



THE BELLE RINGER

THE NEWSLETTER OF
THE BELLE MEADE UPPER SCHOOL

THE GIFTS OF BELLE MEADE

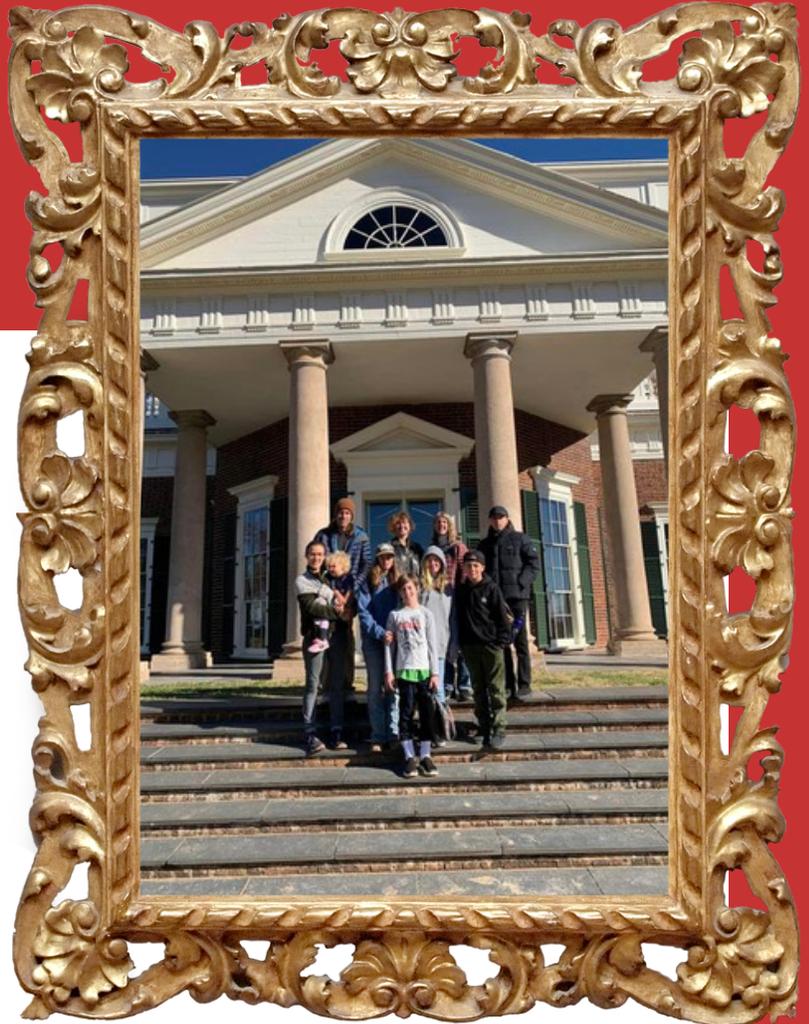
WRITTEN BY SUE GARVIN

GREAT WRITERS ARE GREAT
STORYTELLERS.

I LOVE EXPLORING THE STORYTELLING TRADITION WITH STUDENTS. WE TACKLE CLASSIC AND CONTEMPORARY WRITERS AND WE USE MENTOR TEXTS TO ILLUSTRATE HOW WRITERS USE (OR DISUSE) GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION TO SET TONE, ENGAGE READERS, AND PROPEL A STORYLINE. MY GOAL IS SIMPLE- TO TEACH STUDENTS TO READ, WRITE, AND COMMUNICATE EFFECTIVELY.

IN DECEMBER, OUR STUDENTS ENTERED THE FOOTHILLS FORUM - RAPPAHANNOCK NEWS STORYTELLING CONTEST. SAYLOR WON 3RD PLACE WITH A PAINTING SHE CREATED IN ENGLISH CLASS!

THE STUDENTS ALSO ENTERED THE WRITER'S EYE COMPETITION. STARTING ON PAGE 4, OF THIS NEWSLETTER, YOU CAN READ THE STUDENTS' ART-INSPIRED POETRY AND PROSE. THEIR VOICES ARE CLEAR, THOUGHTFUL, AND POWERFUL. THIS IS OUR GIFT TO YOU THIS HOLIDAY SEASON!



DATES TO REMEMBER:

**MONDAY, JAN. 2: TEACHER
WORKDAY**

**-TUESDAY, JAN. 3: STUDENTS
RETURN TO SCHOOL**

**-WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18: MID-
TRIMESTER REPORTS**

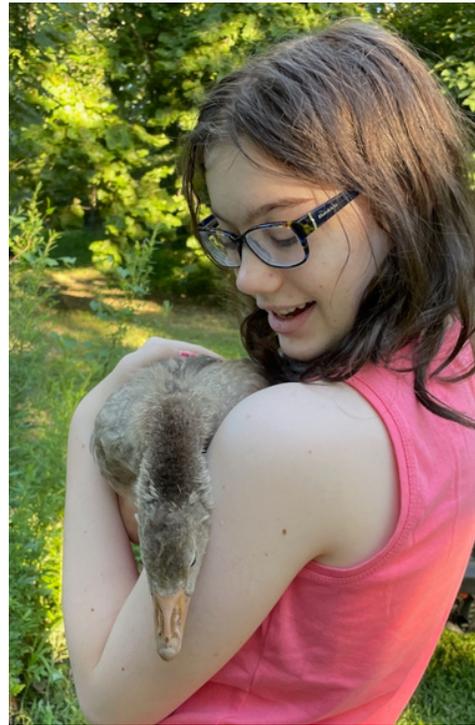
**-FRIDAY, JAN 20: MOVIE
NIGHT**

NEW COMMUNITY MEMBERS



GUILIETTA IS FINDING IT IS EASIER TO ADJUST TO BELLE MEADE THAN IT IS TO DYE HALF HER HAIR THE DESIRED SHADE OF BLUE. A WELCOME ADDITION TO 10TH GRADE. GUILIETTA ENJOYS THE CHALLENGES OF MATH! HER STRONG BOND WITH ANIMALS IS EVIDENT IN EVERYTHING SHE DOES: INTERACTING WITH THE HORSES AND HOGS, SHARING HER TURTLE-CARE KNOWLEDGE, AND FEARLESSLY ATTENDING TO MICE IN THE BUILDING USING CAPTURE AND RELEASE (OUTDOORS) TECHNIQUES.

Guilietta



Jonathan

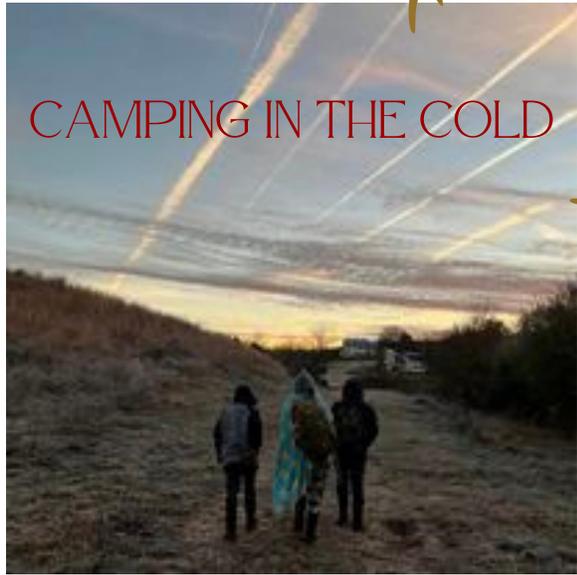


JONATHAN TEACHES MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE AND MATH. IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE. IT SOUNDS LIKE THE PHYSICS CLASS SHOWCASES HIS IMAGINATION AND ENTHUSIASM! LOUD NOISES AND LAUGHTER OFTEN RING THROUGH THE HALLWAYS. HE HAS AN ULTIMATE FRISBEE OBSESSION AND CLOSELY FOLLOWS THE MICHIGAN WOLVERINES.

WHAT WE DO



HIKING SNP



CAMPING IN THE COLD



PEC TREE PLANTING



RAAC FALL ART TOUR



MONTICELLO

STUDENT WRITING



FOLLOWING OUR VISIT TO THE FRALIN GALLERY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, STUDENTS (AND STAFF) COMPLETED THEIR EKPHRASTIC WRITING ENTRIES. (EKPHRASTIC WRITING IS POETRY OR PROSE INSPIRED BY A PIECE OF ART.) ENTRIES WERE SUBMITTED TO THE WRITER'S EYE COMPETITION. IN JANUARY, WE WILL LEARN THE AWARD WINNERS.



Student selected artworks as follows:

Piṅḍola Bhāradvāja (a thangka from an arhat set) Tibet, 18th century Distemper on cloth, silk mounting

Alberto Rey American, born Cuba in 1960 Biological Regionalism: Bonefish, Jardines de la Reina, Cuba, 2006 Oil on plaster

Eeva-Liisa Isomaa Finnish, b. 1956 The Birth of the Universe, 1997 Color polymer photogravure on paper

Cara Romero Chemehuevi, b. 1977 Naomi, 2017 Inkjet print

Tokie Rome-Taylor American, b. 1977 Ancestors Speak...Soft as Cotton, 2020 Inkjet print

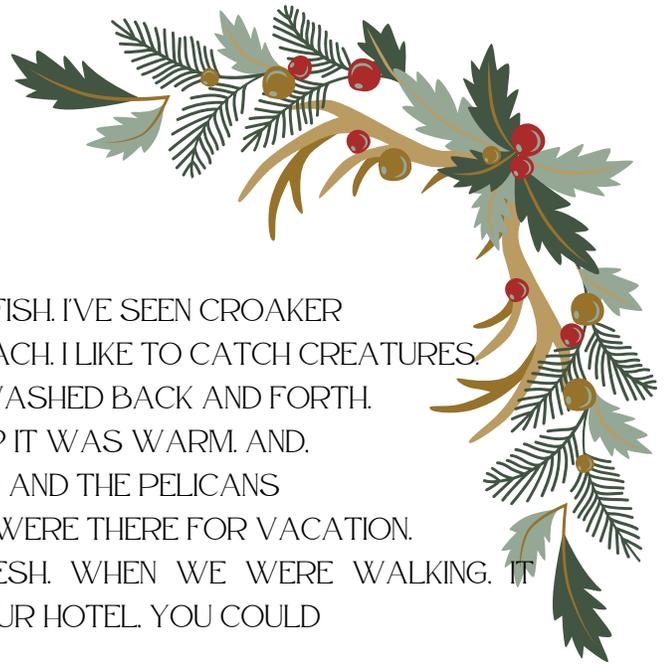


THE LESSON
LANDEN

A MINDFUL JOURNEY
TEACHING PEACE AND HARMONY
BEING WITH NATURE
LEARNING FROM THE WISE CALM MIND
FROM LESSONS OF BALANCE.
TO FIND NIRVANA
A JOURNEY OF THE MINE.



BONEFISH MEMORIES
BLAKE

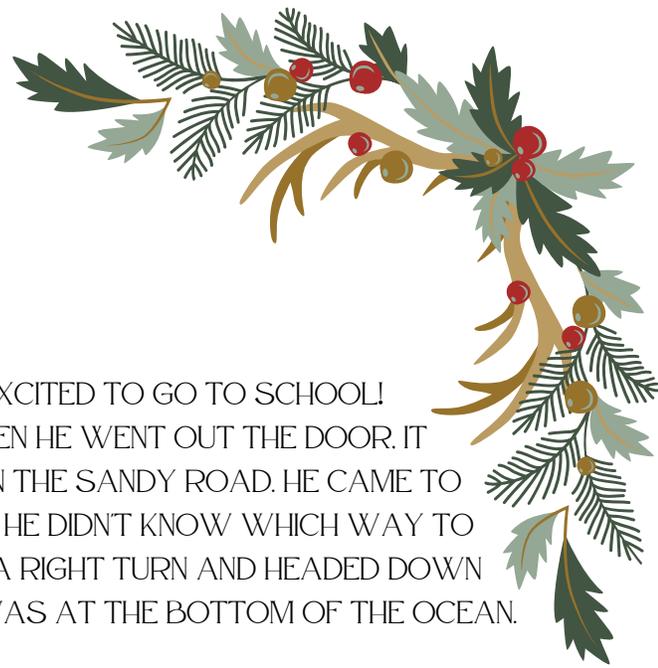


I THOUGHT IT WAS A CROAKER. BUT IT WAS A BONEFISH. I'VE SEEN CROAKER BEFORE WHEN I WENT ON VACATION TO VIRGINIA BEACH. I LIKE TO CATCH CREATURES. IN THE SAND. I SET UP MY NET WHERE THE WAVES WASHED BACK AND FORTH. ONCE. I CAUGHT A BONEFISH OR WAS IT A CROAKER? IT WAS WARM. AND. IN JULY. THE SAND WAS HOT. THE WATER WAS LOUD AND THE PELICANS WERE DIVING FOR FISH. I WAS WITH MY FAMILY. WE WERE THERE FOR VACATION. FOR SOME REASON. IT SMELLED SALTY AND FRESH. WHEN WE WERE WALKING. IT SMELLED A LOT LIKE FRENCH FRIES AND STEAK. AT OUR HOTEL. YOU COULD SMELL CHLORINE FROM THE POOL. AND SUNSCREEN.

MY LITTLE BROTHER AND I WENT OUT ON THE HOTEL PORCH AND FED THE SEAGULLS AND ONE OF THEM ATE FROM MY HAND! I WENT FISHING WITH MY STEP DAD AND HIS DAD. WE USED SHRIMP AS BAIT. AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF WAITING. WE GOT A BITE. IT WAS NOT AN ORDINARY FISH. IT WAS A STINGRAY!

THIS BONEFISH MAKES ME HUNGRY. IT ALSO MAKES ME THINK ABOUT ALL THE FISHING TRIPS I WENT ON. WE ALWAYS FILETED THE FISH AND PUT THEM IN THE FRYING PAN.





THE FISH
AIDEN

IT WAS BILLY'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL. HE WAS SO EXCITED TO GO TO SCHOOL! HE GOT READY TO LEAVE HIS RED CORAL HOUSE. WHEN HE WENT OUT THE DOOR, IT WAS A BRIGHT, BLUE, WATERY DAY. HE SWAM DOWN THE SANDY ROAD. HE CAME TO THE END OF THE ROAD BUT THERE WERE TWO TURNS: HE DIDN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO. SO, HE JUST WENT WHERE HE FELT LIKE. HE MADE A RIGHT TURN AND HEADED DOWN THE ROAD. IT STARTED TO GET VERY DARK- LIKE HE WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

BILLY WAS SCARED. HE TRIED TO TURN AROUND BUT EVERYTHING LOOKED THE SAME. HE KEPT MAKING TURNS, PANICKING. NOW, IT WAS EVEN DARKER. HE WAS SCREAMING FOR HELP, SWIMMING AS FAST AS HE COULD. NO ONE HEARD HIM- OTHER THAN SOMEONE EVERYBODY KNEW- BUT THEY WERE SCARED OF HIM BECAUSE HE WAS BIG, UGLY AND SOMETIMES VERY MEAN. THEY CALLED HIM KNUCKLES.

KNUCKLES WAS A HAMMERHEAD SHARK. HE WAS ABOUT EIGHT FEET LONG. HE HAD BIG TEETH AND A BIG HEAD. KNUCKLES CAME OUT OF THE DARK.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" SAID KNUCKLES.

"NO ONE COMES DOWN HERE," HE SAID.

"TMMM," BILLY STUTTERED.

"I GOT LOST. I WAS HEADING TO SCHOOL, AND I MADE A WRONG TURN." BILLY STARTED TO CRY.

KNUCKLES FELT BAD AND SAID, "I'LL TAKE YOU HOME."

BILLY STOPPED CRYING AND SAID, "OK."

KNUCKLES AND BILLY WENT DOWN THE ROAD AND TALKED THE WHOLE WAY. BILLY TALKED KNUCKLES'S EARS OFF. THEY FINALLY GOT HOME AND SAID THEIR GOODBYES. BILLY'S PARENTS SHOT OUT THE DOOR AND SWAM TO BILLY AND THEY THANKED KNUCKLES FOR BRINGING BILLY HOME.

THAT DAY, BILLY LEARNED THAT NOT EVERYBODY IS TERRIBLE JUST FOR THE WAY THEY LOOK OR ACT.

WATERFALL
SAYLOR

WALKING THROUGH THE WATERFALL.
FEELING THE WATER FALL ON MY SKIN.
THE WATER FEELS SMOOTH AND GENTLE.
EVERYTHING IS STILL BESIDE THE WATERFALL.
THE WATER IS COOL, NOT WARM. BUT JUST COOL.
SMELLING THE MIST OF THE PEACEFUL PLACE.
MY HAIR IS WET, BUT I DON'T CARE BECAUSE I'M COMPOSED.
ONLY HEARING THE WATER HITTING THE ROCKS.
FEELING THAT BIT OF SPLASH HIT MY FACE.
STANDING ALONE WATCHING THE WATERFALL.
THINKING ABOUT HOW LITTLE THINGS CAN MAKE YOU CALM.
THERE IS DARKNESS BEHIND ME.
LIGHT AHEAD OF ME.
I'M CALM IN THE SENSE I'M RELAXED. I'M SAFE.
I'M FREE.

MY ESCAPE
LILY

IT WAS AN ESCAPE.
TO GET AWAY.
TO BREATHE.
IT WAS CALMING TO THE MIND AND EYES.
THE SOUND OF WATER FORCEFULLY HITTING AGAINST
ROCKS!
EVERY DROPLET OF WATER BREAKS OFF INTO HUNDREDS
OF TINY DROPLETS.
EACH TINY DROPLET GOES DOWN A DIFFERENT PATH.
SOME REACH OUT TO TOUCH HUMANS AND SOME STICK
TOGETHER TO HUDDLE IN THEIR OWN PUDDLE.
IN THE END ALL THE DROPLETS END UP IN THE SAME PLACE.
ALL TOGETHER AGAIN WAITING TILL THE NEXT TIME THEY
GET TO ADVENTURE.
TO SEE HUMANS AGAIN.
TO GIVE THEM PEACE AND JOY!
THEY HELP THE WORLD GROW.
TURNING THE BROWN FIELDS TO GREEN.
EVERY FLOWER TO BLOSSOM.



WOMEN IN PINK BOX
SERABELLA

SHE'S RUNNING THROUGH THE FOREST. STEP BY STEP. SHE SEES THE NIGHT STARS AND BOOM. NAOMI WAKES IN A SMALL PINK BOX. TRYING TO GET OUT. HOW DID SHE GET IN THE BOX? SHE WAS CONFUSED ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED AND THEN SHE SAW PEOPLE STARING AT HER. SHE JUST REMEMBERS DANCING WITH HER PEOPLE AND WAS RUNNING LOOKING AT THE STARS AND THEN SHE RAN INTO A TREE. WHAT HAD HAPPENED? SHE KNEW SHE HAD TO GET OUT SOMEHOW.

SHE IS FEARLESS ON THE OUTSIDE. SCARED IN HER EYES. SCARED SHE WOULD NEVER GET OUT. HER FATHER. THE CHIEF OF THE NORTHERN INDIANS. HAD NO ONE TO TALK TO NOW THAT SHE WAS GONE. BUT SHE DIDN'T CARE. HE WAS GOING TO FORCE HER TO MARRY ANYWAY.

SHE WAS IN A PINK BOX PATTERNED WITH TRIANGLES THAT WERE BLACK AND WHITE. SHE FOUND A HAT WITH FEATHERS ON IT. IT LOOKED LIKE AN AMISH CAP WITH FEATHERS. BUT SHE PUT IT ON AND FOUND SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE WAR STICKS.

SHE JUST WANTED TO GO HOME AND BE FREE. SHE KNEW SHE HAD TO BE BRAVE EVEN THOUGH IT WAS EXTREMELY HARD TO UNDERSTAND WHY SHE WAS IN THE PINK BOX. SHE KNEW SHE WOULD GET OUT SOMEHOW. SHE HATED BEING IN A PINK BOX. NOT BEING ABLE TO BREATHE WHEN SOMEONE WAS STARING AT HER. IT WAS TERRIBLE.

WHEN THE DAY WAS OVER. SHE COULD FINALLY BREATHE. WHEN THE JANITOR CAME OUT. HE STARTED PICKING HIS NOSE. HE WAS FAT. HAD A BEER BELLY. HAD A BIG NOSE. AND A BALD SPOT IN HIS HAIR. SHE DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO LOOK AT HIM. SHE JUST TURNED AROUND. AND WHEN HE LEFT. SHE WAS SLEEPLESS.

ALL SHE WANTED WAS TO SEE HER VILLAGE AND RUN THROUGH THE FOREST AGAIN. INSTEAD SHE HAD TO STAY IN A PINK BOX WITH PINE CONES STACKED ON ONE ANOTHER. SHE FINALLY CURLED UP AND WENT TO SLEEP.

THE NEXT THING SHE KNEW. SHE WAS STANDING AGAIN. BUT WHEN SHE TRIED TO GET OUT. SHE FELL ASLEEP. THEN SHE HAD A DREAM SHE WAS BACK IN THE FOREST. HER HEAD WAS COVERED IN BLOOD. FROM THE TREE SHE RAN INTO. ONE OF HER PEOPLE HAD FOUND HER. SHE WAS HAPPY. SHE WAS BACK. SHE WAS LUCKY.

WHEN SHE WOKE UP SHE WAS STILL IN THE PINK BOX. SOMEONE HAD CURSED HER TO BE IN THE BOX FOREVER AND SHE ALREADY KNEW IT.

AND WHEN YOU SEE THE PICTURE OF NAOMI. AND YOU LOOK AT HER EYES- SHE IS CALLING FOR HELP.

THE URGE TO MOVE
SHYLELAGH

THE BEDROOM IS SILENT WHILE ORTANCE'S MOTHER PAINTS HER ON HIS CANVAS. SHE LOOKS TOWARDS THE WINDOW AND SEES A SPIDER DANGLING FROM ITS WEB. ORTANCE HAS THIS URGE TO GO AND CATCH IT AND PUT IT OUTSIDE WHERE IT BELONGS. THE MOTHER LOOKS AT HER TO SEE IF SHE MOVED. BUT THEN RETURNS HER ATTENTION BACK TO HIS CANVAS.

IN THE LITTLE GIRL'S MIND SHE THINKS. I REALLY WISH MY MOTHER WOULD LET ME HAVE A BREAK. I KNOW I AM ALLOWED TO HAVE ONE IF I ASK. BUT I DON'T WANT TO MAKE HER ANGRY JUST BECAUSE I MOVED.

AND IN THE MOTHERS MIND. WHY DOESN'T SHE ASK FOR A BREAK? I CAN ALREADY SEE THE SWEAT BREAKING FROM HER FOREHEAD.

ORTANCE LOOKS AT HER MOTHER. TO SEE IF SHE IS LOOKING AT HER BUT SHE IS NOT. SHE SEES THE FLOWER THAT IS NEAR HER MOUTH. LOOKS TO HER MOTHER WHO IS WATCHING THE PAINTING. STILL DISTRACTED BY THE FLOWER. ORTANCE TAKES A SMALL NIBBLE OF THE PETAL AND SEES TWO TEETH MARK ON THE EDGE OF THE FLOWER. "ORTANCE. I NEED YOU TO LIFT YOUR HEAD A BIT HIGHER PLEASE," SAID HER MOTHER PATIENTLY. ORTANCE DID AS SHE WAS TOLD AND LIFTED HER HEAD HIGHER TIL HER MOTHER SAID STOP. LITTLE ORTANCE NEEDED A DISTRACTION AGAIN. SHE LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW AND SAW HER TWO BEST FRIENDS. BOTH OF THEM WERE CALLING OUT TO HER TO COME PLAY WITH THEM. BUT ORTANCE SHOOK HER HEAD VERY CAREFULLY AND MOUTHED "NO." BUT AS SHE WATCHED HER FRIENDS, THE TENSION TO MOVE GREW MORE AND MORE.

THE LITTLE GIRL TURNED BACK AND FACED HER MOTHER TO SEE IF SHE WAS FINISHED. THE MOTHER LOOKED AT HER CHILD AND SMILED AS SHE MOUTHED. "I AM ALMOST DONE MY LITTLE PETITE". ORTANCE NODS AND RETURNS TO HER SERIOUS FACE ONCE AGAIN. A JUVENILE FLY BUZZES AROUND THE FLOWERS NEAR ORTANCE'S FACE. THE URGE TO MOVE AGAIN COMES STRONGER TO WHERE SHE REALLY WANTS TO SHOO THE FLY AWAY. BUT SHE RESISTS AND THE URGE GOES AWAY AGAIN. THREE HOURS LATER ORTANCE FINALLY ASKS. "MOTHER. MAY I HAVE A BREAK?" THE MOTHER NODS AND SAYS. "YES. YOU MAY AND I AM FINISHED WITH THE PAINTING. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OVER AND SEE IT?" ORTANCE NODS ENTHUSIASTICALLY. RUNS OVER TO THE PAINTING AND GASPS. "MOTHER. THAT IS THE LOVELIEST PAINTING I HAVE EVER SEEN!" SHE EXCLAIMED. LITTLE ORTANCE GIVES HER MOTHER A BIG HUG AND RUNS DOWN STAIRS TO THE COUCH. SHE RESTS HER HEAD ON THE PILLOW AND FALLS SOUNDLESSLY ASLEEP.

HOLIDAY TRIP TO DC



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Thank you!

