

MAT Tour Recap

The Ministry Arts Team tour has come and gone. Hopefully this tour may still be followed by some programs in the local Lancaster area. During the five-day journey, many memories were made as MAT students went from bus to church to program and then to different hosts' houses. The journey began on February 21st, bright and early in the morning before school. The bus was systematically loaded, and then we were on our way to our first stop in Millwood, Ohio. Here, we prepared to perform for our first program without using any MAT folders which was a first for Mr. J., our director. The wide-open space in the auditorium provided exceptional sound. Upon reaching the end of the repertoire, the audience's enthralment was conveyed as they asked for an encore which we put to play by the quartet singing "The Gentle Healer" and MAT singing "Working with Joy." This location brought me and several other students into contact with a delicious pastry called fry pie for the first time. The next program took place at a retirement home in Chesterville, Ohio. Leaving Ohio, we went our way to Calvary Chapel in Sturgis, Michigan. Upon arrival was the unexpected appearance of Mr. J.'s wife, present and waiting at Calvary Chapel despite her being with us on the tour bus all day. This perplexing phenomenon gave way to understanding once it was brought to everybody's attention that Mr. J.'s wife had a twin sister! After recovering from this shock, we prepared with the time we had left for our formal program taking place the following Sunday morning. The lack of energy was in no doubt fully evident in this rehearsal after the already long day. After bringing the Sunday morning program to a close and collecting delicious packed lunches, we MAT students once again piled onto the tour bus and embarked for our next stop, Haven of Rest which was located in Akron, Ohio. Here we first wrote welcome cards for the homeless who would be having their meal



there later. It was at this place that the repertoire's meaningful message became most apparent. Ray Weaver then held the intermission with a powerful gospel message. After this program, we then headed to our last stop, Legacy Christian School. Here we were separated into smaller groups to be taken to our lodging. Will, our lodger, drove us through Sugar Creek and Holmes County which disoriented us as we felt nearer to home than we originally realized. The next day we integrated ourselves into the Legacy Christian School's schedule by singing some songs to them in the morning and viewing their classes. Also, we were introduced to the legendary choir conductor Franklin Miller who instructed us and then sang a melodious duet with Mr. J. These two songs were nothing less of perfection, and Mr. Miller's exceedingly high tenor will never cease to amaze me. Next, during the afternoon we managed to fit a program in at the nursery home, Walnut Hills Living. We then finished our second-to-last day by interacting and playing sports (mainly volleyball) with the Legacy students in the evening. The next morning brought all anticipation to an end as the MAT students climbed aboard the tour bus and headed home. All the MAT students extend their thanks to Mr. J. and his wife for the planning and orchestration of the whole tour. Also, we give our thanks to the bus drivers, David and Karen Brubacker, and the chaperones, Ray and Doretta Weaver.

~Rondre Weaver

Who's Got Spirit?!

Spirit Week was filled with entertaining, exciting, and memorable moments. Each day had its own special theme which was portrayed well throughout EMS. A special thanks to StuCo for planning this extraordinary week.

Monday:
Twin Day

Tuesday:
Camo Day

Wednesday:
Class Hockey
Team Day



Thursday:
Duo Day

Friday:
Old People
Day

“The Night Before Graduation”

'Twas the night before Graduation, when all through the school

not a student was stirring, not even a soul.

The graduation gowns were hung on the shelf-hooks with care,

in hopes that Mr. King the speaker would then be there.

The Seniors were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of great freedom danced through their heads.

And I on a walk while wearing my cap, had just settled my frenzied nerves for a long night's nap.

When out on the school roof there arose such a clatter,

I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.

Away to the school I flew like a flash,

to open the front doors, and came in with a crash.

The moon on the crest of the newly structured modulars

gave the lustre of midday through the lense of my binoculars,

when, what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a notice on the back of the door which brought great fear.

With fine letters printed so neat and clear,

I knew in a moment the end must be near.

More rapid than eagles, my feet took flight,

and I shouted and cried at my new found plight:

“School! Gone!

Where have we gone wrong!

On, Digital! On, Virtual!

Online, without neutral!

To the top of the school!

To the top of the rule!

Now Wake Up! Wake Up!

This must not be true!”

As snow geese squawk while in a formation to fly,

I heard a great commotion coming in direction from the sky

so up to the school roof hurried with great speed,

Upon reaching the top, I felt I must leave.

And then, in a quick moment, I heard on the school roof

the prancing and pawing of Freedom's own hooves.

As I cleared my head and was turning around,

down the elevator shaft Freedom went to the ground.

He was dressed all in black, from his foot to his head,

and his clothes were all tarnished as if he were dead.

A bundle of books he had flung to his feet,

and he looked like a duck just so opening its beak.

His eyes--how glazed! His character, how nimble!

His arms were like corn stalks, his nose like a

thimble!

His shoes were of no use from which protruded his big toe,

and the brows of his eyes were as white as the snow.

The stump of a pencil he held tight in his hand,

and the writing produced sprinkled over the pages like sand

He had a narrow face with looks of great sternness,

that only lightened when he laughed, like a ferret's firmness.

He was sad and glum, a right fit for the times,

and I grew nervous when we saw each other through these same lines

A wink of his calm eye and a twist of his head

soon gave me to realize I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his task,

and filled all his books, then suddenly threw me a mask,

And tipping his finger upon his hat,

and giving a nod, went up the elevator shaft like a gnat.

He sprang to his car, with his key gave a turn,

And away he flew until he appeared diminished to the size of an urn.

But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,

"Happy Quarantine to all, and to all a good night!"

~Rondre Weaver

STUDENT LIFE

The Junior/Senior Banquet took place at EMS on Friday, March 13. Nearly all the juniors and seniors showed up, excited to have a good time interacting with each other and eating scrumptious food. The evening started off with students enjoying appetizers of smokies wrapped in bacon and various drinks. The meal was catered by Big John's Catering, so you know it was a good one of ham balls, mashed potatoes, green beans, rolls, and salad. All of it was delicious including the dessert of cheesecake and ice cream. Following the meal, students went outside to take pictures with the sunset. Some of the results are definitely worth

Fond Memories

a thousand words. When the sun had set and the photo frenzy was behind us, we went back inside to play a few games. The first one was called “Look Up,” a game where participants sit in a circle, heads down, and when one person says, “Look up!” all heads jerk up, and if eye contact is made between anyone the last person to scream is out. The following game was “How's yours?”, an entertaining game where one person leaves the room and tries to figure out what people are talking about when he returns by asking questions. I think probably the next highlight of the evening was when a version of speed dating was

announced. It proved to be very entertaining as there were spinoffs added such as no looking at the person you're talking to, holding eye contact the entire time, or talking to them back to back. Overall the evening was enjoyable and will be one to remember for quite some time. A huge shout out to StuCo for all the work they poured into this event! Your efforts were very much appreciated! Looking back, I am so thankful we were able to have this event before the coronavirus shut us down, and I will always remember it as a solid way to help end my senior year at EMS.

~Hadassah Martin

Mr. Lion's Transformation

ROAR! Mr. Lion bounded into the building. He had a mean spirit and was always biting into the sweetness of his friends. Mr. Lion lost friends about as quickly as he made them, mostly because he was really good at pretending to be nice and then actually being really mean. This building that Mr. Lion had just entered, to his pleasure, was a sheep barn. The barn had a BIG green four-leaf clover on the side of it with four H's, one in each leaf of the clover. Mr. Lion had absolutely no idea what the H's stood for, but all he knew was that he was HUNGRY, HUNGRY, HUNGRY, HUNGRY. *There*, he thought, *four h's*. Mr. Lion didn't have a very expansive vocabulary, well, until it came to food that is. Then he knew the words: sheep, chicken, and gazelle. Mr. Lion loved gloomy days that the rain poured from the sky and the wind blew. Those were the days that

he could catch his food faster. Since he hunted alone, having no friends, Mr. Lion sought after buildings where his diet would gather together; then he could butter them up and attack smoothly without much effort. On this particularly chilly, miserable day, the barn he entered was nothing like he expected. Upon entry, a tiny little lamb walked up to Mr. Lion; "Hi, I'm Lucky; welcome to Leprechaun Farm. In this barn we are show sheep. Our owners take us to all sorts of 4-H shows around the country, and I can't wait to win! Sunny days are my favorite; you know, those ones that are warm with a breeze that floats through the trees? Yeah, those ones. I like them." Lucky smiled, turned around, and clicked his hooves together. Mr. Lion was stunned. Never had his meal ever introduced itself to him. Now he didn't know what to do! He had leaped into the barn looking for a

meal, and before overtaking any sheep, the smallest, tenderest one had introduced itself to him. After the short monologue of Lucky, Mr. Lion no longer wanted to eat him. Lucky was such a sweet, friendly, and fearless sheep that everyone had to like him. Mr. Lion was no exception. *Something strange is going on*, thought Mr. Lion, *I entered this barn hungry TIMES FOUR, and now I've got no appetite*. Mr. Lion couldn't get his thoughts together, so he just said, "Me too, Lucky!" and turned around and walked out of the barn. When he left the barn, it was sunny and warm; the breeze was blowing gently just as Lucky had described. Mr. Lion suddenly had a strange appreciation for the day and concluded that the words that he said to Lucky were as true as could be! "In like a lion and out like lamb," he chuckled. ~Shanda Nissley

STUDENT WORK

Previewing the Projects

With about two months to graduation, the senior class is deep into the research and writing of their capstone projects. This year seniors each chose a topic that interested them and then addressed the way Christians or Anabaptists should respond to the issues surrounding it. According to Miss Leanna Martin, the larger point of the class is to "release thinking Anabaptists into their workplace, church, sphere of influence, etc. who can reason through topics in gracious, biblically sound ways." The seniors were required to read two complete books and use them, along with other sources, to write a ten-page report. Aside from the essay and a speech delivered to classmates, the capstone project leads into an evening where the pastors, parents, church leaders, and youth pastors and leaders of the senior class are welcome to come support them. Three of the seniors will present the speeches they prepared, and afterward the guests will have the opportunity to



talk to the seniors about their topics. The topics picked were not easy ones to tackle, but rather some heavy subjects to research and discuss.

To pique your interest, here is a list of what topics the senior class is researching:

- Alisha Weiler - Abortion
- Bradley Hurst - Homelessness
- Derek Martin - Christian Apologetics
- Derek Zimmerman - Young People Leaving the Church
- Dexter Zimmerman - Spiritual Warfare

- Hadassah Martin - Human Trafficking
- Janan Zimmerman - Sexual Abuse
- Jeremy Weaver - Technology
- Josh Wenger - Marriage
- Kendall Copenhaver - Consumerism
- Kelsey Rutt - Social Media
- Keri Weaver - The Effects of Adoption
- Krista Wenger - Adoption
- Kya Snyder - Authenticity
- Kyle Martin - Dating
- Patrick Zimmerman - Self-Defense
- Rondre Weaver - Pornography
- Shanda Nissley - Femininity
- Tim Burkholder - Nonconformity

I am sure that the senior class would appreciate your prayers as they continue to learn and research more about their topics and how to present the responses.

~Shanda Nissley

Since the writing of this article, the Capstone Event has been cancelled. The essays and recorded speeches will still be released online, so stay tuned for information on that. ~Miss Martin

Navigating a New School Rhythm

On a dreary Tuesday afternoon, Connor sat down at the kitchen table to do something he never thought he'd be a partaker in. He was about to start this thing called homeschooling. He wasn't sure how to feel about it. When he had first received the news that school was closed for the next two weeks, he felt like he should be excited. I mean this was practically a surprise vacation right? Wrong. He soon realized that this wasn't going to be as fun as he had anticipated. He couldn't go out with his friends to the movies, so he resorted to playing with his siblings outside or wasting time on his phone. That entertainment lasted for only a certain amount of time. Now he was being forced to homeschool at the kitchen table with his three younger siblings, and Mom was suddenly a teacher! She tried to make it enjoyable for them. Really, she did. She distributed snacks to them but only after squeezing hand sanitizer in

their hands. What was with this? *"Since when does Mom have a supply of hand sanitizer?"* Connor wondered as he tried to normalize the whole situation. He knew his mom was only wanting to keep them healthy with the whole COVID-19 situation that the whole nation was suddenly twisted up about, but it still made him grumpy. After a few days of school at home, Connor was getting aggravated at the idea of finishing out the school year like this. It wasn't fair! He loved going to school and living a normal life with social activities and a tight schedule. This time of quarantine and social distancing was sucking all the motivation out of him. He knew something had to change, and he also knew where to turn to. It just took him a little bit to get there. When he read the news the next afternoon stating that his school was to remain closed for an even longer period of time than originally planned, he

turned off his laptop and went to find his Bible. He was reminded of his favorite verse, Isaiah 41:10, "Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God; I will strengthen you, I will help you, I will uphold you with my righteous right hand." He knew then and there that even though the circumstances surrounding him were unpleasant and unsettling, he could put his trust in the Heavenly Father who loves him and knows what's best. None of this was taking God by surprise, and fearing the future would not change it.

*Shout out to all the moms in our community who have taken this adjustment and rolled with it! And to the students, keep up the good work! Even though it seems strange, this too shall pass, and with faith in our prayers, we can be back in school before too long!

~Hadassah Martin

OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

Capping off Quizzing

10 chapters, 298 verses later the 2020 quizzing season has ended. It's hard to believe. I'm done. Forever. For this senior, the work of Bible quizzing is complete. That brings excitement and a certain sense of freedom. But also the question of what do I do now? In reality, that will not be hard to answer; there are always things managing to sneak their way into my schedule. Sometimes I can't even figure out how. These past five years that I have participated in Bible quizzing have shaped my life in ways that I cannot fully understand. But the 1,465 memorized verses, I'm convinced were NEVER a waste of time. It excites me to think about how much of God's word is tucked away deep inside my memory.

This year's quizzing season ended with quiz retreat as it always does. Wednesday March 10th the quizzers departed after school towards Black



Rock Retreat where the event was held. After stopping for the traditional supper at Chick-Fil-A, we arrived at our destination. Thursday was full of quizzing, from 8:00 am to

the bunny round. The bunny round, which is more formally called the subs round, is a fun quiz at the end of the day that does not count in the end-of-day standings. After the bunny rounds are complete, each team receives a chocolate bunny to devour. Thursday evening all coaches and quizzers watch and have the opportunity to participate in a talent show. Afterwards the evening is open for volleyball and basketball, or if you quiz for Ephrata Mennonite School, some reveling rounds of Scum. Friday was the playoffs and both senior high teams were eliminated early on, but we enjoyed cheering our fellow junior high quizzers on in their quizzes. When the awards ceremony was over, lunch was served, and the quizzers dispersed. Another great year of quizzing was completed. ~Shanda Nissley

“Learning to Serve”

I walk into the 3rd grade and warm smiles welcome me. As I sit down in reading groups with the eager students ready to read, it amazes me how much the students love to read which is great. Following reading groups, the students engage in an intense game of “Who Gets It” with multiplication fact flash cards. I enjoy the eagerness on their faces as they anticipate who will get the next answer right! Directly following that, I carefully cut out colorful stickers in all shapes and sizes for Mrs. Burkholder. As I exit the 3rd grade room, I walk down the steps towards the kindergarten room. I notice the excitement in the kindergarten students’ eyes as I enter into the

classroom to help. It varies from day to day what activities might take place, but it is always filled with adventure. I sit down with the adorable little kindergarteners to listen to them read as they pronounce the words in their book. Helping in kindergarten can also consist of helping the students with projects. The other day the students made sharks out of paper. I really adore helping them when questions arise to their minds. I love the light-hearted moments and the funny comments they announce that make me laugh. You would be surprised at all the stories they have to tell and the endless comments that they make. I have a heart for children, so ending my

day with service learning makes my heart very happy.

~Alisha Weiler



EDITORIAL

Looking Up

What comes to your mind when you think of a fast? Some will automatically go to a physical food fast, and a depressed thought may soon set in. Others will quickly think of a fast as giving up anything that might be taking up too much time. As we live through the digital age, it is becoming more and more common to go on a media fast. Being a digital native myself, I can personally identify being one of the many who have given up social media for a certain time period. Social media takes up a large bulk of our time and makes a person become consumed with wondering what everyone else is doing and then comparing their lives to that. While we are staring at our screens, life is passing by, and screen time is climbing without our realization. Personally, I think it is extremely beneficial to give up screen time and cut out unnecessary entertainment on our phones. I am currently on a 40 day fast from Instagram and thus far do not regret any part of that decision. (Disclaimer: I will be focusing on Instagram for the duration of this article as it is my main mode of media.) It is making me realize that what I thought was important to know about my “friend” circles really is

not that life changing, and I can easily make it through the day without needing to know what Susie ate for breakfast. According to a study done in 2019, over 95 million photos and videos are shared on Instagram every day. I am not saying this to shame what everyone is putting on social media because I believe we would all fall guilty of putting something on just to get attention, but then again isn’t that the core reason people are posting on social media? To get attention they are not receiving on a daily basis from real people in real life? Maybe that’s a hasty generalization, but I do believe it holds water in most cases. By saying this, I do not mean that nothing good can come out of Instagram because I know it can be used as a place to share prayer requests, raise awareness, encourage others, and give updates for people who don’t see each other often enough. But let’s be real, checking the “gram” several times a day is usually not because you are interested in someone else’s life. It’s because you are bored. Before, I felt like I had to check it every day so I wouldn’t fall behind in the latest news, but now I know that people will communicate to me what I need to know in ways other than a selfie

shared on their story. Speaking of selfies, one nugget I would like to throw out is that the idea of taking selfies has reached a level many people would never have expected. There are actually people dying from this, and if that shocks you, you should look into that because it is actually quite fascinating and sobering. And why do people take selfies? A common motive would be to get as many likes as possible when it is shared on media. So it’s all for a like... a boost of self-esteem... desire for popularity. But it’s only a “like.” A like that really won’t mean anything in light of eternity. So why, instead of always looking down at our screens and pining for “likes,” wouldn’t we start to look up and around? Observe the world around you. Life doesn’t stop when you check out and twiddle your thumbs on your phone. I would like to close out this article with an idea not original to me. Gary Turk has a short poem called “Look Up” where he says, “Give people your love, not your likes.” Decide for yourself, but I believe that to be an implication that real relationships are more important than social media ones. Now it’s up to you to make the call and look up.

~Hadassah Martin

StuCo Update



~Junior/
Senior
Banquet
2020~



April Calendar

1-30th: Virtual school

10th-13th: Easter Break



Winding Down!

49 is a sweet number! Not only is it a square of seven, which happens to be a personal favorite, but it is a figure in the year 1849, the year that signified the start of the California Gold Rush. The men who migrated to California in search of gold were dubbed the "49ers," and later San Francisco adopted the name for their football team! The SNP team is proud to associate with the "49ers," not because we are hungry for gold, but because we only have 49 days left until the end of the school year! We are dedicated to finishing strong; the end is in sight!!

~ Tim Burkholder

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Learning to Serve

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