



Mission of Love NEWS



You are not here to save the world, but to touch the hands that are in your reach.

Hurricane Relief Efforts Keep MOL Busy

Mission of Love volunteers have been busy lately helping victims of two major hurricanes.

Hurricane Georges, which slammed Puerto Rico in October, caused major havoc by knocking out power, water and other basic utilities. Food supplies were demolished and homes were destroyed. MOL volunteers organized a relief effort at Sam's Club in Youngstown where more than 23,000 pounds of food, medicine, clothes and building supplies were donated and then flown to the devastated country.

Hurricane Mitch was not far behind. Mitch slashed through Central America in late October killing thousands and crippling infrastructures in Honduras and Nicaragua.

A Cleveland disc jockey, Howie Green, at radio station 107.9 FM,

reverently asked his listeners why no one was helping the suffering people in Central America.

That's when the MOL stepped in and accepted the challenge. Howie had MOL Director Kathy Price on his morning show, and together they

spread the word that MOL would be collecting relief items. Three days later more than 126 tons of medical, food, and building supplies were collected at three sites in the Greater Cleveland Area, and at Sam's Club in Boardman. Those items were airlifted out of

Vienna, Ohio by the 910th Air Reserves and sent to Plamerola, Honduras the very next week.

This extraordinary work happened because a lot of people gave a little bit of themselves -- whether by donating items, volunteering at collection sites or driving trucks or by spreading the word about the activities to neighbors, friends and families.

A great big thank you goes out to everyone who helped make these relief efforts a success.



The 910th Air Reserves, packed 10 10x10 pallets of Hurricane Mitch relief supplies, in Vienna, Ohio.

Senator Jeremiah Denton Visits Ohio to Support Mission of Love



Senator Jeremiah Denton takes time to sign his book "When Hell Was In Session" for Denton (who was named after the Senator) & Katie Coyne at the fundraiser in August at Massimo da Milano's.

An American hero was in town over the summer to support the Mission of Love.

Rear Admiral Jeremiah Denton, a Vietnam Veteran, Prisoner of War, former Alabama Senator and founder of the Denton Program, spent three busy days in the Cleveland area in August helping MOL volunteers raise funds for future work trips and relief efforts.

The festivities started with a benefit dinner at Massimo da Milano's where he spoke

about his seven year experience as a Vietnam POW and why he started the Denton Program. Mary Jo Stetson's angelic voice graced the audience as she sang the MOL theme song, "Eyes of a Child."

The next big event was a golf outing at the Western Reserve Golf and Country Club. Following that was a hearty steak dinner at the Brooklyn Exchange Club.

Many people made these events a success. A special thank you goes to John Wright, John Swanson and Joe Cannon for all their hard work organizing these events.

Just Light One Candle

by Bob Price

Some people have good days and bad days. My wife, Kathy, has good years and bad years. Nineteen ninety was one of her bad years. It wasn't as bad as 1984, but it wasn't about to win any prizes either.

Nineteen eighty-four was the year a doctor determined that the best way to cure my wife's recurrent breast tumors was to remove both breasts and replace them with two bags of chemicals. He promised that they could not hurt her. He promised us that they would last a lifetime.

Nineteen ninety was the year that we found out that those silicone gel implants were ruining my wife's health as they were leaking poison into her system. Another doctor said that Kathy was developing an immune problem that made her prone to pick up any germ that wandered her way, so she could get really sick or maybe even die.

Nineteen ninety was also the year that I insisted that we pack up our bags and spend a week in Mexico. We arrived at Cancun International Airport on a bright afternoon, laden with suitcases, suntan lotion and two cases of bottled water. We did all the normal touristy things including visiting the romantic Isla Mujeres, the Island of Women, an island eight miles off shore from Cancun. The island is a fishing

community with cobblestone streets, open air shops and roof top restaurants. It is also a community with incredible poverty. Seeing a place where there is no medical care for even the most basic ailments helped us put our own problems into perspective.

We didn't know it then, but a visit to a gift shop on Isla Mujeres was about to change our lives. The owner of that gift shop was a lady named Judy Fernandez. She was more than a shop keeper, she was the bright flame of the first candle. Judy was trying to begin a bilingual preschool for the poorest children on the island. She had no access to the simplest things that school children might need. When Judy told us her story, she lit Kathy's candle.

Kathy was determined to help Judy in any way she could. The Mission of Love was born in that little shop on that little island that afternoon.

When Kathy and I returned home, she began to organize relief supplies to be sent to Isla Mujeres for Judy's school. Friends around town pitched in and made donations, and their candles were lit. Kathy's health was getting worse, but the thought of those little children was better to her than vitamins.

In the beginning, Kathy delivered whatever she could get her hands on, food, clothing, medical supplies, in person. She made many trips lugging as much as she could carry onto commercial airliners.

On day, a friend introduced Kathy to an Air Force Colonel who explained that the United States Air Force will fly humanitarian aid to third world countries (via the Denton Program) if there is enough to fill a cargo plane. That is all Kathy needed to hear. She started making calls to friends, and candles were lit all over the country.

That is how it started. Kathy sold her old business and dedicated herself to her new one, the Mission of Love Foundation. She found relief from her own ailments by helping others. It all began with a simple conversation between two extraordinary women who met by chance (or was it ordained?) on a small island in the Caribbean.

I would like for you to think for a moment about a single person, standing alone in a very cold, very dark place. A flame sputters, and the first candle is lit. It is still dark in this place, and it is still cold, but that one small flame is the hope that things can be better. Now imagine that another person touches their own candle to the first. Now there are two. The dark is diminished a little more. Then those two reach out to two more, and the process continues until there are multitudes of candles and the dark, cold, empty place is filled with light and warmth.

As you sit at your holiday meal with your family this year, light a candle, both on your table and in your heart. If we all do this, we can illuminate and

warm the world. We must do it together, but it all starts with a solitary flame, a single effort. It can be yours. One person can make a difference.

Tonight there are children who have clothes, medicine and education simply because one person touched another person who touched yet another person. There is a favorite Christmas Carol that begins "Let there be peace on Earth, and let it begin with me."

On behalf of the Mission of Love Foundation, Kathy and I wish you that peace. Pass it on.



Kathy went by helicopter to a Mayan community, Francisco Maya, to deliver a generator, medicines, shoes & food. Here she is with children of the community.

Feel the Love through the Eyes of the Child

by Bob Jacobs

This was my first trip with the Mission of Love so I did not really know what to expect, but with Kathy Price in the lead, 24 experienced and inexperienced workers set out to Isla Mujeres to help build a school and clinic for the cerebral palsy children.

Our work details were split into different projects. Some went back to the mainland to finish painting and fixing a medical clinic while we on the island started helping the Mayan workers to complete the existing building, a functional school and clinic for the children.

Our initial contact with the gracious people from the poorest neighborhood was one I will not forget. Kathy had procured half a dozen wheel chairs for the children who were afflicted with varying degrees of cerebral palsy. The gratitude and smiles on the faces of the families and the children brought out some real strong emotions from all those who made the trip. I felt like we just freed these children and their families from a very restrictive burden. We obviously did not cure them but gave them a new spirit and a new freedom. The eyes say a million words, and their eyes of thanks and

love I will never forget.

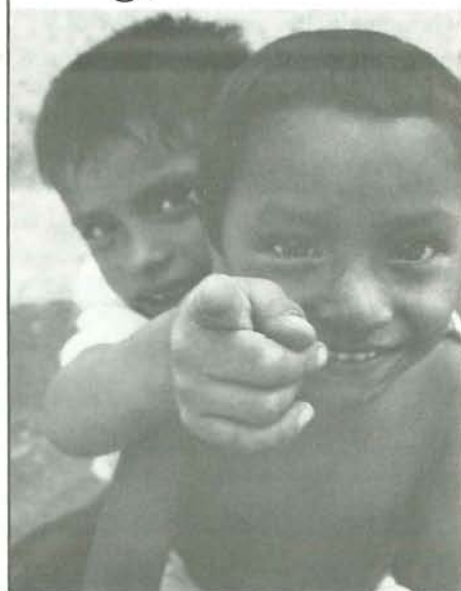
The week continued with a roof, a filled in floor, some electrical wiring, construction of 6 picnic tables, a lot of painting and the building of 14 wood and glass windows from scratch. Five of these windows were installed on the last day to finish off the one building. A great sense of pride was shared between the Mayan workers and our selves for a job well done. Kathy let us know recently that the school and clinic opened September 1.

We had the opportunity to attend a rare occurrence on the island. Kathy Price was given the official key to the city in recognition of her very generous work for the children. The honor has only been given one other time, and it was an honor for us all to be a part of it.

The week was one of the best and hardest that I have had. I hope to do it again and would encourage others to feel the satisfaction of the giving, and feel the love through the eyes of the children.



This little girl, who is surrounded by her mother, the mayor and friends, just received her walker from MOL.



Looking for a fun way to spend a Saturday afternoon? How about coming to a "sorting party" at the Ravenna Arsenal. Each Saturday volunteers meet between 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. to sort items that will eventually be loaded and shipped to countries in need. If you're interested in joining in the fun, call John Wright at (216) 939-8601.



A Faith Story

By Jeff Housel and Tom Cowie

As we look back on our mission trip to Guatemala, it's hard to believe that after just a few months some of the memories have started to fade a bit, but some of them will never fade away.

First we remember the long trip to Guatemala, the flight was about 7 hours to Guatemala City and then a 7-8 hour mini van ride through the Highlands and Lowlands to the river, Rio Dulce. Once we reached the river, we had to take a dark boat ride to the hotel. Finally, at the hotel, we unloaded about 75 pieces of luggage for the 6th time that day. This long trip, which started at 3 a.m., ended at 11 p.m. after we checked in to our humble cottages on the river's edge.

The next day was the start of a very hot and tiring 5 days at Casa Guatemala, the orphanage. We did many repairs there, some easy, some

hard and some imposible. Tom was mostly on a roofing crew putting in vents on a floor on the girl's dormitory and a new steel roof on the pre-school building. Jeff fixed 35 toilets, many showers and the stove in the kitchen of the dinning hall that caught fire one day while we were there. (Ask him about the spring that God provided to fix that stove.) We had a great crew of people and completed many repairs in our 5 days, but many more repairs are still needed, which leave hope for a return trip.

One of the memories that will never fade are the children. What amazed us the most was that the children there were happy to be fed each day and happy just to be where they were. They had very little, if anything at all, but that didn't seem to matter much. We think that all of us could learn a lesson or two from these

orphans at Casa Guatemala.

We would like to leave you with a few thoughts God laid in our hearts. First check out Galatians 6:9. God calls us as Christians to do good for others, to help when it doesn't fit our schedule, and to help those who can never repay you. God tells us to help the orphans, the widows, the sick and each other, so across the world or across the street show the world the love of God in thought word and deed.

In Gods Love,

Jeff Housel, Tom Cowie



A return trip has been planned for Casa Guatemala, from January 11 - 19, 1999. The goal of this trip is to work on a school building and do basic maintenance so the orphans can have a better way of life.

MOL Director Receives Special Honor

Eight years ago Kathy and Bob Price took a vacation to sunny Cancun. While on vacation they visited the beautiful island of Isla Mujeres. Little did they know that eight years later Kathy would be honored by the entire community as "The Daughter of Isla Mujeres" an honor only given to one other person in the history of the 148 year old community.

Surrounded by citizens and MOL volunteers, Kathy was presented the award by the mayor of Isla Mujeres.

Isla Mujeres is the birth place of the Mission of Love. Kathy and Bob realized that they could make a difference in the lives of other people after their vacation to this area. From that one trip, the MOL effort snowballed into the wonderful

organization it is today.

The mayor shared with the audience the attitude that Kathy Price has always displayed towards the people in his community.

He cited moments, such as when

Hurricane Gilberto hit the island, where Kathy demonstrated her support, enthusiasm and altruistic attitude towards the children, the citizens in general and especially to those who mother nature was less

benevolent to. He said these things can not be repaid with money.

The mayor closed his speech with the following words, "Thank you Kathy Price for your lessons in love and affection, you can be sure that we will never forget you and that you will always be in our hearts."



Kathy shown here with the Mayor, and dignitaries of Isla Mujeres.

First Mission - First Impressions !!

Rick & Kathy Rupe, Youngstown, Ohio

The fourteen bewildered volunteers, arms and backpacks full of tools and materials, needed to be taken to a children's cerebral palsy rehabilitation clinic somewhere north of the passenger boat ferry that had brought us there two hours earlier.

The cab that we were riding in hit every bump and bend as we headed farther and farther toward no-man's land. The two other taxi's cabs, which lost us, dropped the others at a locked gate guarding an abandoned building. Standing at the locked gate they watched the quiet concrete structure at the end of a narrow, overgrown, eighty yard long dirt driveway. There were no signs of anyone to open the gate or to offer assistance.

At about the same time, our party in the taxi, with a little luck and some help from a translation book, managed to convey our wishes. The next stroke of luck was passing the abandoned building and spotting the others (they were easy to spot,untanned people drinking the last of their water at 10:30 in the morning, sitting on backpacks, materials and tool boxes).

Once we came down from the excitement (hugging and high-fiving) of finding each other we approached the

building. The grey concrete building's only door was locked, but the good news was that it was indeed the cerebral palsy clinic.

Matt Melonio had reached inside his back pack while the rest of us looked for shade. He worked his battery powered drill so quietly and efficiently that we didn't even realize his intentions until we saw the window screen removed and Matt climbing into the window. Soon the front door was opened and several were inside. (new excitement -- high fives -- Yea Matt! cheers filled the air).

Only moments later, an official looking car pulled up to the chained and locked gate (we had climbed over it) at the street. To our relief, Maru, the clinic director, approached with a warm smile. She beamed with thanks and enthusiasm about our mission, as she greeted us with her own special warm and happy charm. She explained that a bus had been waiting for us at the car ferry since 7 a.m. We had been at the passenger ferry about four miles to the south. Hey, stuff happens!

The next three days working on the clinic were full of special moments, creating a long list of precious memories, too many to tell here. All of

us there could write books. Through it all, we bonded and performed maintenance and construction tasks that prior to Mexico we'd never attempted, but did quite well, almost professional. Burned into my brain forever is: the clinic, waiting, the good friends, laughing at the plumbing jokes, waiting patiently, Maru, painting fun, the pick incident, taxi rides, Carribean moons, Pepe, shopping for materials, talking with Louie who had cerebral palsy, hanging doors, wiring, more waiting, building windows under a banana tree, and especially the rides back to the island at the end of the day.

Knowing that we'd given of ourselves and endured the heat and the circumstances, and hung in there to do the work for the children, brought peace and a sense of purpose. Wonderful, wet and windy ferry rides back to our hotels on Isla Mujeres, good evening meals, and beautiful sunsets will stay in our memories forever.

Thank you all for your friendship, your courage and your devotion to our Mission-of-Love.

Scenes from Isla Mujeres...



Fundraising Efforts Pay Off!

"Pssst, hey buddy, c'mere"
 "Yeah, wadda ya want?"
 "Wanna go to an Indians Game?"
 "Wadda ya, kiddin me? those games are all sold out, who do I gotta kill to get in?"
 "Hey, no dis is legit, the real magillicuddy."
 "Well, wadda I gotta do to get in?"
 "First ya gotta look like a fan. Here, put on dis here Indians hat."
 "Hey, way cool!!!"
 "Now you gotta put on this red and white striped shirt."

"Huh? I'll look like a geek."
 "Then you gotta get the the stadium two hours early to get ready. After that you get to sell pop and pizza to the folks who are really having the fun. You can do this for nine innings. After the game, you have to stick around to clean up the pop and pizza joint so it shines like a new penny."
 "Hey, watta bout da game?"
 "Don't worry about it. You'll be so busy hustlin pop n pizza you wont even realize that there is a game going on."
 "Wadda ya nutz?!! Wadda I wanna do

something like that for?"

"Because, at the end of the day you'll know that you helped to make the world a better place than it was the day before."

What we are really trying to say here is Thank You, Thank You, Thank You to all of the wonderful people who sacrificed their summer to work at the Indian's games to raise money for the Mission of Love. You all know that this outfit can't run on good intentions alone. You also know that the world is a better place for you being in it.

Thank you to these people who generously gave their time and helped at the Indians Concession Stand Fundraisers this year!

Kathy & Bob Price, Noreen Price, Jennifer Price, Ken & Bridget Keich, Buddy & Shannon Royea, Joe Cannon, John Swanson, Bill Price, Debbie Wise, Albert Torres, Rick & Kathy Rupe, John Mazzuco, Donna Hagaman, Sonny & Matt Melonio, Tom Cowie, Jeff Housel, Pat & Joyce Montgomery, James & Christy Adamson, Meghan Montgomery, Jennifer Barto, Rebecca Tolley, Tayra Pagac, Bob & Margie Jacobs, Lonnie Futchi, Fran Humphry, Sally Walker, Scott Walker, John Rice, Patty Sidell, Coy & Esther Stewart, Mary Lou Volchko, Maria Farina, Marianne Lidstone, Leigh Klingensmith, Norma Hoffmaster, Rosemarie Roth, Linda Hoover, Bob & Sue Eich, Dr. Dale Dixon, Don Cerra, Jim Guido, George Hoover, John & Marti Wright, Arlene Palkovic Linda Delozier, Joan Stacknick, Pam Broderick, Beverly Gates, Cheri Jadrych, Julie Zavesky, Michelle Gariglio, Bill & Debbie Houk, Tom & Maggie Ward, Tom Ward, Sean & Kristi Ward, Katie Ward, Bridget Lynch, Ludy Cook, George Robert Remias, Greta Dudash, Erin & Diane Dudash, Amy Barone, Ginny Amstutz, Anita Koski, Karen Romelfanger, Judy Higgins, Sandy Kelly, Goergeann Wright, Georgia Tambasis, Dr. & Mary Tremont..



Hot, Humid and Hard Working in Isla Mujeres

By Louie Fostvedt

The trip to Isla Mujeres was filled with surprises -- some frustrating, most of them worth the struggle. As with all tough times, the problems our group faced only made our resulting work more rewarding.

We arrived at the beautiful Island of Isla Mujeres to build a cerebral palsy clinic and school for the children.

When we arrived at the work site, we thought we would see a structure already in place. In reality, we found a partially built building. The foundation and walls were only complete on half of the building. We realized we had a

lot of work in front of us.

The scorching 98 degree temperature also made our work difficult. We really had to watch out for each other to make sure no one was becoming dehydrated. We took frequent breaks during the heat of the day.

More than the bricks and mortar, the most important thing we accomplished that week was touching the lives of those children who so desperately needed wheelchairs. Each child who needed a wheelchair got one -- and it was fitted to the child's

proportions. What a sight that was to see, a child able to move around for the first time in years. That will never leave our memory and we are better people for experiencing those moments.

In the final days of our trip we realized we had earned the respect and admiration of the Mayan workers and the appreciation of the villagers. The feelings were mutual.

We arrived at the clinic at Isla Mujeres thinking we wouldn't get any meaningful work done, but we left knowing we accomplished a whole lot more than we ever thought we could.



Left: This Ambulance was donated by the community of Lillydale, N.Y. Our friend Chuck Davis made the contact just because he wanted to help. Thank you Chuch & Thank you Community of Lillydale.
Right: 120,000 lbs. of supplies was flown to Guatemala on this air lift back in August.



See the Rainforest for Yourself (Oh! Bring Tools & Paint Brushes)

Mary Strong, MOL Volunteer

We're sliding along in chocolate brown waters, rising and lowering leaf-shaped paddles. The narrow canoe fits around our bodies like a kayak. A long way off, something roars from inside the thick green wall of trees and vines lining the river banks. Two periscope eyes and a long snout rise to the surface and fall with a low rumble. River otters squeak, birds call, monkeys hoot from time to time. In the background, a string section of buzzing insects. We've come to a place where Mother Nature is definitely in charge - a new perspective.

Locals wave at us as their canoes ease by on either side. Black almond eyes are formed by copper skin and raven hair. Amazonians manage pretty

well from gardening and a little hunting and fishing on the side. Lots of quality time left for spending with family and friends. It was only when outsiders came on the scene that life has become more difficult.

From the first encounters 500 years ago, but most especially in the last thirty years or so, jungle people have suffered greatly. Wave after wave of foreign diseases, new economic systems, and development schemes invade their territory. This has left them with many more reasons to get sick, and fewer ways to make a living. Without any health care available nearby, people most often make the long river trip to the nearest hospital to die. Competition from agribusiness,

mining and logging companies destroy the environment that is the source of their livelihood, so they are left without gardens to grow food, wood for shelter and other basic needs.

We hope to help local humanitarian aid organizations build a health clinic and job training center for the people of Amazonian, Peru. Come with us, won't you? Do a little good, and in exchange let some warm human smiles and Mother Nature herself get right in your face. Up close and personal, she's quite a lady.

P.S. If you should have interest please send a note or call we are planning a mission to Peru in late June.

Mission of Love News

The *Mission of Love News* is distributed free to friends of Mission of Love. Through articles, letters, photos and good news, the newsletter will continue to remind us that one person can truly make a difference.

We hope you enjoy reading about the events taking place around the globe because of the work that you do and the donations you have made. If you know someone who would like to receive this newsletter, please contact us at the phone/address below.

You are welcome to contribute an article or photo to this newsletter. To do so, please contact the editors, Sean and Kristi Ward at (440) 516-1661. Or you can mail it to them at 674 Bryn Mawr Ave., Wickliffe, OH 44092.
Deadline for Fall Edition: 9/15/98

MISSION STATEMENT

To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived.

This is to have succeeded.

--Ralph Waldo Emerson

MISSION OF LOVE



MOL \$10-a-Month Club Continues to Grow

Our \$10-a-month club has now grown to 44 members. Thank you to those who have recently joined our efforts. Our goal is to have 150 people share in the efforts of the Mission of Love. Please consider us when you decide to give this fall.

Something to Think About

The only way we are going to ensure peace on this planet is to adopt the entire world as "our family". We are going to have to hug them, and kiss them. And dance and play with them. And we are going to have to sit and talk and walk and cry with them. Because when we do, we'll be able to see that, indeed everyone is beautiful, and we all compliment each other beautifully and we would all be poorer without each other.

~ Stan Dale

"Wishlist"

We need the following items for our ongoing airlifts. If you can donate anything on this list, please call Kathy Price at (330) 793-2388:

Clothing: all kinds and sizes. Summer clothes, sweatshirts and sweaters because it gets cold at night! Sandals and tennis shoes, cloth diapers.

Bedding: crib sheets -- fitted & flat, blankets (all sizes), sheets.

Medical Equipment & Supplies: Baby food & formulas, antibiotics, first aid supplies, soap, prenatal & childrens vitamins, ear/eye medicine, canned veggies, powered milk, toothbrush/paste.

Cooking utensils, pots and pans, treadle sewing machines, sewing items, embroidery threads & needles

Wheel Chairs, water treatment systems.

Volunteers to sort supplies at the Ravenna Arsenal, construction supplies
Toys

For American Indians in South Dakota:
New Blankets, Winter Coats, Mittens, Boots and Basic Foods

If you are lucky enough to find a way of life you love, you have to find the courage to live it.

~ John Irving

Mission of Love

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