



Homeschool Herald

The Newsletter Created By and For Homeschoolers

The place to share your creative creations.



Spring is here! The flowers are blooming! The bees are buzzing! The pollen is flying! And the school year is approaching it's end. Thank you for helping to make this such a wonderful year here at Homeschool Excursions!

We are already planning the calendar for the 2008-09 school year, so let us know what you're interested in. We are increasing our focus on offering programs that you would have a difficult time organizing for yourselves. Anyone can buy a ticket to a show...we try to go that extra mile to make it a special hands-on

experience. So if we do go to a show, there's always something extra, like a puppet making workshop...or a backstage tour. And we are also increasing the crafty and environmental programs we offer. Additionally, we are working towards getting more computers to increase student involvement in publishing the *Herald*.

The possibilities for programs is limitless. Let us know what you'd like us to schedule! We're here to help you supplement your home curriculum with unique opportunities.

Spring has sprung!

The May Apples are here!

Welcome!

Homeschool Excursions hopes you enjoy the Spring 2008 issue of the *Homeschool Herald*.

Homeschool Excursions operates under Educational Excursions' umbrella, a 501 (c)(3) non-profit organization established to provide a valuable resource to students in Georgia. The *Homeschool Herald* is our newsletter, which provides a creative outlet for homeschoolers.

Our homeschoolers possess a wealth of skills and talents! All contributions are welcome including pictures, stories, articles, and more. We invite everyone to share ideas, suggestions, and submissions. Share with us!!

-Vered Kleinberger
Program Coordinator

So let us know what you're interested in.

In the mean time, be sure to send us submissions for the Summer issue, It will be available in August, so start working on your next project for the *Herald*!

Submissions may also be sent via e-mail or snail mail. Please contact us with any questions, comments, ideas, or suggestions.



SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING?

- It is physically impossible for pigs to look up into the sky
- In the course of an average lifetime, while sleeping you might eat around 70 assorted insects and 10 spiders, or more.

SUDOKU

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

THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN

Standing patient for many years
 I am silent and strong
 I am where I belong
 I have no fears
 I have no tears
 Nothing could ever go wrong
 I will stand for so long
 A small bump on this circling sphere
 With the wind at my back
 And the sun on my face
 Of Strength I have no lack
 In summer, covered in Queen Anne's lace
 In autumn leaves blanket my back.
 In winter chill frosts my face

Written by David Lewicki, age 15

MORNING LIGHT

Once again I woke to the morning light
 With my eyes wide open I lay so still
 Feeling nothing but the cold morning chill
 My will is gone I have nothing to fight
 There is no fear here, not one ruthless fright
 In my brain morning thoughts begin to fill
 There is only time that I wish to kill
 I feel so weak I have so little might
 Now it is time that I must arise
 To find that my black rose is lost and gone
 Find some peace before anger and despise
 Out of my mouth I make a little yawn
 I look out the window and strain my eyes
 To my disbelief it is only dawn

Written by Caleb Quinley, age 16

EL RATON

There was a Mouse in our House (I'm to blame)!
 He was perpetually harassed by the cat,
 And often mistaken for a rat,
 And bye most he was assumed to be quite tame.
 Not so! For he was fiercer than a dame.
 Upon a by-gone time he spat
 Between the paws of the cat
 (He had bull's-eye aim.).
 And then along came my little brother
 Carrying over his shoulder a gun.
 I'm sure he thought it was quite fun,
 But I called in Mother.
 But all too soon a BOOM emitted and on the floor the
 mouse lay.
 The tiny holes in the tile can still be seen to this day.

Written by Daniel Rose



Making puppets after watching Aesop's Fables at the Center for Puppetry Arts



THE MONKEY

Monkey, monkey, in the zoo
Can I please have my shoe?
Why dost thou steal? Does it amuse?
It is not proper, people to abuse.

Thy cute face and agile tail
Was thou shipped priority mail?
Thy funny antics are so sublime
No one would think thou committest crime.

Dost thou on bananas live?
Of where art thou a native?
And yet, for all thy cuteness, all thy charm
Thou bringest many people harm

What dost thou eschew?
Dost thou hail from Kalamazoo?
Canst thou remember back
to when you came here in a sack?

Monkey, monkey, in the zoo
Can I please have my shoe?
Why dost thou steal? Does it amuse?
It is not proper, people to abuse.

Written by Seth Beaty

A LITTLE MORE WARMTH

You know it's coming,
That subtle thawing
With a little more warmth
And a few less shivers

I love this time,
I hold it dear
I love where it is,
Before The Too Hot
And after The Too Cold, The Drear

Grass getting greener,
Things coming back
It's getting more comfortable,
'Can take some clothes off your back

We've had snatches of it this year,
Nature playing a little trick
But it's inevitable,
Spring's a coming back
And coming pretty quick

Written by Isaac Currey

CHILDISH DREAMS

Across the country, I traveled to the place of my childhood days. Everything was foreign with new casinos and shopping centers, except the patch of woods amongst that busy city. As I wandered in, my imagination burned, suddenly enflamed of younger days when these woods were Vietnam jungles or Sherwood Forest and my friends of old were comrades in arms. These grounds are not just a patch of woods but an endless forest of dreams

Written by Daniel Davenport, age 15

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE: ON A MISSION OF MERCY

Florence Nightingale, the renowned "lady with the lamp", demonstrated selfless caring, possessed resilient courage, and performed tireless service throughout her whole nursing career. Ministering graciously to soldiers whose lives mirrored those of slaves, Nightingale fought constantly for the better treatment of the brave servicemen. Exposed at a young age to the awful injustice of slavery by her father, with whom she was very close; Nightingale's family was very involved in the anti-slavery movement (Spartacus). Her naturally compassionate spirit could not stand to see others in distress. She steadfastly persevered in providing comfort to the ill during her whole life, never wavering from her cause.



Setting her own feelings and preferences aside, Nightingale constantly put the care of others as her first concern. During the Crimean War, she assisted at the Barrack Hospital in Scutari, near Constantinople, with a group of 38 nurses. Initially the doctors clearly did not want the nurses there at all and rudely refused their help, but within ten days fresh casualties had arrived, and they grudgingly accepted her aid. Regardless of the rude treatment she suffered from the doctors, Nightingale still persisted in performing her acts of mercy. She also acted as a banker, sending the men's wages home to their



families, and introduced reading rooms which provided beneficial recreation for the recovering patients (F. N. Museum Trust). In return for her gentle concern she gained (and still retains) the undying respect of the British soldiers.

Trusting completely and courageously in her Savior, Nightingale fully prepared herself in all ways to answer his summons. When "God called her to His service" on February 7, 1837, she responded wholeheartedly, even turning down an offer of marriage from the man she loved (Rowan).

Nevertheless, when she got to her destination in Turkey, a horrifying situation awaited her. Most of the nurses did not even attempt to respond to



the poor patients' pleas for water, the food was atrocious, the water supply contaminated, and the doctors' ignorant. But despite pathetically poor supplies, bad-tempered doctors, and filthy arrangements, she still found ways to make the wounded patients comfortable and parlay with the resentful doctors. In all trying matters like these her actions were those of a loving, Christian woman.

This remarkable nurse never ceased to work tirelessly for the good of others. At night she would often patrol the wards, carrying a dim lamp, to see to the patients and make sure all was well. Nightingale worked untiringly to improve conditions in the hospital even though at some point during a visit to the front lines she became ill and never fully recovered (Spartacus). Even after the Crimean War, she campaigned constantly for improved medical care and facilities. Near the end of her life Nightingale wrote a handbook entitled Notes for Nurses, as well as a set of instructions for the matron in charge of training nurses, which emphasized the importance of a schedule of daily prayer for a nurse (Rowan). Shortly before her death, she gained recognition for her efforts as the first woman ever to receive the Order of Merit from the British government. In true Christian spirit, Nightingale was always concerned primarily for the welfare and comfort of others.

Despite the many obstacles that she repeatedly faced, Nightingale persisted undauntedly. Increasing standards for sanitation and nutrition and dramatic lowering of the

mortality rates all resulted from her work. Her changes motivated purely out of a desire to be merciful revolutionized not only British military medical care, but all medical care. She lived a truly remarkable life. Known now as the initiator of modern nursing, Nightingale is one of the most well-remembered women in history.

Written by Hannah Martin, age 16

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Florence Nightingale Museum Trust. "Florence Nightingale.", 2003. 11 Feb. 2008. <<http://www.florence-nightingale.co.uk/flo2.htm>>.

Rowan.Edu. "Florence Nightingale, Nurse, Renewer of Society.", 11 Feb. 2008. <<http://elvis.rowan.edu/~kilroy/JEK/o5/18.html>>.

Spartacus Educational. 11 Feb. 2003. National Park Service. 29 Feb. 2008 <<http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/REnightingale.htm>>.

Images:

http://www.solarnavigator.net/history/florence_nightingale.htm

http://www.general-anaesthesia.com/images/florence_nightingale.html

BASEBALL

At last, spring!
The winter's frost has lost its' cling
It is time to tie up your shoe strings

There is much work to be done
Before we can have fun
We must practice before we can hit a homerun

There is much work to be completed
We must work hard not to be defeated
We will try and go undefeated

We'll do our best to win
And when we do, we will grin
Upon victory, we will have joy within

Baseball is fun, so let's all cheer
At last spring is here!
Baseball is here!

Written by David Lewicki, age 15

**A SONNET OF SADNESS**

It can be worse than a dagger through your heart
 Surrounded by people but alone I feel
 My emotions are hard to conceal
 Sometimes I wish I could restart
 I feel like my life is falling apart
 This whole world seems unreal
 I just need God to take the wheel
 I need someone to give me a kick start
 Even though I am loved I feel alone
 I need someone to hold me
 Someone please set my heart free
 My head is spinning like a cyclone
 In the end I turn to God
 Because he sees through my facade

Written by Kaitlyn Mendenhall

THE GIRAFFE

Oh dear giraffe, you are so tall
 It must be hard to have such a long way to fall
 You are taller than many tall trees
 I don't think I'd even come up to your knees!

What do you and your friends do all day?
 Do you sleep, and eat and laugh, and play?
 I hope it's not too scary to be chased by lions a lot,
 Running around that much must make you hot.

Then, when it gets cold and dark,
 Do you sit under your tree and chew on its bark?
 Finally, when you're very tired
 You go to bed and dream about how much you're admired.

Written by Seana Callan

NATURAL LIGHT

The dying sun's orange light
 Soaking you and I with delight
 Big and Bright as the sphere gaits
 Down, down in the western states

Lazily the sun creeps out of sight
 Shadows succeed the previous light
 But luminosity twinkles in the gloom
 Hailing night's new master, the moon

Written by Daniel Davenport, age 15

SPRING HAS SPRUNG!

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

These words are hidden in the puzzle above. They can be found up, down, across, diagonal, and backwards.

Word List:

Spring	Flowers	Leaves
Bees	Pollen	Frogs
Sunny	Rainy	Breezy

WISDOM

Wisdom is the fountain of life,
 It heals the bones and gives us rest,
 and hears the soul's every behest,
 It helps us through the strife,
 Wisdom that cannot be cut by a knife,
 Although many have tried, like someone possessed,
 To put wisdom to the ultimate test,
 But failed in this mission of their life,
 Wisdom has strength like the very strong,
 Its mighty pillars have held through the ages,
 Teaching many people in many stages,
 Go with wisdom, you cannot go wrong,
 If you find wisdom, you will soon see,
 It your teacher and guide will be.

Written by Seth Beaty



WEEDS? WHATWEEDS?

There are many terrific submissions in this issue of the *Herald*, so I will not be including a complete article this time. We need the space for everyone else!

However, hopefully you've started your garden for the season. If you started from seed, it's a good idea to wait a little while before you start pulling 'weeds.' You don't want to accidentally uproot your new veggie!

It is a good idea to keep invasive, non-edible plants out of your garden so they don't crowd out your other useful plants. Mulching is a wonderful idea! It will help control unwanted plants, and will also help maintain the soil moisture for your garden. This is especially important as we enter into another hot summer with low water levels for Metro Atlanta.

Good luck with your garden this Spring!

I look forward to writing another article about some of our wonderful wild plants in the next issue of the *Herald*.

Written by Vered Kleinberger

ALIVE AGAIN

Just days before he talked with ease,
Singing about his family with joy.
But against our will death did deploy
Oh God why did you give him this disease?

Now as I watch the falling of leaves,
I know you're up there watching your boys
Playing ball and fighting with toys.
Oh God why did you give him this disease?

No longer sick or sad,
But dancing on the streets of gold.
Although to you our hearts were sold;
So deep inside we are glad.
Even though mourning we have been.
We find joy for you are alive again.

Written by Hannah Dolan

**Attitudes are contagious.
Are yours worth catching?
-Dennis and Wendy Mannerling**

SUN RISES

Darkness descended on the village of XiaTong, the heat on this night was stifling. Most of the fighting men and citizens had retired to their chambers, where they would try to fan themselves to sleep. Two of the ten sentries responsible for keeping watch halted in front of the barracks and stared longingly at it.

"Its not right, Ji. Why do we have to be out here anyway, the only living things that come in at night are wolves?"

Ji, a tall armored man, turned to his companion, "Come off it Ren, you know as well as I do that if we abandon our post then we could be killed."

"Yeah, I guess your right. Lets just get to our post and get it over with!"

They walked towards the eastern gate, talking the entire way. In the forest two miles to the north, four shadows moved closer to the village.

Kaemon Awa was once a general in the Imperial army of Wu. But during a mission into the heart of Shu territory, his men were ambushed and cut down by arrow and sword. While fighting the Shu general, Zhou Yun, he was slashed across the face leaving a bloody streak over his right eye. He fought his way out and escaped back to his hometown. On arriving, his leading officer released him from duty and banished him from the land because of his failure. After six years of banishment he has returned for revenge. After leaving, three of his most faithful friends followed him into exile. These now sat outside the city of XiaTong awaiting their leaders order. Kaemon turned to face his companions, "It is time."

Together they silently moved towards the front gate.

Shinosh had just joined the city guard yesterday and was not as experienced as the others. He was leaning in a relaxed position against the gate arch when the knife struck him in the neck. He fell without a sound, and four shadows entered the village. Kaemon and his followers halted in the shadows of the town center.

"Sun Ce, take the street to the right. Eliminate all patrols you come in contact with. When you are finished meet us in the alley next to the captain's quarters."

Sun Ce turned and darted into the darkness. Kaemon then faced a tall handsome man bearing a longsword, "Zhou Yu, go across the rooftops and take out all of the archers."



He swiveled to look at the third man; this man was covered in black armor that had red spikes sticking out of the shoulder plates.

"Zhou Tai, you will accompany me. Now move out and may fortune follow you."

Kaemon and Tai made their way silently towards the captains building, trying not to be seen, within minutes they arrived at the house. They ducked into a side street, just barely missing a patrol. Kaemon grabbed a grappling hook and rope from his belt and signaled Tai to do the same. Both of them took aim and released the hooks, which soared up and into the sky and attached to a stone, ornamental dragon. Tai gave a testing tug, nodded to Kaemon and then began to climb up his rope. Upon reaching the roof, they started looking through the sky windows, trying to determine which to drop through. Kaemon peered through a large opening and froze, there sitting at a desk right under him was the man they had come to kill, Sun Jian. Anger burned through Kaemon, for Sun Jian was the man who had banished him, he was so blinded by anger that he didn't see the two bodyguards standing further back in the shadows. Without thinking, Kaemon dropped through the opening and landed on the opposite side of the desk from Jian, sword in hand. Startled, Jian leapt to his feet and pulled his sword from its sheath.

"I have returned and you will pay for what you did to me, Jian!" shouted Kaemon.

Jian gaped at the man before him, "Kaemon?! Is that you? I thought you dead."

"Oh I am alive alright but you won't be in a minute. Also I am no longer Kaemon Awa, that part of my life is over, I am now the Moon Knight and I have come to kill you!" He raised his sword to strike.

But while they had been conversing, Jian's guards had circled behind Moon Knight and now charged out swords drawn.

"Sir, behind you!"

Tai leapt through the hole and landed in front of the soldiers. He drew his katana and slashed at the first man, gashing open the man's arm. He spun on his heels and sliced the head from the second man's shoulders. The wounded man turned and rushed out the door, calling out in alarm.

"Sir, finish it and let us be gone."

"As you wish, Tai."

As Moon Knight said this, he stabbed at Jian's chest. The man tried to block the blow, but he was to slow and the blade slid into his upper chest, the tip protruding from his back. Moon Knight yanked his sword from Jian's chest and turned to Tai.

"Now lets get out of here."

They ran out the front door and stopped abruptly, for there before them were around 150 armed men, blocking their way.

"Tai, we must break through. CHARGE!!!"

He threw a handful of crescent shaped disks, cutting down six samurai. He charged in with Tai at his side, both of them striking down any in their way, until they were so far in that they were completely surrounded. When it looked like they were about to be cut down, Sun Ce and Zhou Yu smashed into the flank of the samurai. In the confusion, Yu and Ce fought their way to their friend's sides.

"Looks like we made it just in time, eh Ce." Yu shouted over the din of battle.

Ce shouted in reply, "Stop talking and fight, AHHH!"

He cried out as an arrow buried itself in his right shoulder, he stepped to the side and stabbed a tall warrior through the stomach.

"Everyone, fight in the same direction. We have to fight our way out of this circle."

They attacked with renewed vigor and were soon out of the circle of soldiers. They started to run for the eastern gate when Ce stumbled, an arrow sticking from his lower back.

"Go, I will cover your retreat, GO!"

Ce turned to face the oncoming samurai. He slashed out with his two short swords, felling the four lead runners. He held his ground for another minute when a third arrow struck him in the center of his chest. Crying out, he fell to the ground never to rise again. As they neared the gate, fifty spear wielding soldiers appeared in front of them. The three of them charged straight towards the first rank, spinning out of the way of the spears at the last second. Yu fell, as they smashed into the second rank, with a spear in his side. Before he died, Yu struck a piece of flint against some dry grass. The grass burst into fire and Yu dropped it



into a pouch at his side, which was full of powder. An explosion rocked the street, throwing Moon Knight and Tai to the ground. They rose shakily and faced the oncoming samurai. Tai staggered as a javelin slammed into his left knee, then the enemy was upon them. Before they could be cut down, a booming voice sounded through the night.

"HALT!"

A large man wielding a massive metal mace stepped into the circle.

"My name is Huang Gai and you will pay for what you have done tonight with your lives."

"Try us." Replied Tai

Huang Gai smiled then rushed straight for Tai and brought down his huge mace. Tai jerked his sword up to block the mace, but it went right through the sword and smashed into Tai's shoulder, shattering every bone. He crumpled to the ground and did not get up. Moon Knight cried out in rage and grief then launched himself at Huang Gai. The mace came around in a horizontal swipe, Moon Knight ducked under it and slashed Huang Gai's side open, he then threw two knives, which buried themselves into the chest of the big man. Huang Gai stepped back and then fell onto his face. Moon Knight felt the bite of steel strike his chest; he dropped to his knees and looked up to the sky.

"I have completed what I had come to do and now I can finally rest."

The last thing he saw was the sunrise, and then he was engulfed in darkness.

Written by Andrew Davis, age 15

TO BE ALIVE

It seems such a self-evident thing- that I, that we, are a live—and yet too often, I fear, we easily forget the importance of that simple fact. It so easy to forget that we are truly alive, or at least, to appreciate that you are truly alive, that every sunrise is yours to view and every sunset is yours to enjoy.

Written by Daniel Davenport, age 15

HOMESCHOOL EXCURSIONS UPCOMING EVENTS

Well, our calendar of programs has come to a close for the 2007-08 school year. We hope you've had fun...I know we have! And we look forward to seeing you and your family again in the Fall!

But be sure to keep checking our website this Summer! We will be posting new information about the Green Building Adventure, as well as several other projects we've been developing this past year. It's exciting stuff! We hope you can join us!

Have a wonderful Summer!

THE ANT

Tiny Ant, why did God make you?
Do you know why God made you?
You are so mighty yet small;
You live in Mexico and Nepal.

Why do you exist everywhere,
And no humans even care?
You work in fields of dirt and grass,
And many your work harass.

Why do you labor so hard day and night,
And yet no human profits from your might?
Tiny Ant, why did God make you?
Do you know why God made you?

Tiny Ant, I'll tell you,
Tiny Ant, I'll tell you:
You live with a fate
For God did not make you as mere bait.

You exist as an example to all
Of teamwork and perseverance with every fall.
Your species God will sustain
For your work is not in vain.

Written by Kaylyn Buhler

**Wherever you go,
no matter what the weather,
always bring your own sunshine.
~Anthony J. D'Angelo**

**REMEMBER!!**

**WHEN YOU'RE SHOPPING ONLINE, FIRST LOG
INTO WWW.SCHOOLPOP.COM
AND A PERCENTAGE OF YOUR PURCHASE WILL
BE DONATED TO HOMESCHOOL EXCURSIONS!**

**HELP REDUCE PROGRAM FEES AT NO
ADDITIONAL COST TO YOU! THANKS!!
[SCHOOL ID# 130495](#)
CUT THIS OUT AND TAPE IT TO YOUR
COMPUTER AS A REMINDER.**

WITH LOVE, FROM MISSOURI

In the summer of 1991, my Uncle Brad and his wife relocated to Missouri from Southern California. My father, Dan, and his sister, Rhonda, missed him very much. Then, in February of 1995, a tragic car accident claimed the life of Uncle Brad. Upon returning to California, following the funeral services, the family felt a great void in their lives. Brad had touched many lives and everyone missed him greatly. Later that spring, my Aunt, Rhonda, was shopping in a store near her home in Southern California. Walking around a fairly large display, she happened to step on something. Looking down, she saw that she had stepped on a pen. She gently kicked it under the display so another shopper would not step on it. Aunt Rhonda continued to walk around the display and when she reached the other side, she stepped on another object. Looking down again, she realized she had stepped on the same pen as before. Kneeling down to look under the display, she wondered if she could have kicked the pen hard enough to make it come around to the other side. She discovered that it was impossible. The display was not elevated; it sat flat on the floor. Examining the pen, Aunt Rhonda read the inscription, "With love, from Missouri". A perfect sign that everything was going to be okay.

Written by Kathryn Hagler, age 14

**If you don't like something change it;
if you can't change it,
change the way you think about it.**

-Mary Engelbreit

THE SWAN

Silver swan upon the lake
Your graceful movements almost fake
Thou has such a peaceful life
What human being could cause thee strife?

In the dawn amid the dew
Thy refining gestures seen by few
Beautiful is what comes to mind
Surely thou art one of a kind

Thy creator must be great
Him within the pearly gates
Peace and love is what thou portrays
Each and every gorgeous day!

Written by Grace Roth



Canton TV Station
Tour

**DESIRE**

I am running toward the gates afar
You made the light to shine in the dark
The difference is incredibly stark
My desire is burning like a brilliant star
But I am trapped behind my homemade bars
My desire is burning with the fire You sparked
And my road to You has been marked
I'll keep reaching, reaching for the highest bar
I would be nothing without You
This is glory rising, over a gilded sky
Without You I would surely die
You are in my heart and I will run on too
If Your love's the fuel then I'm the desperate flame
That is constantly screaming out Your name!!

Written by Andrew Davis, age 15



ADVENTURES IN PUCON, CHILE

Greetings from Santiago, Chile. I wanted to take this opportunity to write you about a trip I took to Pucon, a town south of Santiago. Pucon is known as the adventure capital of Chile and once you arrive you can see exactly why.



The town sits on a lake (Lake Villarrica) at the foot of a smoldering volcano (Villarrica Volcano). It is the volcano, which you can see from anywhere in the town, that first catches your eye. It is large and in the time I was there was constantly letting out a steady steam of white smoke. There wasn't a lot of smoke, but enough to remind you that it was not just a mountain, but a volcano.

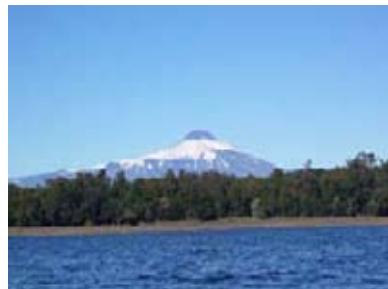
The reason Pucon is known as the adventure capital is because there are so many outdoor activities to participate in. These include: water skiing, snow skiing, backpacking, rock climbing, white water rafting and kayaking, horse back riding, natural hot springs, zip line rides, biking trails and you can even hike up to the crater of the volcano. When you are in town you see all kinds of people. There are backpackers from all over the world looking for adventure and there are families looking to enjoy relaxing days by the lakes.

In the area around Pucon there are at least 6 volcanoes. Only one has recently been active so people generally don't worry too much about it. Besides, on the front of city hall there is a street light that indicates the level of danger posed by the volcanoes. Green means there is nothing to worry about, yellow means high risk and red means get out of town. There are countless lakes and

there is even one lake that sits inside the crater of what is now an inactive volcano.



My first day in the area I spent on a guided tour that took me to some of the most famous spots in the area. First, we went to an old wooden bridge that crosses a fast moving river which is popular with kayakers and whitewater



rafters. This is where you begin to see the beauty of the region. The skies are blue and the area is full of nothing but lakes, rivers, trees and waterfalls. It is truly magnificent.

The second stop was to go see Lake Caburgua. It's about 20 minutes driving from Pucon and it is amazing. One side of the lake boasts a beach of black volcanic sand. The other side has soft white sand. You can get a tan, go swimming, jet ski or take boat rides on the lake.



The next stop was to a small group of waterfalls known as the "Ojos de Caburgua" which in English means "Eyes of Caburgua". You have to hike into the woods for about 10 minutes before you get to them but it is well worth the wait. There were 3 waterfalls and the pool was aqua blue.



The only bad part was that they don't let people swim there.

The last stop of the first day was to natural hot springs.



There are a series of 7 pools you can go into which each have a different temperature. They are all heating by the volcanoes and are a great way to relax. For those who are brave, the springs are right next to a river which

has ice cold water. It's a shock to the system to go from hot to cold but it can also be very refreshing.



The second day started with a drive up to the Volcano Villarica. We could only go as far as the ski lodge which

was closed for the summer but it was still pretty far up. From there to the crater is about a 3 hour hike each way. But from the lodge you can see other mountains, lakes and volcanoes.



Did I mention that March is harvest season for blackberries and raspberries? They grow wild in the area and we found plenty to pick from at the hot springs and even on the way up to the volcano. In town you can buy them freshly picked from vendors on the street.

Our last two stops were to two waterfalls that were much bigger than what we saw the first day. One was called "La China" (the Chinese) and the other "El Leon" (the Lion). Each of these requires about a 15 minute hike into the woods which contain a wide selection of trees each which has its own use and which the locals all know. Some trees are good for building



houses while others are good for roofs. Some are used for arts and crafts and some are only good for firewood.

The weather changes a lot in the area as the summers are



dry and the winters are very wet and snowy. Therefore the locals know a lot about what to plant, when to harvest, where to build a house and what materials to use.

If you ever have the chance to visit Chile, remember one

thing: the best parts are outside of the cities. It is the forests, lakes and mountains that make Chile so special. There are large areas of undeveloped land that you can explore and it has yet to attract the large volume of tourism that has damaged other areas.

All I know is that there is still a lot more of Chile to see and I can't wait.

Written by Rick Rivera, Santiago, Chile

THE GIRAFFE

Giraffe! Giraffe! So nice and yellow,
Aren't you such a dainty fellow?
What high pole or what great tree
Could hide your lofty design from me?

What deep and high cerulean sky
Could harbor your frame from mine eye?
"How high art thou?" one may ask,
While in the shimmering sun you bask.

And what lions! And what tigers!
And what about those fearsome tigers?
But none can compare with your fearful height,
Not in the day, not in the night.

On the leaves you begin your chomping
After a delightful day of grassland tromping.
Why should you work? Why should you play?
When you could be snacking on leaves all day!

But alas, of all that thou art and what thou mayest
become,
Why art thou so cumbersome?
Why in all thine battles fought
Are you marked by a many dot?

Giraffe! Giraffe! So nice and yellow,
Aren't you such a dainty fellow?
What high pole or what great tree
Could hide your shining form from me?

Written by Stephanie Frei

Make your optimism come true.
-Author Unknown



END OF THE YEAR

Near the end of the year of school
All the children began to drool.

They thought of no work for a while
Which gave each one a big smile

They began to obsess
'Bout the three month recess.

And imagined and dreamed
Of the beach and ice cream.

They counted the days
Till the summertime blaze

Except for poor Jewel
Who's stuck in summer school.

Written by Kevin Powell

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

Many people think of Louisa May Alcott as only an authoress. However, she accomplished much more than writing popular books in her short life. In situations where some might have given up and felt sorry for themselves, Louisa did not. All her life, she worked tirelessly for her family and her country. She sacrificed her time and health ungrudgingly. Louisa's life exemplifies courage, determination, and strength in difficult times.

Louisa May Alcott came into the world on November 29, 1832, to Bronson and Abigail Alcott.

The second of four daughters, Louisa grew up a restless and energetic child; her mother often worried about her safety. While at a park in Boston, Louisa fell into a pond and nearly drowned. A slave boy rescued her, and for the rest of her life she felt a warm regard for the Negro race. The Alcotts often helped runaway slaves, once hiding one inside their large brick oven.

Later in life, Louisa said that the incident helped her to understand what slavery really meant.

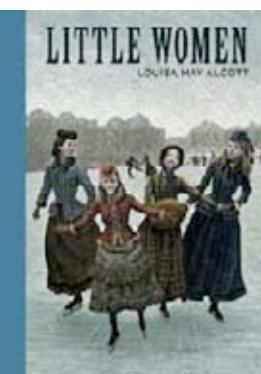
When the Civil War began, Louisa felt that she must do something to help the Union. She had nursed several family members through illnesses, and decided to apply to become a nurse. A month later, in December of 1862, Louisa arrived in Washington, D.C. The conditions at the



hospital horrified her; long, dark corridors, dirty floors, and awful smells. The previous nurse had left because of illness and Louisa, with no prior training, became the superintendent of a ward with forty beds. After a few months of exhausting work, Louisa finally succumbed to the infection all around her. Although she did not want to leave her patients, her father came to take her home. Even though Louisa never recovered sufficiently enough to resume her position, she soon had other things with which to occupy her time.

While she worked at the hospital, Louisa had written many letters to her family, and she now wanted others to hear the soldiers' stories. Louisa sent the letters to an editor, who agreed to publish them under the title "Hospital Sketches". They became an instant success, and a publisher persuaded Louisa to let him reprint them as a book. Some time later, that same publisher told her that she should write a book for girls. As a result, Louisa published her most famous book, Little Women, in 1868. During the next ten years, the now-popular authoress wrote nine more books, including Little Men, An Old-Fashioned Girl, Jack and Jill, Eight Cousins, and Under the Lilacs. Louisa's sister May died during the writing of Jack and Jill, leaving the care of her baby to Louisa, who devoted the rest of her life to taking care of her niece and father. She wore herself out nursing her father in a difficult illness, and died on March 6, 1888, just two days after his death.

Readers have loved Louisa's books for more than one hundred years. Not only do readers enjoy the stories, but we can also learn many important lessons from them. However, Louisa never wanted fame or money. She did not write books for herself, but for her family. Seeing her loved ones safe and happy fulfilled her greatest dream. Louisa May Alcott's love and devotion to her family and to wounded soldiers make her an American hero.



Written by Amy Valine

Resource

Meigs, Cornelia. Invincible Louisa. New York: Scholastic Inc., 1933.

Images:

http://famouspoetsandpoems.com/poets/louisa_may_alcott/photo

<http://www.fantasticfiction.co.uk/a/louisa-may-alcott/little-women.htm>



DA PUDDYTAT

Puddy, Puddy, full of guile,
Fitted with a sleepy smile
What the chair, and what the sofa
Didst make you a lazy lofa?

When the maid dost clean the hall,
Does she find a hairy ball?
And when the sitting room's inspected
Throughout with fleas is it infested?

See the mouse running 'cross the floor
Will he soon be lying at the door?
Oh what you eat, what you ingest,
For your health, is it really best?

And in your play, when you shout and twist,
What will happen? Do you wist?
In the evening, when Pa returns,
And sees the chairs, the lamps, the urns?

Puddy, Puddy, full of guile,
Fitted with a sleepy smile
What the chair, and what the sofa
Didst make you a crazy, lazy lofa?

Written by Daniel Rose

**CUB SCOUT PACK 200 PINEWOOD
DERBY DAY**

It was pinewood derby day in our Scout Pack last Saturday [February 16, 2008]. Prior to this day, each Scout took a block of wood and carved it into a design. Then they painted it and added details. Shortly afterward, the wheels were put on and the car was finished.

Now, back to the pinewood derby. First, we had the sibling race, acting as an exhibition race. Then the big race came. It went by very fast. Before the award ceremony, the fathers raced. When the dads' race was finished, the award ceremony began. So many boys got awards. What a fun day!

Written by Austin Adams



**Impossible is a word only to be
found in the dictionary of fools.
-Napoleon**

LUIS AND JULIO FIND A TREASURE

This short story is an extension of Paul Hogan's To the Mountains

Next morning, Julio went outside to help his brother feed the animals. The sun made Julio feel blithe as he fed the horses. The air felt warmer this day. Julio worked fast. He had some things he wanted to do. Luis had found a cave close to their home and the boys desperately wanted to explore it. Ten minutes later, Julio and Luis made their way toward the cave.

"Did you remember the lantern, Luis?"

"Yes, I have it."

"How big is the cave?"

"I don't know. Why do you think we are exploring it?" Luis sounded a bit annoyed.

They had reached the cave by now. Luis lit the lantern, and they proceeded. At first, the darkness of the cave made it difficult to see, but as their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, they began to see more and more. Suddenly, Julio tripped and fell.

"Ouch! That hurt!"

"You should watch where you're going more closely," Luis said as he helped Julio get up.

"What did I trip over? I didn't see anything."

"I'm not quite sure...it looks sort of like a rock."

Luis examined it more closely and discovered that it was a large chunk of gold.

"Julio, look!" Luis exclaimed excitedly.

"Why, it's gold!" cried Julio, just as excited as his brother.

"Yes! Let's go show Mama!"

The two boys ran to the house like two hounds chasing a deer. Breathless, they arrived at the house.

"Mama, look what we found!" They both exclaimed at the same time.

"Why, is that gold? Where did you get that?"

"We found it in the cave Luis discovered two days ago."

"Are you sure that it's really gold?" Josefina piped up.

"Of course it is. What else could it be?" asked Julio.

"I don't know. I just don't think its gold."

"Father will know when he returns."

"The whole cave could be full of gold," asserted Julio excitedly.

Rosa smiled. "I don't think so," but, seeing his downcast face, she added, "Although, it is possible that there could be more."

"Let's go look for more right now, Julio!"

"Boys, wait until tomorrow. I think we've had enough excitement for today."

That night Julio and Luis could barely sleep. They constantly thought of caves, gold, caves with gold in them...When they awoke, the sun was peeking over the



horizon at them, telling them, as it seemed, to go find the gold that probably hid in the cave.

Josefina muttered something as she fixed their breakfast.

"What did you just say, Josefina?" asked Luis.

"I just said your mother has recovered a little."

"Really? That is wonderful news!"

"Come on, Luis. It's time to go," Julio said impatiently.

"All right, I'm coming."

Once the boys had found the spot where Julio had tripped, they began searching around. Luis found another smaller piece of gold. A little deeper into the cave, they found more gold. And here a small pile! They looked ahead. What they saw filled them with wonder. A large pile of gold sat five feet away from where they stood. When they reached the house to tell their mother, they saw a man there in ragged clothes. It puzzled them for a few minutes, and then they knew; this man was their father.

"Papa's home!" yelled Julio.

The boys ran and embraced their father.

"I'm sorry, I would have been home sooner, but the wagon train had several holdups."

Rosa came outside and embraced him. Then they took him inside the house and gave him some warm furs and food.

"Where did you get all these warm furs?" he wanted to know.

"Julio and I went hunting in the mountains," Luis grinned proudly.

"I guess my boys grew up while I was gone. I'm sorry, but I don't think I made enough money on this trip to get us through the winter. Bandits stole some of the money I made."

Julio and Luis laughed.

"Papa, we have something to show you."

They brought him to the cave and took him to all the gold. They each took an armful and brought it to the house. They would make it through the winter...

Written by Seth Beaty



Ramblewood Gardens tour
and propagation class in
Jasper



YOU AMAZE ME

The rain falling on the ground
The soft pitter-patter, what a beautiful sound
You amaze me

A bird singing a melodious song
A daring solo, yet not a note wrong
You amaze me

The blue, clear sky
With not a cloud passing by
You amaze me

The clear water, the green grass
Every second that goes past
You amaze me

Every second of every day
Every moment in a new way
You amaze me

The gift of life that you gave me
Every day again I see that
You're amazing

Written by Maria Venter

A LITTLE MORE WARM

You know it's coming,
That subtle thawing
With a little more warm
And a few less shivers

I love this time,
I hold it dear
I love where it is,
Before The Too Hot
And after The Too Cold, The Drear

Grass getting greener,
Things coming back
It's getting more comfortable,
'Can take some clothes off your back

We've had snatches of it this year,
Nature playing a little trick
But it's inevitable,
Spring's a coming back
And coming pretty quick

Written by Isaac Currey



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HOMESCHOOL EXCURSIONS 2008

HERE ARE A FEW PHOTOS OF OUR ADVENTURES



**EDITOR'S NOTE**

This newsletter was created to provide a space for students to express their creativity and receive recognition for their accomplishments. All students are invited to share with us!

A SPECIAL THANKS TO...

- All the homeschoilers who contributed to the production of each issue. This couldn't have been done without you!
- YES! (Youth Engaged in Science) for their support and collaboration in providing quality programs for students in Georgia.
- Our advertisers for their help in making the newsletter possible.
- And a very special thank you to the Board of Directors for your hard work and dedication.

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

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The Spring 2008 Issue



We hope that you had a wonderful Winter and that you're enjoying this beautiful Spring weather!

Thank you for helping to make each issue of the *Homeschool Herald* unique and exciting this year! A wide variety of stories, articles, art pieces, and more were shared...Thanks! And we look forward to seeing many new submissions from you for future

Herald issues! We are already working on the Summer issue, so be sure to send your creative creations!

We extend our thanks to the students of Ms. Gaines' English class at the Potter School. (Many of the pieces included in this issue are from those talented students.) Your submissions are terrific! Thanks for all your hard work!

We are going to work on a new format for the *Herald* for the Fall of 2008. Let us know if there's anything you'd like for us to include.

Have an excellent Spring! We look forward to seeing your work in the Summer 2008 issue!

What's Inside?

Poetry!

Happy poems, sad poems, funny poems, serious poems...look inside for poems of all kinds! Enjoy!

Two Very Important Ladies

There are numerous fascinating historical figures, ranging from politicians to entertainers, authors to artists, the list goes on... In this issue, read about two very important women, Louisa May Alcott and Florence Nightingale.

Tour de Chile

Read all about Pucon, the 'adventure capital of Chile.' This is a region full of volcanos, rushing rivers, waterfalls, hot springs, and more! Rick takes us on a wonderful tour of this beautiful area!

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