

Dear Mr. Hunt,

My name is Charlene Kibbons and I am a ninth grade student who attends Liberty Christian Academy. I would just really like to thank you so much for all that you have done. You have been such a blessing, more than you will ever know. Because of your generosity and your willingness to pray and listen to God, Wright City now has a school, a haven, if you will, where even the most wounded and broken can find hope once more. You have helped to create a place that will assist in the molding of my generation for the better, to help us follow God as we should. Thank you for being so kind. I know that it means the world to so many people. Especially people, like me.

You see Mr. Hunt, I live with my Aunt and Uncle because about three years ago both of my parents died, and I had to move in with them in their house in Warrenton. So naturally I used to attend Black Hawk Middle School as well. It's not really the most friendly place to be, might I add.... For some time things seemed to be going well in my new school at Warrenton, but that's just what everyone else thought. After the death of my parents I became angry and depressed. I felt as though there was no one around for me to talk to, and even if there was, they wouldn't understand anyway. I felt empty and alone. So in attempt to fill the empty void I had inside of me, I began to use drugs. I began to act out, and when that didn't work, I began to hate myself even more and I tried to use pain to just feel something. I tried to fill the void with boyfriends. I tried to fill it with music. I tried to fill it with writing. I tried to fill it with violence. I even tried not trying anything at all. Still, it was never enough, and I soon became gothic and suicidal. My guardians saw this, and they swiftly decided to pull me out of Black Hawk and in late February of 2006, they placed me within LCA. Mr. Hunt, after about a half a year within the school that you basically created, my whole heart began to change. I saw the people around me and though strange as their faith in God was to me at the time, their behavior drew me in. I wanted to know what made these people so different, so light hearted, from those whom I had previously interacted with. The atmosphere within that school drew me in more and more everyday. Also, they say that you're only as good as the friends that you hang out with, and pretty soon, before I even really realized what was happening, I had stopped wearing black. I had stopped cussing. I had ceased my once rebellious behaviour, and I was no longer angry with the world. In fact, I began to love life for all its worth. I also started to let people into my heart once more. I let the walls around my soul all crash to the ground. Why? Because I had finally found a place where compassion and understanding thrived. I had found a place where it was okay, to find God, and I soon did indeed find myself within Him as well. Mr. Hunt, you don't even know me, but you played such a vital role in the saving of my life, in the saving of my very soul. Had you not given the old Wright City middle school building to LCA, I wouldn't be here on this earth right now. Thank you. Thank you for doing the will of God. May you someday, when you reach the gates of heaven, be greatly rewarded for all that you have done here. For surely, you deserve it all.

Sincerely,
Charlene Kibbons