

Ethan and Oliver Adventures

Great Alabama Road Trip



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Jennifer Zelt

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Dedication

To my children—Sydni, Ethan, and Oliver.

Sydni, you have weathered every season of my Navy journey with strength far beyond your years. This life—full of deployments and distance...ups and downs—is all you have ever known. As you continue into adulthood and look back on the moments I missed, please know how deeply I thank you for your resilience and grace.

To the families who read this book—may it remind us all not to take for granted the fleeting, sacred time we have with our children.

And to Ethan and Oliver—

Momma is home now. Let our adventure begin.

You are {all} fearfully and wonderfully made.

— *Psalm 139:14*

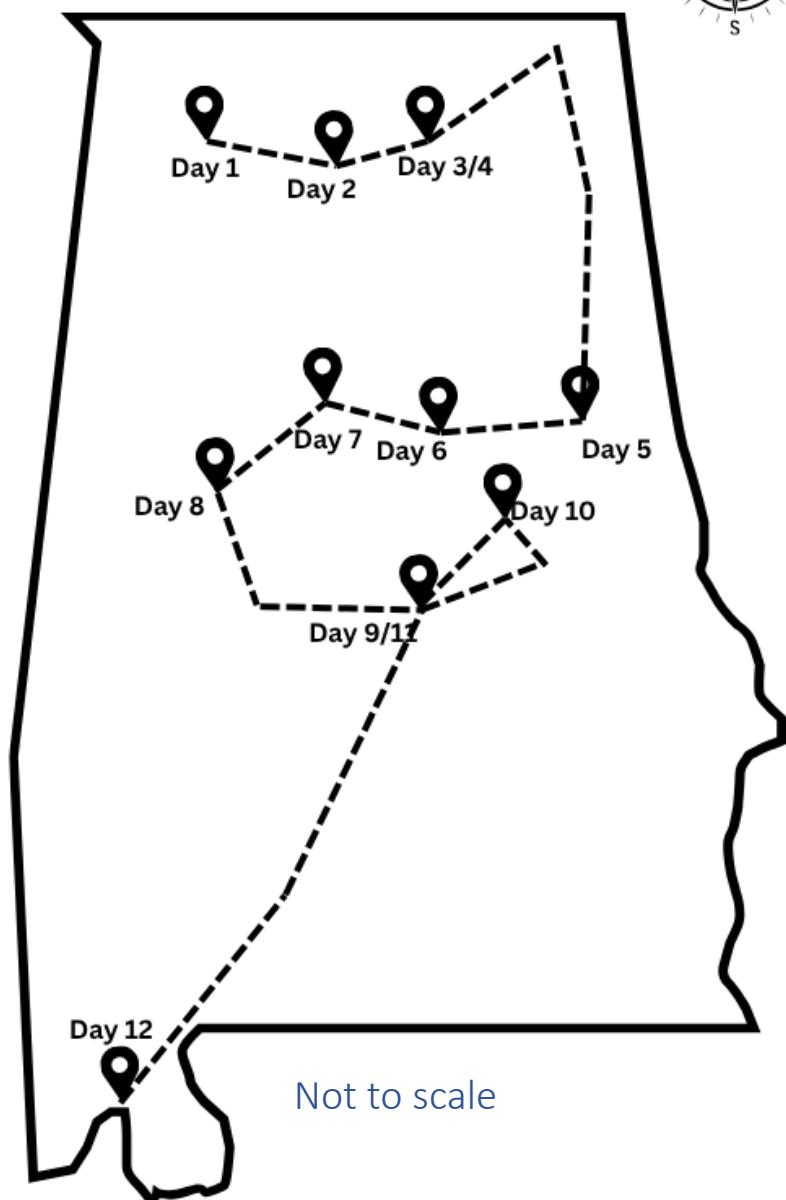
Let's plant some seeds.

The Road Ahead

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The Grand Finale: From the Deep Sea to the Deck of a Battleship.....

Follow Along



Meet the Adventurers

Ethan – Big brother. Thoughtful and curious. He is always asking big questions, sketching what he sees, and writing down the things he does not want to forget.

Oliver – Little brother. Wild and joyful. A question machine with endless energy, a big imagination, and a talent for turning anything into an adventure—especially if it involves climbing, splashing, or laughing too loud.

Mom – Retired Navy officer and the family’s planner-in-chief. Once responsible for navigating ship movements across oceans, now she maps out each day’s journey with purpose and care—connecting history, faith, and discovery.

Dad – Faith-filled storyteller, inventor, and history guru; and, a deeply involved member at their church. He manages everything from finances to facilities, and he can do it all remotely—so whether he is solving a budget problem or dreaming up his next big idea, he is always ready for adventure.

The Journey – A homeschooled family on a mission to explore and experience all 50 states, one unforgettable road trip at a time—learning about God, the country, and themselves along the way.

Our Adventure Rhythm

The E & O PBED Process

Before every mission, the Navy follows a method called PBED:

****Plan. Brief. Execute. Debrief. ****

Since Mom served in the Navy, she taught us about something called a Battle Rhythm—a routine that helps teams stay on track, anticipate next steps, ask questions, and work together.

For big missions, Navy teams use PBED to prepare and improve every time. But for daily life on a ship, they follow something called the POD—the Plan of the Day. It is like a schedule that tells everyone what is happening:

“Inspection at 0800. Training at 1100. Tacos for dinner.”

So...

- PBED is for the big picture.
- POD is for the day-to-day.
- And both help everything run smoothly.

For our family adventures, we made our own fun version of all this:

Our Adventure Rhythm!

It helps us stay prepared, stay curious, and soak up every moment. Now it is just how we do adventure—and you can too.

****P – PLAN****

Pre-Trip Detective Work

Before we leave home, we study the state. We look at maps, read about its history, learn the symbols, and get excited for what is ahead. We imagine what we will see—and we always pin it on the map.

— “The more we know before we go, the more we (k)no(w)tice along the way.” —

****B – BRIEF****

Backseat Briefings

Right before we arrive at a stop, Mom or Dad gives us a mini mission briefing:

- What happened here?
- What should we look for?
- What questions do we have?

(And yes—there are always snacks.)

****E – EXECUTE****

Explore Mode: Activated

This is the best part—seeing it for ourselves. We climb, paddle, walk, ask, wonder, and try new things. Sometimes we get messy. Sometimes we get muddy.

But we always learn something new.

****D – DEBRIEF****

Notebooking Our Day

Each evening, we pull out our notebooks. We write, draw, ask big questions, and remember what we saw. Sometimes we talk about history. Sometimes we talk about God. Sometimes we just talk about alligators.

PBED turns our road trips into adventures—and our memories into lessons that stick.

How This Book Works

Ethan & Oliver Adventures follows a rhythm — just like the family does on their real-life road trips. Every book starts with a sense of purpose and a plan, and unfolds one meaningful day at a time.

Here is how to follow the adventure:

Prologue: The Map

Before every journey begins, Ethan and Oliver stand before the giant wall map at home — tracing the route, praying over what is ahead, and wondering what they will learn along the way. Our *Planning* piece.

Departure Morning

Each trip kicks off with a send-off from San Diego. It may feel like they’ve time-traveled, but do not worry — the story picks up right at the state line, ready for the first real adventure.

Daily Chapters (Days 1–13)

Each chapter takes place over the course of a day in that state. You will explore real locations, learn fun facts, and follow the boys through hikes, museums, mishaps, and moments of discovery. Our *Briefing* piece.

“After a full day of...”

When you see this phrase, the day is ending. This is the notebooking reflection time — a quiet moment where the family slows down, prays together, and talks about what they learned. You will notice a soft notebook background on the page to help you settle into this peaceful rhythm too. *This is our Debrief — yes, we know it is “out of order,” but it works!*

Stop & Explore Missions

After each chapter, you will find a hands-on “Stop & Explore” mission. These simple activities are designed to help you follow along from home — no matter where you are. Each one connects to something Ethan and Oliver experienced that day, so you can get

creative, curious, and reflective right from your living room, backyard, or homeschool table. *This is your Execute piece.*

These missions are optional, but highly encouraged. After all, you are part of the adventure too!

Prologue

The Map on the Wall

In the corner of a hallway back home in San Diego, a giant map of the United States hung on the wall. Tiny pins marked the places they had already been.

Ethan stared at it one last time before they left.

“Alabama,” he whispered, pressing a fresh pin into the map.

“We’re coming for you.”

That was four days ago.

Now? He was wide awake, staring out of the window in the back seat of their truck waiting to see the welcome sign: “Welcome to Sweet Home Alabama”



The morning of Ethan and Oliver's Great Alabama Road Trip

California to Alabama

“Rise and shine, my loves!” Mom called, flinging open the curtains and flooding the room with golden morning light.

Ethan shot up in bed, wide-eyed. “It’s road trip day!” he exclaimed, already scrambling to his feet.

Oliver groaned from under his blanket. “Too early...”

“It sure is,” Dad said with a grin. “So, let us get moving. Adventure waits for no one!”

“But first—coffee,” Ethan declared dramatically as he rolled out of bed, making Oliver giggle.

In the kitchen, Dad made the boys’ coffee by stirring local honey into hot water while the boys devoured breakfast. The scent of toast and eggs filled the air. After one final stop at the head (that’s military talk for toilet, in case you did not know!), they loaded up the truck with a whole lot of excitement.

Ethan and Oliver climbed into the back seat, buzzing with energy.

“Are we there yet?” Ethan joked, already grinning.

Mom laughed as she glanced back at them. “We just pulled out of the driveway, silly.”

The truck pulled out of their San Diego driveway days ago; packed with snacks, books, road games, and two very excited boys.

They had crossed deserts and mountains, passed through states they had only glimpsed from the window, and now... they were finally nearing the one they had been waiting for.

Oliver leaned forward, spotting the colorful Alabama road map tucked into the dashboard pocket. “Look, Ethan! We are finally here—we are going to see so many places!”

Dad handed the big road atlas back to the boys. “Alright, since Alabama is our adventure state this time, every stop we make—highlight it. One day, we will have the whole country filled in.”

Ethan took charge. “Since I’m the oldest, I get to highlight first!”

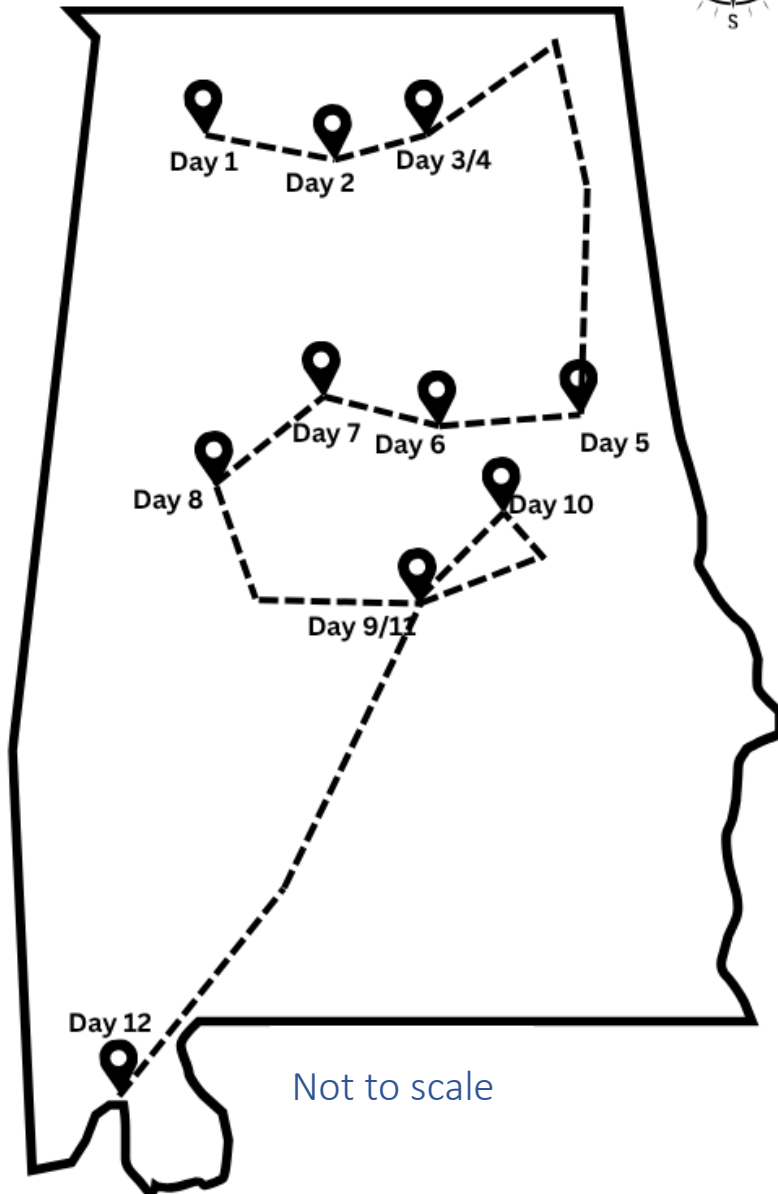
Oliver crossed his arms and grinned. “Fine, but I get the next one!”

As the highway wound through tall pines and the sun dipped low in the sky, Mom gazed out the window at the familiar Alabama landscape. The place where she had made her first memories. Her first home.

“Alabama,” she whispered, “truly home sweet home.”

The truck rolled on, filled with Lynard Skinnard’s song, *Sweet home Alabama* and snacks and stories waiting to be told. And with the welcome sign just ahead, the real adventure was about to begin.

Follow Along



Day 1: The Music Begins

Ethan and Oliver sat in the back seat, eagerly studying the map and trying to predict what they would see first. Mom smiled from the front seat, turning to them as she began to sing, “L is for the way you look at me, O is for the only one I see...”

“We're getting closer! Do you know what we will see when we get to Florence?” Dad asked, his eyes twinkling with excitement.

“No! Tell us, please!” Oliver bounced in his seat; his curiosity piqued.

“Well, Florence is home to the Alabama Music Hall of Fame!” Dad chimed in. “There, we’ll learn about all the incredible musicians from Alabama!”

“Like who?” Ethan asked, leaning forward.

“Like Nat King Cole—whose famous song Mom was singing earlier—Lionel Richie, and even the Muscle Shoals Sound Studio,” Dad replied. “They’ve made history with some of the best music ever!”

The truck ride felt short with so much to talk about. Soon enough, they arrived in Florence. The town was charming, with colorful murals painted on the buildings and friendly faces walking along the streets. As they stepped out of the truck, the fresh air filled their lungs, and Ethan could hear a soft melody drifting from a nearby coffee shop.

Inside the Alabama Music Hall of Fame, they were surrounded by history. Old guitars, fancy and glittered stage costumes, and awards were on display. The boys' eyes widened with wonder. Ethan was fascinated by the pianos on display while Oliver could not get enough of the guitars.

“That’s crazy—so many famous musicians came from Alabama,” Ethan said, impressed.

Ethan pressed his fingers lightly on the piano keys, letting a soft note ring out. Just above the piano, a framed black-and-white photo of Nat King Cole hung on the wall. He was sitting at a grand piano, smiling mid-song, his hands frozen over the keys like he was still playing.

Ethan stared at the picture for a moment. There was something calm and confident in Nat's face—like he was not just playing notes, he was telling a story without saying a word.

He remembered something Dad had told him once on a quiet morning at home. When Dad was a kid, he took classical piano lessons but quit after a few years because, as he said, "I just wasn't *feeling* it." Now, as a grown-up, Dad said sometimes he wished he had stuck with it—because music was not just about hitting the right notes. It was about *feeling* them.

Ethan touched the keys again, slower this time.

Looking up at Nat King Cole's picture, he finally understood what Dad meant.

"It wasn't just the music," Ethan whispered. "It was the *feeling* behind it."

He wondered if he could ever play like that—where people did not just listen but felt something too. Maybe if he kept practicing the piano, one day he could.

At the front desk, a cheerful museum guide handed the boys a clipboard and two pencils.

"This is our special scavenger hunt and trivia challenge," she said. "We usually give these to students in fourth through sixth grade. You two look like the perfect team!"

Ethan grinned. "We are brothers. We've got this."

Oliver gave him a look. "Let's see who really knows their music."

Each section of the museum had its own set of multiple-choice trivia questions printed neatly on the clipboard.

The instructions were clear: *Work as a team. Read carefully. No skipping ahead until you finish the section, you are in.*

The boys huddled together, reading each question out loud and hunting for clues in the exhibits. They had to read plaques, look closely at instruments and costumes, and listen to audio recordings to find the right answers.

"This one says, 'Which Alabama musician was part of the Commodores?'" Ethan whispered.

Oliver's face lit up. "Lionel Richie! We heard Dad say that earlier!"

The scavenger hunt was not just fun—it challenged them to slow down and pay attention. They talked through each question, debated answers, and cheered each other on when they got one right. It was like a game, but they were learning without even realizing it.

As they made their way through the museum, sibling rivalry still bubbled up.

“I bet I can name more musicians than you can!” Ethan said, nudging Oliver.

“Oh yeah? I can name all their songs too!” Oliver shot back with a grin.

The museum also had hands-on exhibits, where the boys got to try out different instruments.

Oliver picked up a small guitar and strummed a dramatic chord. “I think I just wrote my first hit!” he joked.

Ethan slid onto a piano bench again and played a short melody he had been working on at home.

After answering the final trivia question and completing every section, they returned the clipboard to the front desk. “You boys did great!” the guide said. “Here’s your prize—Alabama Music Hall of Fame stickers and a mini harmonica to take home!”

Ethan and Oliver high-fived.

“Let’s write a song when we get back,” Oliver said.

“Deal,” Ethan replied. “Let’s make it good enough to get *our* picture on this wall someday.”

Next, they drove to Tuscumbia to visit Ivy Green, the birthplace of Helen Keller. Having read about her in books at home, Ethan and Oliver were excited to see where the “miracle” had happened—but for other visitors, it might have been their first time hearing Helen’s story.

As they stepped through the gate and into the yard, Mom knelt beside the boys. “Do you remember why Helen Keller is so special?” she asked.

“She was blind and deaf.” Ethan answered.

“But she still learned how to read and write,” Oliver added. “And talk!”

Mom nodded. “That is right. When Helen was a baby, she got really sick and lost both her sight and hearing. For years, she could not talk to anyone. Can you imagine how scary and frustrating that must have felt?”

The boys shook their heads slowly.

“But then, a teacher named Anne Sullivan came to help,” Mom continued. “Anne didn’t give up on her—not even when Helen threw tantrums or refused to listen. She taught Helen to feel words with her hands. And one day, right here at the water pump, it finally

clicked. Helen understood that the word Anne was spelling—W-A-T-E-R—was what she was feeling from the pump.”

As they walked through the house, the boys looked at the original furnishings and many of Helen’s personal items. The guide showed them the famous water pump, just like in the stories, and shared more about Helen’s life—how she learned to read French, German, Greek, and Latin in Braille, and how she wrote 11 books and traveled the world speaking up for people with disabilities.

“She was the first blind and deaf person to graduate from college,” Mom added proudly. “And she didn’t stop there. She helped change how people with disabilities were treated all over the world.”

“Can you believe she learned over 600 words in just six months?” Oliver whispered to Ethan in awe.

Ethan looked at the old water pump again, imagining Helen’s hands under the cool rush of water, her fingers spelling the word that changed her world.

Since it was October—and the Renaissance fair only comes to Alabama in October—Mom and Dad surprised the boys with a visit to the annual celebration just outside of town. “They only set it up a few weekends a year,” Mom said as they walked toward the entrance, “so we’re lucky we’re here at the right time!”

Inside the fairgrounds, it was like stepping into another world. There were knights in shining armor, jesters juggling apples, and rows of colorful craft booths where artisans carved wood, painted pottery, and wove flower crowns by hand.

Ethan tried his hand at archery, squinting one eye as he carefully aimed at the straw target. Just as he was about to release the arrow, Oliver jumped into a dramatic pose near the edge of the target area.

“Watch out! I’m the next Robin Hood!” he shouted.

Ethan burst into laughter and lowered his bow.

“Oliver!”

“What?” Oliver shrugged, grinning. “I made it more fun!”

Not far from the archery booth, the clang of metal drew Oliver’s attention. A blacksmith stood beside a roaring forge, hammering glowing iron into a horseshoe. Oliver stood frozen eyes wide, mesmerized, watching every swing of the hammer.

“Can we try that someday?” he asked Dad?

“Maybe when you're a little older,” Dad chuckled.

Later, the family wandered over to a lively corner of the fair where a crowd had gathered around a small arena.

“What’s going on here?” Ethan asked.

“It’s rat puck!” a girl in costume shouted. “You’ve never seen it?”

Rat puck, they learned, was kind of like hockey—except instead of a puck, they used a stuffed toy rat, and instead of a rink, it was a grassy field with hay bale goals. Players in tunics and knee-high boots whacked the stuffed rat with wooden mallets, cheering and laughing as they tried to score. It was silly, fast, and oddly intense.

“I bet I’d win if we played against each other,” Ethan said, nudging Oliver, a mischievous grin on his face.

“Oh please, I’d score in the first five seconds,” Oliver shot back.

“Boys, boys,” Mom said with a laugh, “let’s leave the rat pucking to the professionals...Dad and I would win anyway!”

From there, they meandered down Bakers’ Lane, where the scent of roasting meats, spiced pies, and honey-glazed treats filled the air. Musicians played lutes and fiddles as families lined up for food.

With wooden tankards in hand—filled to the brim with cold, frothy root beer—the boys sampled the finest fare the village had to offer: warm meat pies, cinnamon-dusted apples, and chewy honey cakes. Each bite felt like a feast fit for lords and ladies.

“Oliver the Brave declares these honey cakes *victorious*,” Oliver said with a dramatic bow, sticky crumbs on his chin.

Ethan raised his root beer. “And I, Sir Ethan of San Diego, proclaim honey cakes every night for dessert!”

“Whoa, let’s hold off on nightly sugar rushes during the road trip,” Mom laughed. “But we *can* make our own honey cakes when we get back to San Diego, Sir Ethan. Something even a young knight could bake.”

“Deal!” Ethan said.

“I could live here,” Oliver added between sips of root beer.

“Only if you promise not to yell ‘Robin Hood’ every time I try to aim something,” Ethan replied, laughing.

To wind down (while still burning off some energy) after the fair, the family drove to Joe Wheeler State Park for a peaceful paddleboarding adventure. The drive felt like stepping into a quieter world—golden leaves rustled in the trees, and the late afternoon sun sparkled through the branches as it dipped lower in the sky.

At the edge of Wheeler Lake, part of the wide and winding Tennessee River, Mom and Dad rented paddleboards and life jackets from Fort Hampton Outfitters and took a shuttle to Sandy Beach at Joe Wheeler State Park. While the boards were being unloaded, the boys slipped off their shoes and stepped into the cool sand. Soon, the whole family was gliding out onto the water. The plan was to paddle from the beach to the lodge at Joe Wheeler State Park, following a gentle curve of the river along the wooded shoreline.

Everything felt still. The water was smooth and glassy, gently rippling under their boards. Bright leaves floated by like tiny boats, and tall trees in reds and golds lined the shore. A light breeze brushed their faces, and every now and then they heard the splash of a fish or the call of a bird overhead.

“Look over there,” Mom whispered, pointing to the sky. Two ospreys soared above, circling a nest high in a tree.

A little farther down, a family of deer stood at the water’s edge, drinking silently before disappearing into the woods. The boys paddled slowly, soaking it all in.

“It’s so quiet out here,” Ethan said.

Oliver nodded. “It’s like the river’s whispering.”

They kept paddling, steady and calm, the sky above fading from blue to a soft peach glow as the sun lowered. Then, as they neared the last stretch of the route, with the lodge in sight, Ethan glanced at Oliver.

Oliver looked back.

No words were needed.

Suddenly, both boys dug in with their paddles at the same time.

“Oh, it’s *on*,” Ethan said with a grin.

“I was born for this!” Oliver shouted, laughing as his board wobbled.

They raced across the final stretch, water splashing around them as they leaned forward and paddled with all their might. Their boards bumped once—lightly—and both boys burst into laughter.

“Don’t fall in!” Ethan yelled.

“If I fall in, I’m taking you with me!” Oliver shouted back, still grinning.

Their voices echoed over the Tennessee River as they crossed the finish together, still laughing.

It was the perfect end to a day filled with stories, songs, and sword fights—and now, the stillness and beauty of God’s creation, with just enough adventure to keep things exciting.

After a full day of fathoming, fun, and feasting...

The family unpacked in their cozy room at the lodge inside Joe Wheeler State Park, nestled along the quiet banks of the Tennessee River. All the rooms were lakeside, each with a balcony facing the water—perfect for watching the fall sky as it blushed with streaks of orange, pink, and lavender while the sun dipped behind the trees. It was the perfect backdrop to sit on the balcony and notebook, the pages catching the soft golden light as the boys scribbled down their favorite memories from the day.

“Alright, kiddos,” Mom said, passing out fresh and sharpened pencils. “Let’s take a few minutes to write down what we learned today. What do you think was the coolest part?”

Oliver’s hand shot up. “I loved the Alabama Music Hall of Fame! The guitars were so cool. I think I will start learning real songs on mine—not just the silly ones I make up.”

He bent over his notebook and scribbled quickly: *Today I saw Hank Williams’ boots, a piano Nat King Cole played, and so many guitars. I am going to learn how to play songs that make people feel something. Music can tell a story—even without words.*

Ethan stared at his page, his thoughts drifting back to the soft lighting around the grand piano and the black-and-white photo of Nat King Cole. “I want to learn to play a song that Nat King Cole would’ve played. What if we all have a song inside of us—one that tells a story, like his did?”

He wrote: *Music isn’t just sound—it’s emotion. Today I felt the story behind the songs. One day, I want to play a song that makes someone stop and listen the way I did.*

Dad smiled as he poked at the fire. “Sounds like we’ve got some music practice ahead of us.”

Mom turned the page in her own journal. “And what about Ivy Green? What did you learn from visiting Helen Keller’s home?”

Oliver scribbled fast: *Helen Keller learned Braille and how to speak and write—even though she was blind and deaf. I bet she would have been awesome at archery too. She’s like a superhero. I want to try harder at everything—like she did.*

Ethan nodded, writing slowly: *The water pump felt like history came to life. That moment—when she understood the word “water”—was like unlocking the whole world. Words are powerful.*

Dad nodded. “She didn’t just learn words. She used her words to change the world.”

They sat for a moment, the fire crackling, as tree frogs began to chirp, and the last light faded.

“Now, what about the Renaissance fair?” Mom prompted. “That was quite the surprise.”

Ethan smirked. “I didn’t even know what a tankard was until today. I thought it was just a cool old cup everyone was walking around with, but then Dad told me people used them for beer back in the day.” He raised his hands. “Don’t worry—mine was full of root beer!”

They all laughed.

“I liked the jester the best,” Oliver chimed in. “He didn’t care if people laughed at him—he wanted them to! He made everyone happy.”

He wrote: *The jester was my favorite. He used his jokes to make people smile. I think that’s a gift too. And the food was the BEST—especially the meat pie. And the honey cakes. So. Many. Honey. Cakes.*

Ethan added: *The sword fighting wasn’t just a show—it was skill and history. They made it feel like we stepped into another time. I think I’d be a knight, but one that tells jokes too.*

Mom nodded, her voice soft. “The Renaissance was a time when people used their gifts to create beauty, tell stories, and explore new ideas. It reminds me of one of my favorite verses.”

She flipped open her Bible and read aloud: “*Each of you should use whatever gift you have received to serve others, as faithful stewards of God’s grace in its various forms.*”
—1 Peter 4:10

She looked around the at the boys. “God gives each of us different talents. Some people make music. Some make others laugh. Some build or write or teach. What matters is how we use our gifts to bless others—and that we do it for His glory.”

Ethan nodded. “Like the musicians we learned about today. And Helen Keller. They didn’t hide their gifts—they used them. They probably didn’t even know that they were gifts.”

Oliver added, “Even the jester. He used his gift to make people smile.”

Dad leaned back, gazing up at the stars. “Exactly. And even our challenges—like Helen’s—can become gifts when we trust God to use them for something bigger.”

Mom smiled. “That’s what makes life an adventure.”

As the boys wrapped up their entries, the conversation drifted to silly ideas for songs they might write and what they’d wear on stage if they ever became famous.

Ethan swatted a mosquito off his arm. “Okay, Helen Keller might’ve been super brave, but even she would’ve hated these bugs.”

More laughter followed as the stars flickered, and the pages of their notebooks rustled in the breeze.

They were full from the feast, tired from the fun, and filled with awe from everything they had seen and learned. The day had been a mix of history, music, courage, and creation—and now, it was *written down to remember forever*.

This is the end of the first chapter. In the books, you will then come upon a QR code to scan to the Stop and Explore Missions. Below is Day 1 Stop and Explore in Alabama!

CLASSIFICATION. UNCLASSIFIED Civilian Adventure Training (Family Unit)

SUBJECT. STOP AND EXPLORE: ALABAMA DAY 1 MISSION BRIEFING

SITUATION. Today's adventures took Ethan and Oliver through the sound-soaked streets of Muscle Shoals, the hallways of the Alabama Music Hall of Fame, the peaceful waters near Joe Wheeler State Park, and even a step back in time to a Renaissance fair! You may be reading from home, but these creative missions will help you step into their shoes and make memories of your own.

MISSION. Use your imagination and teamwork to complete a series of four creative events inspired by the places Ethan and Oliver visited. Each task helps your family laugh, learn, and connect through music, movement, and memory-making.

EXECUTE. Event 1: "Boogie Like a Behemoth" Inspired by Muscle Shoals Music Magic Play a funky tune from an Alabama legend—maybe some Lionel Richie, Nat King Cole, or the Swampers jammin' in the background. Everyone invents their silliest dinosaur dance move (yes, T-Rex arms are allowed). Give your move a name like "The Stego-Stomp" or "The PteroTwirl." 29 Bonus: When the music stops, everyone freeze in their funniest pose—winner gets to roar the next beat!

Event 2: "Air Band Showdown" Inspired by the Alabama Music Hall of Fame Grab pretend instruments (hairbrush, spoon, etc.). Choose your roles and perform "L-O-V-E" by Nat King Cole as a family band. Bonus: Record a 30-second clip and vote on the coolest air musician—or try it in slow-mo!

Event 3: "River Paddle Relay" Inspired by Paddleboarding at Joe Wheeler State Park Set up a "river course" using towels or pool noodles in the yard. Each person paddles while balancing an item on their head (ball, cup, or leaf). Bonus: Race to see who finishes the fastest—just like Ethan and Oliver!

Event 4: "Water Word Challenge" Inspired by Helen Keller's breakthrough Partner up and take turns "writing" a word on each other's backs with your finger. Try to guess the word. Starter Words: LOVE, WATER, JOY 30 Bonus: After each word, talk about what it means or how you saw it today.

ADMIN AND LOGISTICS. Supplies: music player, safe open space, socks, small props (optional), your sense of humor. Mission Time: 5–10 minutes per event, or stretch it over the whole day. Location: Can be completed indoors or outdoors—no travel required.

COMMAND AND CONTROL. Debrief as a team. Which event was the most fun or surprising? What did you learn about Alabama through music, nature, or creativity?

Commanders End of Mission Remarks: "God, thank You for the joy of music, movement, and imagination. Help us use our voices, actions, and words for good."