

Seventy-two hours to go!

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Eight months ago when I was asked to write an article for CAT~net, I tried to decline but then finally said O.K. just to get Pam off my back. That was eight months ago and now the night before my article is due, I have read all the words of wisdom from my colleagues and wonder what have I gotten myself into this time.

These past two weeks I have been engaged in trying to keep our school doors open. The constituency said we had to have 10 students in an age frame who could be handled by one teacher. We have moved from a possible enrollment of 10 to 21, from two taxis with a projected indebtedness of \$34,000 to a possible indebtedness of \$18,000 at the end of the school year. We have moved from a 2 teacher school handling JK-8 to a 2 1/2 teacher school, and it is three days before school begins and I have no idea what the Lord has in mind.

I sang praises when I learned that a parent in a town 40 km away had a van and might be willing to drive some students. Then why did I feel discouraged when she said she might drive if her friend, also a non-Adventist with two children, would be able to drive with her on the trip? I know, one less car space and two more children to find transportation for in the next two days. Perhaps my faith needs to grow or match that of the widow in the Kindergarten Sabbath School lesson for which I have been preparing to teach. "That day the widow and her sons learned that they could trust the Lord to take care of them. We can trust God to send the right people to care for us too." So I'm going to leave this in God's hands and let you know what he has done in three days time. In the meantime I would like to share with you some of the reasons I have faith that God will bless.

In Math class, from a student who is just barely passing Math:

So, Mrs. Mitchell, God is like a line with no beginning and no end, and we have the choice as to whether we want to be a line segment or a ray-is that right? Did he pass in Geometry? You bet! (I wish I had said that.)

In French class, from a student who failed history the year before and didn't seem to remember any thing: Wow, Mrs. Mitchell, if the English had only imposed their language and customs on the French after the battle to overtake Quebec, we wouldn't have to be studying French today.

You are so right, too bad I can't go back and change last years grades.

From a student who comes from a rough neighbourhood and is very disruptive in class:

Jimmy, I really appreciate the way you have been working today.

I'm doing just what you said.

What's that?

I'm trying to do what Jesus would do.

From a Muslim mother who sent her children to our school:

I am going to miss this school community when we move away. I have found out that many of the things we believe you also teach. I will miss her children also and the richness they brought to our school. May God water the seeds that were planted.

Seventy- two hours to go - I wonder what will happen?

Resources:

- Kindergarten Sabbath School Lesson, August 31, 2002.