

GRACE CLASSICAL ACADEMY

•• Κατανώμεν ••

Let us consider...



The Fruit of Self-Sacrifice: The Story of David Livingstone

By James Bradley

David Livingstone was a man whom I regard as having been a genuine Christian hero. I believe that his is just the sort of life story we most need to tell this generation of children, who seem to have so few heroes of their own, who, indeed, seem to scoff at the very idea of something so embarrassingly conventional as heroism.

David Livingstone was born in Scotland in 1813. His family was dirt poor. He and his six siblings lived together with their parents in a one-room, cold-water, tenement flat in Blantyre, south Lanarkshire. As a small boy, Livingstone worked in a nearby mill to help support his family.

Livingstone was a “spindle and bobbin boy.” Children were hired by the textile mills to work as spindle changers because they were smaller and more nimble than adults and could easily flit in and out of the narrow spaces between the mechanical looms. They usually worked fourteen hours a day, five days a week.

The mills did offer free schooling for the children in their employ. Most of the “mill muffins” were not interested (they were probably just too tired). Young David Livingstone was one of the mill schools’ rare

continued on pg. 2

Inside
Katanomen:



Getting to Know
Mrs. Shriver: Page 8



Science Fair: Page 9



Elective Classes:
Page 11

The mission of Grace Classical Academy is to provide an education designed to help our children know the love, grace, truth and holiness of our glorious God and from this understanding, strive for excellence in knowledge, wisdom and service.

… Κατανῶμεν …

continued from pg. 1

“Young David Livingstone was one of the mill schools’ rare success stories. Each workday, he studied from 8:00 PM until the school closed at midnight, then made his way home through dangerous streets to a piece of bread and bed.”

success stories. Each workday, he studied from 8:00 PM until the school closed at midnight, then made his way home through dangerous streets to a piece of bread and bed.

Livingstone loved God almost from the cradle. There was never a time that he could remember, when he did not believe. He decided, while still working in the mill, that his would be a life of service: he would become a doctor and spend his life as a medical missionary in China.

In 1836, Livingstone entered Anderson’s College, Glasgow, to study medicine. The following year, a new queen, Victoria, came to the throne. She would rule over a quarter of the earth for more than sixty years. She was a modest and virtuous sovereign, much loved by her people (if not always by her ministers). Halfway through her reign, the British press was already speaking of “the Victorian age.”

Religious fervor ran very high in Victorian Britain; higher, in fact, than it had ever run before or would again. There was a dawning realization that Britain’s pride, her vast empire, had been built by opportunists, motivated largely by nothing more noble than bald-faced greed. In the process, “primitive peoples” had frequently been exploited; too often they had been out and out brutalized. Nowhere had more wrong been done than in Africa.

In the Church of England, there was a call to replace opportunism with evangelism, avarice with Christian charity. Faith-based organizations began to form with names like “the Greater London African Studies Society” and “The Liverpool Friends of Africa.” The stage was set for a major missionary effort in Africa. Here was a new generation of Christian Britons, ready to go out into the world, right the wrongs of the past, and make new disciples for Christ on a continent where His name was still largely unknown.

In November of 1840, Livingstone completed his studies and was granted a license to practice medicine. He immediately began to plan his departure for China. Unfortunately, the First Opium War intervened. At the insistence of the government, missions to China were severely curtailed.

This was a confusing time for Livingstone. He had been quite certain that God had marked him down for China, but now the journey was legally, and physically, impossible. Providentially, Livingstone was able to gain an interview with Robert Moffat, an experienced missionary, recently returned from Africa.

This newsletter is a publication of Grace Classical Academy

Editor: Luke Shawhan and the Yearbook Team

Please e-mail comments and suggestions to admin@graceclassical.org

If you have received this newsletter in error, or need to change your mailing address, please call (417) 877-7910.

continued from pg. 2

The Dark Continent had so far proved a tough nut to crack. The primary thing holding the Church back was a lack of reliable maps. The European powers, between them, had at no point penetrated sub-Saharan Africa to a depth of much more than a hundred miles. The interior remained almost entirely unexplored. Crucially, no one had yet mapped the rivers of the interior. Without that knowledge, there was no practical way to establish missions in the interior.

Livingstone came away from his meetings with Moffat a changed man. Whereas, a few weeks prior, he had been on fire for China, now the burden on his heart was Africa. As providence would have it, Livingstone had somewhere acquired a journeyman's knowledge of cartography. If the Church needed maps that did not yet exist, he was just the man to make them.

Livingstone immediately began to make preparations for a journey that, from its inception, was seen as being half-missions trip, half-voyage of discovery. He and a small handful of like-minded friends pooled their scant resources to buy medical supplies (several barrels of quinine, in particular), pens and paper for map-making, a hunting rifle, and tents. With the blessing of (and precious little financial backing from) the London Missionary Society, Livingstone and his friends left for Africa, arriving early in 1841. Almost immediately, they plunged into the bush, moving blindly east-by-southeast, following game trails and creek beds into the heart of Africa, a tiny band of white men with Bibles going where none of their kind had ever gone before.

Within a very short time, everyone, except Livingstone, was dead: victims of dysentery and/or malaria. Livingstone awoke from a raging fever to find himself alone, penniless and terribly far from home. A lesser man might have given up and returned whence he came and no one would have blamed him. But Livingstone was an old school Scottish presbyter: stubborn, vigorous, self-reliant, made of that "sterner stuff" for which the builders of the British Empire were justly renowned. Livingstone had come to Africa with a plan: to preach the Word of God to the "heathen" and to make maps. Until he had done these things to the absolute best of his ability, he wasn't going anywhere.

Livingstone recuperated at one of the few established missions, Kuruman, in Cape Colony (present-day Botswana). There, Livingstone clashed sharply with the British missionaries in residence. The missionaries were understandably reluctant to move into the interior without maps, money or an abundance of guns (Britons in Africa, missionaries included, usually travelled, if at all, in slow-moving, ponderous caravans, bristling with firearms and accompanied by armies of porters).

Of necessity (they had no maps), these early missionaries maintained a "let the natives come to us" policy. Livingstone, who had one gun, no money and (increasingly) no friends, thirsted for a new kind of evangelism: one which took the Bible to the people of the as yet unreached interior, even if it meant—horror of horrors—living like the natives did.

In the end, Livingstone went into the interior alone—almost. In 1845, he married Mary Moffat, daughter of one of the Kuruman missionaries (she had nursed Livingstone back to health following a bout of malaria).

"...a few weeks prior, he had been on fire for China, now the burden on his heart was Africa. As providence would have it, Livingstone had somewhere acquired a journeyman's knowledge of cartography. If the Church needed maps that did not yet exist, he was just the man to make them."

“Livingstone,
 who had one gun,
 no money and
 (increasingly) no
 friends, thirsted
 for a new kind of
 evangelism: one
 which took the
 Bible to the
 people of the as
 yet unreached
 interior, even if
 it meant—horror
 of horrors—
 living like the
 natives did.”

Mary followed her husband to the interior where, for a number of years, she was his constant companion. Sadly, Mary died of malaria in 1862. Livingstone was alone again.

Apart from the very occasional fund-raising/resupply trip to London, David Livingstone lived and worked in Africa continuously for more than thirty years. In all of that time, he made only one official convert that anyone knows of: a man named Sechele, chief of the Bakwena tribe. Under Livingstone’s tutelage, Sechele became an ardent Christian, vowing to his mentor, *“I shall never give up Jesus. You and I will stand before him together.”* To Livingstone’s chagrin, Sechele refused to give up his practice of polygamy (he claimed he could never decide which four of his five wives he was supposed to give up).

Livingstone travelled from one village to the next, dosing the villagers with quinine and reading to them from the Bible in their own language (which he learned, through great effort, to speak fluently). But the tribesmen were stubborn in their unbelief. They came to adore Livingstone personally (and were duly grateful when deaths from malaria greatly declined) but, even after years of passionate exhortation, they remained politely disinterested in the gospel message he proclaimed.

For Livingstone, this failure to win converts was a disappointment beyond measure. A less driven man might have given in to despair, frustration or even anger. Yet, Livingstone, in all his long years in Africa, never did cease to preach, nor did he even once seriously consider returning home to England. In the matter of his vocation as an evangelist and a missionary, Livingstone was beyond dissuasion (even in the face of monumental indifference on the part of the people he had come to save).

One idea kept recurring to Livingstone again and again: “Christianity and Commerce.” Livingstone knew his fellow Britons well: if they could be induced to permanently settle in the interior, they would build railroads, hospitals, and schools—things the impoverished and isolated people under his care desperately needed. The British were a kind but thoroughly practical people; inveterate explorers, they only *stayed* in a given place for sound economic reasons. Charity, in the Victorian world, was seed money; the object of the charity was expected to become self-supporting—the sooner, the better.

In Britain, and throughout the empire, slavery was dead, but it was very much alive in Africa. Livingstone, a lifelong abolitionist, hated African slavery with a peculiar passion (slavery, as practiced in Africa, surpassed the terrors of even the meanest Caribbean plantations). Livingstone’s passion to see the end of slavery in Africa was almost as strong as his zeal for spreading the gospel.

By barter, purchase or persuasion, Livingstone managed to free a slave here and there, as opportunities presented themselves in his journeys. Yet, apart from prayer, there was little he could do to end the practice itself. The slavers were a well-armed hodgepodge of degenerate Boers, Muslim Turks, and native warlords; Livingstone’s attempts at moral suasion fell on stone-deaf ears. Great Britain, on the other hand, had an army. Livingstone foresaw correctly that, if Britons could be persuaded to come to central Africa in sufficient numbers, they would bring abolition—and if need be, the British Army—with them. Slavery in Africa would die the violent death it so richly deserved.

Periodically, over three decades, Livingstone moved steadily inland, making maps as he went. He began by moving in an ever-widening circle around his home village but quickly began to move up and down the major river systems, charting them in great detail. While surveying in Zimbabwe, Livingstone discovered an enormous waterfall that is today regarded as one of the great natural wonders of the world. The natives called it “the smoke that thunders.” Livingstone named it Victoria Falls in honor of his queen.

Livingstone had hoped to discover the source of the Nile but, here again, success eluded him. And yet, slowly, bit by bit, Livingstone created a set of maps which showed clearly that it was possible to employ the waterways of Central Africa for commercial navigation.

Livingstone eventually moved so far into the interior that it became quite impossible to maintain even intermittent contact with the London-based missionary society that had (partially) underwritten his original mission. After six years passed without any word from Livingstone, his sponsors began to worry. What had become of their “man in Africa”? The story soon crossed the Atlantic and a leading newspaper, the New York Herald (knowing a scoop when it saw one), hired noted English adventurer and big game hunter, Henry Morton Stanley, to mount a very expensive, year-long (as it turned out) expedition to locate the missing missionary.

On November 10, 1871, after many an adventure along the way, Stanley located Livingstone in the village of Ujiji near present-day lake Tanganyika. Shaking hands with the man he had been searching out for so long, Stanley uttered the now famous greeting, familiar to every British school boy, “Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

Stanley found Livingstone alive but frail and obviously unwell. For three decades, the tireless missionary-explorer had set himself a killing pace. In his single-minded pursuit of Christianity and Commerce, Livingstone, traveling on foot and at times alone, had mapped every major waterway in the interior of equatorial Africa. He more than once traversed the entire continent from as far west as Luanda, in present-day Angola, to Mikindani in eastern Kenya. He had trekked extensively through the Congo Basin and explored the Tanganyika and African Great Lakes regions. Everywhere he went, Livingstone declared the gospel and made maps. He never ceased to do the two things that had first brought him to Africa.

In addition to the physical strains of crossing and re-crossing Central Africa on foot, Livingstone had endured other hardships. He had been mauled by a rogue lion and threatened by cannibals. Malevolent Muslim slavers had put a price on his head. In the Congo, Livingstone had watched helplessly as 400 unwanted slaves were massacred by their Arab masters (it was hard to believe that he escaped alive). Livingstone was plagued for years by recurring malarial fevers of such an intensity as might have killed a lesser man. No mere mortal can tax himself to such an extent and expect to die of old age; the man, who stood before Stanley, late in 1871, was not long for this world.

Stanley implored Livingstone to return to England with him, but Livingstone would not hear of it. Stanley reluctantly departed alone, taking with him a mountain of maps for delivery to the London Missionary Society (with copies duly provided to the Royal Geographic Society). Stanley also carried with him, out of Africa, such journals and diaries as Livingstone wished to have made public (these, when published, made Livingstone’s name a household word on both sides of the Atlantic). Stanley, heretofore a Christian in name only, later said of Livingstone: “I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it.”

“Everywhere he went, Livingstone declared the gospel and made maps. He never ceased to do the two things that had first brought him to Africa.”

Livingstone died in May, 1873, a scant sixteen months after being “found” by Stanley. He was sixty years old. He had been staying in a Chitambo village near Lake Bangweilu in present day Zambia. The villagers found Livingstone kneeling by his bedside; his head slumped to one side, his Bible open on the bed before him. The old missionary had died while in prayer.

Two of the local tribesmen, Chuma and Susi (whom Livingstone had freed from slavery in their youth) cut his heart out and buried it near a Mvula tree in the village. It seems a brutal act today, but it was done with the very best of intentions: to ensure that Livingstone’s heart might remain forever in the land he loved, the place where he had poured out his life in obedience to God. The two men packed Livingstone’s body in salt and bark to preserve it, and then sewed it into a canvas bag.

Chuma and Susi bore their liberator’s remains on their own shoulders for 1,000 miles, arriving in Zanzibar (then British East Africa) in early 1874. Susi accompanied the body on its voyage back to England. There, 10,000 Londoners lined the streets to mark the great man’s passing. Livingstone was borne with due ceremony to Westminster Abbey, England’s most sacred place, reserved, then as now, for her greatest heroes. The inscription on Livingstone’s tomb reads, in part: “BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS OVER LAND AND SEA HERE RESTS DAVID LIVINGSTONE, MISSIONARY.”

The Church of England, which had supported Livingstone so imperfectly in life, was pricked in its heart; a saint, of some sort, seemed to have been in their midst and now was gone. Within a relatively short time, England began to disgorge missionaries, first by the thousand, then by the ten-thousand. The vast majority of them headed for Africa. Guided by Livingstone’s maps, these evangelists might be said to have literally been following in his footsteps. In time, they accomplished the great thing that had eluded Livingstone: Christianity came to the African interior, where it remains very much alive today.

The Victorian missionaries were greatly assisted in their early efforts by Livingstone’s sole convert, Chief Sechele, who taught them African languages and customs. Sechele turned out to be a successful missionary in his own right: by the time of his death in 1892, he had converted thousands to Christianity (he never did give up his four “extra” wives).

The railroads, schools, and hospitals that Livingstone dreamt of became a reality. Alas, British amenities, in the age of Kipling and the “white man’s burden,” came, predictably, at the cost of colonization; the cost of British, Christian charity was British, imperial government.

Livingstone doubtless knew that such would be the case. Today we are sufficiently removed in time and circumstance to frown at the memory of the British Empire (no one more so than the British themselves). Still, if only in purely pragmatic terms, the railroads and the schools proved every bit the blessing that Livingstone had foreseen they would be. The lives of the people of Central Africa improved. Far from chafing at the British yoke, many professed love for the “white queen” who had given them at least some small measure of prosperity along with the rudiments of modernity. It was, by any reasonable standard, a better life than they had ever known.

Slavery, as Livingstone had also foretold, came to a crashing end with the arrival of the British. The new masters of the continent were none too gentle with the slavers, most of whom wisely turned to less perilous trades. Parliament consummated abolition on a continent that had known slavery since time immemorial— a

“BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS OVER LAND AND SEA HERE RESTS DAVID LIVINGSTONE, MISSIONARY.”

deed directly descended from Livingstone's work, though he likely would never have taken credit for it.

Today's revisionist historians take a dim view of David Livingstone: they distrust his motives. White men in 19th century Africa were invariably up to no good, and political correctness forbids that we allow for an exception, even where one glaringly exists.

Livingstone confuses even his biographers: he spent as much time making maps and tramping through the bush with his gun as he did trying to make converts. The record certainly shows that he was far more successful as a mapmaker than as a winner of souls.

Livingstone, and his single-minded devotion to God and Africa, was something far from the norm even in his own time. The Victorian Age was also the age of Darwin and Marx. Livingstone's unshakeable faith in his Creator was all the more remarkable in that it came to the fore in a time when the very idea of creation was slowly becoming marginalized (a process that has been largely completed in our own time).

Livingstone's deep attachment to the people of Central Africa is charming in a sadly superficial way; it is easy to dismiss him as "quaint," a relic of simpler, less distracted times. We should not allow ourselves to do this. Livingstone uncomplainingly endured year after year of sickness, isolation, and misery, all for the sake of a helpless foreign people (and his own bone-deep Christian ideals). For the Church to forget him now would be nothing short of criminal. If the Church allows the secularists to cheapen Livingstone's accomplishment, she is the loser, not he. The simple truth is that we cannot today understand a man like Livingstone because we live in an age of small people and small lives. David Livingstone was a Christian hero, and we don't believe in such things anymore.

David Livingstone may have won but one known soul for Christ, but he won many hearts in the course of his "failure." Sensible men do not bear another man's remains on their backs for 1,000 miles out of a sense of propriety. Such a thing can only be an act of love.

It is vain for the living today, believers or pagans, to try to resumise the life of David Livingstone. He was fairly judged, in his own time, by the people who shared his bread, drank his bitter medicines, and listened to his terrible sermons. They loved the man.

The greatest lesson the modern Christian can take from Livingstone is this: we must not despair at our failures. We only see the now, not the later; by God's grace, someone may follow in our footsteps, be they large or small. We cannot all be missionaries or great preachers, but if we are true to the gifts God bestows, some good will come of our lives.

“Lord, send me anywhere, only go with me. Lay any burden on me, only sustain me. Sever any ties but the tie that binds me to Thy service and Thy heart.”

-David Livingstone

Getting to Know Mrs. Shriver

Grace Classical Academy added two new full-time staff members this school year: Janelle Shriver in first grade and David Hyde in the Junior High and High School. Our feature on Mr. Hyde was in the fall edition. We are excited to feature Mrs. Shriver in this edition.



How did you find yourself teaching?

I have a degree in elementary education, and I ended up substituting a semester for a third grade class in the public schools. But, it was a pretty rough experience. Afterward, I started teaching preschool at a church, and I taught for 13 years. I loved doing that. Then, I changed to homeschool my kids, which I also loved doing. I would also work with kids at church, help in Awana, and help in kids' Sunday School. We have an unusual Sunday School where we rehearse and act out a play to help teach the lesson then break into small groups. I helped write lessons and a play for the class. So I have been working with kids for years. Now, my son just graduated from homeschool! I thought about going back and doing something that sounds a little easier, but the Lord kept turning my heart back to teach again. My husband helps coach the homeschool RUSH track team that so many GCA students are a part of. Through RUSH, I met Mrs. Cates and she told me that she was the first grade teacher but had to leave. She encouraged me to send an application in. I did, and the Lord kept bringing it back to my heart all summer. I would look at this job or that job and keep thinking, "Oh, I wonder if that job at Grace is still open?" Eventually, Chanda Moss gave me a call, and the rest is history.

How long did you homeschool?

I have two kids, and I started when my oldest was in second grade. She was in public school previously, and the Lord started speaking to my heart, and my husband's, that we were not giving her the Christian education she needed. At that time, the Lord changed my heart toward homeschooling and a Christian curriculum. I had thought that Christians needed to be in the public schools to be a witness to others, but the Lord changed my way of thinking (as he often does when His people pray). My husband encouraged me toward homeschooling, so that is what I did.

How daunting did that feel to switch? I mean, at some point, your kids would not be in elementary school anymore!

Yes! It was scary to go from 6th to 7th and 8th to high school. The first year was so daunting that I actually started in the summer in case I changed my mind and could send my daughter back to public school. My husband and I took baby steps, and I thought, "Oh, maybe this year is the only year I need to do." But, the Lord taught me so much through giving my kids a Christian education, and we never went back.

As a parent who had given a Christian education to your own kids, and now teach at GCA, what kind of difference does it make to have a Christ-centered education for children, versus the other options available?

Almost everything! I can bring the Bible into behavior, which makes a huge difference. Being able to talk about issues that the class is struggling with and what the Bible says about that is fantastic. I especially love science and history; we are able to pull in all history and not worry about having to avoid this topic or that. I get so excited to teach something about history and realize, "Oh, that is why this is true!" I had a public education, so teaching from a Christian perspective was very eye-opening for me. For instance, the implications of the flood on geology and consequently fossils located in different layers of rocks and shells on mountaintops—my kids would say, "Of course, it is in the Bible!" I knew the truth of the flood from the Bible, but its implications were not a part of my education.

We are glad to have you Mrs. Shriver!

Science Fair

Mark the afternoon of Friday, April 7th on your calendars for the Science Fair! Come by and view the hard work that the students of GCA have put into their projects. Parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts—all interested are welcome to attend!



Top Left: Isaac Groves in Eighth Grade Physics. **Top Middle:** Ninth Graders exploring a cow heart. **Top Right:** Emmalyn Boyle in Seventh Grade General Science. **Middle Right:** Third Grade at the Discovery Center.

Bottom Left: Logan Lemley, Macy Perryman, and Sylvie Strong conducting an experiment. **Bottom Middle:** Annie Adams and Madison Smith about to dissect a fish. **Bottom Right:** Macy Perryman experiencing static electricity at the Discovery Center.



A Note from Mr. Moss

GCA Family,

What an honor and privilege to be a partner with you, as parents, in training your children in the "discipline and instruction of the Lord." It is so exciting to walk the halls and visit the classrooms and see children with an enthusiastic wonder and excitement for learning about God and His creation. It is a blessing to witness how God uses your children to bless each of us.

Once again, one of our grandparents has given a matching gift donation for this school year. Every dollar donated up to \$10,000 was matched with fifty cents and I pray God's blessings on all the individuals who made this a possibility.

Please continue to pray for our school on a daily basis. Mrs. Harrison is organizing weekly prayer requests and sending them to families that would like to be prayer partners. If you would like to be included in her email list, please email her at rharrison@graceclassical.org.

Thank you for allowing us to be a part of your children's lives!

Jedidiah Moss

Staff Birthdays

March

03/01 Larry Larsen
 03/05 Allie Vernon
 03/09 Stacy Griffin
 03/25 Crystal Strong
 03/30 Luke Shawhan



April

04/07 Gil Flores
 04/09 Terry Flores
 04/15 James Bradley
 04/17 Chase Replogle

Elective Features

Electives are an opportunity for students to engage in studies they already have an interest in. Here are some of the electives offered this year and what students are accomplishing:

Shop: The shop class is currently constructing a children's playhouse in order to learn the different tools of the garage.



Photography: The students have learned nearly every setting on a DSLR camera, and the usage of Photoshop and Lightroom. The photos below are from their class.



Art: Art is taught in kindergarten-twelfth grades. In the first-eighth grades, students are studying art from around the world. These pictures are of students constructing a miniature Irish village and a collage of Paris.



Home Economics: The home economics class has decorated the school for Christmas, made blankets, and are now making handbags.





2438 E Cherry Street
Springfield, MO 65802

Phone: 417.877.7910
Fax: 417.866.8409
www.graceclassical.org
E-mail: info@graceclassical.org

Return Service Requested

<i>March 2017</i>		<i>April 2017</i>		<i>May 2017</i>	
1	Tuition Due Last Day for Reenrollment discount	1	Tuition Due	1	Tuition Payment Due
3	Early Out 11:30 am Teacher Training	7	Science Fair	4	Art Show and Mission Trip Sale 5:00-6:30 pm
6-10	No School, Spring Break	10-13	SAT Testing for 1st-12th Grade	5	1st-6th Grade Spelling Bee
14-15	Optional Parent/ Teacher Conf. 4-6pm	14	No School, Good Friday	12	Senior Graduation 7:00 pm
17	Dots and Stripes Day Open House 6:30 pm	17	No School, Easter Break	14	Mother's Day
24	Battle Grammatica	21	K4 History Day 11:00 am Kindergarten States Celebration 2:45 pm	16	8th Grade Graduation, 2:30 pm
31	High School Etiquette Banquet	26	Progress Reports	18	Kindergarten Graduation 10:00 am Early Out 11:30 am Last Day of School
		27	Spring Concert 7:00 pm	24-31	Office Closed