

**MEA Notes**

**Comedy Night Out**

- Grab a date, roommate, suitemate, or friend and join MEA at Comedy Sportz Thursday, March 28 for a night of comedy. The event will begin at 8 p.m. and last until 10 p.m.
- Refreshments will be served
- Tickets will be on sale Monday, March 25 - Thursday, March 28 in the MEA balloon gallery
- Tickets cost: 1 person \$5  
2 people \$8
- the ticket cost includes refreshments and entertainment
- Only 100 tickets will be sold — 1st come 1st serve
- Any questions please call Kristy or Karla at #7659

**Habitat: continued from page 1**

we pulled up to the site, the big sign in front of the homes read "Pinellas County Habitat for Humanity... A Labor of Love." Dick Giebner, the head of this particular section of Habitat, led us in an encouraging prayer to help get our day under way. Truthfully, the first day was the longest one because we were trapped indoors. The rain didn't let up very much, so even our lunch break was spent inside the vans. Our work day cut off around 3 pm and we were bussed back to the church to fight over shower time! At 5 pm it was time to hop back in the van for Tampa to Meredith student's (Amy Rooks) home for a delicious home-cooked meal and strawberry shortcake for desert. We all had fun playing with Watson, the Rooks' dog, playing the piano, dancing and meeting Amy's family.

Tuesday we awoke at 6 am to get ready for a 45-minute drive to a different worksite, one in which the house that was going up was being built mainly by women. As far as I'm concerned, this was the best work day for Habitat. The sun was shining bright, not a cloud in the sky, and we worked outdoors all day long. Most students worked on putting up the first wall of one of the houses, while other students did siding for the home next door. My job along with three other students was cutting wood with the circular saw. Ooooooh, power tools. My fellow workers did a great job. For me, on the other hand, power tools were fun but quite dangerous in the hands of a lowly, uncoordinated journalist like myself! At the end of the day, the cultivated Meredith women could not resist the temptation to climb grapefruit trees nearby and pick enough grapefruits to keep us going in case the vans broke down and we were trapped inside for five years.

Tuesday night, we were invited by the Justice family to have dinner at their home. It was a great night of fellowship and we each had the opportunity to write in their journal filled with entries of many other former Habitat workers. It was a super evening and we were all grateful to the Justices' for being so generous to us while we were in town. Afterwards, we all crowded into Walgreen's Drug Store to buy all sorts of odds and ends including post cards which would

probably not make it back home until after we arrived.

On Wednesday our workday was from 6:30am until noon - an early day so that we could have one sunny afternoon free to walk along the beach or shop on the pier. Our workday consisted of painting, but more importantly pouring concrete and creating sidewalks around the houses. It was hard work, but I think we all had an awesome time putting on those big rubber boots and wading through that wet concrete. It was exciting to start working on something at the beginning of the day and see it basically completed at quitting time.

Wednesday night, we dressed up and hit the town for a night at a bayside fish restaurant, where our meals were included in our trip fee, as were all our meals. So naturally, we ordered anything from filet mignon to the spiced shrimp platter, to peanut butter pie and cheesecake for dessert.

Thursday, our last day in Florida, we spent the day putting together more walls and snapping pictures left and right. (By this time the temperature was in the mid- to upper-70's, and we all longed to stay for another week). But, as scheduled, we boarded the vans at 3 pm and left directly for home after we had packed all our belongings into the vans earlier that morning. After being on the road until midnight, we all crashed at the Day's Inn in Brunswick, Georgia for the night and awoke the next morning for an interesting breakfast at IHOP. I say interesting, because a loud and scary argument broke out in the middle of our meal, leaving us all feeling that we were part of some big screen drama. A strange way to start off on the the day that was the beginning of the end of our Meredith Christian Association trip.

After being in the van all day, we went back to our old ways of rocking the van and singing, only it was the soundtrack of *Annie* this time. We arrived back to Meredith around 4:30pm Friday and hopped in our cars for our homes after saying goodbye one another; thus, ending our Spring Break excursion. I think we all left with a great feeling of pride that over our break we had really made a difference. And as we sadly left for our homes we shouted at each other: "No more Spring Break for you! Come back in one year!"

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