

THE FLAME

February 2026 Volume 42/Issue 6

Putting on “Gospel Glasses”

by Mrs. Jessica Hirchak, Certified Biblical Counselor

In our secondary mentor groups this month, we’ve been talking about putting love and humility into practice. Philippians 2:3-4 calls believers to reject selfish ambition and instead value others above themselves, looking out not only for their own interests but for the interests of others. So where can we start? Proverbs 4:23 reminds us that everything flows from the heart. Perhaps we can begin by putting on “Gospel glasses.”

God demonstrates His own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Because of Christ, God the Father looks at His redeemed children as fully forgiven and fully loved. He doesn’t pull away when we stumble. He stays near. He is patient. He is kind. He keeps working in us day by day. We live under His steady, faithful love — and that love can transform the way we see others. When we as believers preach the gospel to ourselves daily, we become able to look past differences, preferences and irritations. We remember that every person in front of us is an image-bearer deeply valued by God. The way we respond to others communicates what we believe about their worth. Tone, posture, and facial expression often speak louder than words. What if, before we ever spoke, our eyes already reflected His love?

This way of living doesn’t happen automatically. It takes intention. It takes a moment-to-moment dependence on the Spirit.

Paul instructs us in 1 Thessalonians 5:14 to warn the idle and disruptive, encourage the disheartened, help the weak, be patient with everyone. People are carrying and battling all kinds of things. We don’t always know what’s going on beneath the surface.

Only God sees the heart fully. We must slow down and lean on His wisdom to see clearly and respond well. Patience grows as we depend on His strength and trust His timing.

Seeing others through the gospel is more than good manners. It flows from a heart that rejects pride and chooses grace, over and over again. It isn’t a personality trait or special gifting; it is evidence that the Spirit is at work.

A gentle posture.

Listening well.

Seeking to serve.

Delighting in someone different from us.

Eyes that communicate dignity instead of dismissal.

Resisting distractions and staying present.

A willingness to pause for a God-ordained interruption.

Asking how God might be at work in this moment.

These small quiet choices become acts of worship that shape the culture of our school, churches, and families.

There will be days when this doesn’t come easily. We don’t have to fake patience or manufacture kindness. The same Lord who loves us so steadily gives us what we need to embody His love. As we stay close to Him, even our simplest interactions can carry His hope and grace into a watching world.

VOL.
42

You can also stay connected with us through Facebook and Instagram

FB: Shekinah Christian School

Instagram:

@officialshekinahchristian



And we all, who with unveiled faces contemplate the Lord’s glory, are being transformed into his image with ever-increasing glory, which comes from the Lord, who is the Spirit.

(2 Corinthians 3:18)



Administrative Angle



Dr. Luttrull, EdD
Head of School

I am excited to share that our school has officially been granted accreditation by the Association of Christian Schools International (ACSI)!

This milestone represents years of thoughtful work behind the scenes. Accreditation is a thorough process that requires a school to examine every part of its operation. We completed a detailed self-study, evaluated our curriculum and instruction, reviewed our governance and financial practices, and gathered feedback from families and staff. This process culminated in an on-site visit from experienced Christian school leaders in October who examined all aspects of our school including leadership and governance, teaching, stewardship of resources, and discipleship. Their recommendation affirms that our school meets internationally recognized standards for quality Christian education.

This milestone reflects our shared commitment to educating students in truth and Christlike character. Accreditation is not a finish line. It is a tool that helps us grow stronger and more effective in the years ahead. I am deeply grateful to our faculty, staff, board members, and families who contributed to this process. Together, we will continue building a school that honors the Lord and serves students well.

While we are thankful to have achieved this goal, we recognize that there are still many areas in which we want to continue to improve, and we are making plans and implementing procedures that will help move us toward excellence in all that we do. Thank you for continuing to partner with us for the education and discipleship of students, and we look forward to seeing how God continues to use Shekinah to advance his kingdom in the years to come.

Dr. Josiah Luttrull, EdD | Head of School

Exceptional Instruction

Teachers provide educational experiences for students that connect classroom instruction to real-world scenarios.

Through high-quality methods and practices of teaching, teachers at SCS differentiate lessons to meet diverse learner needs.

Healthy Relationships

“And let us consider how to stir up one another to love and good works.” Heb 10:24

SCS seeks to establish relationships between faculty, staff, coaches, and students that result in a positive impact for God’s Kingdom and the world.

Family Partnerships

SCS strives to be another arena (outside of the home) in which students can be educated according to biblical truth.

Faculty & staff at SCS maintain an approachable & humble spirit so that families may address any concerns.

Faculty & staff communicate regularly with families to help strengthen partnership.

Sports Spotlight

by. Jaden Denney

BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

On Friday night, February 13th, we had the opportunity to honor the two seniors on the boys' varsity team. The guys have had a phenomenal year, going into tournament games with a 20-1 record. Tournaments will begin towards the end of this month. Senior captain, Ausin Helmuth, said,

"We had a good regular season which is giving us momentum heading into the tournament. But with losing (due to injury) senior forward Jayce Yoder, we have to step it up a little bit and prepare for the competition to come. I'm excited for this opportunity to try and get back to the district final with a different outcome!"

GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

The girls' varsity senior night was February 7th. There were five seniors who were honored that Saturday night. When asked about the season, two of the senior captains, Abigail De Telder and Noelia Wanty said,

"We are highly satisfied with how this season has turned out so far! We won the league undefeated which hasn't happened in the girls' program for a long time! It's been a fun year growing with the team, and I'm excited for post season tournaments. We've been putting in a lot of work these past two weeks, and we are excited to see how it pays off!"

SENIOR NIGHT



Worship Team



Every chapel begins with a short worship time led by students. The team consists of students who desire to use their musical giftings and interests to lead the student body in a time dedicated to worshipping the Lord. The team puts a strong emphasis on worshipping for the glory of the Lord and not out of personal recognition. Every year, 1-3 students are appointed to organize and lead the team. This year the leaders are Cara Dobey (junior), and Lindsey Cooley (senior). The worship team is intentional about encouraging students to join and doesn't hold any requirements before joining. I myself have been a part of the worship team for four years. It has been a joy for me to be a part of the team, and it has been a huge growing experience. As the body of Christ we are called to lift our voices in worship, praising the Lord.

by Lindsey Cooley

School Choice Week

This past month, students in the School Publications class were able to interview students and teachers for School Choice Week.

School Choice Week took place the week of January 25th-31st, and it was an opportunity for students and parents to explore different educational opportunities. We (Shekinah) held an open house event to provide these opportunities for families on February 10th at 7 PM.

Students and teachers were interviewed about why they made the choice to attend Shekinah. They were asked questions like: What made you want to go to school at Shekinah? What do you like/enjoy about the school's community now? And what has been your experience since enrolling here at Shekinah?

Noelia Wanty, a senior, was the first person who was interviewed. She said,

"When I came in third grade, it seemed to be a very good school with lots of God-loving people.

People were very welcoming. When I toured, people befriended me immediately. I would choose Shekinah now because of the lifelong friendships created; that will help support you and encourage you to grow in your faith."

Seventh grader, Kenzie P., also told us that she wanted a "Christian-based environment. People from my church also went here, and I wanted to come for the Christian environment."

High school Bible teacher, Mr. Kallis, said that he came to Shekinah "for the opportunity to see God at work through His word, in the lives of students, and be a part of this faith-filled community."

We were very pleased with all of the answers we received about the Shekinah community and the students' and staff's experiences! We hope that everyone looking for new educational options can check into the opportunities at Shekinah.

FEBRUARY Chapel

by Lindsey Cooley



Anthony Conte

Wednesday, February 4th, Shiloh Youth pastor, Anthony Conte, came in to talk to both the elementary and secondary students. He began his message with 2 Kings 5. In this passage Namaan is healed of leprosy. He talked about Namaan's pride and unwillingness to be healed in the Jordan, but after he was humbled, he was healed. Anthony used this to show that often we become so proud that we're unwilling to submit to the plans that the Lord holds for us. He encouraged the student body to first let go of pride, take on humility, and then we will be able to flourish in what God has for us.



Bryan Roby

Wednesday, February 11th, Brian Roby shared with the upperclassmen in chapel. To introduce his message, he talked about 1 John 4. He began with two main points; the first point was that since God loves us we also should love another, and his second point was that God is not selective about whom He loves. In verses 20-21 of chapter 4, it's said that you can't hate your brother and love God at the same time. He touched on sports and how fans should build up their team rather than tear the other team apart. In verse 18 of the passage Brian brought up how there is no fear in love. He reminded the students that God is in control and He can bring good out of any situation. He ended with the question, "Will you be the one to be a living example of Jesus' love?"

Childhood's Goodbye by Lindsey Cooley

I still remember the summers when I was no older than ten. My sister and I, draped in skirts of green and pink, would race across the waving grassy hill in our yard. Shawls as white as the clouds hugged our shoulders. The sun smiled down on our glistening skin. We always had a new story brewing: a missed train to catch up to, a sick family member to care for, or a kidnapped princess to rescue.

"Can we please play house?" I would ask with begging eyes.

"Fine, but only for 30 minutes." Brooke would answer, but I knew she wasn't dreading a second of those 30 minutes.

Ever since we were little, the excitement of picking out a new dress-up dress to wear, or a new childhood prop to use filled us with glee. But one day, there would be real adult dresses to wear, real adult props to hold, and real-life stories to unfold. No longer would I be begging my older sister to play house, but rather she would be moving into her own home with her own family. That day came sooner than I ever wished. Childhood had to wave goodbye someday.

March 4th, 2023. The sky was a loving blue, and the sun gently whispered sunshine over the earth. The birds were singing a beautiful song and were eager for what was to come. Brooke sat gracefully in a chair while our older sister Nicole brushed warm tones along her cheeks. My stomach was churning, and my mind kept repeating my Maid of Honor speech over and over. Floral scents mixed with hairspray filled the house as seven of us got ready for the big day: Brooke's wedding day. A long sage dress hung down from my shoulders to the floor, pearl earrings hung from my lobes, and my hair complemented the back of my dress in long blonde curls. The camera clicked every few seconds. I gazed at Brooke, standing in front of the window. The rays brushed softly against her skin, her face radiating a glow of grace. Her lacey dress complemented her perfectly, with a V-neckline and a long flowing skirt. But my mind was dwelling on the reception. More specifically, my speech. What if I mess up? What if people don't laugh? What if I say something stupid? What if it's not sweet enough? ...What if it doesn't impact her the same way she's impacted me? "

"Alright, everyone, time to head to the church!" one of the groomsmen announced. Everyone piled back into their cars, and we headed off in eagerness, but still my stomach churned.

We all sat in the basement of Shiloh Mennonite Church. The room filled with swarms of laughter,

singing, and chatter as we waited.

Now and then, I would look at Brooke, thinking about everything that had led to this day. My heart seemed to cry, yet I felt joy. We were called upstairs to line up and walk down the aisle. The bridesmaids took their spots, and it was like a river of green flowing down the aisle, with flowers lacing the water. The music began, time froze, the doors opened, and everyone stood. There they were. My beautiful sister was glowing in white, and her arm was linked through my dad's. She floated down the aisle, her lace veil sweeping behind her.

"Who gives this woman to be wedded?"

"Her mother and I," my father replied in a gracious tone.

Ben took her hand and they walked up the steps to the pastor. Brooke handed me her bouquet, I clutched it as if I were holding the most valuable thing in the world. The whole ceremony was beautiful, yet foggy in my brain. All I could think about was how amazing the scene was. I looked and saw Ben wipe a tear from his cheek. My heart was warm for both of them, and I felt as if my face was frozen with a smile. After a while, my feet began to stiffen in my heels, and the bouquet became much heavier. Suddenly reality swept in and I began to think about what comes next. She's getting married. My thoughts were interrupted by the minister's voice. "Ben, do you take Brooke to be your wife?"

"I do."

"Brooke, do you take Ben to be your husband?"

"I do."

I do. I do. I do. The words repeated over and over in my head. They were meant to be happy words, and though I loved Ben and couldn't wish for a better man for my sister, still a speck of anger intruded into those words. He's taking her away.

"I pronounce you Husband and Wife." Brooke and Ben were smiling and yet tears slid down their faces. My face began to soften and my eyes watered.

Brooke and Ben walked back down the aisle, happy as could be. The rest of the bridal party followed, along with the parents.

The fellowship hall was filled with so much joy and laughter and emotion as family and friends hugged Brooke and Ben. Other bridesmaids were hugging Brooke, my eyes began to water, but it felt like a gate had locked my tears away. I couldn't seem to cry. Finally, I reached Brooke. I hugged her tighter than ever before, tears began streaming down my face as if all the emotions had been let free. I had never felt so much joy in tears.

As I watched the scene continue, my brother-in-law, James, hugged Ben. "My brother," Ben said with tears streaming down.

It was one of the sweetest moments I had ever seen. But again the fears and thoughts of my speech crept into my mind once more. Three haunting hours remained until I would have to stand in front of everyone.

The bridal party arrived at the venue. All the guests had been seated and were waiting.

"Maid of honor, Lindsey Cooley, with Best Man, Bryant Gingerich." The MC announced.

We walked in the room to our table, a smile nearly taking up my whole face. I took my seat and looked down to see the beautiful table decor. White table cloths, layered with sage fabric and vases that were filled with green and white blooming bouquets. Ben and Brooke were announced and as they walked in, they had never looked so happy, so excited, anticipating the life ahead of them. Suddenly that joy that I remember so clearly on Brooke's face while playing house, was becoming real.

Everyone was seated at their tables enjoying their plates of hot soup and salad. But I couldn't eat. The speech still lay before me like a hurdle in a horse race. My stomach was churning, my heart beating. What if my voice is shaky? What if I completely screw up something? What if the mic doesn't work? The thoughts just hung over me like a storm cloud.

"Everyone is welcome to seconds, but first I'd like to call up Steve and Rose Cooley to give the first speech." Everyone clapped. I sank in my seat, I don't remember a word my parents said. All I could think about was the time I had left. I began to pray more fervently than I ever had before.

"Please welcome Maid of Honor, Lindsey Cooley." This is it. No going back. You got this. Nicole wished me luck and told me not to worry.

I walked up to the microphone like I was about to battle my worst enemy. I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. I took the microphone in my shaking hand.

"Hey everyone, I'm Lindsey, Brooke's younger sister. I'm so grateful you all could be here tonight to celebrate Brooke and Ben." I'm doing it, I'm talking, my voice isn't shaking.

As I continued on with my speech I saw everyone's intrigued eyes on me. They were engaged and enjoying it. I glanced at the bridal party table, and James, my brother-in-law was wiping a tear from his eye.

"Growing up down the hall from Brooke's room, I've picked up on her nighttime routine so here are some tips for you to follow exactly." Suddenly everyone was laughing! I'm actually doing it. Even I began to laugh! I

I was enjoying it! God had answered my prayer. Then it came time for the heartfelt goodbye in my speech. "I'm so happy to have you as a brother now, Ben. I love you both, and I wish you the very best." The room filled with applause and laughter and tears.

I approached Brooke and Ben and wrapped my arms around them both. I took my seat and I began to tear up. I did it. All that work paid off and my speech is over. My heart filled with so much happiness and warmth. Suddenly I was actually able to enjoy the evening. That burden that weighed on me was let go. And I knew that Brooke knew how much that speech meant to me. Giving the speech was like saying an official goodbye. Like I was saying goodbye to childhood, to the made up stories, to the dresses, the shawls, the baby dolls, the made up princesses, and the company of my sister in it all.

The time came to say our goodbyes. All the guests formed a tunnel leading out of the doors. Brooke and Ben ran through, surrounded by love and support by all their closest friends and family. They reached the truck and began to hug everyone goodbye. I walked up to Brooke, tears in my eyes, yet accompanied by a smile this time. She hugged me so tight that it kept me warm in the cold breeze.

"I love you" she said to me.

"I love you too." She got into the truck and they waved as they drove down the lane. As they turned onto the road, it all became so real. No longer did it feel like a scratchy sweater. Reality lay over me like a warm blanket. I was ok with it. Sad but hopeful and excited for all of my sisters. One was pregnant with her first child, the other nearly a year into marriage, and now Brooke, a newlywed, eager to encounter her new life as a wife. After we got the venue cleaned up, we drove home. I sat in the back of the car staring out the window. I cried in quiet, not wanting anyone to see the tears wash down my face. It was a sweet pain like I've never felt. Once James and Nicole dropped me off, James came over to me and for one of the first times in my life, he hugged me. "Love you, sis." I had never heard those words from him before, and it comforted me.

They aren't gone forever. I didn't lose my sisters. I gained brothers. A sense of hope filled my shattered heart and I had comfort. I knew God was in control. One day, it wouldn't be Brooke and I playing house, but my nieces and nephews would be the ones making up adventures and begging me to play with them. One day, I would have my own adventure to unpack. I realized that childhood never really says goodbye, it only says "See you later."

Death is Not the End

by Abigail De Telder

I'll never forget the last day that I saw my great-grandma alive. At nine years old, I was busy enjoying the last few weeks of summer before school rolled around again. Outside, the sun beamed down on the unusually green grass as a few puffy clouds rolled lazily across the blue sky. All was well in my world. However, the tranquility of the warm summer day was to fade only a few hours later.

That afternoon, Mom and Dad rounded up my three brothers and I and we piled into our navy blue Chrysler minivan.

"We're going to see Great-Grandma today." Mom made sure that everyone was buckled as she climbed into the passenger seat of the van.

This was not an unusual occurrence. We packed our lunches and took them to Great-Grandma's house about once a month so that we could spend time with Great-Grandpa and her. Being older, they didn't get out of the house too much, so they really enjoyed visits from the grandchildren. Plus, the plastic blue tote that held all Great-Grandma's toys was filled with fun things to play with, and the house next door (in which my great-aunt and great-uncle lived) had a trampoline, swingset, and sandbox in the backyard. In general, I truly enjoyed going to visit my great-grandparents.

However, today was different. Dad left work to come along with us, and Mom talked less than normal as the van rolled down the long gravel driveway of Great-Grandma's house. When we arrived, my grandma stepped out onto the little front porch, waiting for us. I hopped out of the van, nearly tripping over my brother's feet as I did so.

"She's not doing too well," Grandma opened the door sadly. The dark entrance swallowed up Mom, Dad, and one of my brothers, but I backed away and shook my head.

"Can I go play on the swingset?" Part of me feared the scene that waited through that front door. Mom nodded, and Raphael, Isaiah, and I raced across the gravel towards the swingset.

After a while, Mom came out and convinced me to go inside. I stepped into the small living room and took in the giant white hospice bed and the small, wrinkled figure laying in it. I gave Great-Grandma a big hug, and then stood by while the boys hugged her too. I listened to the quiet hum of the adults' conversation. The visit left me saddened, but the gravity of it didn't occur to me then.

Two or three days later, I found myself dressed in Sunday clothes, sitting quietly in the backseat of the blue Chrysler as my family of six drove somberly to United Bethel Church for Great-Grandma's funeral service. Nobody said much, with my brothers and I taking our cues from Mom's and Dad's silence. As we tiptoed into the sanctuary, lots of people dressed in black whispered in hushed tones or sat solemnly in the pews. The polished wooden casket rested open at the very front of the church. After sitting there for ages, a man dressed in a dark suit stepped up to the front with a microphone. The service dragged on for a while in my nine-year-old mind, and I looked around curiously as tissues magically leapt into hands across the sanctuary. It's called a celebration of life, but everyone is so sad, I thought to myself. Eventually, we all filed past the elegant wooden casket. We looked at the top half of Great-Grandma's body one more time (the bottom half of the casket was sealed shut). Goodbye, Great-Grandma. I touched her still, white hand, just like Mom did. Then, I followed Mom into the lobby, where all the black-clad people gathered to wait.

Once we had stepped through the double doors out of the sanctuary, the mood lightened a little. My three younger brothers and I all gave Grandma and Grandpa hugs. Being able to hug Grandma gave me a warm, familiar feeling inside, a bright spot in the middle of so much darkness and sadness. A middle-aged man dressed in a perfectly neat gray suit walked to Dad and handed him a little orange flag to put on our navy minivan.

"How does that stay on the van, without flying off while we drive?" I fingered the little orange flag curiously.

"It has a magnet in it." Dad showed me how the flag stuck to the top of the van. It only took about five minutes to get to the cemetery. Dad turned the hazard lights on and we followed the snaking line of cars slowly towards Bethesda, where a gaping hole in the earth waited to receive Great-Grandma's body. Rain drizzled down onto the canvas tent that covered the graveside. The grass perked up towards the rain, fresh and green, a stark contrast to the gloomy gray clouds pressing down over the graveside. The pallbearers lowered the shiny casket gently into the earth. A man said a few more words, and then my aunts, uncles, second cousins, and other people I didn't know took turns shoveling wet scoops of dirt onto the casket. Somebody started singing, and the adults joined in acapella, surrounding the grave with heavenly music. I clenched my fists angrily as I peered over the edge of the hole that was rapidly filling with dirt. Why would God take her away? I glanced around the circle, absorbing the sight of weeping faces and crumpled tissues. Several people stepped forward and laid red roses down on the mound of dirt. Why would God want to make so many people cry today? A lone tear traced down my mom's cheek. If even Mom cried, everything was dreadfully wrong. The sight unnerved me. I was ready for the whole ordeal to be over.

The rest of the day passed in a blur. We drove back to the basement of United Bethel for a hearty Mennonite lunch. The scene reminded me of family reunions. My relatives talked and laughed with each other, and all my cousins and I dashed around the church together. We played hide-and-seek upstairs, and looked at the picture of Great-Grandma and Great-Grandpa that perched on a small wooden table outside the sanctuary entrance. Eventually, the reception ended, and my family drove toward the familiarity of home. For the next few days, I didn't think about Great-Grandma's death or funeral too much. Life went on as normal. However, the sadness in my heart steadily built up in a crescendo, until one day, it surfaced.

I sat cross-legged on the pink and white bedspread in my little bedroom, contemplating life. My thoughts wandered aimlessly, but eventually stepped into the little section of my mind that housed my emotions about Great-Grandma. I thought about the tear trickling out of the corner of Mom's eye. I pondered Grandma's black dress and Grandpa's black suit, and the sorrowful, almost resigned expressions that had covered their faces. I remembered the crumpled white tissues and the sniffles that echoed through the sanctuary and around the graveside. I considered the fact that I'd never ever get to hug Great-Grandma again, and my eyes started to water. I buried my face in my pillow.

"God, why did you take her away?" A few hot tears soaked into the fluffy white pillow. Then, inexplicably, peace flooded through my troubled, cheerless heart. I remembered the joy that had flitted across the preacher's face as he spoke of Great-Grandma being so happy and fulfilled with Jesus now. I remembered one of the men by graveside comforting the family with the knowledge that we'd see her again soon. I remembered my great-aunts and grandparents and uncles and cousins laughing together at lunchtime. They told stories about Great-Grandma and shared memories. Suddenly, the puzzle pieces clicked together in my head. I knew what the preacher had been saying. I remembered what Mom and Dad had taught me my whole life. Great-Grandma had believed firmly in Jesus and His goodness.

You'll see her again. Finally, I realized that death is not the end.

Classroom Corners

by Graci Higgins

Physical Science

Egg Car Races

The physical science class recently began learning about Newton's Laws. To demonstrate the first and second laws, students participated in an egg-car race experiment. Each group of two to three students designed a contraption to protect a raw egg as it traveled down a slope without cracking. They were given a Matchbox car as the base and had to create the rest of the design on their own.



"Logan B. and I won the project. We lined a cup with sticky dots and glue, and then put cotton balls inside the cup to protect the egg. Our egg was the only one that made it across the track. This experiment was very fun."
- Brody C.

3rd-5th Grade Robotics

Shekinah's 3rd-5th grade classes recently started a Lego robotics class. Last year was the first year this robotics class was introduced at Shekinah. They meet twice a week, and during this time the students "use Lego bricks and block-based coding to engineer moving, glowing, and sound-making inventions." They start with following instructions to then making their own designs. The students have a lot of fun doing this and look forward to it each week.

"I like building with legos and I learned about a gyroscope." -Laina T

"I learned how to connect and pair with the computer" - Hope H



Three Seniors Place in "Aspiring Artists" Contest

For the past three years, Shekinah's senior art students have had the opportunity to participate in the Aspiring Artists Contest. This is a contest founded in honor of Kurt Lattimer by his mother, Kim Lattimer-Reeder. "Our award commemorates the life of Kurt Lattimer, an amazing artist who left us too soon. The hope is this award will somehow keep his spirit alive in the hearts of many aspiring artists, something Kurt would be very proud of!" It is open to schools and homeschool students in Madison County. Each student is tasked with making an art piece that fits into the theme, "What I Dream Of." Eight seniors from Shekinah entered this year, and out of the eight, three won awards. Margo Massula (Passenger View) received first place in painting and drawing. Ava Hathaway (God Bless America) and Shauna Nyland (Scattered Threads) both received honorable mention. It was supposed to be a Sunday event on January 25th that included musical performances, viewing the art, and then the winners would be announced. However, this year, due to snow, it was cancelled, and the awards were announced online the following Tuesday. A Saturday gathering was held for just the artists.

"I really enjoyed looking at all of the art. It was cool being able to be a part of this, and the cake pops were great." - Margo Massula



2024 Shekinah Graduates Pursue Short-Term Missions

From Mrs. Shetler: *I have your prayer cards on my bedroom dresser to remind me to pray for you, and I often wonder how you're doing. Hopefully, you are in a warmer climate than we are here in Ohio. It was four below when I headed out today. I would love to hear from you, and the February issue of The Flame has room for some words from you. Could you take a moment to write where you are, what you are doing, and what you are learning?*

YWAM SYDNEY

Two Shekinah graduates, Riley Helmuth and Caleb George, are currently serving and learning with the organization, *Youth With A Mission*. Last week, they were in Young, Australia, for their "pass it on" tour. They visited three country towns to run youth nights, visited churches and schools, and did some work projects. For five weeks before that, Caleb was in Papua, New Guinea, and Riley was in Fiji running rugby camps and visiting villages.

In the beginning, they had three months of the "lecture phase" in Sydney. Riley wrote, "A big thing we learn is dying to yourself and serving the communities we're in. We also learn a lot about God and how to share the gospel/our testimonies. I'd love prayer for focus and a strong finish in the last three weeks of DTS. Also, prayer for the kids joining us on youth nights in the last two country towns. Thanks!"

Between now and their return to Ohio on April 4, Riley and Caleb will spend time in Sydney and New Zealand before flying into Tampa, Florida.



REACH

Allison Beachy, who is serving in the REACH program, responded with,

"Thank you, that means so much:). It's pretty cold here in the Himalayas, but not quite that cold, thankfully. 😊 I can't say exactly where I am for security reasons, but the Himalayas is where I am.

We've been teaching English and have had lots of opportunities to get to know the people here over the past few weeks! I've been learning how to be flexible and adapt to a very different culture and lean on the Father for strength and endurance."



Friday, February 13, as we celebrated our senior basketball guys, we also said goodbye to a fan favorite concession stand treat - Rose Cooley's soft pretzels. **Rose (Mast) Cooley '92** has made soft pretzels for sports games for ten years. Four of those seasons she had help from another Shekinah mom. She has sold an average of 550 pretzels per season, bringing her total to about 5,500 pretzels! Thank you, Rose, for your time and dedication you poured into the school.

Attention Alumni!

We'd love to hear from you. Please send updates about your lives. Tell us about births, weddings, new jobs, promotions, ministry opportunities, or anything else you'd like to share. We look forward to hearing from you!

ishetler@shekinahchristian.org



Alumni News and Notes Births

Marcus and **April (Yutzy) Weaver '06**; Zayn Greysen
born November 7, 2024; third child, second son.

Jerry and **Mikala (Miller) Troyer '12**; Montgomery Jay
born January 9, 2026; first child, first son.

Patrick '10 and Sara (Landrum) **Walsh**; William Thomas
born January 23, 2026; first child, first son.

John and **Michaela (Hershberger) Loveday '13**; Leo Bennett
born January 30, 2026; second child, first son.

Spencer and **Nicole (Yutzy) Miller '09**; Rowan Jude,
born January 31, 2026; second child, second son.

Marriage

Rylee Headings '23 married Jamison Johnston, August 9, 2025.

Mark Your Calendars.....

February

23-27--Spirit Week

March

2-6- Spiritual Emphasis Week

13- End of Third Quarter

13- Early Release -12:30 pm

18-Pastor Appreciation Chapel

25-April 1-Senior Trip to Costa Rica

30-April 3- NO SCHOOL /Spring Break



February Challenge:

Riddle of the month (Sent in by Mrs. Hathaway): From a word of five letters, take two and leave one.

(Text the correct answer to 606-568-6156 to be in a drawing for a \$10 Red Hen gift card)

THE STUDENT ACTIVITY BOOSTER CLUB

would like to thank our Sponsors for their generous support!

GOLD

Always at Your Side, Country Closet
IT made REAL, Jessica Photography
Miller Cabinet Co., Millwest Amish Furniture
P.C. Animal Hospital, P.C. Village Market
Phil Hill-Red 1 Realty, R & T Yoder Electric
Ronetti's Pizza, TL Builders
WJ Plumbing & Heating, Yoder's Septic Service LLC
Yutzy's Farm Market

SILVER

Cooley Custom Cabinet
Lyon & Sons Body Shop, Purdy Farms
Rosedale Bible College, Smiles to Love

BRONZE

Yutzy Pastures

* Editor: Katie Driskill * Student Editors: Lindsey Cooley, Jaden Denney, Graci Higgins *Alumni Editor: Linda Shetler
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