

Brainstorming:

My name is Lindsay Marie Sullivan. I am 29 years old and I can't believe that someone I got old. However, I did.

I have a dog name Stinson and he is the greatest little thing that happened to me.

The story of Danae

Africa Adventures

Ecuador Travels

Script:

Part 1

Lugazi. Six years ago that was a word that I had never heard. It had no meaning or significance to me. It's probably a word you're unfamiliar with as well. Today, I know that Lugazi is not a word but it is a place. An amazing place that changed my life. I would like to share with you the story of my time and adventures in Lugazi.

Part 2

I had the opportunity of traveling to Africa to participate in development work in one of the poorest nations in the world. Uganda. The preparations for going to Africa were intense. Passports, immunizations and vaccines, malaria pills, mosquito nets, and the list goes on. Even with months of physical and mental preparations nothing could have prepared me for what I got myself into. I remember the day I arrived in Uganda so clearly. Stepping off the plane into an unknown place that was to become my home for the next few months. I was anxious and nervous but mostly excited for new experiences and adventure.

Part 3

The three hour drive to Lugazi took place in a rickety old 10 passenger van which they use as taxis. I later learned that this ride would be my most pleasant experience in a Ugandan taxi as it was not filled to almost double capacity. No strangers were trying to sit on my lap in order to make room for more people, and chickens and goats were not roaming near my feet as I quickly learned was common. As we drove through small villages and over rolling hills my love for this country began. The poverty was apparent immediately but I also immediately saw simplicity and beauty.

Part 4 (Remove)

The moment I arrived in Lugazi the adventures began. Some would call them adventures others would say they were shenanigans. Crazy shenanigans. Upon arrival I learned that my luggage did not arrive with me. The result of my detailed planning and careful packing resulted in the London airport having fabulously packed bags sitting in their terminal. I spent the next week and a half in a new and unknown third-world country, luggage-less. I borrowed clothes, hygiene items, and anything I could from the other volunteers I was traveling with. The outfit combinations I ended up with were highly entertaining. When my

luggage finally arrived intact I did several happy dances! I had a new gratitude and appreciation for underwear and toothbrushes.

Part 5

The moment I arrived in Lugazi the adventures began. Some would call them adventures others would say they were shenanigans. Crazy shenanigans. The next few weeks flew by quickly. I immediately started working with teachers at the local primary schools. Together with other American volunteers we provided teacher trainings and modeled lessons. We worked with the teachers on lesson planning, student engagement activities, and how to deliver instruction without materials. The teachers were willing to learn and full of gratitude for any help we offered. It was wonderful getting to sit alongside the children as they learned, playing with them at recess, singing songs, and getting to know their culture. The weeks were busy and full of hard yet rewarding work but the weekends were for my travels and adventures.

Part 6

I wanted to see everything, meet everyone, and try every experience I could. One experience I will never forget is visiting one of the Seven Wonders of the World. I was able to go on an African Safari to the Serengeti and Gora Gora crater. On the first day of the safari I watched as a lioness with five baby cubs hunted and killed a warthog next to our safari jeep. The hyenas quickly came and the lioness had to protect her kill and the baby cubs. It was like the animal channel jumped out of the television screen and into my life. It was CRAZY! We traveled the Serengeti by jeep searching for The Big 5 game animals which are African elephants, lion, cape buffalo, leopard, and rhinoceros. We were successful in our quest before moving on to the Gora Gora Crater. The Ngoragora Crater used to be a volcano that would erupt from the sides instead of the top. Over time, all the pressure from the lava coming out the sides caused it to collapse. It is now a huge crater that has plenty of grasslands and water. The lake down in the crater is surrounded by thousand of animals. The lake is covered with flamingos and so from afar it appears pink. As you get close you see zebra, gazelle, water buffalo, rhino, birds all in one location feeding on grass and water. As we drove out of the crater I was able to look out over the entire land and it was indescribable.

Part 7

The adventures didn't stop there. I experienced the Tanzanian dessert and got to meet nomadic Messai villagers. I sat in their homes and watched their tribal ceremonies. I bungee jumped 145 feet into the Nile River, several times. Visited refugees from Sudan, Rwanda, and the Congo who have permanently settled in refugee camps in Gulu, Uganda. I rafted class five rapids in the Nile river and had a near death experience in the water. After nearly drowning I brought home a scar souvenir and a nice Africa infection. Rode a camel! Watch out, those fellas really do spit! I hiked the Ugandan mountains to waterfalls and remote villages. I played in the streets with the street children and held hands with the orphaned children as they followed me from place to place throughout town.

Part 8

The months passed quickly and soon it was time to return home to America. Pulling away from the gates of our home was heartbreaking as the African family I had lived with waved

goodbye and the street children chased our bus for several blocks yelling for us to stay. I was excited to leave behind my orange stained feet from the dirt, washing my cloths with a bar of soap, and bland food. Mostly though, I was just going to miss this place and these people I had growth so found of.

Part 9

The experiences I had there were unbelievable and I will never forget them. The people of Lugazi had very little earthly possessions and many lived every day in fear for the lives of their children and themselves due to starvation, disease, or war. The struggle to survive is seen in the faces of the elderly all the way through to the children. Getting to know the struggles of these people and their beautiful culture humbled me. It increased my gratitude for the luxuries and blessings I often take advantage of. That is why the word Lugazi changed for me. Now when I see or hear that word I smile because for me Lugazi now means love.

Storyboard:

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