen nature of the land.

This is not to say, He is not in every sound,
In the splendor of the world around.
In fact, sometimes it can be quite profound,
But do not assume it is good if it is from the ground.

Out at Sea

By Jake Fortney

Stephen Crane's short story "The Open Boat" recounts the adventure of four men stranded at sea in a small boat. Struggling against the "most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall" waves, the captain, cook, oiler, and correspondent desperately navigate towards land (257). Hungry and fatigued, the meager crew encounters a vacant life station, idiotic onlookers, sharks, and the sea at night before crashing ashore. Through Crane's use of description, careful word choices, and dialogue readers undergo the journey of survival along with the crew. Crane's story "The Open Boat" deals with adaptation,

fellowship, and optimism.

Through vivid descriptions Crane reveals how the crew adapts to overcome nature.

Crane carefully crafts an image of men struggling to "change seats in the dinghy" while trying to not capsize (262). Imagery of rough hands tenderly sliding along the thwart amidst the angry sea and of two men watchfully changing places immediately brings the reader into the perilous situation. Later the author lively describes "the cook and correspondent holding the mast and spread wide the over coat" thereby, creating a sail for the small craft and providing much needed relief to the oarsmen (264). Carefully portraying how the cook ties "a life-belt around himself in order to get even to warmth this clumsy cork contrivances could donate," Crane shows the men's ingenuity and desperation (274). Adapting to survive against the raging sea was accomplished through the crew's fellowship.

Crane's careful word choices paint a surreal picture of fellowship among the crew. Readers would expect to find the members of the crew widely and frantically responding to their circumstances. However, Crane shows a "swiftly obedient crew" (263). Describing the captain as speaking in a "calmly" voice and the cook as "cheerful" provides the reader with a sense of respect that the men have for one another (263). Throughout the story the shipmates never seriously quarrel or argue. By repeating the simple phrase "will you spell for me?", the author paints the correspondent and oiler as companions of survival. Fellowship among the seafarers strengthened with optimistic humor enables the four men to continue their struggle.



Peeling the bark from the tree

me, drawing my attention to him. I stiffened, as I always did when I saw one of these walking down the street squinting at the very places they helped destroy. He was one of those former Hollanders that switched sides to fight with the Germans; an NSBer. Traitor. He glanced up and noticed the very man I had passed in my search for anything familiar. I suddenly noticed something that made a knot in my stomach: the man approaching the NSBer was Jewish. His black hat and matching coat told of a deep religious belief; it just couldn't be disguised. I settled back against the wall to watch the encounter; half to make sure neither got hurt and half because I was genuinely interested in knowing if the rest our country had forgiven these men.

The NSBer immediately raised his head proudly in the air and marched stiffly to the other side of the road. Ignoring the NSBer's reaction, the Jewish man walked on slowly until he came to the place where the NSBer last stood before crossing. Then he stopped and uttering something that sounded like a curse, he spat vigorously on the ground. Shocked, I stood still until their footsteps slowly faded and they disappeared around the corner. The words of the Jewish man echoed in my head, " _____, _____ !"

I walked away slowly to the end of the street attempting to repeat the strange words to myself. Since being a reporter led me to hear many different languages that I may or may not have understood, I guessed that this was Hebrew. A sound of heavy banging awoke me from my reverie. Flashes filled my mind of men lined up on a wall, with a harsh German voice calling out the command to "Shoot!" Stopping yet again, I covered my mouth to suppress the scream the threatened to erupt. After assuring myself that the war was over and that I would no longer witness those terrible moments again, I dared to peek around the corner. The banging was from the hammers of a dozen or so men.

From the newly painted sign it was apparent that the building that they were repairing was a synagogue; making the men... Jewish.

Feeling suddenly brave, I walked up to a middle aged man vigorously working his hammer and waited until he looked up. "Ah... Ma'am! Can we help you?" This was uttered with such a foreign twang it took me a minute to understand what he was asking me.

"Actually, yes! I was wondering if you could tell me what this meant." I had responded confidentially but was suddenly unsure if I really wanted to know what the Jewish man had said. But upon his nod to continue, I repeated the words. I had drawn quite a crowd by now, and when I had spoken, their friendly smiles froze, and then darkened.

Stumbling to answer my question he finally said, "If I tell you what it means, will you tell me where you heard it?" I nodded mutely and he continued. "It comes from our Holy Book. It means... I will bless those who bless you, but I will curse those who curse you."

With these words I suddenly realized what this all meant; the hatred and anguish that the Jewish man, and all the others still carried. The ones who had died never had live with these men who had hurt them so much; they never had to really forgive. But us, the living ones, had to forgive. It would tear our lives apart, just like the Germans had wanted. The man in front of me cleared his throat, obviously still wanting to know where I had heard this. I hurriedly related to him the encounter of NSBer and the Jewish man. After thanking him, I rushed off to my desk. I had to tell the world about this. About the forgiveness and healing needed to continue our lives; that we could not continue reliving the horrors of the war.

Forgiveness: A Necessity for Everyone
By: Ami Farlgond

Along a silent street walks a Jewish man.
In his heart he is crying out to his God, to his

Continued to page 9



Be the change that you want to see in the world.

Mohandas Gandhi



I recently read the commencement speech given by Paul Hawken at the University of Portland's graduation ceremony this year. It contained many interesting points.... But basically.... It's up to us to make a positive impact on our word. Now is the time!



Here are a few of the highlights:



This planet came with a set of instructions, but we seem to have misplaced them. Important rules like don't poison the water, soil, or air, don't let the earth get overcrowded, and don't touch the thermostat have been broken. Buckminster Fuller said that spaceship earth was so ingeniously designed that no one has a clue that we are on one, flying through the universe at a million miles per hour, with no need for seatbelts, lots of room in coach, and really good food—but all that is changing.



When asked if I am pessimistic or optimistic about the future, my answer is always the same: If you look at the science about what is happening on earth and aren't pessimistic, you don't understand the data. But if you meet the people who are working to restore this earth and the lives of the poor, and you aren't optimistic, you haven't got a pulse. What I see everywhere in the world are ordinary people willing to confront despair, power, and incalculable odds in order to restore some semblance of grace, justice, and beauty to this world. The poet Adrienne Rich wrote, "So much has been destroyed I have cast my lot with those who, age after age, perversely, with no extraordinary power, reconstitute the world." There could be no better description. Humanity is coalescing. It is reconstituting the world, and the action is taking place in schoolrooms, farms, jungles, villages, campuses, companies, refuge camps, deserts, fisheries, and slums.



There is a rabbinical teaching that says if the world is ending and the Messiah arrives, first plant a tree, and then see if the story is true. Inspiration is not garnered from the litanies of what may befall us; it resides in humanity's willingness to restore, redress, reform, rebuild, recover, reimagine, and reconsider.

The living world is not "out there" somewhere, but in your heart. What do we know about life? In the words of biologist Janine Benyus, life creates the conditions that are conducive to life.

The most unrealistic person in the world is the cynic, not the dreamer. Hope only makes sense when it doesn't make sense to be hopeful. This is your century. Take it and run as if your life depends on it.

The complete speech can be read here:
<http://www.up.edu/commencement/default.aspx?cid=9456&pid=3144>

Paul Hawken's message is important for all of us, but you, as homeschoolers, have the flexibility to focus your time and energy on making a positive difference in your daily activities.

If you are unsure of how to best dedicate your time, there are many resources in Georgia that can help. Here are a few:

Hands on Atlanta:
www.handsonatlanta.org

Atlanta Children's Center:
www.atlantachildrensshelter.com

Atlanta Community Food Bank:
www.acfb.org

So... You Think You Know Everything?

- The longest living cells in the body are brain cells which can live an entire lifetime.
- The Atlantic Giant Squid's eye can be as large as 15.75 inches wide.

<http://www.hightechscience.org/funfacts.htm>

Sudoku

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

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

To Heal... Continued from page 7

people, and to the world. Why did they let this happen to him? Didn't anybody care? Along the same street, walking in the opposite direction, there is a former NSBer. He is also silently crying out. He is crying out against the rejection he faces everywhere. Against the pain that he also faces that nobody knows of. When they see each other though, they both cover up their pain. The Jewish man, because he needs to show the other that he has not yet forgotten. The NSBer, because he needs to show that he has not yet bent under this hatred. But what neither knows is that if they continue this way they will both end in ruin. The Jews must forgive the Germans, for hurting them so much, their fellow countrymen, for giving them

A Summer Poem

By Warren Jensen, age 14

spring, a baby born, opening its eyes to the sunny skies
grows fast into summer, the mid-year queen,
raising her crown'ed head, sun and moon, through the
recent bloom

windows open in every house, rushing rivers, full flowers
seen

every sweltering summer comes singing a merry song
of short, sweet nights of honey, and strong, long days of
fruit

pool-side parties, wetted clothes, watermelon juices,
and budded, late in budding cactus, season's loot

and summer goes to sleep slowly, in fall and winter
wakes again, next year coming; summer means a lot to me
means different things to different people, friends and
reverie

and every year, summer coming, watch her ere she comes
and every year, summer coming, watch her ere she comes

up, and the world, because though we did not forget them, we didn't act immediately on our love for the Jewish nation. The NSBers must forgive themselves, for what they have done, and the world, for encouraging and asking the Hollander to betray the Jews. We all must forgive, and be forgiven, but it takes more than any one human power can do. It will take the Jews, the NSBers, the Germans, the world and the help of our Lord Yeshua to try to help each other live past this time of so much pain and death. We can do it with Yeshua's help and forgiveness. We have to accept the love and healing that only He can offer. The question is though: are you going to?

Why High Schoolers Should Compete in Debate

By Joshua Mohn, age 16

Where do teenagers wear suits and talk about United States government policy, supported by 500 pages of data? At a National Christian Forensics and Communications Association (NCFCA) team policy debate tournament. In team policy debate, each round consists of two teams each with two members debating a change in policy proposed by the affirmative team. Lasting an hour and a half, a debate round consists of eight speeches, only one of which is prewritten.



Two years ago I had my first contact with debate when my older brother started debating. I considered debating as well, but the idea of speaking in front of a large crowd without a pre-written script scared me. As I watched my brother debate, I realized that I had several incorrect ideas. I thought debaters would have to speak in front of a large group of people. In reality, most debate rounds consist of four to eight people including the judge, timer, and the other team. The idea of speaking in front of others terrifies many people because of what others may think if they mess up. In NCFCA this is not a problem because the judges are trained to give constructive feed back that is given in a positive light. By the end of the year I regretted my decision not to debate because NCFCA was a safe place to learn.

My original motivation to debate did not come from the chance to strengthen my ability to communicate or strengthen my character; instead, it came from seeing how much fun my

brother was having. The camaraderie he had with other debaters at debate club also enticed me. Since I enjoyed helping him research the topic and discussing debate in general I decided to start debating as well. Over the last year I have discovered these and other benefits for myself.

The there are many benefits to debating. Most importantly, debate develops character in the debater. Graceful communication, which is worked on in preparation for debate, is tested at the tournaments. These last three, long, intense days, stretching everyone as they compete in communicating, all the while avoiding aggression. Debate also motivates the debater to communicate effectively since that is what is necessary to win. Another ability leaned through debating is how to research. Each year NCFCA chooses a new resolution. This last school year, the resolution was "The United States federal government should significantly change its policy toward India." Each team comes up with at least one plan of how to change US policy, the affirmative case, because it affirms the resolution. In NCFCA, team policy debaters use evidence, quotes from experts on the topic, to prove that their change should be made. Each team also has to argue against other teams' affirmative cases using evidence. Because there are so many different cases, teams end up with large quantities of evidence. To get evidence, debaters research on the internet, looking for quality recent, sources that support their position. Through debate students learn clear and graceful communication, and research skills.

The ideal way to start debating is to join a club where a coach and experienced debaters can help the new debater get started. Debate clubs benefit the debater by sharing evidence. Debate clubs also have a coach, who helps the debaters learn debate theory, coaches the debater, and arranges practice rounds inside the club. To find a club contact your state NCFCA representative. If this has sparked your interest, and you would like to find out more information go to www.NCFCA.org.

Soaring Hoofbeats

By Breanna Balsam

A story based on Paul Horgan's short story,
"To the Mountains"

Julio loosened the old rifle from the clutches of the two hooks crowning the dusty fireplace mantle. He drew the prized possession close to his chest; his mind flashed back to the previous year when he had journeyed to the mountains in search of animal furs. Ah, those bittersweet memories of fear and of accomplishment, 15-year-old Julio thought wistfully. He recalled how the winter snowflakes ...wind whistles...had laid icy drops on his cheeks, when he had shot... bang... his first cougar, how proud his mother and brother had been..."congratulations, son"..., when—

"Julio?"

Jerking around, he blinked at his mother, Rosa, standing in the sunny front doorway with an old saddle blanket draping on her arm.

"Julio, my little son," she eyed him curiously, "why are you fingering your father's rifle?"

Presently she entered the dark shadow of the house and laid the blanket across her rocking chair in the far right corner. Retrieving a sewing box, she fished out one needle and some bright red thread. After leaning down into the creaking chair, she waited patiently for a reply.

"Mama, I would like to go to the mountains again..." Julio spoke.

As his voice trailed off, Rosa smiled with a glint of understanding in her eyes.

"Ah, my little son," she spoke gently. After a long, thoughtful pause, she began patching together a raggedy tear.

"You belong there, Julio," she murmured. Although he saw the sparkle of a teardrop in her soft brown eyes, he watched, perplexed, as she turned to smile upon him in a struggling, delicate pride, like the strength of the stem supporting the weak spirit of its flower. "I will not hold you back from your will. Please be safe while you are

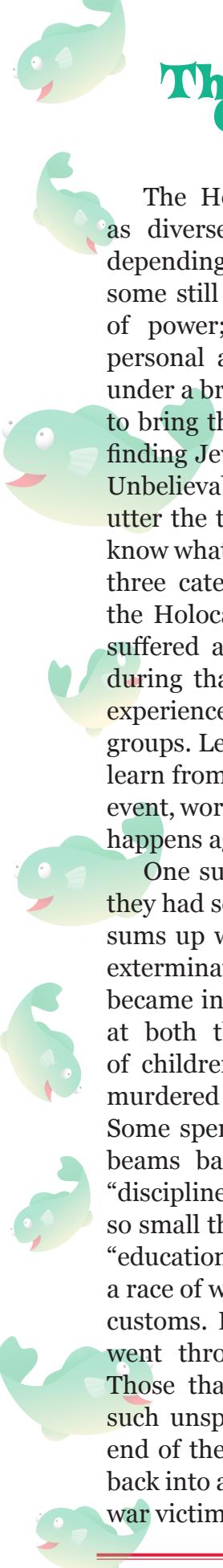
gone; come, let me bid you goodbye."

Julio could not speak, for joy had caught his tongue. His heart pounding, he obediently hugged his mother and packed himself food for the trip. Grabbing both rifle and hat, Julio flew out the door. Summer sunlight greeted his face and flashed on the rifle barrel. "Yahoo!" he cried. "Luis! Father! Guess what! I'm going to the mountains again!"

When he stopped at the base of the mountains, Julio loosened his horse into the fenced area he and his brother had built six months ago. Shouldering the gun and knapsack, he breathed in the summer air. Where I belong, he thought. Julio eagerly set out towards the high, wide ledge where he had stayed before and presently glanced downwards to make sure that his horse was secure. By mid-afternoon he reached his destination, wedging himself between two sun-baked boulders. After preparing the rifle, Julio unraveled his pack to pull out some biscuits and a long rope meant for tying animal skins together. Hour after hour passed, and scorching heat wore on his shoulders. Rolling beads of sweat trickled into his eyebrows, making Julio quite uncomfortable. All remained silent—it was as if mountain slept. Disappointment lumped in his throat from lack of success. Suddenly a pebble bounced off his head from the steep incline above. "Ouch! What..." His voice abruptly stopped, for the ground began shaking below him.

Swiftly the vibrations increased, and he could hear a thundering noise grow louder at the second. Trembling Julio sheltered himself from the hailing stones. Earthquake? his mind raced. Not until he heard piercing whinnies ring out at the bend of the ridge did he realize what it was. "A stray herd of mustangs," he breathed. Fresh excitement gushed through him. His heartbeat matched the rhythm of the pounding hooves that clattered the rocks. Hastily laying the gun down, Julio strained to see around the boulder. Wild snorts flew into the air, and he could see them turning the corner of the ledge towards him. As tangled manes flapped at the disturbed

Continued to page 13



The Holocaust—We Cannot Forget

By Bryan Beck

The Holocaust, the term evokes emotions as diverse as agony, loathing, and disbelief depending on one's personal experience. For some still living, this time period shows abuse of power; for others, the holocaust meant personal anguish, pain, suffering, and sorrow under a brutal regime. Still others used the time to bring themselves glory by searching out and finding Jews for the occupying German armies. Unbelievably, in the presence of some, one can utter the term "Holocaust" and they would not know what you speak of. In reality there are only three categories of people when dealing with the Holocaust: those that lived through it and suffered as a result, those that abused power during that time period, and those that never experienced it at all; we cannot forget any of these groups. Let the world examine the evidence and learn from those who lived through this horrific event, working shamelessly to make sure it never happens again.

One survivor of Auschwitz commented that they had seen more people dead than alive. This sums up what life became like for those in the extermination camps: death everywhere. Food became instantly hard to come by; rats nibbled at both the living and the dead. Hundreds of children or those with some wounds were murdered just because they could not work. Some spent endless days carrying heavy metal beams back and forth over a field to learn "discipline", or occupied lengths of time in a room so small they could hardly breathe just for their "education". Thousands died simply for being of a race of which they no longer even followed the customs. Hearing stories of what these people went through could make some regurgitate. Those that were fortunate enough to survive such unspeakable horror in the camps till the end of the war often found themselves moving back into a society which did not understand the war victims and often misused them.

Common folks became heroes during the war in an effort to help some of those Jews escape or put them into hiding. Most people would think of great leaders in the church like Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a German, as ordinary citizens who led operations to get Jews to safety. Others think of the Dutch ten Boom family as those who hid Jews in a secret room to keep them safe. However, people forget that not all the Nazis did evil towards Jews. Several party members smuggled supplies to the Jews while others, like Oskar Schindler, saved huge numbers of Jews from dying at Auschwitz, even though the risk could have lead to their own deaths. Difficulties and stress abounded for them. Should somebody have discovered their exploits, they would likely have met death, as Bonhoeffer did. Their hope lay in the Allies' victory, but even then safety was elusive. Raoul Wallenberg, a Swedish businessman and diplomat in Budapest, who saved many Jews, simply disappeared when the Russians came; rumors abounded that he was spotted in Siberia in a communist prison camp after the war. These people risked their very lives, and some got nothing in return except the satisfaction that fellow humans would not die because of what they and others like them accomplished.

Depressing as the facts of the Holocaust appear, it is alarming that fewer and fewer people are even aware or concerned about what happened. They think, since it happened a long time ago, it does not affect them. To these people, the pain and sorrows of an entire race do not seem more important than their favorite TV show. Of course, the blame of apathy also goes elsewhere. In Eastern Europe before the wall fell, the Communists used the war as a propaganda tool to convince people that things changed for the better now under a new system, causing young people to ignore the reality of the Holocaust because they mistrusted their leaders. People should not forget others' sufferings. Americans do not want their children to forget what the men who died in their own revolution did for them, so why forget the Holocaust?

Continued to page 13



Soaking the peeled Poplar bark

Holocaust... Continued from page 12

Personally, I would want to see awareness hit an all time high, to remind others that people died needlessly. Steven Spielberg said, "... They cannot forget, and we must not do so." When so many die, one should not do them a great disservice and forget.

Jews and war prisoners alike went through things words cannot describe. Similar fates also fell upon those who helped them. Meanwhile, those that survived returned to civilian life often disrespected and not understood by those around them. Horrible as that may seem, people today want to forget about the reality of the Holocaust, seeing as few people enjoy reading of other people's suffering. Heartless though it seems to keep reiterating the agony of others, does that mean we, too, should forget? Does that do them justice? No, as long as we remain breathing we should not forget what they went through.

Works Cited:

Beck, Linda. Personal interview.

Müller-Madej, Stella. Oczami Dziecka. Trans. William R. Brand. Kraków: DjaF, 2006.

"Raoul Wallenberg." Raoul Wallenberg. 07 May 2009 <<http://raoulwallenberg.us/>>.

Ten Boom, Corrie. The Hiding Place. Ed. John Sherrill and Elizabeth Sherrill. New York: Bantam Books, 1971.



Turning the bark into a basket

Thunderstorms

By Josiah Wang

Rolling masses of black clouds
Stride imperiously across the sky.
Gazing down upon the world proudly,
Silent, awaiting orders from on high.

Suddenly as if listening to a hidden cue,
Flashes of light spear through the gloom.
Each one painting the clouds' dark hues,
Bathing the world in a flash of doom.

Seconds pass, an uneasy silence,
Threatening to break any moment.
And then, shattered by a thunderous cadence,
The clouds their furies vent.

Slowly the dark clouds progress anew,
As the winds gust impatiently behind,
Across a new patch of sky to darken the blue,
Leaving the world resigned.

Soaring Hoofbeats Continued from page 11

mountain sky, nostrils expanded to suck in as much air as possible. Bold and fierce, a buckskin stallion led the way. Foam swelled around his dark muzzle, and his sleek skin flashed in the sunlight.

Julio caught his breath. "I've got to catch it and show it to Mama!" Quickly he untied his bundle and reached for the rope. He could hear the hoofbeats—only seconds before they would disappear. Tying a knot at the end, he got up and whirled it in the air. Although Julio didn't have any experience with a lasso, the Spanish horse galloped close to the boulder, and he was sure he could hook it around its neck. With a gasp he thrust the rope towards the ledge as the buckskin flew by. It soared into the air...

**Jumping for joy is
good exercise.**

Please Support Our Sponsors!

Their generosity subsidizes program costs to reduce Homeschool Excursions' activity fees, and their help makes this newsletter possible.



Floors to Suit has been in business since 1995.

Family owned and operated, pride ourselves in old fashioned customer service. We care about each individual by taking time to meet his or her specific needs. Our staff is highly skilled and trained.

**770.843.0663
Ranger, Georgia**

North Georgia Home Education Academy Jasper Georgia

Specializing in:

- High School core classes
- Individualized tutoring
- SAT preparation
- One on one teaching time
- Individually tailored classes/assignments

Experienced Instructors with specialty degrees

Now interviewing for Fall classes

Semester begins September 2, 2009 through May 2010

For more information, contact:

Diana McDaniel
678.230.6542
healthnut03@juno.com

ARE YOU READY FOR SOME 'FALCON' FOOTBALL??

NORTH GEORGIA 'FALCONS' ARE READY FOR YOU!!

Offering highly competitive, tackle football for Middle - High School Age, Homeschooled young men (Also, boys who attend Christian schools without a tackle football team)

Registration fee includes spring training, skills camp, 7 on 7 tournament, team camp, a packed season of games and more!

Find out how to sign up now
678-230-6542 or healthnut03@juno.com
www.eteamz.com/ngfalcon
Info line - 706-253-FOOT



YES! Youth Engaged in Science is a Woodstock based educational enrichment program that strives to bring you engaging, hands-on technology classes and competitive team experiences for your children.

867 Arnold Mill Road
Woodstock, GA 30188
770.591.6719

www.yesgeorgia.com

Invest in Your Health and Your Wealth with Xocai Healthy Chocolate

It gives me great joy to share with you the pure bliss of eating pure, unadulterated, cold-pressed, dark chocolate that is luxurious, inspirational and awakens all senses while delivering all of the health benefits equivalent to a food high in antioxidants. Yes, it is possible to have the best of both worlds!

Xocai products are produced with unprocessed, non-alkalized, non-lecithinized cacao powder, combined with the Acai berry and blueberries. The combination of these ingredients, in their natural state, provide a product that is packed full of the most powerful antioxidants!

These are just few of our wonderful products!

For information, call Diana McDaniel at 678.230.6542 or e-mail healthnut03@juno.com

BABYCEES MAKE PERFECT GIFTS FOR GRANDCHILDREN, NEW BABIES, OR KIDS... EVEN FOR TEENS' ROOMS OR TO BRIGHTEN A COLLEGE DORM. IF YOU JUST CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND BECAUSE THE LETTERS ARE SO CLEVER... WE'LL DESIGN IT FOR YOU AT NO EXTRA CHARGE. CHECK OUT THE WHOLE ALPHABET ON THE SERVICES PAGE AND HAVE FUN CREATING!

1201 CLARIMONT ROAD
SUITE 100
DECATUR, GA 30030
PH: 678.575.3707



WWW.BABYCEES.NET

**When you're finished enjoying the *Homeschool Herald*, please recycle it.
Help preserve our environment...use recycled items and reduce your waste.**

Homeschool Excursions Membership Form

**Yes! I want to help
Homeschool Excursions grow!
New Member Renewal**

Seed: \$25-34.00

Sprout: \$35-49.00

Shoot: \$50-99.00

Sapling: \$100-149.00

Tree: \$150-199.00

Forest: \$200.00 and above

**Please visit the membership page on
the Homeschool Excursions website
for member benefits and
additional information.**

Name: _____

Phone Number: _____

E-Mail: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

**Number of homeschoolers in your
household: _____**

**Thank you for your support!
We're looking forward to a
fantastic year!**

**Mail form to:
Homeschool Excursions
PO Box 1283 Jasper, GA 30143**

The Summer 2009 Issue

The folks at Homeschool Excursions hope you're having a wonderful Summer!

This is a terrific issue of the *Homeschool Herald*! We thank Ms. Gaines' English classes at The Potter's School for their creative creations! The stories, poems, and articles they've submitted are fantastic! Thank you for making this a great issue!

Let us know what you've been up to. Are you doing anything exciting this Summer? Have you been studying anything interesting lately? Have you read any good books? Share with us!

We hope you enjoy this issue of the *Homeschool Herald*! Have an excellent Summer!

**Homeschool Excursions
PO Box 1283
Jasper, GA 30143**

Place
Stamp
Here



Russell, of Whitestone Farm, shows us how to make a basket from Poplar bark.