

# The Summer That Shifted Me

The first day I came into oppenheimer hall, where louisville social workers install hope  
inside the shadows where systems fall.

I came in with dreams sealed tight in my chest,  
plans printed clean, ambitions dressed, I had no intention of starting over on my sketch.  
I didn't want to be in an office, I feared my spark would be traded in for a paycheck.

My soul for a dress code  
My passion for routine  
My voice for a computer console  
I feared the machine.

You know, the one that feeds you task lists instead of meaning, performance reviews  
instead of a purpose,  
a 30-minute lunch instead of a life.  
I didn't want that to be mine.

So I planned to watch, take notes, hold my breath. Now that I think about it I never really  
planned to exhale.

But the stories leaked through my skin,  
and something cracked open deep within. Kent School was different.  
I saw another rhythm.

A heartbeat that didn't beep with deadlines  
but pulsed with compassion.

At Kent School, people don't just work  
They serve.  
They listened.  
They saw.

I saw how alive social work was  
I learned meaningful work dose not silence you  
It invites you  
It ask for your insight  
Expands your creative mind.

And for a moment,  
the gears of capitalism went quiet.

I stopped and listened, and I learned that not all jobs are fish nets dressed as careers.  
Some are homes, bridges  
Stepping stones

Some remind you to set intention.

I allowed myself to inhale then I saw a place for structure, soul, and friendship.

Somewhere between those stubborn breaths  
I saw a future I didn't expect, but one that finally makes sense.