

Secretary's Report

Jeremy Kamminga

Hello and welcome to another edition of the Beacon!

Well, winter is here and here to stay by the looks of it. A fresh blanket of snow is one of the more beautiful sights on the prairie. If only it would just fall on the trees and fields and not on our driveways and sidewalks, then winter would be a much easier time of year.☺ I'm sure, though, that the fresh layer of snow has given many of our children (and probably some older kids and adults too) plenty of enjoyment playing outside.

With this time of year also comes the increased probability of adverse road conditions. With our children on the road every day and many others as well, let's not take God's traveling mercies for granted. Pray that he will continue to keep us all safe this winter.

There is actually not a lot for me to report on in this edition of the Beacon. Just a few things I would like to mention.

- The DCS Vision Initiative continues to work aggressively on their mandate. We encourage you again to forward any of your thoughts to them sooner rather than later. Several items on the "to do list" we feel are high priority and as such we would like to be breaking ground as soon as possible.
- Now that we've gone through the new nomination/voting procedure once, a few wrinkles have surfaced and we are discussing a few possible changes/additions to the by-laws. If you have any thoughts or concerns about how it went, please let us know. Our next meeting is tomorrow night.
- In the past weeks several of us could experience the good cooperation we have with the CCRTC in Hamilton. Two of their students could complete a practicum session here at DCS. We hope that both they and also the teachers they worked with benefitted from this opportunity. We also had the opportunity to hear Dr. Christine vanHalen-Faber give a presentation. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend so I can't give any details, but I'm sure it was an interesting and enlightening evening.
- This past week those of us with children in school had opportunity for parent-teacher interviews. As board, we hope that you all took advantage of this opportunity. One of the goals with our school is to keep a close relationship between the home and school. Regular communication is important in any relationship and it goes a long way to minimize problems and misunderstandings.

Well, that's about all I have to mention for now. Have refreshing Sunday and may God be honoured in our worship today and every day!

Treasurer's report

Anton Borst

Hello All,

This is your brand new treasurer *chequing* in. I would like to start this short report by thanking Dolf Feddes for his 6 years of service on the board and as treasurer. I also thank him for being available to make the treasurer transition as smooth as possible. I am taking over a well-organized system and that definitely makes it easier. Another thank you goes to Sarah Visscher our bookkeeper for patiently answering my questions.

On to business: the year end is fast approaching. The last day you can send in your contributions for 2010 will be Sunday **January the 2, 2011**. If you are unsure or have lost track of what you have contributed for 2010 you can call me at 436-2032 or send me an email at dcstreasurer@mts.net. You may also call our bookkeeper Sarah Visscher at 828-3267. If for whatever reason you have not yet contributed or are in a position to do a little more I would encourage you to do so. You are supporting a very valuable endeavor.

"Psalm 78:5-7"

(New International Version, ©2010)

- ⁵ He decreed statutes for Jacob
and established the law in Israel,
which he commanded our ancestors
to teach their children,
⁶ so the next generation would know them,
even the children yet to be born,
and they in turn would tell their children.
⁷ Then they would put their trust in God
and would not forget his deeds
but would keep his commands.

Thinking about this text and looking around the board table something caught my attention: 4 of the 5 current board members have been students at this school which our parents and grandparents started. God is faithful to his promises and I pray that our response to them will also continue to be faithful.

Have a blessed Christmas and New Year.

DCS Vision Committee Report

Les Vanderveen, Anton Borst, Marten Hamming, Mike Raap

Hello All School Society Members,

The Vision Committee is requesting your input and ideas as we move ahead with creating a long term plan for the school. We are attempting to look at and evaluate all needs/ wants of the school. This means that we would like to have your thoughts, ideas and input because as parents and members you are involved in the school and we do this work on your behalf. Do you as parents or society members see something that is missing in our school or do you have an idea as to how the school can be improved? Do you have an idea as to what should be considered when the building is expanded. Please give this some thought and forward any information or input you may have. If we could have your input by Dec 31, 2010 that would be very much appreciated.

Thank You, The Vision Committee

Principal's Report

Andy Huisman

“O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is Your name in all the earth! You have set Your glory above the heavens. From the lips of children and infants You have ordained praise.”

Psalm 8; 1,2

Psalm 8 is a hymn in praise to God, the Creator of the universe. He designed it, He created it and He upholds it. We are but a very small part of it and yet He has given us an important role within His created world. We are to praise Him. We are to praise Him in our everyday lives. Praising God requires us to also use what we have been given to the best of our ability. We are to learn, we are to grow, we are to mature in our lives of praise to Him, the Creator of all. We cannot be stagnant, we cannot stop growing. We cannot stop using our gifts.

When I think of DCS, I think of a very vibrant place. A place where God's children, both young and old, are developing a relationship with one another. A relationship that leads to growth, both spiritually and intellectually amongst all those involved. Part of that growth is realizing that we are always on a journey, we have not arrived yet, but we are still progressing. That is as true for the teachers, as it is for the students. But what does that journey look like on a daily basis?

As I stroll through the halls and classrooms of DCS, I stand in awe of God and how He has blessed the DCS community – students, parents and staff. There is the sound of the kindergarten students learning their letters through a

program called 'Animated Literacy'. In small groups they are all engaged in various activities that concentrate on a particular letter. There is the brightness in the eyes and the 'aha' moments when they make the connections between symbols and sounds. There is the holding of hands as they proceed from one centre to another with their best friend. There is the sound of the grade one students practicing their vowel sounds with excitement. There is the sound of grade two students actively enjoying a story that they are working on. There is the sound of music coming from the elementary choirs as they put the finishing touches on some Christmas selections. I happened to sit in on the Primary choir practice and witnessed a tremendous energy and a love for singing. There is the sound of the middle years students engaged in learning how to do difficult long division. There is the smell of paint in the air as the art department is busy with various projects. There is the camaraderie of the sports teams as they have just finished yet another intense practice. There is the sound of numerous questions surrounding all sorts of topics in the various HS classes. There is the sound of HS students thoroughly enjoying themselves during the "Masquerade" event put on by SALT. There is the sound of the Band students as they finally have achieved the dynamics required in a

certain selection. There is the sound of the teachers' voices as lessons are given. There is the sound of the parent volunteers helping out in Kindergarten, the library and other rooms. There is the sound of students cheering on the teachers in a staff versus students lunchtime intramural game. There is the sound of literature being reviewed and analyzed as it pertains to certain themes. There is the sound of students practicing their math facts. There is the sound of the middle years students learning how to sing in French. In all of those sounds, one thing becomes clearly evident - it is the sound of God's children, both young and old, working in cooperation with one another in the relationship of teaching and learning. It is the sound of using the talents God has given us to His glory. It is a wonderful sound! *"How many are Your works, O Lord! In wisdom You have made them all; the earth is full of your creatures."*

However, as in everything, there is also a certain responsibility. God has created many works, of which we are one. As His creation, we have to see our purpose is to serve Him who created us. For the students that means at this point in time, their duty is to learn and use their gifts to the best of their ability. Opportunity to learn and to use their talents happens in many ways on a daily basis at DCS. One only needs to read the weekly newsletter to see that DCS is an extremely busy place. Every week the school publishes an extensive newsletter filled with information for all of the students. This is also available on the school website in case your hard copy goes missing. Take the time to read it from cover to cover and become acquainted with what your children are doing on a daily basis. Take the time to talk to your children, take the time to ask the questions. Take the time

to practice those wonderful multiplication facts. Take the time to consult with the teachers. Inform them of what is going on in the lives of your children if it affects school work.

This past week, you had the opportunity to meet with the teachers of your children. It is always very encouraging to see so many moms and dads show up to these important meetings. Although they are only 10 minutes in length, a lot can be accomplished. It shows to your children the importance of education because mom or dad (or both) are going to the school to meet with their teacher. As staff we greatly appreciate your attendance and support. Together, we are working for the glory of God.

Other News

Christine vanHalen-Faber

Christine vanHalen-Faber of the Teacher's College was out on November 18th to supervise the two college students that have been student-teaching in DCS. As part of that visit, she agreed to do an evening speech for the DCS membership. Thank you to all of you who managed to make it the evening speech presented by Christine on November 18th. We know that the weather conditions were not the greatest but there were still an encouraging number of people who made it out to this event. Christine presented a fair bit of information with her usual sense of humour and warmth. As the evening progressed, the discussion centered on technology and its implications for the Christian home and school.

As this time, DCS is planning on another parent information evening centering on that topic of technology. Please look to future newsletters and Beacons for further information.

DCS Christmas Program

This year's concert will be held at **Carman-West Church on Wednesday, December 15th, at 7:30 p.m.** By all of the sounds that are emanating from the various classes, this promises to be a very enjoyable evening in praise to God for the gift of His Son. We invite everybody, both young and old to join DCS in this celebration of our Saviour's birth.

Christmas Break

This year, the Christmas break is a bit different than usual. **The first day of the break will be Thursday, December 23rd. The first day back after the break will be Thursday, January 6th.**

DCS Skating Rink

Now that the weather has turned cold, preparations are being made for the flooding of the rink. That means that soon students will be able to enjoy a favourite winter pastime – skating. **We encourage all students to wear a helmet while skating on the ice.** This can be either a hockey helmet or even a biking helmet. Please remember as well, when playing hockey, you are to use either a soft ball or a soft puck.

That brings me to the end of my report. Life is very busy, not only for those at school but for everybody. But even in these very busy times, we need to consider the words of the psalmist, *“Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the nations. I will be exalted in the earth.”* Psalm 46:10
Take the time. Enjoy the Sunday!

Special Area Group Conference Reports (SAG)

SAG Conference (Math)

Submitted by Len Lodder

I went to the SAG conference offered by Manitoba's Elementary Teachers' Association (META). This seminar and its workshops were held at the beautiful Joseph Teres School in Winnipeg.

The morning keynote was John Mighton. John introduced himself as the struggling math student, who could not make sense of all the numbers and patterns that he was being taught. He finally figured out he was in deep trouble when he was failing his introductory university course. That is when he began to really research what had happened. He wanted to know if there really is such a thing as “weak” math students. What he discovered is that when math is taught well most students, even the “weak”, are much more likely to be engaged and actually find math, not hard but intriguing.

John proceeded to teach a lesson in math. This lesson took five minutes and I was amazed because he did not seem to be the struggling math student at all. John then went on to make much of the fact that teachers often teach a subject in the way they have received it themselves from their teachers. So if math is deemed difficult and only for those who are “math smart” then that is probably the way the teacher had perceived it as a student. Now this is a very pervasive thought pattern in our society. It is accepted even in the higher learning institutions that not everyone can do math and because of this many people never learn to do math as well as they could. John Mighton was not trying to say that everyone can do all the same math (although he suspects that with proper training everyone can do the same math) but mostly that the so-called “weak math student” could not only do much better, but also enjoy math a lot more. He had been going around spreading this message for a number of years now and has launched a program called JUMP. He proceeded to give some statistics on the improvements shown in classrooms where this program has been used.

You might think that John Mighton was just out to sell his wares. The thing that stands in the way of that is that John supports himself as a playwright rather than as a mathematician. Although there were a lot of books and programs for sale in the hallway there was nothing of his material. Much of his material is free on the web-site and he encouraged parents and teachers to make use of it (jumpmath.org). You can have a look and decide for yourself. I am busy following up with JUMPMATH about a possible inservice for our staff.

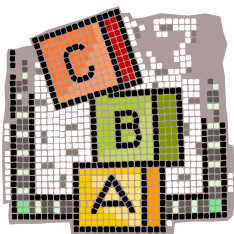
The afternoon speaker, Jamie Oliviero, was telling stories and explaining how stories can help build community within our schools and classrooms. Though I found the session interesting, it was difficult in the sense that you realize that all his stories, delivered as if they were gospel, were not based on the Gospel as God has revealed that to us. Remember, he was trying to show how peoples’ stories would help in understanding each other and thus build strong relationships and communities. Interestingly enough I couldn’t find myself in disagreement with that premise. What I find sad is that the “Christian worldview story” (if you’ll allow me to phrase it that way) was never mentioned even though many other creation and salvation stories were shared. I cannot say I didn’t learn anything from this seminar; I do need more time to think on exactly how to respond.

All in all, one of the better SAG conferences I have attended.

Literacy: Learning About Letters

Submitted by Jane Stad

**“ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ; Now I know my ABC’s, next time
won’t you sing with me?”**



Learning the ABC's beginning with simply singing this song, and continuing to learn the letter names and their sounds is the basics of literacy and reading.

When should your child begin to learn all about this? Research shows that the earlier a child is engaged with the learning of language the more successful a reader he/she will become. For example, a child who has been exposed to lots of reading will begin to take a book and pretend to read. This is a first step to later reading.

I am always amazed at how God created this complex system of language, and at how young children seem to pick it up so easily. What a sense of order needed to understand, read, and write the English language and yet young children learn it so quickly! From the moment that a child is born, they are immersed into the language of our world, and I believe that it is never too soon to introduce a child to the letters of the alphabet. From a very young age children are curious and eager to learn. We can easily pick up on that curiosity and foster and direct their learning.



Begin with reading children stories from a very early age. Talk to your children and share nursery rhymes and poems and songs. Use their curiosity and get them excited about language. There are so many great stories and books available. It is very easy to stimulate a love for reading.

Once children are able to talk and become curious about the world around them, you can begin to introduce them to the alphabet song. You can print their name and tell them what it stands for. Put it on the fridge with magnetic letters. Point out print in the environment around them. How quickly do children recognize the MacDonalD's sign for example? Read food labels as packages are placed on the table. Encourage guessing what the word says. Use the calendar to show a way of keeping track of the days of the week. Make shopping lists together. Give them paper, pencils and crayons at a young age and model for them how to use them. By the time your child is of preschool/kindergarten age, he or she should be interested in printing their names, and be beginning to recognize letters of the alphabet.



There are many educational games and toys available today that reinforce and teach the alphabet letters. Leap-Frog, for example has a whole selection of educational toys. Toys that I have used quite a bit at school are the **Word Whammer** and the Fridge alphabet holder. These toys both say the sound of the letter which the students put into the slot. They are magnetic games and can be placed on your fridge or filing cabinet.



There are also educational DVD's available that are quite good. The one that I often use is the Leap Frog DVD called "The Letter Factory". It introduces children to the letters and their sounds in a very dynamic way. I have had parents tell me that their child has learned the

alphabet letters and sounds simply by watching this DVD! Though I am not in favor of watching piles of movies, I do recommend this one.

What if your child is hesitant or not interested in learning the letters? Then you might need to work a bit more on making learning fun for the child. When letters are presented in the form of a game or with an animal character and action children may become more interested. I think it is really important to keep working on this, because once a child knows the letters and their sounds they are then ready and able to learn how to read. This is a very exciting stage of your child's learning.

What follows is a continuum which shows average ages for children to go through the literacy development:

Literacy Development Continuum

As with any developmental continuum, this is an approximation of the stages children will go through at particular ages in their literacy development. Naturally, the ages at which children develop literacy skill can vary. Some children may even skip some of the stages listed on this continuum (taken from Early Readers and Writers; by Susan Ketch and Cathrine Scaper)..

Chronological AGE

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

Listens to stories (both read and told)

Writes

Age 2: scribbles Age 3: drawings Age 4: letter shapes Age 5: letter strings, Age 5.5: words

Retells familiar stories

Shows awareness of Print

Age 4: environmental print, Age 4.5: initial consonants
Age 5: names and words

Reads predictable books

(repeated words and phrases)

Reads age appropriate texts

(repeated words and phrases)

Activities that you could do to learn about sounds:

- sing and say poems with rhyming words
- walk and talk trips – take a walk and talk about the things you see around you
- listen to music
- write a note, letter or card together
- use foam, sandpaper or magnetic letters to make words

- sort letter tiles
- make letters with construction paper and dry beans
- form letters with cereal or raisins on small plates
- use alphabet cereal or alphabet soup
- paint letters
- use playdoh or shaving cream to make letters
- play “I Spy...” with letter sounds
- show your child how you use writing throughout the day
- read and cook a recipe together
- make an alphabet book together
- HAVE FUN WITH LANGUAGE!

Grade 7 Contribution

The students of Grade Seven have all written some very good short stories. Therefore, if we published all the stories we would probably have a four inch thick Beacon. So, out of all the stories I have picked the most well written and creative story. Parents, please ask your child about his/her story because they were ALL very well done.

On behalf of Grade Seven, I present you with....

Sheep Attack *by Kim Bergsma.*

Rain and wind blew against my face, on a late October day, as I walked past the rusted mailbox titled Coddle. I could see the yellow school bus drive away in the distance. My brother Scott skateboarded past. I was surprised he was allowed to take his skateboard on the bus; somehow he seemed to get away with everything. I decided to run down my long driveway and by the time I burst through the front door of the house, I was drenched. I raced upstairs to my room and pulled out a dry pair of jeans. I hung my wet sweater on the hook in the bathroom and I let my long dark brown wet hair down and started running my fingers through it.

“Hi Andrea,” my mom walked into the bathroom. I saw her reflection in the mirror but I didn’t turn around. “I didn’t hear you walk in. How was your day?”

I started to think of a safe answer. Something that wouldn’t upset her or me. I finally found one. “Nicole sat on me at lunch break, I failed the math test, and our team lost floor hockey in Phys. Ed. today because of me. Mom, I have a reputation as a nobody and I’m good at it. “It was the wrong answer. Mom looked like she was going to break down and cry. I didn’t want to be there if she did. I left her standing in the doorway and made my way back to my room. I pushed open the door and Rindi, my nine year old Border



Collie, sat on my bed. I sat down beside her. She was my Dad's best sheepdog and my best friend. She was the hero of our sheep farm and she was mine. Unfortunately, she was temporarily retired because she was expecting puppies sometime in November.

"Won't be long now," I told her.

I could hear the faint whistle of my dad as he signalled the dogs while they herded sheep. I pulled back the bedroom curtain and watched six dogs herd the sheep. Something about the sheep didn't seem right. Their eyes read the word fear. I looked towards the bushes. I wasn't sure what I was looking for, but it wasn't there.



My thoughts were interrupted when my sister Sabrina popped into my room. She's Scott's twin sister. She was talking on her cell phone, but she motioned to me with her finger to follow. I glared at her. She rolled her eyes at me. I followed her down the hall. Rindi followed me. Sabrina's bright red high heels clip-clopped as she walked. I wasn't sure why she was wearing high heels in the house, but if anyone did, it would be her. She turned around to make sure I was following. Her curly blonde hair bounced as she walked. Her headband fell to the floor when she started yelling into the phone. I tried to imagine what it would feel like to be Sabrina. I shivered at the thought. She seemed so mad at whoever she was talking to. I would have hated to be the person on the other end!

I passed her on the stairs and peeked into the living room. Scott's curly brown hair stuck up from behind the couch. His long legs were propped up on the stool revealing a hole in his sock as he watched a hockey game on TV.

I checked my watch; 5:58. It was time for supper.

"Good bye!" Sabrina slammed her cell phone shut. "I don't like that person." CORRECTION. Sabrina doesn't like anybody. "Don't just stand there" Sabrina looked at me like I was the one with the frizzy hair and the angry red face. "Set the table or something."

"Where's Mom?" I spit the question in her face. Sabrina didn't like it.

"She had to go to the clinic," Sabrina answered.

My Mom is a part time emergency vet. She's been a vet for years. I always wanted to be one too, now I'm not so sure.

I took out a few plates as I read the note Mom left on the table. Mom always leaves notes with instructions of what to do when she was gone.

"She said there's pizza in the fridge for supper" Sabrina poked her head into the fridge and pulled out two pepperoni pizzas. "Eeeeeeeewwww! I'm not eating cold pizza!"

"It's still good cold" I offered. She didn't buy it.

"You're gross Ann." She snickered knowing how much I hated it when she called me that. "Where's Scott? I must have called him a hundred times. "I had never heard her call.

She walked out of the room to find him. I preheated the oven and turned to finish setting the table. Rindi was laying under the table chewing on something. "What do you have girl?" I tried to make my voice sound calm so I wouldn't startle her. I carefully pulled the object out of her mouth. I was now holding a metallic pink cell phone. Sabrina's phone. It was covered in dog slobber. I laughed out loud as I pictured Sabrina

holding a dog slobber cell phone. Rindi would have been laughing with me if she could have.

The oven beeped letting me know it was preheated. I left the phone on the table and peeked into the hallway to see if any one was coming. Nobody was. "Guess I'll have to put the pizzas in myself" I told Rindi. I know she likes it when I talk to her. I opened the oven door, popped both the pizzas in and went into the living room to read. Rindi followed me. I could hear voices upstairs.

Suddenly the front door opened. Dad walked in. I walked up to him. There was fear in his face, just like the sheep. I didn't like it. I waited for him to say something as he untied his shoes. When he didn't, I asked, "What's wrong?" Dad's worried face smiled at me but it wasn't a real smile. It took him a while to answer. Finally he did. "Some sheep are disappearing. I don't know where they could have gone. At least two were gone this morning and one more has been missing since then. "I thought of what I had seen after school and what about to tell Dad. "Dad, I know this isn't much help but I thought the sheep looked pretty scared after school today and maybe-

A scream came from the kitchen. Dad and I ran down the hall. We met Scott halfway. "What happened?" I whispered. Scott shrugged. We entered the kitchen. There stood Sabrina by the oven in a pile of smoke, screaming that her cell phone was full of dog slobber. She stopped and glared at me. I had burnt the pizzas. What the perfect ending to a rotten day.

The next morning, sunlight crept into my room through the open window. I hopped out of bed to close it. Seeing that I was awake, Rindi jumped up too. She followed me to the window. For a while I just stood watching the sheep in the pasture. We lived in a beautiful area on a cliff overlooking a lake in Newfoundland, Canada. In the distance a lighthouse shone through the mist. Every once in a while I would wake up early to watch several supply boats make their way to the lighthouse. It was very interesting to watch.

I looked towards the bushes by our barn. The bushes rustled. What ever it was, it was alive. Maybe another animal could be stealing sheep for food. It would have to be a fairly big animal to attack and drag away a sheep! I didn't want to jump to conclusions. It could easily be my imagination or a small animal like a bird or rabbit in the bushes. I checked my watch. Maybe I had enough time to slip out and check. Not bothering to change out of my pyjamas, I slipped out the door and ran towards the bushes. I could see a doglike figure take off towards to sunrise. Could it be one of our dogs?! I went back to the house. Whatever it was, it was long gone.

I smiled and grabbed a pair of jeans and a sweater and skipped to the bathroom. Sabrina came out of her room.

"Skipping to the bathroom. How childish!" She yawned pretending that I was dull. "I'm only 13," I said and slammed the bathroom door shut. Trust her to ruin a happy mood! I changed quickly and ran down the stairs. Rindi ran down after me.

The smell of bacon and fried eggs filled the air as Rindi and I walked into the kitchen. Dad was sitting at the table reading the newspaper, Scott was listening to his iPod while eating breakfast and Sabrina had gotten her necklace stuck in the toaster and was trying to pull it out with a fork. Nobody made any move to help her. I took a seat on the chair next to Scott. I said good morning but I don't think he heard me.

"Here!" Sabrina handed me a plate of bacon and eggs on toast. She sounded frustrated.

"Where's Mom?" I must have asked that question a couple thousand times in a month!

"She's sleeping in today," Dad smiled at me "She was up late last night and-" Dad stopped talking and I followed his gaze to Scott who was throwing pieces of bacon to Herder, another one of our Border Collie sheepdogs. Herder seemed to be enjoying it. Dad did not! "Scott!" Dad's voice was firm.

"Sorry!" Scott sounded annoyed. I smiled at him. He grinned back. He changed the subject. "Dad and I finished painting the motorboat yesterday. We can go for a ride as soon as you finish your breakfast." He looked excited.

For the first time I looked at the plate of food that Sabrina had put in front of me. My face must have shown my feelings because both Dad and Scott burst out laughing! "Sabrina sure doesn't cook as well as Mom does!" Scott said between laughs. I scanned the kitchen for Sabrina. When I didn't find her I started laughing too!

After breakfast, Scott and I climbed into the green motorboat. We went past the lighthouse and the lighthouse keeper and his wife waved to us from the window. As we went on, we got into a deep discussion. "What do you think is taking and scaring the sheep?" I asked.

"A wolf," I waited for Scott to say more, "I Saw it last night."

"What! A wolf?" I was surprised that he hadn't said a thing about it. "Why didn't you tell Dad?" I stood up in the boat, trying to get the message across to his blank face. Herder who was lying in the bottom of the boat, jumped up with me. But Scott was busy looking at something. I followed his gaze to what seemed like the spot he had been staring at for a long time.



Up on the cliff, staring down at us was the wolf. He looked like a giant compared to our little boat! Now I know what ants feel like! I was shocked. I took a quick step back forgetting that I was in a boat. Bad idea! Herder got excited and jumped up, knocking me into the ice cold water! I became scared and I felt the feeling of being pulled to the bottom of the lake. It was hard to swim with a jacket and boots. I heard the faint barking of Herder and I wondered what I would be doing if I was Scott. But time was running out! I had to do something. I had to start swimming! The heavy steel toed boots I was wearing pulled me down farther. Quickly, I pulled the boots off and watched them sink to the bottom of the lake as I swam to the top. When I pulled myself on the shore, I saw a glimpse of my whole family before collapsing on the sand.



After almost a month in bed, I finally woke up to the chirping of the birds and a couple layers of snow covering the ground. It was the middle of November. I looked out the window. And saw Rindi and Herder playing in the snow. Five bundles of fur wobbled after them. Puppies! And I never noticed! I went outside and fell backwards into a pile of snow.

"Andrea," Scott walked outside, "There is a way to fix things." I didn't know what he was talking about. "Dad got rid of the wolf." My heart skipped a beat. Everyone knew what *got rid of* meant. My eyes grew wide! The puppies stared at me. "Dad killed the wolf?!" I hardly was able to ask.

"I didn't say that," My brother is so into keeping secrets. "Dad called the Animal Control Centre in town. They came, captured the wolf and released him into the wild where he belongs"

"What!" My head ached, "and nobody said any of this to me!"

"You were sick, cold and tired. You nearly drowned. Did you want to be woken up so we could hear you groan and complain? Besides, I did tell you. About a dozen times while you were sleeping!" Scott is a pest!

"But nobody told me about these Control people and about Rindi's puppies and-"I was trying to think of other things to yell at him about. Truth is, he wasn't doing anything wrong. Sabrina, on the other hand, is the pest. I smiled. I went to sleep with trouble coming out of my ears and I woke up with a pile of puppies, a great brother and the best dog in the world! Rindi licked my face. I looked towards the cliff overlooking the lake. I could almost see the wolf looking down at me again. Sheep would not be vanishing anymore. Rindi would soon be able to go back to work and things would be back to normal in the Coddle house!

I picked up some snow, packed it into a snowball and hurled it at Scott. Right in the face! He smiled and we spent the morning together while Rindi, Herder, and family trailed after us!

The End

Grade 9 Poetry

Swamp Mosquitoes

Janessa Wanders

"Oh, the itching, and the stinking!"
Oh, great, what was I thinking!"
My whole body is swelling and red,
I was mental when I got out of bed!
The yucky water smells like a garbage barrel.
Mosquitoes' wings buzz as a foul carol.
The air is as tasty as a rotten potato,
My nose just swelled to a shiny tomato.
My eyes bring terror of swarms of black...
It is much too late now to turn back.
My socks and shoes are sponging this stew;
My toes are sticking together with goo!
The tiny blood suckers fill the air,
"Eww! I just swallowed one! That's not fair!"
I should leave him to be a tramp!
"Listen! I heard his bark!"
Why couldn't he get lost in a nice green park?!

Apple Pie Making Chaos

Melissa Hamming

A little flour here, a considerable amount of
flour there,
The slippery floors are more than I can bear.
From all the juices from the apples that were
sliced,
Making the floors as slippery as ice.
The pitching of apple peels thrown once or
twice,
Which would be a great sticky home for mice.
This apple pie assembling fundraiser we do
each year,
Has at times turned chaotic, I fear.
So in the end after the pies survived this
chaotic mess,
They will all be in one piece when they reach
their new address.

Which One Do You Serve?

Rebekah Pol

I am hate; I am love.
I am evil; I am perfect.
I kill; I give life.
I love it; I love you.
I lie; I am truth.
I mangle; I am healing.
I am Satan; I am God.

Two so different,
Dark and light.
One will hate you;
One will love.
Hate and love,
So conflicting,
Which one do you serve?

Quading

Cam deRuiter

Quading's awesome; it's a riot;
I wish you could come and try it.
Smell the exhaust in the air;
Do a backflip if you dare.
The tires fling up mud and dirt;
They spin the dirt on your new white shirt.
Don't bother worrying about it;
Your Mom will gladly wash it.
If you fall off and endure some pain,
Wipe off the blood and get on again.
Wear your helmet, safety first;
If you don't, fear the worst.

Self-Image poem

Casey Richardson

Every time I look in the mirror,
I discover what I don't like.
I'm not pretty; I'm too skinny;
My eyes don't fit my face.
Everyone around me always
Announces that I would be prettier
If I were taller
Or if I had a bigger nose.
I wish I wasn't
Who I am.

You are beautiful!
God created you
To employ your talents.
Whether you are tall, short,
Big, little, smart, or not.
You are created in the image
Of God. People may talk,
And judge, but
You are a child of God
And He loves you

Snowmobiling

Tomas Leyenhorst

Snowmobiling's incredible,
The feeling of freedom inconceivable.
I'll take the snowmobile to the field
And when it gets really rough I can yield,
Then, I'll rock it in the powder
And rev it louder and louder!
Taking a jump of snow
You may be able to show
One of your fancy tricks.
When doing a backflip, look out for sticks;
When you fly through the air
You can feel the cold tear
Tears on your face.
There's tons of space
For you to go
Snowmobiling in the snow.

For whom you ARE,
Not for what others
Want you to be.

In Silver City, South Dakota

Sheldon Beichter

One cold spring day, we were travelling as
planned
And my legs were stiffening from sitting in the
van
When suddenly we were there!
When I got out, wind flew through my hair
And I stopped and could only stare:
I could see far in the crystal morning air.
I thought I saw a diamond on a wall
But it was a rushing waterfall
And I suddenly praised the One who had
created them all,
For I understood that it was the Lord God over
all.

I walked inside the cabin to eat my breakfast
Where I saved the spicy sausage for last.
I heard the crunch of feet
On the gravel on the street.
Walking along a trail
We came to a bridge without a rail.
We took off our socks and shoes and followed
our father
Barefoot into the cold, biting water.
All of us glanced into the water and saw rocks
While up above soared some hawks.
We looked at all the rocks so old
To see if we could find any gold.
After some time we went up a slope
At a pretty fast lope
To pick up some cool rocks
And from here we could even see some
docks.
Then next we hurried along
And reached home singing a song.
Though I don't know exactly when,
I really hope to come again.

Noise

Quentin Vandermeulen

Noise is all around:
All of the soft sound
All the loud,
If you take a moment
Listen to the noise,
Loud and soft.
In a discussion
In a coffee shop
People go loud and soft,
Some obnoxious,
Some quiet –
A small sound
Turns to loud conversation.
One loud person and some quiet people
Turns all of them to loud.
Some need long sentences and loud words,
Others few and quiet to get their point across.
Silent for a while
A noise flares up a huge discussion.
Whispers slowly building into yells,
Inspiring others to crank up the noise.
Volume does nothing to change opinion.
At a coffee social
A conversation starts quiet, so do ten others,
Slowly getting loud so you have to yell
So all around you the conversations turn to
yells.
If everyone was quieter, we could all live
With everyone at a good volume.

