

The Aardsma Weekly

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Editor: Rachel Aardsma

An Article About Nothing

I am sitting here at my cluttered desk in my cluttered room as I type this. I could be off enjoying a relaxed evening, but here I am faithfully glued to my chair instead. The only reason I am doing this is that its nine o'clock Friday night, and I've only got a half hour tomorrow morning to write this lead article if I don't finish it now. And I know very well that if I do not write this now, it won't get written until next week some time.

So, I have been sitting here for the last ten minutes racking my brain for something to write this article about, but my head is totally blank. I guess an afternoon of multiplying fractions does that to you.

So, as a last resort, I am just going to ramble on about everything in general and nothing in particular.

Christmas is in the air around here, despite the fact Caleb is still counting down the days to Halloween. We went Christmas shopping this week, and gifts are being stashed away. I am trying to convince Beka to let me play the 'A Christmas To Remember' CD but she refuses to allow any such thing at the moment. (She strictly believes in waiting until December to play Christmas CD's, and as its only October 27, we have got a while to wait.)

The house is quite cold at the moment. It always is this time of night. Which makes it delightful to snuggle down in a heap of warm blankets, like I *could* be doing right now.

But instead, here I am faithfully typing away in my cold, lonely room... sniff, sniff.

I have got three minutes until I have to be in bed, so I am going to have to do some record typing to finish this article in that time. What in the world can I write about?!?!)

Perhaps I could describe my room to fill up the rest of this article: The place I call home is a very, very small room. It has one window facing north. There is a dresser in the corner of the west wall, and my loft bed is on the north side of the room. My desk, chair, and computer are under the loft bed.

My room is rather cluttered at the moment, due to the fact that I did school all afternoon. On my desk two empty teacups stand next to my Bible to my right, while on my left are several sheets of paper scribbled with numerous fractions (did I already mention I did those all afternoon?), a broken hairclip, and my trusty calculator. On the floor are strewn note-books, shoes, a shirt, my coat, knee-highs, crumpled paper, a German Bible story book (no, I don't read German, but I want to learn), broken headphones, and tangled up with everything is blue yarn. I think the cat got into that earlier.

(Maybe I should have written this article on how to clean a room.)

Well, I have stayed up five minutes past my bedtime, and this article is now finished. I am closing down my computer and going to bed.

The Weekly Bible Verse

Galatians 6:9: So let us not grow weary in doing what is right, for we will reap at harvest-time if we do not give up.

David: A Man After God's Own Heart

By Rachel Aardsma

Part 7.

Shouts of laughter rang through the palace for the first time in years. The servants smiled, and some even dared to laugh. Prince Jonathon always seemed to be laughing about something. But the greatest change of all was in King Saul himself. The moody, brooding king laughed, joked, held feasts and parties again, and began showing an interest in his son Jonathon's life.

David brought many positive changes to the palace. He and Jonathon were sworn friends, and he looked up to Saul almost as a second father.

David also introduced unheard of things to the palace. He and Jonathon ran races down the long marble halls, as King Saul cheered them on. He set up targets in the throne room and Jonathon taught him to shoot a bow.

As the days flew by, Jonathon and David became closer and closer. They spent long hours roaming the palace gardens, discussing everything under the sun.

Jonathon taught David to swordfight and the two had long, tiring battles almost every day while King Saul looked on eagerly, even condescending to a few whoops of joy when David came out victor.

King Saul grew fonder and fonder of David. As David would sit at his feet, playing a soft melody on the harp, King Saul would watch him with a tender smile. David was as precious to him as Jonathon was.

The days in the palace were happy ones for David. He grew tall, strong, and handsome, and began to attract attention as he went out with the king or Jonathon. People liked the good looking, generous young man, who always had a helping hand, kind word, or a bit of encouragement to offer.

But David's whole life changed on a warm summer day when a servant came dashing into the throne room with some exciting and terrible news.



A Word About The Weather



Very heavy rain this week, followed by warm, blustery, fall-like weather. I'm hoping it stays warm for a while, as we still have a little work left in the garden.



A Word of Wisdom



Make sure you put all 'Peanuts' comic books far out of reach before you attempt to do school. It will immensely improve your productivity.