



Weekly Connections #7 MLCA@HOME

STILL LEARNING GREAT THINGS @ MLCA!

TSHIRT DESIGN CHALLENGE

We will be creating MLCA T-shirts for sale based on the winning design from this challenge!

THEME:

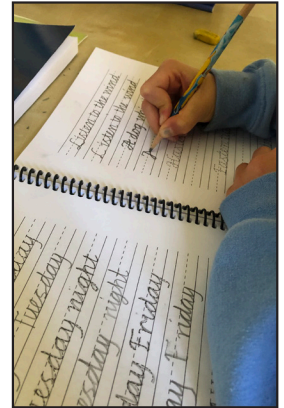
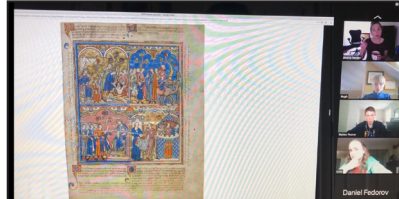
"Still Learning Great Things @Main Line Classical Academy"

Draw inspiration from our time in quarantine and think about how your MLCA education has given you things that cannot be taken away. The judges will be looking for creative designs that capture the essence of this message and reflect what MLCA means to you. How has your MLCA education helped you during this time? In what ways did it comfort, inspire or uplift you during quarantine? What do you want to always remember from your time of learning online in quarantine? What do you appreciate now about your school that you did not appreciate before quarantine? What have you learned at MLCA that you are glad will never be taken away from you?

Entries should be emailed to rmartindale@mainline-classical.org by **5PM on June 1st**. The winner will be announced on the last day of school during our All-School Virtual Assembly!



Click [here](#) to get a sneak peak at Art History! Students were playing a "guess this artwork" review game.



Younger students keep up their penmanship skills and work in their French books.



KINDERGARTEN AND FIRST GRADE POETRY NIGHT!

It was heartwarming to see our friends and students Monday night. As Mr. Chilbert said, we met despite the challenges we face today to share our deep love of poetry and of friendship. Our students have also become lifelong friends with a number of Great Poets this year in English class. We celebrate the fact that MLCA students are given the gift of carrying these poems with them for the rest of their lives!





OUR BELOVED CAMPUS STANDS QUIETLY AWAITING OUR RETURN...

On a recent trip to campus, we discovered the Hands-on-Skills garden that has been standing wild and free these past months! We found garlic (left over from a harvest two years ago, a loose clove that sprouted). The yellow flowers are Red Russian Kale and the tall white/pink flowers are radishes. Mr. Darer is excited to let the kale and radishes flower and go to seed. Hopefully this will result in many more small kale and radish plants when we return to school. The K-3rd grades planted the kale and radishes by seed last Fall in class.



The Sigelkids celebrating Lag ba Omer - a holiday commemorating Jewish revolt against Roman Emperor Hadrian's army in 132 AD.



Art with Mrs. Butterworth.



IN THE SPIRIT OF MAIN LINE CLASSICAL ACADEMY FROM JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

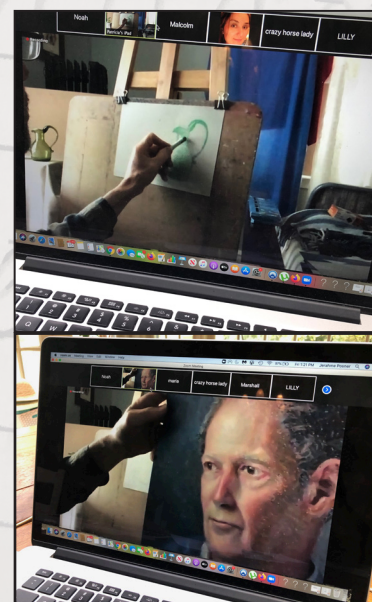
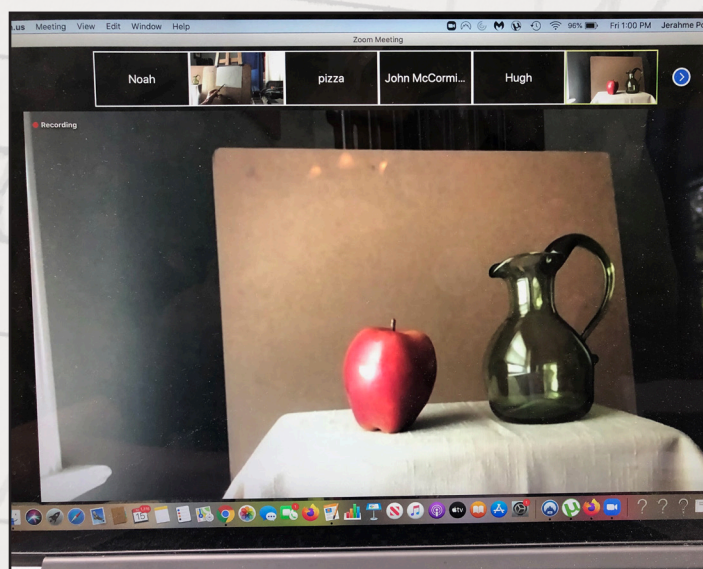
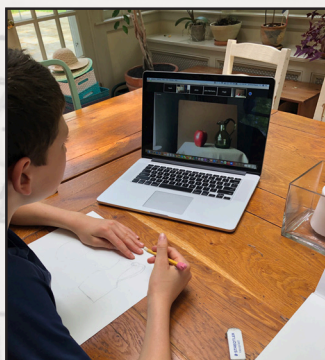
LE LABOUREUR ET SES ENFANTS

Travaillez, prenez de la peine :
 C'est le fonds qui manque le moins.
 Un riche Laboureur, sentant sa mort prochaine,
 Fit venir ses enfants, leur parla sans témoins.
 Gardez-vous, leur dit-il, de vendre l'héritage
 Que nous ont laissé nos parents.
 Un trésor est caché dedans.
 Je ne sais pas l'endroit ; mais un peu de courage
 Vous le fera trouver, vous en viendrez à bout.
 Remuez votre champ dès qu'on aura fait l'Oût.
 Creusez, fouillez, bêchez ; ne laissez nulle place
 Où la main ne passe et repasse.
 Le père mort, les fils vous retournent le champ
 Deçà, delà, partout ; si bien qu'au bout de l'an
 Il en rapporta davantage.
 D'argent, point de caché. Mais le père fut sage
 De leur montrer avant sa mort
 Que le travail est un trésor.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

(*'Le Laboureur'* is not a farm labourer in English terms, but is better compared to a yeoman farmer, owning his land and well to do, but neither gentry nor rich)

Work, take pains,
 It is the capital least likely to default.
 A rich farmer, feeling his death approach,
 Called his children to him, and spoke without
 witnesses:
 Beware, he said, of selling the heritage
 Which our parents left to us.
 A treasure is hidden there,
 I am not sure in which place, but a little courage
 Will help you find it, you will get to it at last.
 Turn over your field when the August harvest is
 over,
 Clear out, rake over, and dig, leave no spot
 Where hands have not passed and repassed.
 When the father died, the sons went back to the
 field,
 Hither and thither, everywhere, so well that at the
 end of the year
 They had earned more money,
 But found none hidden. But the father was wise
 To show them, before his death,
 That work itself is a treasure.



STUDIO ART IS BACK!

Mrs. Butterworth helped her students with a watercolor of the Three Little Pigs and Mr. McCormick taught a pastel still life class.

WEEKLY JOURNAL ENTRY BY VOLUNTEER PARENTS

ERIN LANGAN

May 13, 2020

For the first time in weeks, I am beginning to turn my thoughts towards the future. Since March 17th, I, like many have thought only in terms of hours or days, unable to imagine what next week or next month will bring. We were visiting our oldest daughter who lives in Florida when things started to go haywire. On March 7, when we left for spring break, we were already talking about "red zones" and quarantine with friends who live abroad, but still felt optimistic about the US. Three days in, Rich was called back to work and the threat of a "stay at home" order became real. We stayed away from the beach and were shocked by the crowds at Walmart at 10 PM on a weeknight. Our daughter did not want to leave her ballet program if it stayed open, so I waited and worried. Daily emails from work introduced daily changes in policy for my return. School was canceled. I rescheduled our flight home twice to accommodate our daughter while my husband flew first to Canada then New Jersey to avoid his office in New York City. By week's end, my daughter's program closed and she decided to come home with us. After a last minute call to work, I abruptly canceled our flight home. I was told I might need to quarantine before going back to work in Labor and Delivery if I flew from Florida. Even for someone who plans as poorly as I do and flies by the seat of my pants, this was a lot. At 4 AM on March 17, we started the drive home. We packed food and made limited stops and were home by 11 PM. That was the beginning.

Once at home, my days fell into a familiar pattern, split between my family at home and my family at work. What was not familiar, was the sudden addition of daily meetings, both in person

and via computer to help plan a defense strategy for our department against Covid 19. I had the dubious pleasure of connecting with friends at hospitals in New York, Ohio, Florida and Philadelphia, hearing best and worst case scenarios; how the virus snuck into hospitals in NYC in pregnant women who looked and felt well, sickening staff who were unarmed and unprepared. These meetings gave me a sense of purpose and control, but they also gave me heartburn. They reinforced a sense of present urgency and obscured the distant future. This schedule continued for some weeks, letting up toward the end of April when Labor and Delivery achieved all our "asks." When I look back at those weeks, I remember episodes of frantic worry and work broken up by moments of surprising joy at having my husband and all three kids home together.

Normally, I live a very bifurcated life. I spend part of the week at home, homeschooling our youngest. We have a reasonable schedule, working our way through his math and reading curriculum along with the beloved Story of the World amongst other subjects. We plan our days around Ronan's commute to and from school and Facetime calls with my daughter. We do have the usual hectic run from one after school activity to another. Towards the end of the week, I change focus from elementary education to resident education.

On my inpatient work days, my alarm rings at 5, which is completely antithetical to my genetic code. You would think I would learn to adjust and get up early every morning to make life easier for myself, but it hasn't happened yet. Typically, the first thing I do at work is call my dad who works the night before. We run through the patients in labor and delivery, the surgical patients and possible ER admissions over coffee or tea. Then we meet all the residents in the program and run the list again, listening to each resident present cases, looking for opportunities to teach or comment on management. Then I take over the service while the residents have academic time. If time allows, I eat breakfast with my dad as I have for nearly 17 years. Beyond breakfast,

the day never follows the same schedule or presents the same challenges in the same way. Eventually, the residents return from academics. We run the lists and work together for the rest of the day. The shift changes in the evening and there are 2 residents on call with me overnight. I spend four years with each of them and night call is the best time to get acquainted and address deficits. At 8AM, a new team comes in and I head home. Teaching was last on my list of things I imagined myself doing as a doctor, but it has turned out to be the most fulfilling. The older I get, the more I admire the trainees, and never so much as now.

When I returned to work from Florida, everything had changed. My department split the residents into teams that would not mix to protect them from passing infection. The first week back, a pregnant resident was accidentally exposed to a symptomatic patient with no PPE. We all held our breath waiting for her to be cleared. Everyone got sharper after that. We knew very little about the virus in pregnant women initially. The numbers coming out of China were small and offered limited data. Sitting in a crowded nursing station suddenly felt like a disservice to patients. Deliveries went from feeling risky at first to feeling like an exercise in heat tolerance from the required layers of PPE. An 80 degree operating room, heated for babies born via c section, became almost unbearable in full gear. We felt too lucky to complain. Unlike many doctors, we still had a busy service with mostly healthy patients.

Very quickly, we got used to meeting over videoconference from separate locations inside the hospital. Our residents and anesthesia personnel rotate through the ICU with the sickest patient population. Since we are in a small, locked unit and our staff has a specific skillset, we learned to adapt to protect one another. Gradually, information has filtered in from around the world and from NYC. PPE and tests are thankfully available to us. The meetings have slowed, the population of positive patients who are pregnant has remained low and we are getting used to N95's and face shields and sweat.

I remind my residents frequently how far away we are from hard answers. Doctors still debate well studied and well understood ailments that date back to antiquity. Aside from HIV which was well understood by the time I started my training, this is the first truly novel infection of my lifetime. While we can make some very good assumptions, the science and the statistics will take a long time to sort through. Right now, the new cases in our area are declining. Since this is a disease with a long latency and then another long period as it gets severe enough for hospitalization, results of any action take 4 - 6 weeks to become evident. That doesn't allow for nimble maneuvers. Nearly 2 months into mass quarantine and we are finally getting some breathing room in the Northeast. The country faces varying timelines and varying levels of the PPE and staff necessary to deal with another big outbreak. Our friends in Italy are just ending their strict quarantine and there will not be time to watch how they fare before jumping on board. Despite that, I feel hopeful. It could just be the arrival of Spring or that the miracle of birth continues unimpeded. We will continue to move through this.

We are at the end of the beginning but not yet the beginning of the end. Here we go...

WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS WEEK'S SUBMISSIONS

#StillLearningGreatThings
thanks to MLCA

LAST ISSUE JUNE 5th

Send the last of your great anecdotes,
pictures and videos
by Tuesday June 2nd:
admissions@mainlineclassical.org

Thank you Saunna Shetty for volunteering a piece for the final issue June 5th!



SCIENCE

Ronan and little brother Finn on scooters, waiting to look at the moon through Ronan's telescope. Photo from Ronan's telescope of the Pink Supermoon. June made a thermometer.



THE BELLS

[Edgar Allan Poe](#) - 1809-1849

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

#StillLearningGreatThings
Thanks to MLCA!

The 2nd graders memorized a small portion of *The Bells* - click here to see [Nadiya recite](#) it!

Nicole spend some time on geography

Students polishing their piano pieces as our MLCA@HOME Spring Piano Recitals approach!



Graceful as ever, Olympia stars as "Dancer in Green" by Degas
Rachel's recreation of the Pietro Antonio Rotari's painting, "Girl with a Book"

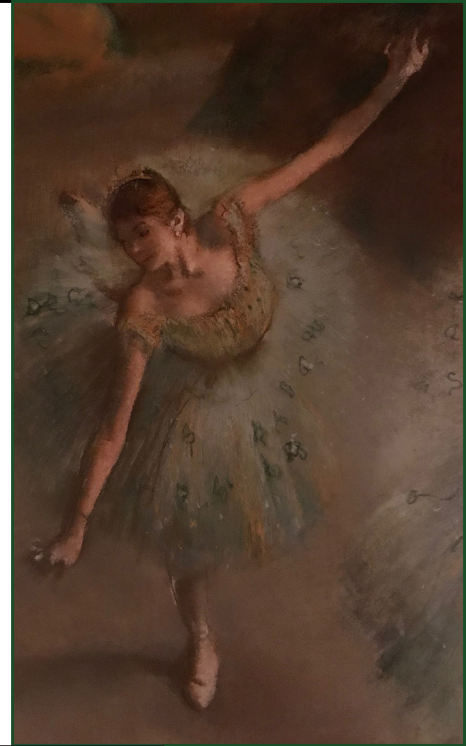


PHOTO CHALLENGE
The weeks roll by and we are receiving more submissions! We are glad that MLCA families are having fun with this one!

Olympia channeling "Little Dancer Aged 14" by Degas.

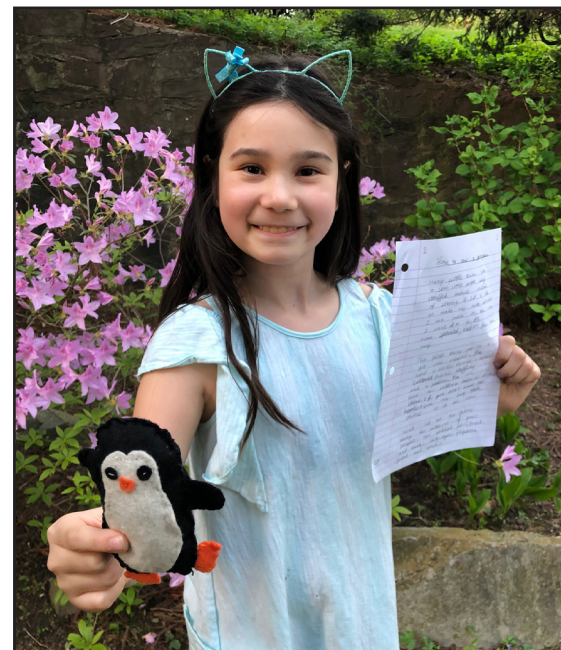
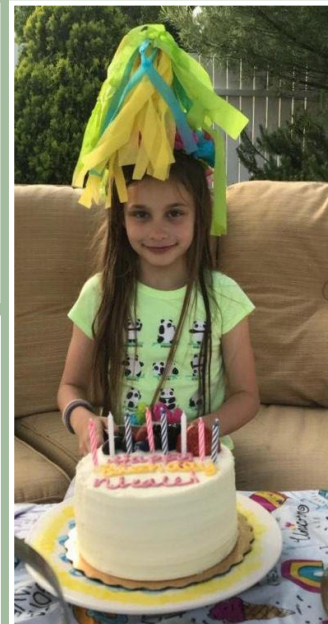
BIRTHDAYS

VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY
WISHES TO:

CONNOR MCMANUS, May 22nd!

JOSEPH LEE, May 25th!

NICOLE FEDOROV, May 25th!



SHARING OUR LIVES UNDER QUARANTINE

Vivian sewed a stuffed penguin, then wrote a process essay on the subject for English class. Claire helped her mom square and level a raised bed. Anne draws everywhere. Joseph and Kaylee relax in their tent. Nadiya and Jerahme venture out the the store. Rachel and Raphael enjoy climbing a tree.