

# THE *Road Runner*

*A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in a setting of silver.*

**Proverbs 25:11**

## September 2014 Issue

### **A Man of Many Faces**

By Alyssa Leah

Whether you recognize him from family films such as “Night at the Museum”, “Jumanji”, or “Mrs. Doubtfire,” this comedian and actor never let you leave the theater without a laugh! Robin Williams was born on July 21, 1951 in Chicago, Illinois. He started a career as a stand-up comedian in the mid-1970s and his reputation continued to burst. He was hired not only to act, but be the voice of, over 60 roles in everything from family films to emotional dramas. His death was tragic to people of all ages because they lost a piece of their childhood. Robin Williams represented laughter, joy, energy, and light in many lives.

But as every human does he had his struggles. He was known to have depression, anxiety, and an issue with substance abuse. But through those trials he brought hope and light to those who were hurting by giving his all in performances and continuing to follow his dreams. Through this hardship he was able to truly reach every heart whether young, old, joyful, or full of sorrow. Shortly after his death many celebrities who called him friend and fans did a number of tributes in his honor. Memorials were held worldwide! Robin Williams' star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame was covered in flowers, fan art, and candles. (cont'd pg. 2)

### **Caption Contest**



*Enter your caption to win a place in our next issue! See pg.2*

Standing on the chair, she wondered how much water her drink had actually spilled.  
- Jacob Howard

"Dan!!! I don't mind being pranked! But this time, you have gone too far!!!  
- Hunter Harcourt

**That took care of the mouse.**  
- Amilya Flyer

Oh dear, I do wish I hadn't cried so much.  
- Alyssa McClellan

Wishing I was knee deep in the water somewhere, got the blue sky breeze and it don't seem fair only worry in the world is the tide gonna reach my chair?

- Gwen Rowling

Maria was gazing down into the cerulean waters when she realized that her senior picture would end up all over Tumblr with hipster quotes plastered across it.  
- Madeleine Burman

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### **“The Eleventh Hour” Review**

Throwback! Check out Gwen Rowling's critique of this Doctor Who episode from April 2010! Page 3



## A Chat with Zack: Spiritual Formations Teacher

By Amilya Flyer

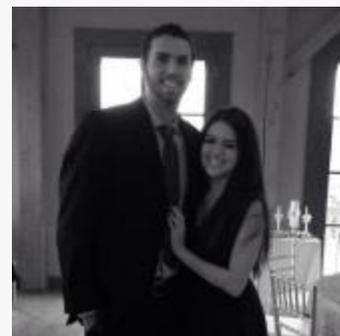
"I started ministering to people because I wanted them to have the same joy that I had, and also because I care for them." Zack Van Veldhuizen teaches Spiritual Formations at MRA, and is the Youth Minister at Matthew Road Baptist Church. He has a heart for sharing the joy of the gospel with others. While growing up in San Antonio he used to play basketball, he even used his sport as a mission field. When he hung out with the other players, he got to be their friends. Then he was able to share the gospel with them. Zack loves to share the gospel.

One of Zack's favorite stories about sharing the gospel is when he was at an airport standing in line. The person next to him overheard Zack's last name, and pronounced it correctly. Zack asked him if he is a Christian, and he said yes. Then they both started talking about the gospel. The lady at the desk came toward them and asked them about their conversation. The two of them (who didn't even know each other and were from different countries) started sharing the gospel with her, finishing each other's sentences. By the end they give her a Bible, and she went screaming in the

airport. She was so excited about the joy of the gospel.

The love and joy of the gospel is still what motivates Zack. When asked what he loves the most about his position at the church Zack responded, "the thing I love most about being a youth minister at Mathew Road Baptist Church is two things: one is just talking about Jesus, and two is getting to love them as Jesus loved them." Just recently, Zack married a woman, named Caroline, whom he has known for almost three years. Caroline has already been involved in ministry with Zack.

She is encouraging to the students in the youth group. Zach never leaves anyone out of a either a basketball game or a gospel lesson. MRA and Matthew Road Baptist Church are blessed with a gospel-minded minister who shares the love of Jesus with others.



### Mark Your Calendar

See You at the Pole –  
Tuesday, Sept 23<sup>rd</sup>,  
7:45am

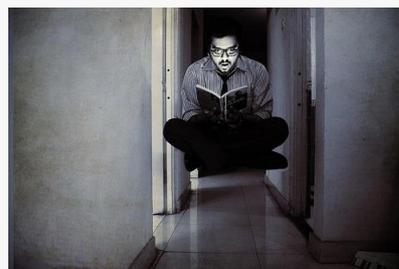
Picture Day – Oct 23<sup>rd</sup>, 8am-  
12pm, Blue Room

Chapel – Thursdays,  
7:30am to 8:15am,  
Sanctuary

Tuition Due – October 1<sup>st</sup>

Pizza Day – October 2<sup>nd</sup>

Thanksgiving – November 25<sup>th</sup>



### Caption Contest!

Write a sentence or two (or twenty!) that you think makes this picture all the more interesting. It can be creepy, comical, anything! Just drop it in the marked box set up in the lunch room. The winners will be featured in the next issue!

### A Man of Many Faces (cont'd)

By Alyssa Leah



Another memorial was set up on a bench made famous in "Good Will Hunting." It was drowned in remembrances and fans took chalk into their own hands to create a masterpiece surrounding the bench. Billy Crystal also honored Robin Williams in front of Hollywood's finest at the 2014 Emmys by holding a moment of silence along with an emotional speech. He said, "It's very hard to talk about him in the past because he was so present in all of our lives for almost 40 years. He was the brightest star in the comedy galaxy..."

There were speculations as to how exactly this beloved comedian died and few days after it was announced he passed away in form of suicide. He was clean before his death and the reason exactly why he committed suicide remain foggy. But nevertheless he will continue to touch the hearts of many generations to come. His greatest legacy is the joy and happiness he represented to others, particularly to those fighting personal battles.

## The Shot Heard Across The Nation

By Madelaine Burman

Ferguson, Missouri was a town practically unheard of until August 9, 2014 when an 18 year old African American male by the name of Michael Brown was shot and killed by a Caucasian police officer named Darren Wilson (2014). Outrage and confusion spread as crowds gathered around the scene. Eventually, extra officers in riot gear were called in to push back the throngs of people so that the crime scene could be preserved. While this may have been a wise decision on behalf of the officers working the scene, it was not a clear one to the gathered crowd. Many were

concerned for their own safety when the heavily armed reinforcements arrived. In the days following the shooting, the inhabitants of Ferguson grew increasingly unsettled as accusations began flying. The officer who shot Brown claimed that, when asked to move from the street onto the sidewalk, Brown had advanced upon him in a threatening manner then attempted to take his gun, forcing him to retaliate. Eyewitnesses denied the accusation and insisted Brown had been surrendering to a pointless command

when the officer drew his gun and fired six shots into Brown's chest. Medical examiners have stated that the evidence from the autopsy cannot confirm or deny either story. (Elliott C. McLaughlin)

As time passed, the streets began to swell with protesters, both peaceful and violent. It was the violent protests that drew in even more of the Ferguson police force. Garbed in riot gear and armed with tear gas, they waded into the fray. This resulted in several arrests, but many injuries were dealt to both the rioters and the officers.

The National Guard was called in on August 18th when the protesters grew increasingly violent, assaulting and shooting the local officers. The next two days showed no decrease in the unrest. Many people were arrested, some were even killed as police tried to halt the protests. After another day of rioting, the majority of the protesters dispersed, returning to their homes and families. That afternoon, Brown's family made a televised plea, requesting that there be peace on the day of his funeral. "All I want is peace while my

(cont'd pg.4)

### Ask the Rhodes!

Got a question? Ask **Matt** or **Matilda Rhode** anonymously! Just drop it in the Newsletter box in the lunch room.

Dear Matt,

I find myself having problems fitting everything into my (quite spacious) backpack. This in turn, leaves me no choice but to carry several of my folders and books to the upcoming class, which is somewhat disheartening. How can I conserve some space for everything in my backpack, while having all my class essentials?

- Varry Clooless

Dear Varry Clooless,

I see how that would be frustrating. There are a few techniques of making extra space in a backpack or bag. The best way in my opinion, is instead of having a bulky folder for each class, see if you can combine certain classes into one folder. For example, if you have two classes that are one day of the week, you can put the papers of both classes into one folder. Provided that you put a noticeable divider between them. Cause the last thing you want, is to get the material of two classes mixed up. Thanks for sending in!

Dear Matilda,

Everyone else I know is growing. My best friend since kindergarten is a whole head taller than me. I don't like being shorter than everyone, what do I do about it?

- Hobbit

Dear Hobbit,

Keep your optimism up! Maybe you're not done growing yet! And even if you are, that's okay. Just tell yourself (and others), "I'm not short, I'm compact, and ridiculously adorable!"

Dear Matilda,

How do you memorize things and get them to stick in your head!?

- Amnesia

Dear Amnesia,

Have you tried quizlet.com? Or you can write down the first letter of every word on a note card. Write it on your bathroom mirror with a dry erase marker. Good luck!

### The Doctor's Hour:

A Review by Gwen Rowling

Amelia Pond, a young girl living in the small town of Liverpool, has a crack in her wall. The newly regenerated eleventh Doctor (Matt Smith) crashes in her front yard. He is forced to leave but leaves with a promise that he will return in five minutes. When the Doctor finally returns he meets grown-up Amy Pond (Karen Gillan) twelve years later. He tries to gain her trust to help return prisoner zero to the galactic police Atraxi. But with his TARDIS and sonic screwdriver wrecked, he has to stop the Atraxi from blowing up earth in twenty minutes. He returns once again but two years later and offers Amy a chance to travel space and time, not knowing her wedding is in the morning. I find most "Doctor Who" episodes first class. But if viewers don't like sci-fi this would most definitely not be for them, since there is a new alien in almost each episode. But if you're like me, then it took a while to get into it because I don't watch much sci-fi. I was very surprised when these aliens and robots came out of thin air.

The writer Steven Moffat did a marvelous job writing this episode. Matt Smith took this daring role knowing the expectations of the fans were very high. He made this episode the most watched since the first episode "Rose." Karen Gillan who recently acted in Marvel's "Guardians of the Galaxy," played her part very well; she was one of the favorite companions to the Doctor. Over all I love this episode more and more for the rising action, new actors, and a great script.

## Nation pt. 2

By Madelaine Burman

son is being laid to rest," Michael Brown Sr. expressed to the gathered crowd. (Elliott C. McLaughlin)

August 25th (2014) dawned on at least 2,000 people showing up with the intent to honour Brown, who is now being hailed as a martyr.

Darren Wilson, the officer who shot Brown, is currently on paid leave, and there is no word as to when he will return. It has been stated, however, that he will undergo at least two psychological

evaluations before returning to work. There have also been several protests in his name and fundraisers in order to raise money for his defense against the lawsuit Brown's family has filed against him.

In just seventeen days, the city of Ferguson went from a small town to a warzone. It is situations like this (a young man killed, no answers given, and a militaristic reaction) that can breed a mob mentality. From there the violence only escalated and it is uncertain as to whether or not a peaceful resolution will be achieved.

### YOUR AD HERE!

Wanna promote your small business? Have a garage sale or show coming up? Contact Heidi Fischer at [fisch.heidi@yahoo.com](mailto:fisch.heidi@yahoo.com) for listings! Get the word out there!

### SHOUT OUT

Have something to say? Somebody's birthday? Just wanna say hey? A dollar's all you have to pay! Submit it to Miss Heidi any Tuesday or Thursday.

## Steven's Day Off (cont'd pg. 5)

Jacob Howard

The day started the same as it always did for Steven, wake up, breakfast, and shower. But that's where the first of his troubles set in, the shower. He came out, get dressed, and was about to leave, when he remembered... deodorant. He went back in, went to grab it, and

noticed it wasn't there. This, of course, bothered him. A guy without deodorant wasn't someone people liked. But one quick look at the clock made him realize he was late. As he ran for the door, he suddenly tripped, feet flailing as he fell. He hit the ground with a *SPLASH*, landing in a pool of water.

Steven carefully rose to his feet, looking to see what this new inconvenience had come from. An analysis of the room showed his kitchen sink had overflowed, for he had forgotten to shut it off. Back in his room to change he went. With dry clothes and dry floors, in addition to being very late for work, he left for work. He ran to his car and tried opening the door.

Locked. He reached for his keys, but couldn't find them. Back into the house he went. He ran to the counter where he left them, but they were not there. He frantically ran around the room, searching for his keys, and spotted them on the floor, probably swept away in water.

Finally on the road, now very late for his job, he drove.

Sitting, angry from his stressful morning, Steven came to traffic, a stressed man's best friend. While in the stillness, he went to grab the coffee he made before he left, like he always does.

## Agents of SHIELD Review: "Beginning of the End"

Madelaine Burman

On May 13<sup>th</sup>, 2014, the Agents of SHIELD episode, "Beginning of the End", was aired. Written by Jed Whedon and Marissa Tancharoen, this thrilling season finale was directed by David Straiton. This action oriented show is jam-packed with wonderful leads like Clark Gregg as the resurrected Agent Phil Coulson, Ming-Na Wen as one-woman army Agent Melinda May, and Brett Dalton as super-spy Agent Grant Ward. The other leads include Chloe Bennet as the tech-savvy Agent Skye, Elizabeth Henstridge as biochemist Agent

Jemma Simmons, Iain De Caestecker as engineer Agent Leo Fitz, and B.J. Britt as Agent Antoine Triplett.

I watched "Beginning of the End" when it premiered in May and again last week. I must say that I found this to be a satisfying season finale. The dilemmas of the episode were tied off and enough new problems were introduced to keep me interested in watching the show when the second season premiere airs. "Beginning of the End" began with S.H.I.E.L.D. decimated and Hydra on the rise as Coulson and his

team fought against impossible odds. Victory seemed impossible with two members of the team missing and one turned traitor. Nevertheless, Coulson and his remaining agents stormed Hydra's facility, determined to win. The missing agents were rescued by a surprising hero who then went on to help Coulson defeat "The Clairvoyant", the villain behind the attack on S.H.I.E.L.D. In the end, Coulson and his team are victorious against Hydra. The episode concludes with them beginning the arduous task of rebuilding

S.H.I.E.L.D., as well as an intriguing job at the past of one of the agents.

My overall analysis of the episode is that while it was one of the more violent episodes of the series, you see a man get a rib ripped out of his chest in one scene, "Beginning of the End" was wonderfully written, directed, and performed. Witty banter balanced out the devastating emotional scenes, and the mini-cliffhangers between commercials will keep you on the edge of your seat.



## The Cost of Running MRA

By Jacob Howard

What does it take to run a school? For a public school, people might say money. Private schools would probably say attendance. But here at MRA, it is good old fashioned hard work. Candice McClellan, who has been helping the school since it opened three years ago.

One, if not the most important, factor of teaching kids is teachers. According to Mrs. Candice, it took six months to accumulate all the teachers for all the classes. These six months were compiled of asking for teachers, being asked by teachers, and having recommendations by the teachers we currently have.

When asked how long it took to get all the classes in periods, in rooms, and on floors, she said it took about eight hours. How much does she personally do for MRA? She explained how per week, outside of the school days, she spends about thirty hours working on MRA. Additionally, and quite humorously, she informed that she "gets ready for August in October". When asked "what was the original intent for our school?" she responded "a university model school". Finally, she answered the question "where do you see the school going in the future." She responded with "we will grow inside the space we have".

We students have people who spend hours doing work that we don't know about and never even get recognized. And our dear Mrs. Candice is one of those people. She spends months beforehand preparing and every week during school helping to keep us afloat. It is important to keep this in mind and give her a well-deserved thank you.



## "What Goes on Behind the Teachers Back?"

By Hunter Harcourt

It's an age-old mystery,  
I know for a fact,  
Teachers wonder what happens,  
When they turn their backs.

A giggle is heard,  
Has a paper been passed?  
If their gonna find out,  
They'll have to look fast.

But by the time they make a move,

All students in the class,  
Have gone back to normal,  
Every boy and each lass.

"Someday I'll catch you!"  
Teachers say to their class.

"Before I retire,  
I'll have the last laugh!"

## Steven's Day Off (cont'd)

Jacob Howard

As he raised it to his lips, the lid fell off, and the rich dark fluid spilled on his nice, neat, and very white clothing. He searched for something to keep the impure liquid from staining his precious clothes, but alas, there was not. Finally accepting defeat, Steven looked to the sky and grunted. Yet another poor decision for our poor Steven, as just then, he rear-ended the person in front of him. The person, who seemed very angry, gestured for him to exit the highway. Knowing he had little choose, he exited and pulled over on the side of the road.

"What were you thinking!" the much ticked victim asked. "I am sorry for your car sir, but I'm late for work, and I've spilled my coffee on myself" Steven responded, while gesturing toward his splattered shirt. The two argued for about ten minutes, when Steven finally gave him his contact information so they can settle it later. Steven hopped into his newly wrecked car and continued to drive. The minutes of arguing in the hot sun added to the stench he was now creating.

Steven pulled into the parking lot of his work building, and discovered he couldn't find a

spot. As he circled the parking lot, he couldn't seem to find a single place to park. Finally, he decided to park a little ways away at a parking meter.

He hopped out of his car and reached for his wallet to insert some coins. But, as he had done numerous times this long day, he left it at home. Back on the road looking for a place to park, he found one, five city blocks away. He ran from his car to the building, sweaty, sticky, smelly, and covered in coffee. He reached his building, with every staring at him. He went to the elevator, but when he arrived, it read "out of order". That left one more option, the stairs, for seven flights. He ran up the building, suit jacket and brief case in hand. He burst through the doors, and saw the water machine, the kind in offices. But it was being reloaded.

He went and waited for the guy to finish, but just as he was about to lift it on, he dropped it. And for the third time, Steven was cover in fluids. He huffed in disgust, and went to his boss' office to apologize for being late.

He opened the door and his boss, a very nice man, sat staring at him. "I am so sorry, this day just got bad, really bad, and faster than I thought possible." Steven said in a pleading manner. "I'm sorry I'm so late."

"But Steven," his boss responded. "why are you sorry?"

"Excuse me?" Steven asked.

Shocked that he could forget this, he sat down in the chair his boss provided. "You mean, I got cover in coffee, wrecked my car, parked five blocks away, ran all the way here, sweating the whole time, and covered in water, for nothing?"

"I'm afraid so, go home Steven, you need to rest."

As Steven left, back down the stairs and on his way to his car, he heard the noise of a car peeling out behind him. He turned, to see a small car with four people, who looked like college students racing in his direction. The one in the passenger side reached out the window with an egg. When they were close enough, the man through it at Steven, splatting the white and yellow insides on his shirt.