

## “Kaylee’s Korner”

We’ve finally moved into our house in Corcuín! Despite spending our last two weeks in Guatemala for language school, it feels good to have a place of our own. But, no house can become a home until it becomes full of stories and experiences. So, here is mine:

Our house has a backyard that is surrounded by an eight-foot high wall. Also, every door that leads to the outside does not have an outdoor door handle, so someone would need a key to open the door, even if the door is unlocked.

My parents had left to run some errands in Santa Rosa de Copan and would not be back until 9:30 p.m. It was about 4 and I was in my room doing homework when the power shut off. Taking that as my cue to take a quick break, I stepped into the backyard. After a minute or two the wind picked up and slammed the door to the house shut. I didn’t have my phone, and I was barefoot. I was not locked outside of my house and inside of my backyard.

Before I completely fell into hysterics, I did my best to survey my surroundings. Direct re-entry into the house was impossible, however I remembered hearing that Tito had a key to our house because he was helping us fix it up. Getting to Tito became my primary objective.

There was a rickety old ladder leftover from the workmen. I could use the ladder to climb up the wall and jump to the street below. The only problem was that street-facing part of our wall was lined with barbed wire. So, I had to climb on top of the wall, climb on to our neighbor’s wall, and jump to the street from there.

As I was on the wall, waiting for the “coast to be clear” I had to very distinct thoughts: (1) Well, God, this is certainly quite the predicament that I’ve gotten myself into and (2) Mom is going to have to write about this in the newsletter.

After about 30 minutes of waiting on the wall, I jumped and scared a flock of chickens. I quickly picked myself up and set out on the cobblestone streets to Tito and Irma’s house. After a wrong turn and a conversation with an old man who was concerned about my lack of shoes, I made it to Tito’s house.

Tito didn’t have the key. I felt defeated. However, it was Tito’s turn to have an idea. He took an empty 2L soda bottle and cut out a piece of its side. We walked back to my front door where he began doing some kind of credit-card-lock-opening-action that I thought only worked in Hollywood. Since I had not dead-bolted the front door, the door opened and I was back in my house.

I now never go into the backyard without using a nifty little device called a “door-stop.”

God bless,

Kaylee