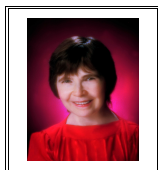


# My Summer Journal: The Rescue

*How a young teen comes to accept  
herself for who she is.*

By Carolyn R. Scheidies

# C<sub>R</sub> Publications



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*Carolyn R. Scheidies'* credits include over two-dozen books for both kids and adults—several of which have garnered awards. She has also contributed to several non-fiction books. A graduate of UNK with a degree in journalism, she's written for a variety of publications, and has a regular column in the Kearney Hub. Scheidies also speaks to different groups on a variety of topics and guest lectures at UNK.

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## DEDICATION

To my wonderful in-laws: the Scheidies' clan,  
I dedicate this book.

This was written on a reunion with my husband's family and in the location mentioned in this book. Many of the incidents actually happened like the rescue and the storm.

My daughter insisted I buy something for myself, so I bought a small spiral notebook with a black cover and four sections of different colored lined paper.

On the way back to the resort, this story began to take shape. Borrowing (and revising) from my wonderful family certain incidents, I began to “see” the story take shape through the eyes of a young woman about to blossom into full teenager-hood.

That time of life is so fraught with confusion and frustration—about everything. How different we see things when we're young, and yet a solid foundation of faith and family makes all the difference.

Thank you for the “Scheidies” foundations.

## Special Thanks

To my daughter Cassandra Scheidies  
Thank you for reading the manuscript and  
providing insight that made  
MY SUMMER JOURNAL: THE RESCUE  
a much better story.

To my son Christopher Scheidies  
Thank you for your excellence in designing a  
wonderful cover that is so much more than  
I ever imagined.

## Characters

Kari Ann 12

Dad--Bill & Mom Henderson

From Kearney, NE

Brother Travis & wife Jacki, Daniel--3

From Grand Island, NE

Aunt and uncles

1. Amy—shutterbug & Chuck

From Hastings, NE

Michael and Tammy, Chad 21—arrives late

2. Kitty—tall & Will—tease

From Colorado

Shawna—20, Sherri—17

3. Karen—huggy & Ed—her husband

From Lincoln, NE

Judi-20—Not so bad

Joel—18—looks like Judi (HS grad)

Jesse—6—smart

4. Gramma & Grampa Henderson



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Intro: **1** **2**

I hate being twelve—not a kid, not an adult.  
No one listens. I feel useless, confused and angry.  
Yup, I really hate twelve.



## Day 1: Vacation Begins. Ugh!!!



I don't want to go. And don't want to be in this car traveling to western Nebraska, to a resort by a lake depleted by drought, just to be with relatives who don't even like me.

Okay, so Mom said that wasn't quite fair. "Kari Ann Henderson. Your aunts and uncles love you."

She has a point. I do love my aunts and uncles. And I think they kind of like me too. At least, they tolerate this twelve-year-old. Sometimes though, I feel so old. Why don't my parents stop treating me like some child? I mean, Aunt Kitty always treats me like I'm an intelligent human being, though Uncle Will is a big tease who sometimes makes me mad.

Then again, most of my uncles like to tease us kids. My aunts are more accepting of the fact that we cousins are growing up. I mean, cousin Michael married Tammy just eight months ago,

before he got shipped off for military duty. I wish he was coming to the family reunion.

Tammy is so pretty and kind, but she won't be at the reunion either 'cause she's expecting. Michael's folks Aunt Amy and Uncle Chuck will be there. Even my very busy brother Travis and his gorgeous wife, my sister-in-law and friend, Jacki will be coming. I haven't seen them in two months and bet little Daniel has really grown.

I love my three-year-old precocious (Yes, I do know big words Mrs. James—English teacher who gave me a “C” in class last semester!) nephew. Daniel loves his Aunt Kari and I love his great big hugs. But, I know what's going to happen on this trip. I'll be stuck baby-sitting ALL the time while Travis and Jacki boat and swim and hang out.

Not that it matters, I guess. Most of my cousins think they're too old and too good for me anyway. Never could see how such nice people like Aunt Kitty and Uncle Will could raise such snobs like Shawna, and Sherri with their perfect model figures. I'm surprised the girls wanted to attend the reunion.

Sheesh! I sound rather catty, don't I? Guess I'm not seeing anything in all that good of a light

right now. But if they had to come, no wonder I had no chance of getting out of attending. Enough of this!

Whew! It is hot. “Thank you, Lord, for air conditioning.”

We’re traveling west on Interstate 80 through nothing. Good old flat Nebraska, with not much of anything breaking up the scenery except a few scraggly trees, lots and lots of cows and field upon field of corn.

I could be heading out with my best friend Jessica and her family to the Mall of America for a week of delicious shopping. Hey! I may not admit it, but I was even looking forward to The Park at MOA™, the largest indoor family amusement park in the nation.

But no! The DAD looked down on me from every inch of his 6’ 6” with a frown. “This is family, and you’re going with us.” When my usually laid-back dad speaks like that there’s no hope. I’ve tried. Sometimes my mom can soften him up. She’s petite but mighty. She is often the voice of reason—when we’re not fighting about how short my skirt is or something. I mean, I don’t want to be indecent or anything. But Please! I refuse to be done up like some kind of a nun.

I won't even go into the battle of my new swimsuit the morning before we left. I found a darling two-piece that sent mom right over the edge. To be honest, I'd have been too embarrassed to wear it anyway. I just didn't want mom to over-react like she did. I already decided not to get it. Too skimpy, even for me. After all, why try to show what isn't there? Mom says I'll fill out. Yeah right!

Anyway, it's not as though I can compete—or want to—with Uncle Ed and Aunt Karen's kids Judi and Joel. You'd think the blond bombshells were twins, though Joel is two years younger than Judi. Joel graduates from high school next Spring. I wonder if Judi will bring another of her sleazy boyfriends. (Maybe I'm just jealous she HAS boyfriends.)

At least Judi doesn't treat me like I don't exist. I will probably end up baby-sitting their little sister Jesse. Ticks me off sometimes. "Kari, can you do that? You will, won't you, dear?"

How can I refuse Aunt Karen? But Jesse, I admit, is rather fun. I'll bet she's smarter than her two sisters combined. Oops. There I go again being catty.

I wonder where my friend Jessica and her family are right now. Sigh! Her dad is some big executive. She has a bigger allowance to do this or that. It's embarrassing not to be able to even go out to the local hangout without saying, "Sorry already spent my allowance this week.." Jessica doesn't care, but I do. I care.

Last summer, I worked on a farm so I had some money of my own. Mom and dad did ask me to tithe 10%. That was no problem. They asked me to save 15%. That, I didn't want to do at all. But I did. They even asked me to make a list of things I wished to buy with the money. Something about learning budget setting or something. I had a course in middle school already. OK. So the money was gone by October. I needed that really *bad* jacket and to go to that concert in Lincoln.



I can see I'm making up excuses.

Umm. Things look different when I write them down. Maybe mom had a good idea when she gave me this *bad* journal and said, "It has four different colors of pages. Use it to journal each vacation day."

I'm thinking she had other reasons, sneaky reasons, for encouraging me to write. Umm. I

always did like to write. Still, I grumbled when she gave me the journal.

Sometimes I don't understand myself. My parents love me. Why do I fight them so much? I mean, I like to write and that one piece bathing suit, shorts and cover-up mom picked out really do look good on me.

*Lord, a moment here. Is there something wrong with me? I want to be that good little girl who adored her folks and worked so hard to please them. But, I also want them to see me as a grownup or growing up or something. Sometimes I feel so mixed up inside sad, hurt, angry and happy all at once.*

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Oops. I found my journal on my lap and my pen on the floor. Guess I dozed off for a while. I was up rather late last night and was up this morning to say goodbye to Jessica and her family. Her brother even winked at me. I almost died.

Then my mom and I went shopping. We bought all sorts of paper plates and snack foods. I'm stuffed in this back seat with several bags of groceries and the big cooler. At least, I can grab a juice box when I get thirsty.

How can people drive this stretch of road all the time? It would put me right to sleep. ☺ I guess it did.

Hey, I just saw a sign for that restaurant everyone talked about at the family planning meetings. Hurrah! And my stomach just let out an embarrassing rumble. Worse, Dad heard it and chuckled, “Kari Anne, it won’t be long now, and you’ll be able to eat.”

Mom said, “Do you think the others will be there when we arrive?”

I shrugged. “Weren’t they leaving lots earlier than we were?” Being in the front seat, mom and dad didn’t see me shrug. No one answered the question.

We’re turning off the interstate into Paxton. Dad doesn’t seem to be having any trouble finding this restaurant. Wait a minute. That car looks familiar. That one too. There’s one from Colorado.

Dad nodded his head. “Looks like they’re all still here.”

I wonder if they’ll be surprised to see us.

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We’re on the road again. I’m unsure how I feel about the rest of the vacation now that I’ve