

REBUL

REVIEW

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The faculty, administrators and staff of
REBUL Academy wish all a
Happy New Year.

Mikala Boyd Recognized by the Clarion-Ledger

REBUL Review recognizes the great accomplishments of Mikala Boyd for her recognition by the Clarion-Ledger. Mikala has been recognized three weeks in a row for being a top performer in girls' basketball.

On December 8, 2009, Mikala made 46 points and 61 rebounds in 3 games.

On December 15, 2009 the paper reported Mikala made 25 points and 18 rebounds in a 51-28 win over Porter's Chapel.

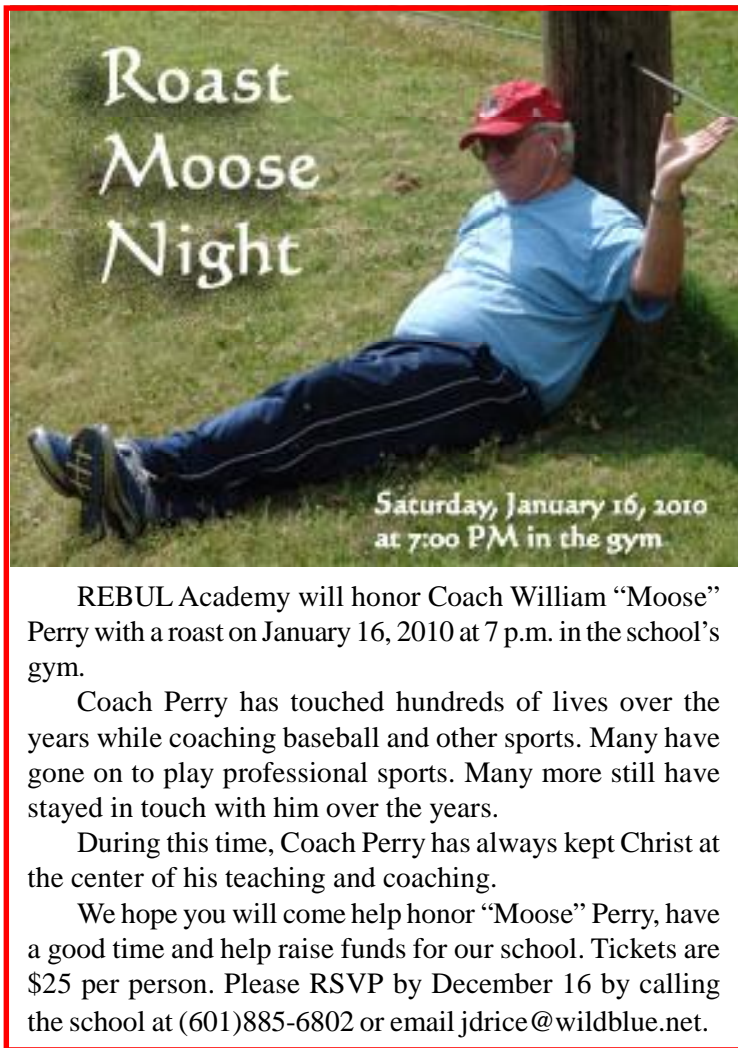
The paper reported on December 22, 2009, that she scored 24 points in a 54-51 loss to Central Hinds.

Congratulations Mikala for playing great basketball and being recognized by the Jackson newspaper.



Varsity Girls and Boys Play at University Christian on Monday, December 28





REBUL Academy will honor Coach William “Moose” Perry with a roast on January 16, 2010 at 7 p.m. in the school’s gym.

Coach Perry has touched hundreds of lives over the years while coaching baseball and other sports. Many have gone on to play professional sports. Many more still have stayed in touch with him over the years.

During this time, Coach Perry has always kept Christ at the center of his teaching and coaching.

We hope you will come help honor “Moose” Perry, have a good time and help raise funds for our school. Tickets are \$25 per person. Please RSVP by December 16 by calling the school at (601)885-6802 or email jdrice@wildblue.net.

A Christmas I Shall Never Forget

This year I thought I would try to remember the most unforgettable Christmas. After all, one would think that there would be many such Christmases over the past seventy years. I, however, just couldn’t remember many that really stuck out as being worthy of mention. I thought about the bicycle that was under the Christmas tree, and the lessons learned from the gift of a single monogrammed handkerchief given to me by my spinster aunt. I spent weeks trying to recollect that one outstanding Christmas. Finally I remembered a Bible verse where God said to his people, “Lo I am with you always, even until the end of time” – Matthew 28:20b.

The words “I am” are present tense, not past! Those words stuck in my mind. I began looking for something in the present concerning the best Christmas ever, not in the past. It was right before me, and I didn’t even see it ... in my own classroom. Sometimes gifts are things not necessarily seen. They can be ideas, or examples, show to me ... by students ... yes, even from students.

On the last Monday before mid-term examinations some of my students appeared in my first period class dressed as elves – one even dressed as Santa Claus. They asked if they could go to the elementary building. They didn’t say what they had in

mind, and I didn’t ask. With everything happening rather quickly because of that day being designated as the day for Christmas parties, I didn’t give it much thought. I let them go. After all, it was Christmas!

I found myself in the second-grade classroom taking pictures for the paper. In came Santa and his “little” helpers. Without any ceremony, he sat down and asked if any of the children in the classroom would like to sit in Santa’s lap. They did! He then asked if that child had any requests for Santa. As the little ones excitedly took their turns I stood amazed at what I was witnessing. A feeling of pride came over me for what those juniors were doing, and I found myself having to fight back emotions. I later learned that they had started that morning in the kindergarten class and worked their way up to the other elementary classes.

I asked one of Santa’s ensemble who came up with the inspiration, and was it something that they had done in past years. After all, it had to be something that was a tradition of our school. A sheepish look came over the one being asked, and I was informed that it was just something that they wanted to do.

Generosity is an important part of following Christ. I received from these high school students a gift. They gave me the example and the lesson that not only is generosity important for its own sake, but that God’s generosity to us is reflects how generous we are with others. “Give and it will be given to you. A good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, will be poured into your lap. For with the measure you use, it will be measured to you” – Luke 6:38. — FHW



The senior class enjoyed their party, too. Monday, December 14, 2009, will be a day not to be forgotten. Everyone had a great time ... looking forward to examinations.



Christmas Parties on
December 14, 2009!



Many a good man has failed because he had his wishbone where his backbone should have been.

“Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.”

- Joshua 1:9

God's Little Instruction Book, Honor Books, Inc., Tulsa 1977, page 12.

Adventure with Grandma

author unknown

I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: “There is no Santa Claus,” she jeered. “Even dummies know that!”

My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her world-famous cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. It had to be true.

Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me. “No Santa Claus!” she snorted. “Ridiculous! Don’t believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad. Now, put on your coat, and let’s go.”

“Go? Go where, Grandma?” I asked. I hadn’t even finished my second world-famous, cinnamon bun. “Where” turned out to be Kerby’s General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days.

“Take this money,” she said, “and buy something for someone who needs it. I’ll wait for you in the car.” Then she turned and walked out of Kerby’s.

I was only eight years old. I’d often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that ten-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for.

I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people who went to my church. I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock’s grade-two class.

REBUL ACADEMY

JANUARY CALENDAR

January 4	Beginning of the Second Semester
January 5	Park Place, basketball home
January 8	Park Place, basketball away
January 9	Porter’s Chapel, basketball home
January 14	Adams Christian, basketball home
January 15	University Christian, basketball away
January 16	Coach Perry Roast, REBUL Gym
January 19	Russell, basketball home
January 22	Russell, basketball away
January 26	University Christian, basketball home
January 28	The Veritas, basketball home

Bobby Decker didn’t have a coat. I knew that because he never went out for recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobby Decker didn’t have a cough, and he didn’t have a coat. I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat!

I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that. “Is this a Christmas present for someone?” the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down. “Yes,” I replied shyly. “It’s for Bobby.” The nice lady smiled at me. I didn’t get any change, but she put the coat in a bag and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper and ribbons (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) and wrote on the package, “To Bobby, From Santa Claus.” Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker’s house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially one of Santa’s helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobby’s house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. “All right, Santa Claus,” she whispered, “get going.”

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby.

Fifty years haven’t dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker’s bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team.

I still have the Bible, with the tag tucked inside: \$19.95.

**He who has no Christmas
in his heart will never find
Christmas under a tree.**