



Life Saver Ministries
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Dear Life Savers,

As those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer (I know, I'm dating myself, again) too quickly come to an end, I was hoping to let my summertime lazy, hazy, and somewhat crazy self, have a little more of a break by having another graduate of My Father's House write most of this letter. Unfortunately, the young lady I had asked to provide one didn't provide one.

Since I was allowing myself to be summertime lazy, hazy, crazy and hadn't come up with anything on my own, this left me with no material for an August letter and the calendar creeping into September.

Just when I thought I would have to abruptly crank up my brain from summer mode, My Father's House grad, Leigh Ann, and her son, Daniel, came by for a visit. We talked about Daniel's upcoming first day of fourth grade and Leigh Ann's new car. Then Leigh Ann mentioned that her entire department at work had just been eliminated, which meant she had been laid off.

I knew she loved her job, so I said, "Oh, no. That's terrible, but since you have nothing else to do now, how about writing a story about your experience at My Father's House for my newsletter." Being the lovely young woman she is, Leigh Ann agreed. Here's her story.

Hi, my name is Leigh Ann, and I am a proud graduate of My Father's House. I had my son, Daniel, when I was 15 years old, while living in Florida with my mom. Since the day I found out I was pregnant, I knew I could and would take good care of my baby, but being so young I just wasn't sure how, yet. Unfortunately, the living situation wasn't a healthy environment for me or my son, which eventually led to DCF asking me to find somewhere else to go, other than my mother's house. We moved in with Daniel's father and his family, but I quickly came to learn that it wasn't going to be any better there. My grandmother in Massachusetts offered for us to move in with her, so we put all our belongings on a Greyhound bus and hopped on an airplane. Daniel was only three months old.

Once we moved to Massachusetts, it felt as though things were finally calm enough where I could concentrate on getting my life together for Daniel. However, it didn't take long for things to take a turn for the worse. Our family was divided, family members had upcoming court cases, DCF came back into our lives, concerned for Daniel's & my safety, and I just couldn't take the stress and uncertainty anymore. Luckily, DCF told me all about My Father's House, so I went for the initial interview, and I absolutely couldn't wait to start my next chapter in an actual home.

I was sixteen and Daniel was seven months old when we moved into My Father's House, and though the rules seemed strict, I loved the structure and knew it would help us thrive. Everyone from the staff to the other residents were so loving and supportive. It instantly felt like family, and I used to joke that I'd never move out.

With My Father's House's help, I graduated with my GED, got my license, started college, learned how to cook, gained parenting skills, learned how to budget (I still do it the way they taught me to this day), and so much more. I viewed Kevin and Cathie as the mom and dad I never had and made lifelong friendships with the other moms. When I was sick, no one hesitated to lend a hand with Daniel. Kevin & Cathie attended my graduation and Daniel's baptism. The entire staff was always there to embrace us and cheer us on. If it weren't for My Father's House, there's no doubt in my mind that we would have never experienced these things, especially during such a difficult time in our lives.

Though we did move out only a year later, I wish with all my heart that we had stayed longer. In my teenage mind, I was ready, but looking back I realize there was so much more to learn from them. Luckily for me, my My Father's House friends and family have remained as attentive and dedicated to our well-being as they were from day one. Once we were on our own, I got a car, became certified as a nursing assistant, and started working right away. I'm now 25 and Daniel is 10. There's been some bumps in the road, with some highs and lows, but I'm a firm believer that because of the foundation I gained from My Father's House, I have continued to be able to advance and grow in life with Daniel by my side. I now own my own

place, work as a Sales & Marketing Operations Manager, in a company I am in love with, and plan to continue my education. Daniel is a happy, active, and healthy boy, and though it's been quite the journey, he's never had to go without or feel deprived that I was a teen mom, like so many people had warned me would or could happen.

I had an ache for a home that lived in me my entire life, and I found it with My Father's House. It was where I found light when everything else had gone dark. There's a special place in my heart, where My Father's House will forever remain, and I know so many other teen moms and children feel the same. The staff are role models that teach us to be compassionate and honorable while making a remarkable difference in our lives. I am so thankful for what Daniel and I have been able to accomplish as a family, because we got to experience what a real family is all about through each and every one at My Father's House.

Don't worry about Leigh Ann's being laid off. Her company just hired her back with a better position, the Sales & Marketing Operations Manager position she mentioned in her story.

When I finished the One Man Walk-A-Thon last year, I said I wouldn't do it again. I had beaten myself up pretty good. As I said in the video at www.onemanwalkathon.com, I'm an old man with flat feet and bad knees. My flat feet were bloody and blistered. My bad knees and leg muscles ached. I was exhausted. I did reach both of my goals, though. I finished the 100 miles and raised over \$10,000 for My Father's House.

Donations over the summer always fall far short of expenses. This year was no exception. In fact, this year was worse than most. Expenses over the summer exceeded donations by \$31,738. Even with the grant we received from the Cummings Foundation, we have a deficit of \$25,463 for 2017.

In an effort to make up some of that deficit, I am going to attempt the One-Man-Walkathon again. I'm asking you to go to www.onemanwalkathon.com and make a pledge, either per mile or a total amount, to help me meet my goal. Please make your pledge be above and beyond any gift you would ordinarily give.

With your help, we can continue to impact the lives of young families like Leigh Ann and Daniel.



In His service,

Kevin
Kevin Coffey