

Howdy Everybody,

This is my first monthly newsletter. As some of you know I have decided to take a year off of school and do a year of service {I WILL BE GOING BACK NEXT FALL FOR THOSE THAT ARE WORRIED THAT I MAY NOT BE!!!}. I moved from my house in Sandy Springs to a nice purple house in the Atlanta neighborhood of Grant Park. I am doing a program through the Presbyterian Church called DOOR {Discovering Opportunities for Outreach and Reflection}.

I am living with four other young adult volunteers. Their names are Alicia, Charlotte, Josh, and Kim. Alicia is from North Carolina and has just graduated from Furman University. Alicia is volunteering at Central Outreach Center. Charlotte is from Kentucky and has been working at a boarding school for the last three years. She is working at Trinity Community Ministries. Josh is from Texas and has just graduated from the University of Texas. {Yes, Granddad I am living with a Longhorn fan, but I want you to know that I am still an Aggies fan.} Josh is working at Decatur Cooperative Ministries. Kim is from New Jersey and she is also the oldest in the house. She is working for MITS {Moving In The Spirit}.

I am working for two different places. One of them is an after school program for kids from the neighborhood. The other is called Café 458, a soup kitchen for the homeless where the guests get served like they would if they went to a restaurant. It is kind of like a soup kitchen but the guys get served like they would if they went to a real restaurant.

As a house we have had some very fun bonding experiences. One of them happened the first night that we did something together. We went to Stone Mountain, where we hiked up the mountain and back down and watched the laser show. {If you have never seen the laser show at Stone Mountain, you need to if you get a chance.} The bonding experience happened on the way home. We were coming out of the park, trying to get onto the freeway, when we ran off the road, into a ditch, and popped the two driver side tires and bent the rims on those tires. We called Jeff Delp, the DOOR director, who picked us up and got us home. On the way home we had to stop at the repair shop and leave the van, Gloria {we named her}. Jeff put the key in the box forgetting that you need the key to get the van off the tow truck. Because he did this, he had to break into the lock box and get the key out. We are still laughing about it. Josh was driving that night and because of the accident he is not allowed to drive the van.

Next month I will fill ya'll in on Ghost Ranch, New Mexico for national orientation and how my work is going.

Until Next Month I Remain Your Little Girl Kelsey.