

Adel-gram...too!

1994 & 1995

Dear Loved Ones,

First, I must begin with a long-needed apology for the absence of an Adel-gram...too! for 1994. I could give you a very long list of excuses, but I'm sure many of you (especially the original Adel-gram receivers) are tired of hearing them. Actually, I do want to say I did write a letter last year towards the end of January, but I was too embarrassed to send it under the guise of a New Year's letter, knowing that you would see through that flimsy façade. So, I have scaled a new mountain in the Adel-gram tradition: a two-year Christmas letter! This is a feat that not even my mother-in-love has attempted, so please bear with me as I take you on a journey through our last two years...(I know this is a little dramatic, but these things kind of have to have a gimmick).

Probably one of the most dramatic happenings is our departure from Damon's naval career...a big step for a couple of Navy brats. Yes, Damon permanently dropped anchor in early June of this year and is now an office manager for a physical therapy practice here in Charleston. He enjoys his job which consists of many challenges, such as public relations, marketing, handling of the accounts and other administrative duties. This is probably not a lifetime career but is providing a lot of learning opportunities and a chance to meet many interesting people.

As well as keeping very busy in the work force, Damon is involved in many other activities. Probably nearest and dearest to his heart is his spot as a reserve officer on Goose Creek's police force. Damon, who has always had a fetish for flashing lights, guns and high-speed chases, is having the time of his life, as well as learning a great deal (not to mention, he looks very handsome in his uniform and badge ☺). Damon has also become very involved with a local Toastmasters International club. Toastmasters is an organization for adults that teaches speaking skills, confidence and leadership. Since joining about eight months ago, he has served as secretary for his club, won the area humorous speech contest and has been elected as the 1996 club president.

Damon and I both are still working with the youth of our church. Although it is still a challenge, we are starting to see some of the fruits of our labor. Two of our original teenagers have graduated from high school and have stayed to help us with the group and are serving the Lord faithfully. God has also blessed the group with more numbers and some very faithful teens. Please continue to pray for the Lord's hand upon this ministry.

Well, the past two years has brought numerous changes for myself as well. May 1994 brought my long-awaited college graduation. It was exciting, but I was a

little apprehensive of having to go into the real world after spending a somewhat sheltered sixteen years under the safe, nurturing wings of teachers and college professors. Fortunately, I was hired almost immediately by Northwood Christian School as the seventh, eighth and ninth grade English teacher. My first year was a whirlwind to say the least. Towards the middle of the last school year, Northwood began making plans for building a high school seeing as how they were already bursting at the seams. So now I have the privilege of teaching my second year in a brand new, beautiful campus that houses seventh through tenth grade with plans to add eleventh and twelfth in the coming two years. They also hired another English teacher, which lightened my load considerably. I enjoy teaching, but my heart is to be a mother and housewife, so who knows but the Lord what my future holds?

I have been singing with three other girls in my church under the name of Moriah for about a year and a half. We started out simply singing occasionally for our own church, but gradually, under God's careful supervision, another sort of ministry has come about. This past August, on a whim, we entered a local singing contest, and much to our surprise, won first place for groups. This gave us a membership into the South Carolina Gospel Music Association, an organization that promotes the Lord's work by encouraging local talent. It has been a blessing being a part of this organization, and we are prayerfully seeking what God would have of us.

On a lighter note, 1994 brought a new addition to the Adलगren household: Baxter! No, unfortunately Baxter is not a bouncing, baby boy but a not-so-bouncy, male cat. Baxter came to us a large, lean, slightly scruffy street tom with beautiful green eyes and a very demanding meow. We took him in and quickly cleaned and fattened him up to reveal the biggest baby you ever laid eyes on. I use the words fattened and biggest very literally because Baxter now weights in at nearly thirty pounds and has a twenty-three inch waist (yes, I have measured). Well, he has been dieting, which is difficult since he has the appetite of a Rotweiler. Besides consuming large quantities of Meow Mix, Baxter spends his day dozing, cuddling with me, making runs to the litter box and having an occasional tumble in the dryer. Actually this only happened once for a very few seconds. Luckily, this was before his diet because if he had been lighter I might simply have mistaken him for a pair of shoes. You see, like I said, I have a mother's heart and no children as of yet to talk about. Maybe some day Baxter will be lucky to occupy a line or two (if you think this is bad, my mom calls Baxter her grand-cat)!

As I skim back over this letter, praying for the Lord's direction on how to close, I notice that the common thread through every event I have discussed is uncertainty. Uncertainty about the future in particular. I know that this is not a problem that plagues only Damon and me. Christmas, however, should be a time that ministers to the many of us that float in the sea of "I have no idea what the future holds for me..." God has a plan. He has revealed time and time again

his plans for mankind, and that is redemption through Jesus Christ. Everything else will fall into place. So rejoice with me this holiday season every time you see that tiny babe wrapped in cloth, cradled in a young woman's arms, who I am sure also experienced much doubt and uncertainty. Give God praise when the message of Emmanuel is preached from the pulpit. In the midst of your unsurety reach out to the one who is even less fortunate than you. Revel in the fact that God does have a plan...for the whole world and for little ole' you!

Very *certainly* yours this blessed Christmas season,

Damon & Kellie