

Remembering the Good

“You may never know the value of a moment until it becomes a memory”-Dr. Seuss. How fitting and true this quote by the one and only Dr. Seuss is. It seems strange to wrap up a school year in the time frame that this year is, and while we may not understand why our year had to end so oddly, we do have all the memories from a year that will not soon be forgotten. Join me as we take a short, brisk walk down memory lane and appreciate all that the school year 2019-20 brought!

~Hadassah Martin



Left: 9th grade taking the win for Hockey Day during Spirit Week



Right: 4th grade learning about German tradition by making German cookies



Left: Kindergarten Spirit Week



Right: Elementary students enjoying the reptile show



Left: Senior guys performing their parody of “Country Roads” in the Christmas Talent Show



Right: EMS staff acting out an entertaining Christmas story for the talent show

Unexpected Remorse

“I’m not typically the one to get burdened down by the cares of this world, but when they brought that man before me for the second time, I felt as if I couldn’t breathe. He was beaten like no one I had seen before, and the crowd was cheering ‘Crucify Him!’ I couldn’t understand why. I was so frustrated listening to them chant wildly. Who did they think they were? What kind of people were living in my city? It was as if I had never known them. They wanted this man who had done nothing wrong as far as I could gather to be killed. I was at my wit’s end, for I felt bad for the man whom they said was named Jesus. There he stood bleeding from head to toe, weakened by the previous beatings, and yet he was not defending himself. After evaluating my choices, I finally gave in, and though it pained me, I released Barabbas and allowed the people to take Jesus on his way to his crucifixion. Writing this now, I can’t believe it was me. I was the one who ordered him put to death. I was the one who made the decision. I could’ve set him free, but instead I listened to the people. I didn’t sleep for weeks after that. His figure haunted me, and I felt intense shame for what I had done. I had washed my hands in the basin to prove my innocence but was that really enough? What if that man really was the King of the Jews? What if everything he said was true? What had I done?”

~Hadassah Martin



EDITORIAL

Subject to Whom?

Some days it's easy for me to follow directions and do as I'm told; the next day I question how necessary complying really is. *Why can I so easily be frustrated by scenario XYZ? Why does it seem to me that common sense is lacking? Is that just because I'm selfish and think that I know best? Am I just frustrated because complying makes me look like everyone else, and I feel dumb or not cute? Isn't that still selfishness? When will I learn? Why am I so prideful? What does my frustration really say about me? What is God trying to teach me?* So many questions run through my mind, questions that I can't always answer. I really dislike the unknown, the unanswered. *But God, I thought You taught me patience a long time ago. Still, do I need more? (Clearly yes!) What did I ask for? What about graduation, my class, what about me? Do I really need to obey the*

government's requirements? What even is social distancing anyway? Really? How do I stay six feet from



someone? Isn't that just a little extra? As I hear myself ask these questions, there's just one common theme. **I, Me, My.** I'm confronted with my selfishness. *What is easy for me, what makes me look good, what makes me happy?* Instead, I should be asking the question, *God, what is it that You*

want? I can't help but return to Romans 13 and I Peter 2. "Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake" (*King James Version*, Romans 13.5) and "Honor all people. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king" (*New King James Version*, I Peter 2.17). *Yes, I know, but what about obeying God rather than men? God, do You really want me to look sill?, Do I have to wear a mask? Aren't masks a bad thing? I mean, I'm not supposed to be deceptive. Convicted, I see my selfishness. By my own merit, I am not entitled to anything. Life is not about me. Currently, obeying the government in these areas is obeying my Father in Heaven, so as long as I am not asked to go against God's Word, then I must submit. It may not always be easy, but nothing is impossible with God.*

~Shanda Nissley

HUMOR

Covid-19 Coping



Ping-pong is so competitive here we try to camouflage ourselves.
-Tiana Martin in hiding



When quarantine causes you to adopt a lifestyle of minimalism.
-Rondre Weaver in the economy



Put my dog on the trampoline, only to remember she has motion sickness.
-Corina Rutt in quarantine

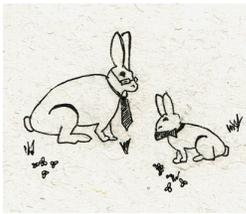


Hangin' with the chicks
-Gavin Strawbridge in boredom



Bears and Bouncing? No, Bearly Bouncin'

"Hippity hip hop, hippity hip hop, look at Bumpy go," sang Bumpy to the tune of "Frosty the Snowman." Bumpy was a bunny. He always thought that his name was, well, umm, a little rough. He didn't understand why Mother Rabbit would ever have named him Bumpy. *What a disgraceful name, but as it turned out, he thought, Bumpy was a pretty fitting name for an active bunny such as myself.* Bumpy was ALWAYS on the go. He only ever paused to eat and sleep. "Everything but busyness and business is overrated," he had once told Grandfather Hare. Naturally Grandpa Hare disagreed, but he couldn't argue with the adventure and life of the youth. The wisdom of Grandpa Hare wasn't



easy for Bumpy to accept. Grandpa Hare always told cotton-tales, and quite frankly, Bumpy was

getting a little tired of stories of the slower days. "Times are changing, Grandpa," discussed Bumpy one day. "When are you going to catch up? I don't have time to focus on family and faith and, plus, I do my best to be a good little bunny. I only repost things on Twitcher that are 100% accurate and from the BEST sources. I know how to get where I intend on going. I am good enough, Grandpa Hare. And, not to be rude, but don't you think your ideas are a little outdated? I mean, come on, you've gotta eat the right kind of grass; it's not all the same anymore. The health benefits to clover are beyond your typical golf-course green." Grandfather Hare breathed out a sigh. "I love you, Bumpy," he said. Bumpy nuzzled Grandpa Hare's nose, then turned around and said, "I betta bounce, Grandpa. Good chat, keep thinking about what I suggested." With that, Bumpy gave a gentle bunny wink and hopped away. Grandfather Hare was

grieved. He knew that Bumpy wanted to be serious about following the Keeper of the woods, but Bumpy was too self-confident. Then Grandpa Hare remembered the days of his youth; he dug deep into his memory through layers and layers of fur. Once upon a tail, Grandfather Hare had been that frivolous bunny. His friends actually had gone as far as nicknaming him Bouncer. Then Grandfather Hare remembered what changed him. Hopping had halted. There had been a big huge bear in the bunny section of the woods. Some had thought it a rumor while others had thought it was all too true. Many of the rabbits stayed in their holes for fear of the bear. Grandpa hadn't been afraid of the bear, but he had still learned a lot during that time. He had gained a lot of wisdom and was quickly taught the value of resting. Grandpa's heart settled; he knew that Bumpy would learn eventually. It might just take a bear. ~Shanda Nissley

ORGANIZATIONS

Senior Exec. Excursions

On more than one occasion, Jeremy Weaver, Shanda Nissley, and Hadassah Martin were asked to meet in Miss Heisey's office where she and Miss Martin, the senior homeroom teacher, were waiting to talk to them. Were the suspicious three in trouble, again? Maybe Mr. Sheldon King, their English teacher, told them about Shanda coming to the front of the classroom, describing the stages of mitosis, and Jeremy throwing his paper airplanes (landing perfectly in the hair of some of the annoyed but also thrilled students), while Hadassah decided to let loose her pet frog Evelyn! As the three musketeers approached the office, they thought maybe Mr. J, the Ministry Arts Team director, had seen them dive into Shanda's locker where they ventured into an unknown world similar to Narnia -- their unknown world was a bit better because each one had a unicorn that resembled each of their characteristics.

"Perhaps they heard us talking about it during MAT class," Hadassah said nervously. "Or maybe they saw us go in and want to try it as well!" Jeremy exclaimed impulsively. "Come on, you guys," Shanda said reassuringly, "they will never know about that. Don't you guys realize we are having our senior executive meeting and we're late again?!" "Oh yeah!" Hadassah and Jeremy said in perfect synchronization. Shanda was right. The three, who were chosen to represent the senior class, were on their way to meet with Miss Martin and Miss Heisey not because they were in trouble, but to discuss upcoming events that the senior class was about to conquer and enjoy. As the president of the senior executive team, I (Jeremy) am in charge of overseeing events and decisions while also being in charge when the events occur. During and after meetings, Shanda, the secretary, is busy emailing, organizing,

and updating events and making sure things fall into place. Finally, there is Hadassah with her financing abilities as she keeps track of the money from fundraisers such as pizza lunches and sub sale. Before mentioning anything else, we as the senior executive team sincerely want to thank all of the patrons who supported our fundraisers. The senior class did an excellent job raising money for their senior trip to Nicaragua. We would also like to thank Miss Heisey and Miss Martin for their dedication with keeping things together and making sure everything worked out. In addition, I believe it is important to acknowledge Shanda's and Hadassah's resilience during hard and stressful times such as counting pizza tickets and arranging graduation attire. Their hard work and preparation will not be taken for granted.

Rest of article on back page...

Stuco Update

Nearing the end of another year at school calls for certain teams to receive recognition; one of them is Student Council! Better known as StuCo, these high school students have put in a lot of time and energy, making this year a memorable one. From the fall barn party, to the Christmas talent show, to the spring Jr/Sr banquet, it's been a pleasure to attend and participate in events where they have rolled up their sleeves. The president this year was Kya Snyder, followed by vice-president Derek Martin. Taryn Mellinger was secretary while Derek Cassel took up the responsibilities of a treasurer. Rondre Weaver, Hans Burkholder, Micaiah Weaver and Samantha Weaver were all the class representatives. Thank you, team, for all the time you invested into the EMS student body and for giving us memories to last a lifetime! You all did a phenomenal job!

Spring Shout-out

We're just taking this former calendar space to give a shout-out to everyone in the EMS community!

- School board and leadership: thanks for your guidance and decision making during this difficult time of planning.
- Teachers: you all have done fantastic at getting together this school-at-home program up and running and keeping us all informed and educated.
- Homeschooling parents: KEEP IT UP! I'm sure that relearning 5th grade math and English wasn't what you had planned on doing for the months of March and April.
- Finally, students: I'm sure this hasn't been easy for you either! Keep persevering! Keep learning and keep on keeping on! It's good we all experience homeschooling for a little bit; then we can either decide we enjoy it or understand the blessing of attending EMS.

Exec. Excursions, continued



As the senior executive team starts to wrap up the school year, we have experienced it to be quite unique from other years. Covid-19 has brought some unanticipated circumstances such as the cancellation of the senior class commencement. Although the senior exec. team plans on rescheduling the ceremony, none of us in the senior class had anticipated its cancellation at the end of school. Graduation celebrates hard work achieved in school and expresses the initiation into adulthood; not having that ceremony before accepting a full-time job seems a bit like cake without the frosting--bland, abnormal, and disappointing. Nonetheless, life will always bring challenges when we least expect it. Even if that means an unexpected end to a senior year. Sometimes we might question God why things happen the way they do, but trusting God through unplanned or disappointing events is part of following Him.

~ Jeremy Weaver (guest writer)

Ephrata Mennonite School

598 Stevens Road, Ephrata, PA, 17522

Phone: 717-738-4266

E-mail: office@ephratamennonite.org

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