

The Flame

Shekinah Christian School ~ Plain City, Ohio
April 2024 Volume 40/Issue 8



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- Lion King Jr.
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Student Writings



All about creativity

Mrs. Groh planned sessions of creating artwork while listening to instrumental music and a Scriptural reflection.



Sculpting

Students used clay to design their sculptures, painting the finished product with Mrs. Wolfe.



Remind Me Who I Am



Students did interest inventories using the Holland Code Assessment in order to discover careers they might pursue. The last session was a poverty simulation, a game of survival on resources or lack of resources for one month. We learned about "living simply so that others might simply live."

Administrator's Angle

by Dr. Josiah/ Luttrull MEd
Head of School



Greetings Shekinah Family!

The statement is cliché, but it truly is hard to believe that we have reached this point in the school year already! We've seen so much happen at Shekinah this year, and it is hard to remember everything that has taken place. God has truly blessed us this year in many ways. I trust that you have been able to see growth in your students throughout the year academically, socially, athletically, and most importantly – spiritually.

Earlier this month we had the chance to host Enrichment Week on campus. Our faculty and staff worked diligently to provide opportunities for our students to extend their normal education and explore various subjects such as culinary arts, entrepreneurship, archery, debate, and worship – just to name a few. Our elementary students also enjoyed a field trip to COSI. I am thankful for all the effort that went into making that week a success.

During Enrichment Week, I spoke with our secondary students daily about various Bible questions that they submitted for consideration. Their questions coalesced into a discussion about the glory of God springing out of a study of Revelation chapter 4-5. While there are many different views about the Book of Revelation, what we do know without a doubt is that God's glory is on display and that all of heaven worships him because of his glory. My challenge to the students was for them to live in light of God's glory and point others to that glory through the way that they live. That is my prayer for all of us in the Shekinah family.

I am excited about next year and the opportunities that it will bring as we continue to work to make disciples and partner with our families for the spiritual and academic growth of our students! We still have spaces available for new families, so please spread the word about what God is doing here and how we may be able to partner with more people to strive to encourage others to glorify God alongside us.

From the School Board

by Jonathan Purdy - Board Chairman

Hello from the school board! For those of you who may not be familiar with the SCS School Board, the Shekinah Christian School Board is a group of seven people, four of which are Shiloh Mennonite church members voted on by the Leadership Team at Shiloh. Our current board members consist of parents of current students, alumni, Shiloh church members, business owners, and pastors. New board members are nominated by current board members who, upon serving on the board, serve up to two consecutive, three-year terms. The school board also consists of one non-voting, administrative member (Head of School).

The board meets monthly to discuss school vision, mission, enrollment, budget, and other various school related topics. Over the course of the last few months, the board has been working on several major items. The board has set budgets for the 2024-2025 school year, approved some curriculum changes, heard updates on the Ohio EdChoice application process, and approved various out of classroom activities for students. The board is also looking forward and discussing future growth as well as ACSI accreditation. Stay tuned to future issues for more updates on what the school board is working on to help SCS advance the mission of "inspiring students through programs and relationships to be engaged lifelong learners who glorify Jesus Christ while impacting their communities."

APRIL CHAPELS—OUR IDENTITY IN CHRIST

by Roxie G.

04/03/24—Mr. Arnold Shetler —*Who Are You?*



Mr. Shetler spoke about our Bible memory passage. I Peter 2:1-10 was written by the apostle, Peter to God's elect who were in exile. Exiles can struggle with their identities. Mr. Shetler asked the questions, "Who are you?" and "Where do you have your

identity?" We all have God-given talents to serve His purpose; however, we put these talents in front of our relationships. We need to put Jesus as our cornerstone not our abilities. "Is Jesus your trump card?" Jesus should be the one we rely on. Mr. Shetler then talked about the disciple, Peter. Peter was rash. However, after he made Jesus his cornerstone he helped build the foundations of the church. With Jesus as our cornerstone, He gives us a new identity in Him that will help us grow and reach others for Him.

04/03/24—Mrs. Lynne Wolfe —*Who Is Jesus to You?*



Mrs. Wolfe spoke in the K-6 chapel. First, she asked the group who Jesus is to them. Most said Jesus is a friend, the Messiah, the Son of God, and many other names for Jesus. Mrs. Wolfe then asked how we get to know the people around us and become friends. We spend time with them and talk to them.

Friendships require work and time to maintain and grow in them. She said that we need to spend more time with Jesus to get to know Him and have a relationship with Him. We can do this by reading God's Word and spending time in prayer. Mrs. Wolfe emphasized the benefits of memorizing scripture. Scripture is something that can draw us closer to God and by hiding His Word in our hearts we can learn more about Him.

by Taylor H

4/17/24—Jonathan Purdy —*Who Do You Say Jesus Is?*



Chapel began with a wonderful time of worship led by the worship team. Our speaker, Jonathan Purdy, then gave the message. He asked three volunteers to come up to the front to estimate the answers to three questions. How many people believe 1) that Christ existed? 2) that Jesus

Christ was sinless? 3) that Jesus Christ is God? According to Barnna Group research, 92% of the people in the US believe that Christ existed but only 56% believe that He was sinless and only 48% believe He is God. Jonathan followed these statistics by saying that Jesus cannot be just a good moral teacher. Either He is who He says He is, or

He is completely insane. Sometimes we mistake Jesus' identity. In Matthew 16:13-20, we see an example of this. Some thought Jesus was John the Baptist, Elijah, or Jeremiah. In the Bible, God reveals who He is and His character; He calls Himself "I Am." We know Jesus is God but sometimes we want to be our own god. In John 6:48 Jesus calls Himself the "Bread of Life." The questions are, "Is God the sustenance of our everyday life?" "Do we trust and rely on Him daily?" Sometimes we rely on ourselves and not God (John 6:27). He is our provider, and if that is true, we will have a joyful heart. This chapel was a great reminder of who Jesus is.



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APRIL 19-20 SPRING MUSICAL

by Allison B.



Cast List:

Malina F. - Young Simba
 Max K. - Simba
 Allison B. - Rafiki
 Kenna S. - Young Nala
 Nava S. - Nala
 Isaac S. - Mufasa
 Dean H. - Scar
 Jacob N. - Timon
 Peyton P. - Pumbaa
 Lydia M. - Zazu
 Grace F. - Banzai
 Alinea S. - Shenzi
 Taylor H. - Ed
 Haylee B. - Sarafina
 Cassidy W. - Sarabi

Hyenas:

Benjamin Wanty
 David G.
 Judah M.

Lionesses:

Cara D.
 Elaina K.
 Eleya B.
 Lindsey C.
 Maggie L.
 Margo M.
 Rachel E.
 Ruby G.

Ensemble:

Anna G.
 AnaSophia S.
 Emma M.
 Grace M.
 Rebecca E.



ENTERTAINS SHEKINAH AUDIENCE

by Alinea S.

On April 19th and 20th Shekinah students performed The Lion King Jr. It was a fun night full of singing, dancing, and displaying the talents that God has given each and every one of the students who participated.



We want to give a huge thank you to our director, Mr. Bechtol, back stage manager, Faith Ferguson, and costume designer, Jenn Hudnutt for all their hard work and dedication to the cast the past few months to make this all possible!

.....// APRIL 2024

ENRICHMENT WEEK

K-6TH 4/9-4/11

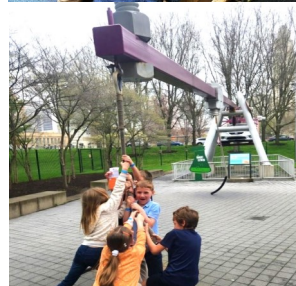
by Riann P. & Gabi N.

THE BARN'S BUSINESS



On Wednesday, K –6th grade students enjoyed a day at COSI, Center of Science and Industry.

COSI



FOOD & NUTRITION

Thursday was Food and Nutrition Day. Students rotated from classroom to classroom. Volunteers showed the students how to make different food at every station, including protein balls, fruit sushi, vegetable insects, personal pizzas, and popcorn with different seasonings. Some also completed a walking escape room based on a health topic while they were rotating.



Due to poor weather on Friday, the track and field events were postponed a week to Friday, April 26. What a fun afternoon of relays, races, long jump, softball throw and a tug of war! The students were divided up into four teams with 6th grade leaders. Team Three (aka Team Seaweed) led by Kenna S. won the tournament.

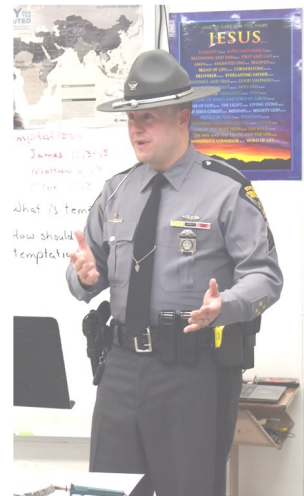


TRACK & FIELD

ENRICHMENT WEEK

7TH-12TH 4/9-4/12

by Rilev H. & Jadon M.



The 7th-12th grade students also participated in Enrichment Week. They started off their days in their homeroom. From there they went to the gym to listen to Dr. Luttrull explain several Biblical questions students submitted. From there, students chose several different classes to attend. Classes ranged from football history to karate fundamentals; from archery to scripture reflections; from hymn sings to wood burning. One student favorite was sourdough basics. In this class, Mandy Beachy taught students how to prepare and bake sourdough bread. She also gave several students sourdough starter to bake their own bread. Jerry Troyer helped students build their own birdhouses for bluebird and swallows. and Mrs. Shetler led a Living By Design seminar which ended with a poverty simulation.



Colombian Culture & Cuisine with Mrs. Hacker and Mrs. Shetler



This semester the 11/12th grade English students wrote a short story about themselves called a "Remembered Event Essay." This creative writing essay had to be about a significant event in their lives, and it ends with something called Autobiographical Significance which details what the event meant to them. Students were taught how to use dialogue to move the story forward as well as how to use creative writing techniques like metaphorical language and creative descriptions.

~Mrs. Schrader

Boom-Crack-Boom-Boom-Crack

by Peyton P.

Shoulder to shoulder, 300 kids silently listen to the speaker. The lights on the ceiling shine just bright enough for me to see my Bible in my lap and my notebook in my left hand. Three spot lights that hang below the ceiling light up the four-foot high stage and the speaker standing atop it. All 300 kids in that room call this place Rush Camp, but I simply call it Camp. My parents lead the youth ministry in my church, and due to that, I have gone to this camp every year for as long as I can remember. Every year I listen and I take something home, but this year I took home something very practical.

The final night of camp had come, and the speaker almost always talked about salvation on that night. However, this night the speaker talked both to the unsaved and the saved. "Jesus died for us! And if you already believe that, great, but pay attention. If you're already saved, get involved. Do something for your church. Find a way to serve."

The speaker's words echoed in my head and reverberated their way to my heart. I had sat in church for 16 years and I had only done what I had to. Then it hit me. *Our church doesn't have a drummer. I'm not musically gifted at all, but I can try.*

Two weeks later on a hot summer Tuesday, I pulled into the nearly empty parking lot of my school at 3:00 P.M. The time for my first drum lesson had come. I made my way through the long halls and turned left into the music room. As I swung the door open, my music teacher, Mr. Bechtol, greeted me and gestured for me to take a seat behind the drums. As I sat down, my eyes darted from drum to drum. I counted three drums and three cymbals for my hands to hit and one pedal for each of my legs.

"Do you have any experience with drums?" Mr. Bechtol rummaged through a bucket and pulled out

two drumsticks before handing them to me

"Nothing besides like, two weeks of playing them for music in middle school." My right hand clenched the sticks Mr. Bechtol extended to me. Once again my eyes fell back to the drums that surrounded me. No, the drums clenched me, in the same way I clenched the drum sticks. The many pieces of the drum set formed an army around me like the Jews surrounding Jericho. Before I could figure out how to escape the clutch of my capture, Mr. Bechtol began to speak.

"For now, all you'll need is your snare, kick drum, and high hat." Mr. Bechtol tapped on each drum as he listed them out.

"Snare, bass drum, and high hat," I whispered faintly back to him.

"This is the beat I want you to learn." Mr. Bechtol waved me from the drum set and took his seat behind it. Boom-crash-boom-boom-crash. His arms moved effortlessly from drum to drum. He controlled each drum effortlessly.

There's no way I can do that.

Two months later, leaves danced their way down from the tree tops. The corn in the fields reached for heaven. Somewhere out there kids were running in the yard and jumping in the leaves. But in the dining room of a house just outside of a small town called Irwin, my hands flung themselves from drum to drum, working with my mind to attempt to control the drums. Boom-crash-crash-boom-bo- the sound of a failed beat bounced from wall to wall, mocking my failed attempt to play the beat Mr. Bechtol gave me two months ago. *This is pointless.* For two weeks, I had been playing the Kahon at my church, sitting on the stage and tapping the Kahon's face loud enough for only me to hear.

"Do you think you're almost ready to upgrade to a drum set in church?" My mom pushed open the door

midway though her question.

"Give me like two more months," my mouth said, but my heart thought: *It's not like I'm ever going to get any better.*

For the next two months, the only sound from the drums was the sound of failed drum beat after failed drum beat. Every day I fought with the drum set that had taken hours of my life over the last four months. Soon enough the Saturday night before I played in church came around like a semi-truck barreling towards a pedestrian. And like a pedestrian about to be struck by a semi-truck, there's nothing I could do to stop tomorrow from hitting me, no matter how hard I tried.

As I sat myself down behind my drum set, the sun retreated below the horizon for its daily nap. The little hand on the clock in the corner of the room pointed at the nine, and the long hand pointed at the one. I pulled up the set list on my phone, plugged in a headset and slipped it over my head. I practiced the first song, the second song, the first song again, and the third song. I played song after song, over and over. After 40 minutes of practicing the other songs, I began to play the fourth and final song, *Our God*. After 30 seconds of throwing my hands around desperately trying to convince myself I could do it, I thought, *No, that's not right*. I started over. Boom-crash-bo-boom crak- *No, that's ever worse*. Start again. My shaking hand tapped the restart button on Spotify. Boom- crash-crash-crash *No! No! No!* One of my drum sticks slipped from my shaking right hand slamming into the snare drum on its way down. With the same hand that lost grip on my drum stick, I ripped the headset off my ears and threw it into my lap. *I... can't do this*. The clock on the wall now read 10:00. At that moment, I gave up. I stood up and went to bed, choosing not to think about the next morning.

The next morning I woke up at 7:45, got dressed and climbed in the passenger seat of my mom's car. The car ride that normally takes 10 minutes lasted at least 30. When we finally arrived at church, the rest of the worship team walked up on the stage and got ready to practice. My mom prepped her piano while I sat behind the drums.

"What am I doing here?" my thoughts slipped through my mouth.

"What was that?" my mom finished setting up her piano and turned to me.

"Nothing. I'm ready when you are."

As we began to practice I managed to hold myself together on the outside, but on the inside, every bit of me wanted to quit. Before I knew it, we had played all the songs. The rest of the worship team left the stage and made their way to Sunday School.

"Is it ok if I skip Sunday School to make sure I'm ready?" I quickly asked my mom.

"Sure, do you need any help?" My mom took a step off the stage before pausing.

"Na, I'm good," I lied.

As my mom left, I picked up my sticks and held them as if I was about to start playing. *Why in the world did I say I'd do this? I'm never going to be ready*. Those thoughts echoed in my head for a whole hour. Before I knew it, the time for the main service and thus worship had come. The clock struck noon and the rest of the worship team made their way to the stage.

"Please stand up." My mom gestured for the congregation to rise to their feet.

The first, second, and third song came and went, but as the fourth and final song rolled around something changed. For the first three songs I was nervous, but as soon as my mom played the first notes of *Our God*, my hands started to shake uncontrollably. I knew my mom chose it due to my premier as our drummer, and something about that made my mind flee from my body. *Get it together. Come on*. The part where I joined in approached too quickly for my mind to get it together. I failed. But in that moment, by the sheer grace of God, my hands began to move from drum to drum. My mind, still adrift in its sea of panic, did not hear what I played, but everyone else heard boom-crack-boom-boom-crack.

In this moment I learned something I will never forget. When God calls you to do something, it won't be easy. In fact, it will be hard. You'll put in your time, your work, your everything, and in the end you'll realize that you alone aren't enough, but God is.



A Story about Ice Cream

by Isaac S.

"I'm going out to play with my friends," I yelled to my dad who unconcernedly read a book on his small handheld Kindle.

"Sure. Don't go too far." He seemed to automate the sentence back at me as if not thinking outside his own little world that encapsulated the living room recliner. I rolled my eyes and stepped outside because I knew I had a good internal compass, I could find my way back home no matter if I traveled all the way to Plain City. My friends Patrick and Ethan waited for me at the end of the porch, waiting patiently for me to finish talking to my dad so we could explore the Rosedale campus and talk about life's biggest problem: why the McDonald's ice cream machine is always broken.

Rosedale's biweekly soccer night took place that night so that was the one time the three of us got to see each other every other week. We didn't have much time together, the sky threatened darkness on us so we had to make the most of our evening. We trotted down Rosedale's secluded hiking trail that goes on for about a half mile behind a few fields.

"Should we go out to the road?" Ethan broke the silence as we reached the final part of the trail. The end of the trail gives you two options. Walk back the same way you came, and wind up back at Rosedale where you started, or walk down a more heavily wooded trail to your right that brings you down the road from Rosedale, forcing you to walk even further to get back to Rosedale.

"We don't have that much time, so I vote no." Patrick shut him down suspiciously quick as if he didn't want to walk the distance.

"Yeah it's getting dark; we should probably head back." I agreed.

"Whatever. Your loss." Ethan retreated. We hiked back down the trail. As we arrived back, everyone had finished playing and was now packing up.

"Shoot, I don't want to make my parents angry. I should go." Ethan hurried away.

"I should go too, I have plans so my parents won't want me to be out too long and—"

"Just go!" I shooed him away so he didn't talk for too long. It was only on the short walk home without my friends that I noticed the sky. It glowed a beautiful gradient of bright orange and pink on the horizon to dark blue straight upwards. I sat on the hill in my backyard for a little bit just to admire what beauty God can achieve. But what's even more amazing is

how a day can go from so good, to the worst day of your life.

I walked over to my family's side of the small duplex we lived in. I opened the door to emptiness. The darkness of our house frightened me so much that I stepped right back outside and hurried over to my grandparents' side of the house where everyone happened to be, thankfully.

"Hey sunshine." My dad noticed me in the door first. "How's it going?"

"Good, why's everyone over here?"

"We were just over here for some ice cream."

"Oooh, can I have some?" I jumped excitedly expecting to get a sweet treat in my hands.

"I'm sorry, we're all out," my grandma chimed in.

"WHAT?!? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!?" I felt the quintessence of anger flowing through my veins like my closest friends had just backstabbed me. "You don't have any more in the freezer?" I squeaked out while holding back tears.

"No, I'm sorry Isaac." I left before anyone could apologize more. I ran over to my side of the house and ran straight for my room. The fear of the darkness of my house shrank so small in my mind because I had my mind set on ice cream. I slammed my door so hard that people could hear it around the world. Soon enough, my dad came to the locked door to my room. "Son,—"

"Go away!" I screeched at him through tears of treachery as I threw my pillow over my face. I terrified my parents that I might not recover from this and be angry at them for a long time. As the night grew, the beautiful gradient quickly fell into complete darkness like the sinister black of the night sky murdered the beauty of the sunset. It took a while to fall asleep after such anger built up inside me.

The morning after, I lay in my bed staring at the ceiling in rage. I might have never risen from my bed if not for the undying urge to use the bathroom. Once I emptied myself, I begrudgingly plodded outside. The summer sun beamed down onto my face and the landscape felt empty, almost completely barren of life, except for one old man. My grandpa sat peacefully in a lawn chair on his front porch. He looked like he had been waiting for something, and nothing could get in the way of his joy. I continued across the driveway pretending not to notice him.

"Hey Isaac, How's it going?" He called over to me from across the driveway, and I reluctantly walked over to him.

“Not good,” I replied.

“How come?” he asked, with a face that, if I could read faces, would’ve told me that he already knew.

My family had ice cream without me.”

“Oh that wasn’t very nice of them,” he agreed. He surprised me a little by agreeing, but I didn’t respond so he leapt at the opportunity. “Wait right here,” he chuckled, “I’ve got a surprise for you.” That confused me because he couldn’t have known that they had ice cream because he wasn’t there. But my face shined brighter than the sun when my grandpa brought out of his house a tub of Breyer’s black raspberry chip ice cream and two spoons. I couldn’t speak due to the immense excitement I felt. “Why don’t we go to a secret place where we can eat this together?”

“I like that idea!” I giddily responded. We tip-toed into some thick pine trees not too far from our house, but the denseness of the trees made sure no one could see us. When we eventually got far enough into the trees, we engorged ourselves like there was no tomorrow. After the last bite, with our bellies overflowing with ice cream, we snuck back to our house, and I couldn’t thank my grandpa enough for the amazing redemption he had made for me. Later that day, my dad came back from work to see me happily playing on the family computer.

“What happened? Last time I talked to you, you didn’t even want to hear my voice,” my dad asked in a confused manner.

“Oh, nothing,” I replied with a big grin on my face, “I’m over it now.” My dad walked away confused, but relieved that I had overcome his betrayal so quickly. Nobody knew about our little secret until years later, when our entire family sat beside my grandpa at his deathbed sharing our favorite memories of our time with him. And on that day, I learned that if someone you know or love is upset, angry, or depressed, you should go above and beyond for their sake, to raise his spirits and to calm the people whom he loves, and those who love him.

Alumni News and Notes

Death:

Nathan Aaron Downing, of Lancaster, OH, passed away on March 1, 2024. Born on October 8, 1974, Nathan was 49 years old. Survived by his wife: Lovina (Miller) Downing, children: Alex (married to **Kiara Rohrer ‘16**), Jesse, Jace and Jenna all of Lancaster. Nathan graduated from Shekinah in 1993. Pray for Lovina and the family as they grieve the sudden loss of Nathan.

I Go...to Prepare a Place

Chris and **Sherilyn (Schlabach) Gant ‘83** of Taitung, Taiwan experienced a tragic loss on February 1, 2024 when their son, Jotham Daniel Gant of Irvine, CA, died in a motorcycle accident at the age of 23. Jotham, the youngest of Chris and Sherilyn’s three sons, is survived by brothers Ray and Bryan. The meaning of Jotham’s name is “God is perfect.” Below are some of the thoughts Sherilyn shared on Facebook in the days following Jotham’s death:

Posted February 22, 2024

“Teacher, my dad said you took the train back to Taitung yesterday,” my little first grade student said to me, Monday afternoon. “Why did you go to America?” and his inquisitive eyes drilled into mine.

“To see my sons,” I answered hesitantly, tears threatening to flood my face.

“My dad said you lost someone in your family,” he said quietly.

“Did you go to ‘baibai’ (appease those who have passed on), did you go to prepare things for him, like food, and a house, in the other world?”

...and first thing I knew, my mouth opened and I said, “Yes, I lost my son... but my son loved Jesus, and in the Bible Jesus said that he was going first, and already prepared a place for him, everything he needs... a house, food, clothes that last forever...so we don’t need to prepare all those things for my son—Jesus already prepared everything... he prepared everything....” and as the words penetrated the silence in the room, they penetrated my heart, and comforted me. There is no need to burn paper money, paper houses, paper cars... no need to offer food every month to those who have passed, a custom we see here regularly.

“Do not let your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many rooms, if that were not so, I would have told you, because I’m going there to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I am coming again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you also will be...” (John 14:1-3).

Alumni, you are important to us!

It’s always a good day when we hear from an alumnus. We want your news. Please email us at publications@shekinahchristian.org with your births and wedding announcements, or any other significant news. If you have recently moved or changed your email address, please send us an update. Thanks for staying in touch!

Mark your calendars.....

April

23-25—Achievement Tests

26—Jr/Sr Banquet

May

9—Night of Fine Arts 6:30 pm

16 & 17—Final Exams begin

20 & 21—1/2 days Final Exams

22—End of 4th Quarter

22—K. Graduation/Awards Day/Senior Clap-out

23—No SCHOOL Teacher Work Day

24—Class of 2024 Graduation 7 pm

The Student Activity Booster Club would like to thank our Sponsors for their generous support!

GOLD

Always at Your Side

Country Closet Thrift Store

IT Made REAL, Jessica Photography

Miller Cabinet Company, Miller's Furniture

P.C. Animal Hospital, P.C. Village Market,

R & T Yoder Electric

West Jeff. Plumbing & Heating

Yutzy's Farm Market

SILVER

ER Autocare, Integrity Door Sales

Lyon & Sons Body Shop

Purdy Farms; Rocky Mountain Coffee Co.

Rosedale Bible College, Smiles to Love

BRONZE

Yutzy Pastures

Winner of the March Challenge



In the history of Shekinah basketball, which team had the longest winning streak before this year's streak of 19 wins? The 1988 team had 13 consecutive wins for the season.

Thank you to everyone who answered the challenge! Quintin Purdy won the drawing for a \$10 gift card to Chick-fil-A.

Congratulations, Quintin!

April Challenge

The question this month is for Shekinah students and staff. Send a text to 614-873-3143 answering the question, *What was your favorite part about Enrichment Week this year?* The name of each person who responds will be placed in the drawing for a 2024 yearbook

* Editor : Linda Shetler * Student Editors: School Publications Class

Phone 614-873-3130 * Fax 614-873-3699 * E-mail schooloffice@shekinahchristian.org * web site www.shekinahchristian.org

Shekinah Christian School
10040 Lafayette-P.C. Road
Plain City, OH 43064