

Kahili Kroc

Volume 2, Issue 20

February 20, 2009

Opps... Monday Reminder

Bible Bee

We are excited to be the local host for the first annual National Bible Bee sponsored by the Kennedy Foundation. Please visit our web site at www.kahili.org and select the link for the Bible Bee to read about this exciting opportunity for our children. Encourage your child to participate and fill his or her mind with wonderful things from God's Word.

Kahili Web Site

We are in the process of making our web site more useful for parents and students. If you misplace your *Friday Reminder*, go to our web site, and you will be able to print another copy. In addition, you can read the latest copy of the *Kahili Echoes*, or if you are in Junior High, you can check out your grades.

In the near future, all our registration forms, as well as our handbook, will also be available on-line.

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School Activities

February 27-March 6

Southern University

Students from Southern University will be visiting our campus for a week. They will be participating in our worship every morning during that week, and will also be playing with us during P.E. class. This is going to be a fun week for all of us!

March 26, 2009

Science/Art Fair

This week, students received the information to begin planning and working on their science fair projects scheduled for the end of March. By this coming Monday, students should be able to share with their teacher what their projects are. Parent-teacher conferences will be held during the Fair like we did last year. Hopefully this makes things easier for our parents.

February 27, 2009

Last "School Spirit" Friday

For the last Friday of "School Spirit" month, each class will pick a "class color" to wear for their classroom. Put a note on the fridge so that every student will remember to participate next Friday.

Every Monday Hot Lunch

The second and third grade classroom continues to offer a "Haystack" lunch every Monday for \$3.00 for younger students, and \$4.00 for older students. When available, drink costs an addition \$0.50.

The Pickle Jar

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he & mom got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled. I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar and admire the copper and silver circles that glinted like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank.

Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck. Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. 'Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back.'

Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly 'These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me.'

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. 'When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again.' He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. 'You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters,' he said. 'But you'll get there; I'll see to that.'

No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar. To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me.

'When you finish college, Son,' he told me, his eyes glistening, 'You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to.'

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed. A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words, and never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and

faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms. 'She probably needs to be changed,' she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes.

She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. 'Look,' she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. I know it has yours as well. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for Good in others. The best and most beautiful things cannot be seen or touched - they must be felt with the heart ~ Helen Keller

Happy moments, praise God.
Difficult moments, seek God
Quiet moments, worship God.
Painful moments, trust God.
Every moment, thank God.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SCIENCE FAIR

MARCH 26

Kahili Gym