



Sisters in the Spirit Ministries Newsletter

Empowerment for the Christian Woman

WHEN THE HOLIDAYS AREN'T BRIGHT

REMEMBER, *Jesus* IS THE LIGHT

By Rev. Dr. Katrina White Brown

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! As the end of the year approaches, it seems that everywhere we turn someone is telling us to be happy and merry. But for those who have lost someone they love, the holidays can seem more like something to survive than to celebrate and enjoy. Often the holiday traditions and events that had once added so much joy and meaning to the season, simply become painful reminders of the person we love who is no longer here to share in it.

For many, the holidays are not anything like the lyrics of the popular song White Christmas. The days are not "merry and bright", and all of the subsequent Christmases are not white: only dark and painful.

Holiday depression and grief is real ... its deep, lingering, and heartbreaking. And it will impact almost everyone during our lives.

WHAT IS HOLIDAY DEPRESSION? *Feelings of sadness that last throughout the holiday season - especially during the months of No-*

vember and December - are often referred to as the holiday blues or holiday depression. Although the holidays are usually viewed as a time of happiness and rejoicing, it can also be a period of painful reflection, sadness, loneliness, anxiety, and depression.

While depression is tough at the best of times, holidays are especially hard. The mental health website verywellmind.com describes what holiday depression may feel like: *the thought of mixing with happy people fills you with dread. The thought of remembering lost loved ones fills you with gloom. How can people be so happy when you are so sad? How can people celebrate when you are in mourning?* But when the holidays aren't bright, remember Jesus is the Light.

Even though the phrase seems to have almost become a cliché, the fact is that Jesus is the reason for the season. By focusing on the true meaning of the season, it can precipitate healing a broken heart. Through the Nativity Story, God's great love for us is revealed. When

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20 SECONDS OF PRAISE



Health officials recommend washing your hands frequently for a minimum of 20 seconds as a primary defense against germs. You can time this by singing a verse and chorus of:

Jesus the Light of the World

By Charles Wesley and
George D. Elderkin

Hark! the herald angels sing.

Jesus, the light of the world.

Glory to the newborn King,

Jesus, the light of the world.

Refrain: We'll walk in the light,
beautiful light.

Come where the dewdrops of
mercy shine bright.

Shine all around us by day and by
night. Jesus, the light of the world.

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Sisters in the Spirit is an outreach ministry created to empower Christian women in better serving the Lord. We are here to help "equip God's people for works of service, so that the body of Christ may be built up ..."

Ephesians 4:12



One of the most beloved Christmas songs is Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. It's about how a humble and maligned Santa's reindeer became the hero that saved Christmas.

It's a cute song and I've sung it from the time that I could talk, but when I became an adult I realized that the lyrics disguised a dark truth, not about reindeer, but about people.

Rudolph had what seemed to be a dreadful anomaly - his nose was particularly bright and shiny. It was how he was able to breathe and live, but apparently his nose was different from the other reindeer. It subjected him to endless ridicule.

According to the song lyrics "*all of the other reindeer used to laugh and call him names. They never let poor Rudolph join in any reindeer games.*" This all changed however.

"Then one foggy Christmas eve, Santa came to say:

"Rudolph with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight?" Then all the reindeer loved him, as they shouted out with glee: "Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, you'll go down in history!"

Sisters, you might think I'm being a little extra about this song, but art imitates life all the time. Rudolph and his different nose had no value to the others UNTIL THEY COULD USE HIM. People, friends, family, and strangers, do this all the time, but worse - Believers also do it. We will look down our noses at those: who are differently-abled; who have succumbed to addiction; who are focused on ungodly materialism; or those who we simply don't like because of where they are from, or what they look like, or because they don't agree with us. We do this often without appearing to have the slightest concern about how our behavior hurts those people. But, when it benefits us, we certainly find a way to accept those people and everything which God has gifted them to do.

In my spirit I encourage you my sisters, to be a Rudolph. Celebrate whatever differences you have. God has uniquely created you - you are one of a kind. Use your difference for God's glory. Remember that none of us have a Heaven or Hell to put anyone in, so be guided by God's Words when dealing with users and abusers "*... love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which spitefully use you, and persecute you.*" (Matthew 5:44)

Be a Rudolph by blessing others with your gifts, no matter what. "Each of you should use whatever gift you have received to serve others, as faithful stewards of God's grace." (1 Peter 4:10) You'll be blessed in abundance always.

Love, Peace, and Blessings Always,

Katrina W. Brown

Sing Noel

The stories that created the Carols

By Amy Green

Christmas is full of the delightful sounds of the season, from Jingle Bells to the joyful holiday hymns we hear on the radio and sing in church. Their words are lovely and familiar... sometimes too familiar.

It's easy to know all the words and still miss the spirit of what we're singing. But what if we knew how these famous carols came about, what inspired their authors to first write down the words that lead us to reflect on the birth of Jesus and what that means?

Traditions like wish lists and making cookies for Santa are relatively new. It's only in the last hundred years that Christmas has shifted to being a holiday focused on presents and parties.

For thousands of years, Christmas was a quieter celebration, without an entire season dedicated to it. For most, it was a day to spend with family and a few weeks on the church calendar where the focus was on Christ coming to earth. But from the very beginning, there were carols to sing in homes, neighborhoods, and churches to tell the story of the nativity.

Many of the carols we still sing and hear today go back for hundreds of years, and several of them were involved in fascinating times of history. Whether it's the Civil War origins of a father searching for his prodigal son or the songs that were sung during a brief truce in a war, the incredible backstories of these holiday hymns will change the way you worship this December.

As you read the powerful stories of the beginnings of a few of your favorite songs, remember that their messages of hope and healing are just as true for those of us singing them today. The writers of these songs have some incredible stories to share that will lead us to be even more grateful for the joy of the baby born in Bethlehem so long ago.

"GO, TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN"

History can't tell us who first sang the lines of "Go, Tell It on the Mountain," because the original author and lyricist was an enslaved African-American. The call-and-response praise songs that came from this terrible stage of our history are known as spirituals, spread orally from one plantation and farm to another.

We do know much more about the people responsible for bringing this song to the rest of the world. In 1907, John Wesley Work Jr. compiled and edited a number of songs, including this one, in his songbook *Jubilee Songs and Folk Songs of the American Negro*. But the song was popularized decades before that, by the original Fisk Jubilee Singers.

The Jubilee Singers started out in 1871 as a brave little band of young people led by George White and Ella Shepperd. Many of them were former slaves, and their mission was to raise money for their struggling university on a singing tour through cities of the North. They began by performing only traditional hymns and classical arrangements to show their musical training and their performances received a moderate amount of

attention, but the journey was anything but easy.

When their money ran out and they had to scrimp to get coats to protect themselves from the cold Northern winter, they kept going. When they were met with threats and hostility and were turned away from hotel after hotel in Ohio because of the color of their skin, they kept going. When reviews derided their music and editorial cartoons depicted them as minstrel singers, they still kept going.



At last, three days before Christmas, the tide turned. The choir had run out of funds when the most famous preacher of the day, Henry Ward Beecher, invited them to his church. They began to sing the songs of their hearts, the spirituals they'd learned from their parents during slavery days. And the wealthy congregation responded with tears... and donations. Soon, they went from struggling to successful to, eventually, famous—world-famous. Their tour of England had them appearing before nobility and even Queen Victoria herself. Their concerts were the first time

most Americans were introduced to spirituals, including "Go, Tell It on the Mountain," a seasonal crowd favorite, so that the good news could truly spread "Over the hills and everywhere."

"I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY"

By the mid-1800s, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a household name, and his poems, like "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" and "The Song of Hiawatha" were memorized and quoted all over America. But in 1863, it had been many years since he'd written an original verse.

Longfellow was weary after years of hardship. His beloved wife had died in a tragic fire, causing him to fall into a deep depression. That Christmas, he wrote in his journal: "How inexpressibly sad are all holidays." A few years later, despite his deep conviction against violence, his oldest son, Charley, left this note in his house after stealing away to join the Union Army: "I have tried hard to resist the temptation of going without your leave but I cannot any longer."

Less than a year later, on December 1, 1863, Longfellow received a telegram that every parent during wartime dreaded: Charley had been injured in a skirmish with Confederate troops and was currently in a Virginia hospital. Knowing the poor conditions of battlefield medical stations, Longfellow immediately left his Boston home to search for his son.

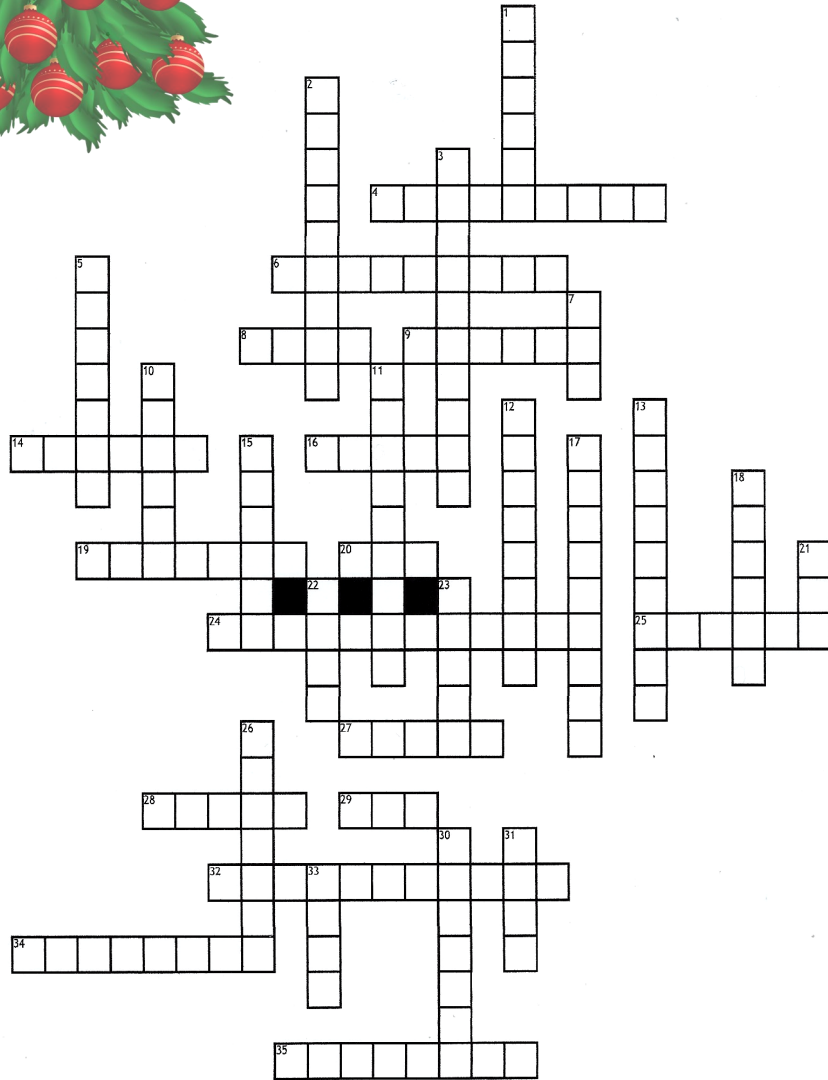
After arriving, he spent three days searching the incoming wounded arriving at the train station, passing up and down the line of bleeding, bandaged men, limp on pallets packed into box-cars, until he finally saw a familiar face: Charley, the prodigal son, alive, but barely breathing.

After being rushed to medical care and stabilized, Charley was eventually allowed to return home to Boston. On Christmas Day, with his son still shivering with fever, possibly never to recover,

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Tis the season!
A Christmas Crossword puzzle



Across

- 4. Santa's home and workshop are located where?
- 6. These should be hung by the chimney with care
- 8. Naughtily children may find a lump of this in their stocking
- 9. String this to decorate the Christmas tree
- 14. Santa's Vehicle
- 16. _____ Claus
- 19. They followed a star to find the Christ child
- 20. The color of Rudolph's nose
- 24. The night before Christmas
- 25. The coming of Christ
- 27. Not a creature was stirring not even a _____
- 28. A Christmas Song

- 29. A colorful decoration added to a gift
- 32. Spicy cookies often shaped as people
- 34. St. _____
- 35. People who go door to door singing Christmas songs

Down

- 1. Christmas Eve services are held here
- 2. I'm dreaming of a white _____
- 3. This type of tree may be used year after year
- 5. A "door" for Santa
- 7. A small person who helps Santa
- 10. These electric decorations are a safe replacement for candles

- 11. Decorations commonly hung on trees
- 12. The animals that travel with Santa
- 13. Traditional Red & White striped candy
- 15. He was Jesus' earthly father
- 17. Angels announced Jesus' birth to _____

- 18. Baby Jesus had this for a bed
- 21. If you _____ a live Christmas tree, you should throw it out after the holidays
- 22. Another word for present
- 23. People often mail these to friends
- 26. A treat commonly left for Santa
- 30. Kris _____
- 31. The Mother of Christ
- 33. One of three gifts the Wise men brought to the Christ child



One Saturday night, a pastor was working late and decided to call his wife before he left for home. It was about 10:00 PM, but his wife didn't answer the phone.

The pastor let it ring many times. He thought it was odd that she didn't answer but decided to wrap up a few things and try again in a few minutes. When he tried again, she answered right away. He asked her why she hadn't answered before, and she said that the phone hadn't rung at their house. They brushed it off as a fluke and went on their merry ways.

The following Monday, the pastor received a call at the church office, which was the phone that he'd used that Saturday night. The man that he spoke with wanted to know why he'd called on Saturday night. The pastor couldn't figure out what the man was talking about.

Then the man said, "It rang and rang, but I didn't answer."

The pastor remembered the mishap and apologized for disturbing him, explaining that he'd intended to call his wife. The man said, "That's okay. Let me tell you my story. You see, I was planning to commit suicide on Saturday night, but before I did, I prayed, 'God if you're there, and you don't want me to do this, give me a sign now.' At that point, my phone started to ring. I looked at the caller ID, and it said, 'Almighty God'. I was afraid to answer!" The church that the pastor leads is called Almighty God Tabernacle.

God answers prayers in unexpected ways. When God begins to answer our prayers, we often find His answers disorienting. Circumstances might take unexpected courses, health might deteriorate, painful relational dynamics might develop, financial difficulties might occur, and spiritual and emotional struggles might emerge that seem unconnected. We can feel like we're going backward because we are not clearly moving forward.

We cry out in painful confusion and exasperation, when what's really happening is that God is answering our prayers. We just expected the answer to look and feel different. But when it comes to God's answers to prayers, expect the unexpected. Most of the greatest gifts and deepest joys that God gives us often come wrapped in painful and amazing packages.



Join with Sisters in the Spirit in providing the SIS Newsletter to the 800 women incarcerated at the Fluvanna Correctional Center for Women in Troy, Virginia

Fluvanna Correctional Center for Women (FCCW) is the largest prison for women in Virginia. SIS has been sending newsletters to several of the inmates for years, and the women have found *Freedom in the Word* that they read. Recently, FCCW Chaplain Rev. Jerusha Moses, contacted SIS and asked if the Ministry could provide newsletters to all 800 of the women. We said

Yes, Yes, Yes!

and you can help accomplish this!

Your gift of \$25 will help sponsor 3 months of newsletters for 10 women incarcerated at FCCW.

Jesus said "Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me."

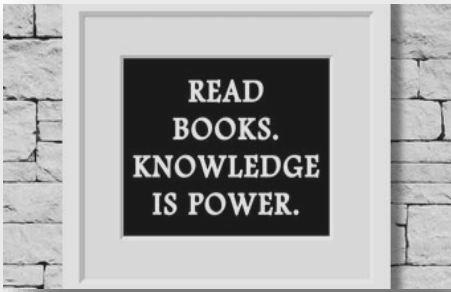
There is encouragement, enlightenment, and empowerment within the pages of the SIS Newsletter. You can help provide this freedom in the words of the Newsletter by sending your contribution to:

SIS Ministries

*P.O. Box 649 * Gloucester Point, VA 23062
Attention: Freedom in the Word Campaign*

Or use our cash app - \$SntheS

Thank you for your generosity towards those who are in prison!



WHEN THE HOLIDAYS AREN'T BRIGHT, REMEMBER *Jesus* IS THE LIGHT

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we look through the lens of God's comfort, peace and joy that the birth of His Son is meant to bring, it can help us navigate the holidays in the light of Jesus' love, instead of the darkness of our pain.

Baptist preacher Charles Spurgeon (1834-1892) wrote *"I find no better cure for that depression than to trust in the Lord with all my heart, and seek to realize afresh the power of the peace-speaking blood of Jesus, and His infinite love in dying upon the cross to put away all my transgressions."* Remembering what is being celebrated; spending quiet time with God; being mindful of God's blessings; and staying connected with a support system—family, friends, church, and spiritual mentors— can help lift the darkness of depression and grief, and reveal the marvelous Light of the Lord.

If you are trying to support someone who is grieving, know that while we can't fix the pain of loss, we can bring comfort to those who are hurting and depressed during the holidays. First, pray with them and pray for them. The Bible tells us that the "prayers of the righteous avails much", and that "the Lord is close to the brokenhearted; He rescues those whose spirits are crushed". When someone is struggling with loss, they may not feel the presence of the Lord; they may feel helpless, lost, angry, or abandoned. In your prayers, ask that the Lord restore their hope - hope in believing that God truly loves them, will restore and strengthen them, and will never leave nor forsake them. Pray for them to believe God's vision of their future as written in Jeremiah 29:11 - a future that is full of hope and blessings from the Lord.

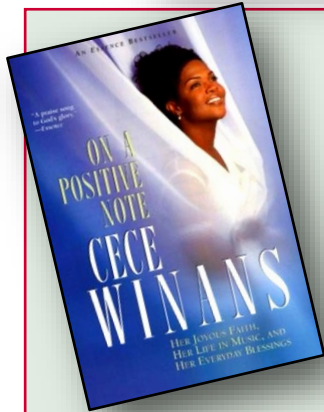
If you are feeling the weight of holiday depression, especially if you are grieving the death of a loved one, it may be hard to remember why Christmas should be so merry. But the power death has to bring so much sorrow now, will not prevail forever. What Christ set in motion when He defeated death at His first coming will come to its full fruition when He comes again.

This is our great hope at Christmas and beyond. This is the message that we must always share with those who are grieving at Christmas. On that Holy Night when the Light came as a baby, it had the power to wipe away darkness and pain. The baby would die as our substitute, and will one day return to consummate His kingdom. When he does, *"He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain anymore"* (Revelation 21:4).

Let the Light of the Lord shine through your grief and depression by looking for opportunities to witness to others. Seeing how you respond to your loss and depression in the name of Jesus could help others deal with theirs. In ministering to others through your loss, they will certainly see your sadness, but when you are asked how you are doing; how can you get through the new reality of the loss of your loved one, perhaps your answer could be "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" (2 Cor. 6:10). This is a testimony of God's grace to you in these difficult days, and sometimes, ministering to others is the best way to minister to yourself.

Don't feel guilty, embarrassed, or that you are letting down others because you have to navigate through your tears in this difficult season of grief. Tears are not the enemy. Tears do not reflect a lack of faith. Tears are a gift from God that help to wash away the deep pain of loss.

The Bible reminds us *"You will keep in perfect peace all who trust in you, all whose thoughts are fixed on you!"* (Isaiah 26:3.) We may view Christmas differently, depending on the season we find ourselves in, but we can always rejoice in our faithful, constant, and loving God, who offers us the ultimate gift of everlasting life.



ON A POSITIVE NOTE BY CECE WINANS

Eight-time Grammy Award winner CeCe Winans has broken new ground as a superstar of gospel: her celebrated career includes platinum and gold albums, collaborations with Whitney Houston, and forays into television and the Broadway stage. Now she recalls a life full of blessings in this warm and intimate memoir.

On a Positive Note is CeCe's inspiring story of her journey from the projects of Detroit to international fame and award-winning success. She portrays how she took the brave step of leaving home, along with her brother BeBe, to work as a background singer on Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker's television program. She offers the courageous testimony of a rising recording star facing life-changing decisions, and tells the wonderful story of meeting the man who became her soul mate and husband.

And finally, CeCe Winans shares a moving and candid account of her lifelong attempt, through times of tears and laughter, to sing of God's glory and live with His love in her heart.

A multiple Grammy, Dove, Stellar, and NAACP Image Award winner -- both on her own and in partnership with BeBe -- CeCe is also a wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend. Her reflections offer a reassuring sense of companionship to women facing their own challenges, doubts, and hopes -- and an inspiration to keep the fires of faith burning bright.

About the Author: CeCe Winans was born in Detroit, Michigan, the eighth of ten children in the Winans, one of gospel music's most renowned musical families. She worked with her brother, BeBe, in a duo called BeBe & CeCe Winans, becoming one of the most commercially successful gospel artists ever. Finding the beauty of God's well of inspiration in both the sacred and the secular, she seamlessly segues from R&B to pop to deeply felt gospel fervor showcasing the crystalline vocals, celestial melodies, and top-shelf musical elements that have made her one of the most popular and influential artists working in contemporary gospel music.

Review reprinted from simonandschuster.com.
On a Positive Note is available at Amazon.com
and Christianbooks.com



Sing Noel ... The stories that created the Carols



Continued from page 3

Longfellow struggled with the terrible reality of the war that had torn his country apart... and began to write a poem. With each line, he built a picture of darkness—and in the midst of it, hope. *And in despair I bowed my head; "There is no peace on earth," I said; "For hate is strong and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men!" Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep; The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men."*

Charley did eventually recover, and he and his father were reconciled, but this wartime Christmas poem-turned-song still rings out a story of the triumph of hope over despair even today.

"SILENT NIGHT"

The most recorded carol of all time had humble origins: it was written in a tiny village in Austria by Franz Xavier Gruber and Joseph Mohr, churchmen who wanted a simple song to perform for Christmas, since the organ had been damaged by flooding. It was performed with accompaniment by the guitar, and was later performed by groups of traveling folk singers, spreading it around the world. But perhaps the most famous place the carol has been sung was also the most unusual: the trenches of World War I.

In December 1914, hostilities had died down between battles, as tense English, French, and German soldiers waited for the next bout of gunfire. But on Christmas Eve, what they got instead was an unexpected ceasefire. In certain places along the line, enemy soldiers ventured into no-man's land to play games, exchange gifts, smoke cigarettes, and celebrate together as best they could, knowing that in a few days they would resume fighting against each other again.

Many men recounted the beauty of the familiar Christmas carols that were sung among the soldiers: the Englishmen's "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," the French with their boisterous "Cantique de Noel," and "Silent Night" in its original German.

*Silent night! Holy night. All is calm; all is bright.
Round yon virgin, mother and child. Holy infant so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.*

It was a song from a simpler time, first performed at a midnight

mass on Christmas Eve in a small village church, sung a century later over the bloodied, disease-ridden trenches, in hopes that there would be another silent night again soon.

"O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

When Phillips Brooks, a rising young preacher and staunch abolitionist, was asked to give the funeral address for President Abraham Lincoln, he must have been daunted by the task, and sure that his eloquent eulogy would be the most famous lines he would ever pen.

He was wrong. Shortly afterward, exhausted from years of war and longing for rest, he took a sabbatical from preaching to visit the Holy Land, hoping to find peace. There, as he visited still-insignificant Bethlehem and looked out at the landscape at night, the lines for a poem jumped to his mind: "O Little Town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie. Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, a silent star goes by."

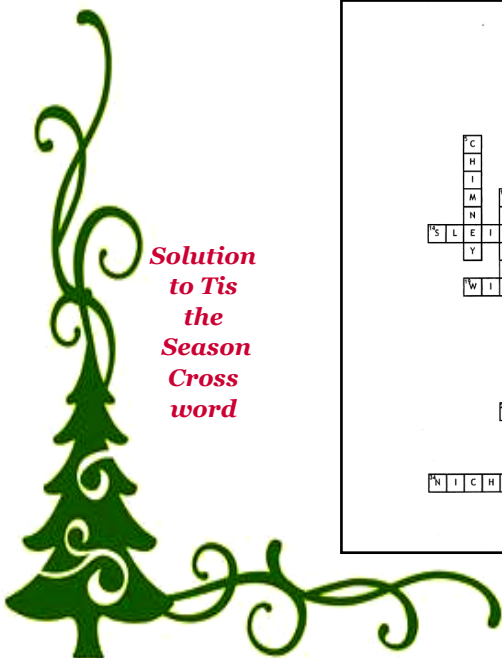
Several years later, he came back to the poem and completed it. His organist, Lewis Redner, added the music. It was first performed by the children's choir in his church, and very quickly, the verse was included in hymnals as a seasonal favorite.

But one child, who wasn't yet born, would find special meaning in Brooks's song. Helen Keller, the famous educator who was born blind and deaf, met Brooks years later. He was the one who explained the gospel to her for the first time.

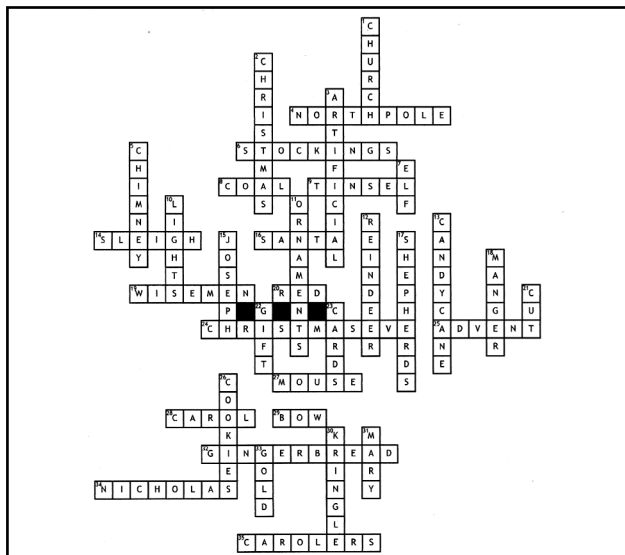
Through her teacher and translator, Anne Sullivan, she told Brooks, "I've always known there was a God, but until now I've never known His name."

The carol's third verse, though written years before Brooks had met Keller, captures perfectly the joy of salvation arriving to a deaf and blind child whose ears could not hear his coming, but whose heart had long recognized his presence:

*How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still, the dear Christ enters in.*



Solution
to Tis
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word





Sisters in the Spirit Newsletter

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The LAST Laugh



They walk among us

- I walked into a Starbucks with a buy-one-get-one-free coupon for a Grande Latte. I handed it to the girl and she looked over at a little chalkboard that said 'buy one-get one free.' "They're already buy-one-get-one-free," she said, "so I guess they're both free." She handed me my free lattes, and I walked out the door.
- One day I was walking down the beach with some friends, when one of them shouted, "Look at that dead bird!" Someone looked up at the sky and asked, "Where?"
- My sister has a lifesaving tool in her car designed to cut through a seat belt if she gets trapped. She keeps it in the trunk.
- I couldn't find my luggage at the airport baggage area, so I went to the lost luggage office and told the woman there that my bags never showed up. She smiled and told me not to worry because she was a trained professional, and I was in good hands. "Now," she asked me, "has your plane arrived yet?" So I replied, "No Ma'am, The Pilot told us we're circling the airport, 3rd in line to land."
- While working at a pizza place, I observed a man ordering a small pizza to go. He appeared to be alone, and the cook asked him if he would like it cut into four pieces or six. He thought about it for some time before responding. "Just cut it into four pieces. I don't think I'm hungry enough to eat six pieces."

Calling the roll - "If there are any idiots in the room, will they please stand up", said the sarcastic teacher. After a long silence, one freshman rose to his feet. "Now then mister, why do you consider yourself an idiot?", inquired the teacher with a sneer. "Well, actually I don't," said the student, "but I hate to see you standing up there all by yourself."

In God's time - A guy said to God, "God, is it true that to you a billion years is like a second?" God said yes. The guy said, "God, is it true that to you a billion dollars is like a penny?" God said yes. The guy said, "God, can I have a penny?" God said, "Sure, just a second."

A sign of the times - The wife and I took a long, leisurely drive out to the country and pulled over to fill up our car's gas tank and tires... She was surprised to see that the station had a fee to fill the tires and asked me, "Why in the world do they charge for AIR?!" I responded, "Inflation."

Chucky Chocolate Milk (a true story)

This is a true story that occurred during the height of the COVID pandemic in 2020. The names have been changed for humorous purposes.
Our three children had been social distancing at home since school closed in our state in March. We have three, Moody (15 year old female), Magellan (11 year old male), and the Dictator (4 year old male). The husband and I are essential workers and are gone a lot, and things at home have been collapsing into a pseudo Lord of the Flies.
About Magellan; he is on the Autism Spectrum, and is genuinely one of the nicest kids you will ever meet. He is kind, compassionate, absolutely brilliant, and will find something good about every person and every situation. His ability to find joy in small things makes me so grateful for him. He is the kid bullies will fight to protect. If he ever got into a fight, he would literally say "That was bad, and I am upset...kid looked really nice today before he hit me". I say all of this to say that it takes a LOT to make Magellan mad, but if you do, the result will be a precisely calculated revenge plot.
Anyway, the husband and I keep telling Moody not to ask the boys for their snacks. She is the oldest and the boys adore her. This usually results in her getting whatever she asked for, through some combination of harassment, manipulation, and guilt. It isn't fair to them, and we want it to stop, but with work, we just aren't at home to see it all. On Friday, she asked Magellan for the chocolate milk that came in his lunch delivery. He said no, and she started her two day campaign of harassment, none of which we knew about until Sunday night, when she asked in front of us for the chocolate milk. Magellan looked disappointed, said "fine", and handed the milk to his sister. It happened so fast that we didn't even react. She slunk off to the kitchen to enjoy the spoils of her victory. Magellan did nothing once she left the room but sit on the carpet and smirk. What Moody never stopped to consider was that Magellan hates chocolate milk. He hates it so much in fact, that he never bothered to refrigerate the carton. He instead stashed the chocolate milk in a bookshelf, and let it cook for two days all while she harassed him. The calm demeanor and the smirk on his face was him simply waiting to hear the screaming coming from the kitchen when she opened the carton and took a sip. Moody did not let him down. Within seconds, screaming erupted from the kitchen, punctuated with gross, disgusting, and OMG Magellan! Magellan didn't move from the carpet, and instead sat still and said in the quietest voice: "Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, eating her curds and whey" before bursting into maniacal laughter. It was glorious. He exploited her obnoxious behavior and coolly planned his vengeance. He felled the teenage monster in a way that the adults haven't come close to. I'm so proud of that boy!