

# MISSION OF LOVE NEWS



Summer 2004

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



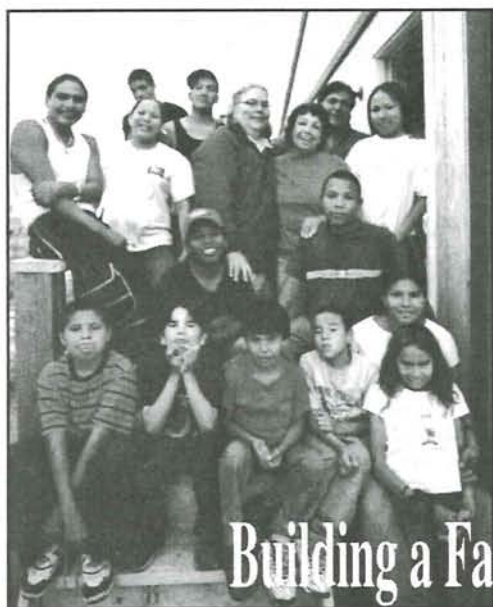
## It's All About the Children...

### Our Youngest Mission of Love Volunteer...



**ABOVE:** Elizabeth Jean, daughter of Nik and Ginny Amstutz celebrated her first birthday recently with a party where the guests brought shoes for Mayan children instead of gifts for Elizabeth. Mission of Love wishes Elizabeth a Happy Birthday and sends her a big "Thank You!"

**LEFT:** Mission of Love Founder Kathy Price with Mary and Varden Fast Wolf who have built a family by taking in 17 children. Mission of Love Volunteers added rooms to the Fast Wolf house to accommodate the growing family. See Page 14 for a letter from Mary.



### Building a Family...

I am writing about the Mission of Love project. I think this is a interesting project. I am so glad we are helping the Lakota Indians. I hate to see any one like this. Especially the Lakota Indians. They Mean alot to me. It makes Me Feel good to see people get out and help. I am so glad that Mrs Heb. told us about this Project. It was so much fun last year and this year helping Kathy Price. I like her awhole lot. That is so neat that she does that stuff to help them out. I don't know what they would do without her. She is a special lady. I am having so much fun with you and Mrs. Heb. doing this project. I am glad we are a Team! To get things done. I think it was very good when Kathy Price came in and spoke to the EcCLA Club. It was so neat to see the hospice building being built. The one thing she was saying was they only eat soft foods and cover up in plastic wrap when she said that. It made Heather and I cry. I hate to see them go through that! So what we should do in school is we should have a food drive and a clothing drive or a fundraiser to collect money for them. Last but not lease I am so glad we are helping them out. They are going to appreciate all the nice warm clothing and food we are giving them.

*Sincerely Missy Border*

**ABOVE:** Mission of Love receives hundreds of letters from all over the world—they are all special to us, but here's one that was particularly heartfelt.

Out of the Mouths of Babes...

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# From the Director...

*Dear Friends...*

As the founder and director of the Mission of Love for the past 15 years, I have been able to touch many lives for the better through your dedication and love.

Now, we are at the crossroads of a bigger challenge, and in order to fill the demands for more aid and homes, we need more financial donations to be able to purchase supplies. In this past year alone, the price of lumber has increased up to 400%, due to the war.

The needs are greater and we are challenged with these requests. In order to continue our work for the children, we humbly ask for your help. We can no longer make any further commitments until we have more help from you.

In the past, we have never depended on grants or government funding in order to do our Mission of Love; We need to remain this way. As individuals, we have the ability and responsibility to effect change and making a difference in bettering lives.

For those who cannot go as a building volunteer, we ask for your financial donation towards our work of love. As individuals, we can make a difference and share our love to change the lives of those in need.

It is not my mission of love, but everyone's mission to go and make a difference in the world.

In Gratitude for the Children,

*Karen*

Do not be selfish with your love; love thrives on generosity. Let no one ever come to you without leaving better and happier. Be the living expression of God's kindness; kindness in your face, kindness in your eyes, kindness in your smile, kindness in your warm greeting.

Mother Teresa

## Being Thankful...

Summertime is the usual time of barbecues, family unions, off to camp, taking time with the kids to have fun or relaxing at the cottage. For me, it is a time to be thankful for the comforts we have and to be surrounded by those we love whether family or reconnecting with friends. This is more firmly solidified since going on Mission of Love trips these past two years, whether to the Yucatan, Pine Ridge, packing in the warehouse or just passing on the word here in Toronto about the love that is being spread by simple acts of kindness. I guess going away to do for others is helping me, because it affirms my place in the world. It is a milestone like cutting your first tooth or taking the first step. Each one of us can make a difference and sometimes, that maybe a simple "hello" or a smile. As each summer goes faster for an adult, it is important that we count the passage of the season with gratitude that we possess greater gifts than we are aware of in our lives.

I have learned the importance of people of all different ages and nationalities coming together to build community. If we are able to build a better world, it will be better for our children who will inherit this earth. This is the greatest legacy we can give them. We set an example of being what humanity and humility are all about. So, this summer, reflect on your gifts, but also on how you can make a difference to yourself and the world you live in.

Carol Mark, Toronto, Canada

## From Family to Family...

*by Celeste Elliott*

The first annual "Mission of Love Drag Racing for a Cause" was held August 1, 2004 at Dragway 42 in West Salem, Ohio. This fundraiser was made possible with the help of Mission of Love volunteer George Axiotis, owner of the Short Stop Truck Plaza in Warren, Ohio, who sponsored the event. George has been involved with the Mission of Love for the past five years and has the fire in his heart to help those in need.

Mitch and Deryl Mayes have been involved hands on in loading trucks and going on building trips with the Mission of Love. The brothers are known to think of the dragway as a home away from home for a number of years. It was originally Mitch's brainchild to turn his passion for racing and passion for helping others into a fundraiser.



Short Stop Volunteer Crew (L-R): Skip Wilson, Rick Fetty, Lisa Smith, Mitch Mayes, Deryl Mayes and George Axiotis

As with any Mission of Love event, it helped with raising awareness of those in need and how we alleviate some of the people's plight worldwide. An information booth with newsletters was set up to show people exactly how we build homes and community at the same time.

There was a display board dedicated to our most recent project from June, 2004 in the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation called Mary's Mission, where Mitch was the building foreman for a 24-foot by 24-foot addition to the home of the Fast Wolf family which involved four days of skills donated by volunteers from the Mahoning Valley in Ohio, California and the area's local residents. Attendees at the drag race, who saw the display, were amazed by the mission's ability to reach so many people.

Many volunteers from the Mission of Love family came out to help at the booths selling cotton candy, lemonade and snow cones. Everyone, as usual, did an amazing job of giving his or her time and talents. No act of kindness is too small. The love shown in turning out for this event will help the families on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota.

We are grateful to all who contributed this year to start a tradition of bringing families together to help families.



Winning car in the 1st Annual "Mission of Love Drag Racing for a Cause" belongs to Robby Bianco and Family from Newton Falls, Ohio.







By Rashid A. Abdu, M.D.

On February 24, 2004, Kathleen Price, Founder and Director of the Mission of Love, Vickie Eisenbraun, My son, Rodman, and I took off in the early hours to Cleveland Hopkins Airport. Megan Belney from Columbus, Ohio met us there. Kathleen had obtained permission for the over weighted pile of cargo, including a wheelchair for Veronica (the little girl with cerebral palsy in Xhualtez) to go through without extra charge. The three hour and 45 minuted flight to Cancun was pleasant and uneventful. We all were fortunate to get the green light at customs in Cancun, hence all of our luggage went through unopened.

About an hour later, Susan Busch from Iowa and the eight member delegation from Canada joined us. They included: Jill Howe and her son, Ian, Peggy and Keith Budd, Joan Lumsden, R.N., Carol Mark, R.N. and her daughter, Katherine and Elizabeth Elliot, R.N. All 14 of us, from different backgrounds, ranging in age from 11 to over 70, were there at our own expense with only one purpose—to help those in need and at the same time, perhaps, to put some meaning into our own lives.

Maria José, the program director at Xhualtez, and her assistant, Fernando, were waiting for us with their old truck. Fernandez and his helpers packed the truck with the huge pile of suitcases and headed for Xhualtez. The rest of us squeezed into the two SUVs which Kathleen rented from Avis. The four-hour drive to the clinic, which Mission of Love built six years ago, was tiring, but bearable. We made only one stop in our way to visit the clinic for malnourished children which Mission of Love founded. It was dark outside, but the little children, at various levels of nutrition, lighted our hearts. These were the children of God. We saw, firsthand, how much can be done with so little. About 7:30 p.m., we arrived at the clinic. Uba had dinner ready for all of us. The ladies were assigned to a hut and the men to another hut with hammocks to sleep in. The three wall masonry huts were also built a few years ago by Mission of Love in the vicinity of the clinic.

The following morning, the men started the construction of a "house" for Mildred, a Mayan lady, and her family of five. The approximately 10 by 10 feet, one room, bisected by a wall in the middle to make two rooms, was attached to the old little hut. Mildred said that after 18 years of marriage, her dream to have a house came true. Also, a gift from the Mission of Love, which she treasured, was a small kitchen meat grinder. The other lady volunteers distributed toys, shoes, clothes and other essentials throughout the community.

Kathleen and Maria José drove two nurses, Carol Mark, Joan Lumsden, and me to San Carlos General Hospital in Tizimin, a 45 minute drive. The 58-bed hospital reportedly serves 150,000 people in Tizimin and its rural area. After a short visit with Dr. Juan D. Rivero Salero, the CEO of the hospital, we went to the approximately 40 by 30 feet multipurpose room, adjacent to the surgical suites and recovery room. Two old sterilizing units and all the surgical supplies were in this room. We presented a suitcase full of new surgical instruments, which we obtained through the generosity of Codman-Johnson & Johnson Company. There were 253 pieces, enough to meet the needs of any general surgery. They were thrilled with this gift and commented that they had never seen anything like it before.

Dr. Ernesto Medina, a general surgeon, Carol and I went to the hospital clinic where the scheduled surgical patients

were held. We saw an elderly lady with a large incisional hernia caused by repeated Cesarean sections. She also had a femoral hernia. We saw a middle-aged Mayan patient with a large scrotal hernia and a lady with a good size umbilical (belly button) and femoral hernia. There were also a couple of patients with ganglions of the wrists and others with body lumps.

There were two operating rooms—very small by U.S. standards. The operating tables were small and showed rust and only half of the eight small operating lights over each table were functioning. There was an old anesthesia machine in each room and a stand with disinfectant solution for surgical instruments in one side of the room. There was one non-functioning oxygen monitor. The anesthesiologist told me that he relies on change in the color of the fingernails.

The sink where the surgeons wash their hands before surgery was old; scraps of soap in a plastic dish were used to wash the hands. We had brought a container of the latest solution for cleansing our hands before surgery. It does not require water or soap. In addition, we brought individually self-contained solution to clean the area of the operation on the patient. We also brought sutures of various sizes, needles, syringes, surgical caps and gowns and other surgical dressings. The hospital surgical gowns for the surgeon and his assistants, and the sheets used to cover the patient during surgery were old and torn.

Dr. Ernesto and I teamed up and operated on the lady with the umbilical and femoral hernias. We repaired them under local anesthesia with synthetic mesh (Marlex mesh), which we brought with us. They had never repaired hernias under local and never used mesh. Joan, who had never been in an operating room before, acted as "scrub" nurse (passing instruments to the surgeon), together with Veronica, their scrub nurse, who was quite good. Carol acted as "circulator"—a person who remains in the operating room, coordinating and making sure that material or instruments requested by the surgeon are available. Joan was a fast learner and Carol displayed organizational skills and efficiency seldom seen. A young man, Ernesto Gomez, was our interpreter. He was very good. After the hernias, I was able to operate only on one ganglion that day under local anesthesia.

An orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Manuel Antonio Fernandez, was nailing a fractured tibia in the better of the two operating rooms. The screwdriver he used was old and looked no better than one I have in my house. The old hand drill was no better. After several tries of drilling and putting in the screw, he finally got it right. It was hard work, but the end result was quite good. I could not help but admire those surgeons who accomplished so much with so little. Later, I asked Dr. Fernandez if he would operate on a little boy I had seen in November with a clubfoot. He said he would be happy to do it, but he did not have the needed Kirchner (K) wire. He said he would try to get one from the hospital in Merida. I promised that we would try to send K wires from the States.

We had hoped to operate on the Mayan with the large scrotal hernia, but an emergency Cesarean section took precedence. Because of the slow pace and the lack of an efficient system, the two hernias on one patient and the ganglion were all we could do that day. One of the anesthesiologists told me that they do only about three general surgery cases a week. The most common operations were Cesarean sections. We finished about 8:00 p.m. We had to postpone the Mayan to the following

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# Xhualtez Revisited...

(continued from page 3)

The following day, we started with the lady with the incisional and femoral hernia. Because I knew that we would enter the abdomen and we would encounter adhesions from previous surgeries, decided to do this under epidural anesthesia. I was impressed by the flawless way in which the anesthesiologist administered the epidural (injecting the anesthesia into the narrow space without entering into the canal containing the spinal fluids). I know that our young interpreter was not going to be there that day, and Dr. Juan, the CEO, an internist by training, would be our interpreter. The patient was on the operating table, already anesthetized, when Dr. Juan informed us that Dr. Ernesto had to leave for an emergency—a group of people were attacked by African bees. This left me with Joan who had never assisted in surgery in her life, and Veronica as our scrub technician. After dissecting numerous adhesions in the abdominal cavity, taking extra care not to injure the bowel, I repaired the hernia with mesh, after which I repaired the femoral hernia in the same lady. It was about 5:00 p.m. We tried to repair the large scrotal hernia in the Mayan man under local, but he was very sensitive even to the smallest needle. A lady anesthesiologist, who was on night call had to put him to sleep. Again, I worked alone with Joan as my assistant. We finished about 9:00 p.m. I went back to the 12 by 10 feet surgical lounge to change to regular clothes as Joan and Carol went to the ladies' lounge. There was a small bench against one wall, with torn padding. The toilet in the small bathroom had no seat.

We got back to our "home" clinic at Xhualtez after 11:00 p.m., totally exhausted. Uba had saved dinner for us, I was not hungry. I went straight to my hut, took a cold shower and crashed in my hammock in the warmth of my sleeping bag. Because of the spaces between the wood branches that made up one wall of my room, it got rather chilly at night. The natives who live in huts without any insulation often use cardboard to buffer the cold breeze coming from all sides of the hut. They also burn wood and put hot ashes under each hammock.

The following day, we went to the hospital. I had learned that surgeons do not follow their patients after surgery. I talked with the CEO and emphasized the importance of the surgeon following his patients. A case in point was the lady with the large incisional/femoral hernias who had tubes coming out of her bladder, her stomach and one from her incision, and who was totally dependent on intravenous fluid. Only the surgeon would understand the significance of these tubes and the appropriate time of their removal. Contrary to what I had heard the day before from the anesthesiologists, the CEO assured me that the surgeon followed patients while they are in the hospital. Contradictory statements are common in some developing countries, including my native land, Yemen. I often asked three different people the same question and got three different answers. Dr. Ernesto apologized for his absence the day before. He told me that one man died after he suffered 200 stings from the African bees.

To my surprise, the Mayan with the large scrotal hernia was standing outside, dressed up and all smiles, with his mother and wife ready to go home. We checked him in one of the rooms and he looked well. Dr. Ernesto would take his stitches out in one week. The lady with the hernias looked good. We removed the tubes from her stomach and from her bladder and asked the nurse to get her up to walk and to start her on liquid diet. Dr. Ernesto would follow her. She smiles and said "gracias"

as we said goodbye. Before we left, we operated on a recurrent ganglion of the wrist in a young college girl and a lump of the forehead on a lady under local anesthesia.

In the early afternoon, we drove to Conche, a village where we held a clinic. Dr. Monica Erosa and I saw about 20 patients with various ailments, none serious. Monica, an intelligent and caring young physician, is serving her government required year in a rural area after graduation from medical school. Maria and I made a house (hut) call on the lady with the breast tumor whom we had seen during our last November clinic under the tree. Leonora was 47 years old with six children. She said she had gone to San Carlos Hospital shortly after we saw her in November, and after several visits, they decided to send her to the hospital at Merida. After a few visits to Merida Hospital, they did a mammogram which showed the tumor in her right breast and the large lymph node in the axilla (arm pit), signifying spread of the cancer. Between November of 2003 and February of 2004, she made about 15 visits between two hospitals. Except for the mammogram for which she was charged 268 pesos (2 U.S. dollars), nothing else was done. In addition, she paid 30 pesos for each hospital visit. She kept records of all her visits and expenses. Her husband worked in cornfields and earned 45-60 pesos a day. The tumor and lymph node size had at least doubled since November. I became very upset. Maria took all the documents to make copies which she promptly showed to the two ladies, Raquel and Candy, who hold high positions in the city hall. The following day, they came to the clinic visibly upset about the problem. I showed my displeasure in no uncertain terms and strongly urged that the only humane and decent thing to do would be to treat this lady who had no resources, free of charge. Feeding a family of eight on meager income, after the money she had to pay for essentially useless hospital visits was more than a hardship. Both Raquel and Candy were fired up and promised that they would do all they could. I am happy to say that on March 12, 2004, I learned that they operated on Leonora at Merida Hospital. I wish her and her family well.

Although Dr. Monica called me once in a while to see patients in consultation at the clinic, I did only two minor operations in the clinic on the two assistants to Maria José. One of the patients Monica asked me to see was Melby, a lovely 27 year old lady, still nursing her 22-month old baby girl. Two days previously, she started to have pain in her left breast, which became worse and she felt sick. Her temperature was 101 degrees Fahrenheit. The breast was engorged, hot and very tender. We injected her with 1.2 million units of penicillin and instructed her to drink large amounts of fluids, apply warm moist compresses to the breast, take the pain pills we gave her as needed, and not to nurse the baby and to return to the clinic early in the morning. I went to bed worrying about her, dreading the thought that she may end up in the hospital for drainage of a large abscess, probably under general anesthesia. The following morning, she returned, fever gone and she felt much better. The breast was smaller, softer and less tender. I asked Monica to continue with the penicillin injections and to follow her. Melby said that she had difficulty weaning the baby. I immediately took her to the aloe patch behind the clinic and instructed her to cut one leaf and to use the very bitter sap on her nipples and areola, just like they do in my village in Yemen. Before she cut the thick aloe leaf, she said some unintelligible words. Monica said Melby had to talk to the plant before cutting part of it, otherwise the plant would die.

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For the last day of our stay, MOL sponsored a soft ball game for the community. It was our team versus the Xhualtez team. Adults and children of all ages, plus a few dogs filled the bleachers on one side of the walled-off playground. While the teams played and the crowd cheered, some of our volunteers were preparing the boxes of hot dogs and buns with ketchup and mustard for the teams and spectators. The "feast" was followed by a large bag of candy, which Rodman and his young friends distributed to the children after the game. I had never seen so many people having so much fun. Although the Xhualtez team won by three points, everyone was a winner that day.

The following day there was a gathering of adults and children in front of the clinic, hugging and kissing our volunteers, some with tears in their eyes as we were about to say goodbye.

It was a busy, but beautiful week full of love, laughter, sharing rich moments of connectedness with our fellow beings. Those unforgettable moments when we find meaning in our own lives by touching the hands of those in need. Every single one of the volunteers wanted to return to Xhualtez and to share a little time with those beautiful and generous people. We were truly blessed!



ABOVE: Mayan Indian Children of Mexico

## LIFE EXPLAINED... IT IS SO SIMPLE!

An elder Cherokee Native American was teaching his grandchildren about life. He said to them, "A fight is going on inside me...It is a terrible fight, and it's between two wolves. One wolf represents fear, anger, envy, sorrow,, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority and ego. The other wolf stands for joy, peace, love, hope, sharing, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, friendship, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith. This same fight is going on inside of you and every other person, too."

They thought for a minute and then, one child asked his grandfather, "Which wolf will win?"

The Cherokee simply replied, "The one you feed."

## Rhythm of Life by Rashid A. Abdu, M.D.

*There are those days of sad and gloom,  
That's when you need to come to bloom.  
The gloomy days will soon go fast,  
And they will be forgotten past.*

*Life will go by, smell the bloom,  
For sorrow, despair, make no room.  
From deep valley, there is the hill,  
To climb higher, you need a will.*

*After darkness, there is the light,  
And after defeat, you'll win the fight.  
Nature and life of contrast made,  
What makes the sun is but the shade.*

*Can you think of heaven without hell?  
Can you think of rain without dry spell?  
Can you see a rainbow without a sun?  
Can you see a world without fun?*

*It's the way you look at anything,  
Summer, winter, fall, spring.  
It's all in you the good and bad,  
Look for life's joys, and you'll be glad.*

*The prophet cried from the mountain top,  
"Oh foolish man, please stop!  
Smell the roses while in bloom,  
Forget life's defeats, sorrow and gloom.*

*For you will not forever last,  
In a hundred years, you'll be a past.  
A very short time if you will think,  
On nature's clock, only a blink."*

*Yesterday's events, you can't retrieve,  
In future forecasts, you can't believe.  
It's only a moment, in which we dwell,  
When happiness be, for a spell.*

*From the sweet cup we shall drink,  
And of the moment we shall think.  
And we shall enter the open door  
Of paradise, and live some more.*

*And see the beauty of nature's abound,  
The sight, smells, touches and sound.  
Shelter, clothing, health and food,  
Love, friendship and brotherhood.*

*And as I sat under the tree,  
The best in life, you get for free.  
If only these, I could store,  
How could I ask for any more?*

**To All the Children of the World...**  
When I was down, your sweetness and you innocence  
Softened the blow, the power of your little heart  
Gives me so much strength, you are my measure of courage,  
honesty and love.  
I hear you singing in the field, little voice of sweetness,  
I just hope the world can change enough to greet you,  
I hope the world can change enough to recognize you, too,  
And all the little ones like you,  
for the power of your preciousness  
Can make killers lie down and weep,  
The power of your preciousness on this earth  
is everything we need.





# Mocoron, Honduras..

*By Jim Ward, Director of Denton Program*

On May 18, 2004, three members who manage the Department of Defense Denton Amendment Program visited Honduras. The purpose of the trip was to assess the quality of mission support through the Defense Transportation System for Denton Amendment cargo program. Another stated goal was to ensure and verify that recipients of humanitarian cargo, transported through the Department of Defense Denton Program, were actually using the cargo in compliance with the guidelines of the Denton Amendment Program. The group visited several Denton program consignees in the local area around Soto Cano AB and several other regions in Honduras.

One of the most notable consignee visits was to a very remote area of Honduras called Mocoron, the little Amazon. The group departed Toncontin Airport, Tegucigalpa on a Honduran Air Force flight to Mocoron, a very remote jungle area in Northeastern Honduras. The group met with a Denton Program consignee, Norma Love, who received a very large shipment of Denton humanitarian cargo from Kathy Price, Director of the Mission of Love Foundation. In October, 2003, the humanitarian cargo was moved from Youngstown AB, Ohio to Soto Cano AB, Honduras by USAF military aircraft. The cargo was then flown by a Honduran Air Force C-130 aircraft from Soto Cano AB to its final destination of Mocoron. This extremely remote village presents numerous logistical challenges when receiving donated cargo that must pass through both civilian and Honduras government agencies. The Norma Love organization supports a variety of smaller villages around Mocoron and most of the items donated by the Mission of Love were used by the villagers of Mocoron and used to support her outreach programs for the smaller villages where mostly very poor farmers are in great need of humanitarian support.



Three orphans stand together, the village of Mocoron in the background.

Norma Love's organization is located in one of the most remote areas of Honduras. The area is surrounded by very dense jungle and the only method of getting into the area is by airplane landing on a dirt airstrip or by four-wheeled vehicle using a very primitive road. Even a short ride from the dirt landing airstrip highlighted the infrastructure programs in this developing country.



The only road into Mocoron from dirt airstrip.

The learning environment in Mocoron is difficult at best. Many of the students use school supplies and clothing that were donated by the Mission of Love. Using the donated school supplies and equipment received from the Mission of Love foundation through the Denton Program allows the instructors to keep the students more focused on the task at hand.

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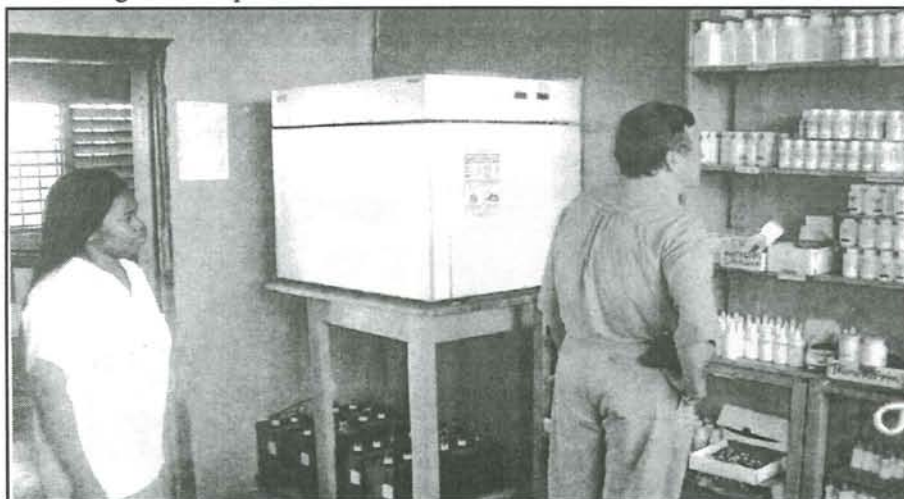
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Schoolchildren in Mocoron wait for school to start.



In Mocoron, donations of school desks from the Mission of Love Foundation, along with other educational supplies were made to a very small one-room schoolhouse in the jungle village. Prior to receiving the desks and chairs, the students had to sit on the floor during the class periods.



A donation of medical supplies from the Mission of Love Foundation was also made to supply a very small clinic in Mocoron with much needed medicines and equipment. This medical clinic is the only facility to serve this entire remote region of Honduras. The medicine and supplies are very limited and the clinic was in great need of replenishments.

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# Mocoron, Honduras...

(continued from page 6)





# Lakota Love...

6/17/04

## Mission of Love—

Hello, how are you all doing? My name is Cheyenne River Fast Wolf. I want to thank you all for doing what you do best! We love our new living room, but our parents have put strict rules on it. For instance, we're not allowed to eat or drink in the room. Tell you what...we have never adjusted to rules that quickly before. The little ones even watch to make sure everyone is following the rules.

There has never been as much happiness in our home as since the addition was done. We would like to thank you all for what you have done for us. I can't tell you that I stay in the new room all day, but I can tell you it is very nice to lounge in. You all made it possible. I would like to tell everyone why we are so grateful.

Our house is in an isolated place, but with beautiful scenery. The kids would play in the old bus, but I would be so bored that I would just take long walks. I still get told by my parents not to go that far because of the mountain lion.

There are times that the kids would come in crying, but I'll tell you there has been less tension, and hardly any fighting. Could it be because of the room? Or could it be because that's just Lakota love?

I want to thank you all myself. I will still take my long walks and pray for all of you. Thank you so much.

Love,  
Cheyenne River



Cheyenne's father, Vardin, braids her hair.



It took many hands to add a 24' by 24' great room in four days.



Volunteers joined in celebrating the additon to the Fast Wolf house which consists of 17 children taken in by Mary and Vardin Fast Wolf.

**"Our Heavenly Father, as we gather to give thanks and praise, we bow before you and humble our hearts, and to acknowledge you as our Lord and Savior.**

Mary, our Family, and I are forever indebted to you and the wonderful folks that you have brought together to fulfill a need that we could not have ever begun. We, the Fast Wolf Family, ask you, Jesus, that you can bless each and every one of these folks with the Holy Spirit. We ask in a Humble Spirit that you may let them prosper in their works and that they may have your blessings in health. Let your Angels protect them from Satan and his demons as they leave for their homes and families and that they may get home safely."

**Vardin Fast Wolf's Prayer...**





Love always hopes.  
Love knows no wrong.  
Love always trusts.  
Love is kind.  
Love has faith.  
Love perseveres.  
Love is humble.



Live is like a beautiful flower which I may not touch, but whose fragrance makes the garden a place of delight just the same.

—Helen Keller



Go searching in expectation of what love will give you, and you will never find it. Open your heart and be prepared only to give, and love will find you.



Those who live for love live.



Seek no other reward than love itself.



To live is like to love—all reason is against it, and all healthy instinct for it.



A joyful heart is the inevitable result of a heart burning with love.

—Mother Teresa

By J.T. Whitehouse  
Town Crier

The Fast Wolf family on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota got a big surprise after eight local area teens showed up at their door along with several Mission of Love supply vehicles. The teens were part of a construction team that built a new 24' by 24' addition on the family's home to give them more space. The addition was erected and completed in only four days.

Mission of Love Director Kathleen Price of Austintown, Ohio actually started the whole adventure for the teens. She spoke on the lives of the Lakota Native Americans at the Church of Christ in Mineral Ridge, Ohio earlier this year. After her talk, the idea surfaced of having teens from the church travel to South Dakota to help Price's organization with the latest project of building an addition on one special family's home.

Price said the Pine Ridge Reservation is the poorest community in America. Until the Mission of Love took on the challenge to help the Lakota Indians, they were, and many still are, living in the deepest poverty known to exist on the American soil. Many of the Lakota children are left abandoned to fend for themselves. Some resort to living in discarded vehicles while others just room in hopes of finding food.

Mary and Varden Fast Wolf are not wealthy, but they did have enough love to open their small home to orphaned children. In fact, they have adopted 17 of them so far.

When Price heard of the family's desire to save the forgotten youths, she knew something had to be done. She knew they needed more space and planned an addition to their home. With the volunteers from the church, Price knew she had the man power to complete the project. Price headed for Pine Ridge

with the teens and 16 additional volunteers.

As work began on the addition, the Fast Wolf children pitched in and did their fair share. Over the course of time, the local teens and the Fast Wolf teens became close friends. They would work on the addition, take breaks together and enjoy each other's company at the end of the day.

Once the project was completed, the local teens, including Kara Gaskill and Matt, Georgia and Sam Cassano, all of Austintown, had to say good-bye to their new friends. Before leaving, they exchanged addresses so they could keep in touch.

In a poem sent to Price from 15-year-old Cheyenne Fast Wolf, she wrote, "Every one said their good-byes, but all of us had tears in our eyes. Now all we have are memories in the floors and walls, but we have addresses to write to and phone numbers to call."

The teens who returned to Ohio brought special memories back home. They are all richer in knowing what they have done to improve one family's life in the poorest community in America. They have also witnessed the impact that a small group of caring people can have in changing lives for the better.

"The whole project was really about the teens," Price said. For her, it was another goal accomplished and another family given the gift of love, but the work is far from over. There are still children abandoned and roaming the reservation. There are still poor native Americans in need of proper shelter and medical care. This latest project was but a small part of an on-going mission.

Last year, Mission of Love built the first-ever hospice on a reservation to help the Lakota people die with the dignity of having their own language and customs during their final days.

Teens help in America's 'poorest community' ...

What does love look like?  
It has the hands to help others.  
It has the feet to hasten to the poor and needy.  
It has eyes to see misery and want.  
It has ears to hear sighs and sorrows of men.  
That is what love looks like.

—Saint





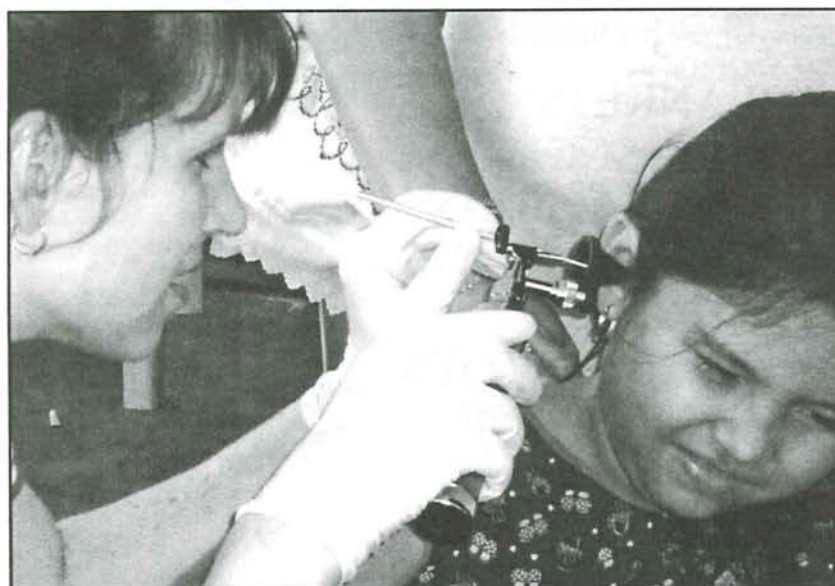
# Providing Healthcare...



*Respect.*



*Mayan children seeing a photo of themselves for the first time.*



*Dr. Sidbeck, like all Mission of Love volunteers, served with love and pure intent.*



The Mayan Indians of Mexico, who do not have access to basic healthcare, were visited by Dr. Sheryl Sidbeck and the Mission of Love volunteers in May 2004.

The purpose of this trip was to service those with hearing difficulties. Something as simple as a basic hearing screening is unattainable. In one family, five out of six children examined were deaf due to lack of medical care. Simple medication, such as Motrin and Tylenol are not available to treat high fevers.

Smiles came to the faces of the children when they were outfitted with hearing aids and could hear the voices of their brothers, sisters and mother for the first time. Another child heard after having a bee removed from his ear canal. What a gift hearing can be!

We are requesting donations of hearing aids for our next trip. Please contact Kathleen Price by e-mail at [missoflove@aol.com](mailto:missoflove@aol.com)





# Gift Ideas...

*Inspired by a letter from Harry Hoover, Huntersville*

It is estimated that Americans spend more on holiday gifts than they do on charity and declining numbers of charitable contributions prove this to be true.

Harry Hoover of Huntersville wrote a letter to the editor of his local newspaper suggesting that for the next holiday season, we should ask friends and family to donate to charities of our choice instead of buying gifts (particularly clothing that no one will ever wear). Charitable contributions are tax deductible and can give the pleasure of doing something for someone less fortunate.

Make a list of your favorite charities and e-mail or snail mail it to those people who usually buy you gifts. It's a great idea!



## One Family Can Make a Difference...

The Meyer Family of Chagrin Falls, Ohio has been involved with the collection of T-shirts for charity for more than 10 years. Their involvement began when the children were young. They realized that children of their school district who participated in sports might collect spring and fall T-shirts, summer baseball/softball T-shirts and recreational basketball T-shirts. Added to sports camp, travel team T-shirts and T-shirts earned for charity runs and walks and Blossom time events, the Meyers Family, alone, was able to generate 20-25 T-shirts every year.

As a coach, Tom Meyer often had even more "extra" team shirts at the end of each season. He and his family thought that this surplus could go to many wonderful causes. Initially, they outfitted an orphanage in an area of Mexico that their grandparents traveled to. They did the same in Nicaragua.

Soon after, they asked the Chagrin Athletic Association to get involved and they did, sponsoring a spring and fall T-shirt collection at their registrations every year. Those T-shirts went to Indian Reservations, inner city Cleveland schools for kindergartners who had no change of clothing and AIDS hospices for children in Africa (where they were used as pajamas for tiny victims).

About five years ago, the Meyers joined forces with the Mission of Love. The T-shirts were accepted for the people in drought and hunger stricken Africa, where they were used first to wrap fragile medical equipment and then, distributed to the needy. They were used as prizes in a reading recovery project in Central America. They were used to swaddle infants in a mountainous region of Guatemala, where infants were previously wrapped in Saran Wrap for warmth. They have been sent to native Americans in need at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota and to earthquake victims in India and Nicaragua.

Anyone who visits the Meyers' basement knows that they have a good number of T-shirts packaged and ready to go all the time. They have requested further help in collecting from the students of Chagrin Falls High School and the High School newspaper.

This one family has made a difference in so many lives around the world. What can your family do? In today's world, when parents are complaining that there's so little time for quality time with their kids, a project like this could be a wonderful and meaningful experience for a family to share.



## Give of Your Heart! Please Help the Mothers and Children of the World...





# Letters..Letters..Letters..

## *Mission of Love...*

...And that's just what it is they are out on—a mission to do good for the people all over the world, out of the kindness of their hearts.

They take leave from their jobs to help builders and fix people's houses. They do a lot which we should be very thankful for (and never ask anything in exchange). It all comes from their hearts. When the Mission came and helped us, they were all here. It was such a good feeling. It was like having the family around. When they left, it was so lonesome. I would like for the Mission of Love to build me and my family a large room on to our house. Our living room is small, so when all of my children are home, some of them sit on the couch and the rest of them hit the floor. The children are getting big and it looks like the room is getting smaller, so if at all possible, I would love to have this done for my family so they could all have their space. This would be so good.

My five little ones are all getting quite big now. The rest of the "Big Kids" (there are eight of them) and my husband and myself total 15. So, it does get pretty cramped and then, my grandson stays with us. I sit in the kitchen because it gives me more room and I love my kitchen!

I would be ever so grateful and thank you for all you do. Thank you Mission of Love and Kathy Price, who we dearly love.

**Mary Last Wolf and Family**  
Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, South Dakota

## *Pine Ridge, SD*

## *A Warm Hug to You With All Our Gratitude... Mexico*

Once more, your Mission of Love succeeded. And why not...if it has been made with such love and compassion?

Nine Hernia surgeries done and nine people are very fine and happy. Dona Leonora is the step of treatment after breast cancer surgery. Mildred is very happy because now she owns a house. With the money you sent us last week, the roof, doors and windows will be made.

The hospital of San Carlos in Tizimin can receive patients thanks to the instruments you donated last time you came. Shoes, clothing, toys, baseball equipment, etc., etc.... are being well distributed among the villages. Medicines and medical stuff are in the Mayan House of health in Xhualtez.

In this time of war and the lack of international equilibrium, we feel very good to be in harmony with sisters and brothers from other nations who love mankind and help us to improve the level of Mayan families in Yucatan.

Waiting for your return in May, the month in which deaf children will hear their names and the voices of their mothers, brothers and sisters for the first time. See you soon, Sister, to keep going through this enjoyment together.

With Love and Gratitude,  
**Maria José Medina**  
Mérida, Yucatan

## *School Supplies, Equipment and Other Assistance to Afghan Children... Afghanistan*

Further to our telephone conversation of June 28, 2003, I am pleased to know about your magnanimous offer towards the providing of supplies, equipment and other assistance to Afghan School Children at Herat (Afghanistan). Afghan children desperately need assistance and mainly depend on charitable organizations like Mission of Love.

We have boys and girls at Herat Afghanistan and it requires the following school supplies, equipment and other assistance:

books, stationary and uniforms for roughly 100 students; chairs and tables; chalkboards, audio and video equipment; gym and sports goods; Science Laboratories and equipment; security cameras; school buses; and medical supplies.

Please assist and we shall be grateful to you and your philanthropic mission. Thank you kindly.

Yours truly,  
**Abdul Shirzad**  
Canadian Afghan Children Foundation

*Love does all for love  
and nothing for reward.*

*There is the kind of love that  
makes sacrifices for the  
benefit of others.  
That is the kind of love that  
we should strive for.*

*If you love somebody, tell  
them.*





# Letters...Letters...Letters...

## *Changing Poverty in Nepal...*

On June 21, 2004, my daughter and I traveled to an area in Kathmandu Nepal to help distribute medicines and clothes donated by the Mission of Love. We were working with the Social Action Committee, an organization founded by the Jesuits in Nepal to help bring education, medicines and other support to the poverty-stricken people of Nepal. Sixty-three people, primarily women and children and a few older men, had been waiting for our small minivan to arrive. We had two nurses with us who are paid staff members of the organization, along with several volunteers.

Since the Maoist disturbance has grown, more and more of the rural inhabitants have been forced into the city where they hope to find some safety from the marauding troops of Maoist fighters in the countryside. Many of these farmers are unable to find work in the city, so poverty levels in this area of Kathmandu have risen dramatically.

The clinic is in an old gray building on the edge of the city. The second floor of the building is used to teach women weaving skills so that they can possibly earn a little money with which to support their families. It seemed like a strange place for a clinic. The walls needed to be painted, the four chairs used by the nurses and patients were slightly broken. This is not highly specialized medicine; this is simple medicine to alleviate the simple aches and pains of a very poor populace. Children are of particular concern. I bring antibiotics and Motrin to help cure the diarrhea and fever, which in our society, are easily cured, but in their society, with their lack of affordable medicine, diarrhea and fever can easily kill children. Most of the patients that day had been there before; they have a file; they pay two rupees (about 3 cents) for the visit and the medicine to make them and/or their children well. Those who are too poor to pay the 3 cents are treated for nothing. In addition to the medicines, I always bring cans of powdered baby formula which the nurses distribute to the starving babies they frequently encounter, along with instructions on its use. Luckily, there were none that day.

Later, the nurses selected several people that were particularly poor. We asked those people to wait until the others had left. Then, we distributed some of the clothes, primarily winter coats donated by the Mission of Love, which I brought with me. Although it was very hot by this time of the day, people joyfully donned their new coats, a luxury that none had ever known before. I still remember one of my first trips to Nepal, when during the month of January, in the early morning, the temperature was approximately 20 degrees. I was wearing a heavy winter coat which I kept buttoned. I had stopped in a local bakery to purchase a sweet roll. Two children came in to beg for food from the owner. The little girl looked like she was about six. She was wearing a thin, dirty dress and sandals. Her little brother, who was possibly four, was holding his big sister's hand. He was clearly mentally retarded. His nose was running; his face was dirty. He was dressed in a thin shirt...a thin shirt and nothing more.

Mission of Love is helping us change some of that poverty. Many thanks!

Sincerely, Mary Celeste

## *Dear Readers...*

*Athens, Ohio*

Over the last month, I've had the privilege of working with Kathy Price as the first Mission of Love intern. When I first wrote to Kathy, I was trying to convince her to take on someone she had never met to work with her the whole summer. I was interested in learning every aspect of what it takes to be part of a non-profit team. It's safe to say I've gotten a real education.

What I've had the benefit of learning this summer is the resilience of the human spirit, humility is giving, and on a lighter note, how to pack for all types of possible activities. Mostly, I have learned all this by observation of Kathy and the other volunteers.

My first trip with Mission of Love was to Pine Ridge Indian Reservation to work on Mary's Mission. In just seven days, we completed a great room and put up a basketball hoop for a family with 17 children. I had done quite a bit of reading about Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in College, before ever setting foot on the grounds, but I wasn't prepared for what I found there. The sheer distances people have to travel just to pick up their mail is huge. There is a 95% unemployment rate, producing an inability to get from one place to another because of a lack of gasoline money, inadequate housing and inadequate health care were all swirling there, right in front of my face. Right here, in our own backyard, is a third world country.

More importantly, I witnessed how people overcame all these conditions to provide a stable, loving home for their family. I watched the youngest volunteers from ages 12-17 change and mature over the week. I watched people of completely different backgrounds come together for a common goal and achieve it.

Mission of Love, in my eyes, is a lifesaver. The organization finds a way to go exactly where it's needed, when it's needed. Kathy's work is surely guided by a higher power and I see the love she puts into all of her work, whether it's sorting through boxes of donations, selling lemonade to raise funds, or on location—building houses or assisting a crew of doctors she's brought in to check people's health.

Personally, I'm just enjoying being a very small part of the mission and I'm looking forward to the next trip.

**Celeste Elliott**

Ohio University Intern for Mission of Love



**LEFT:** Celeste watched as plans were drawn for the room addition.

**BELOW:** Mary's addition to accommodate a big, loving family in Pine Ridge.





# MISSION OF LOVE

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Kathleen Price, Founder/Director • (330) 793-2388



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

## SUCCESS

The Mission of Love Mission Statement  
To laugh often and much,  
To win the respect of intelligent people and  
the 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*

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

*Please take the time to read about the acts of great love in this issue*

The Mission of Love Foundation is a non-profit organization that provides humanitarian aid to those in need worldwide, especially children. Backed by individuals, local businesses and the U.S. Military's Denton Program, the Mission of Love airlifts clothing, medicine and food and building supplies to third world countries, including the poorest community in the U.S.—Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, South Dakota. Once the supplies arrive, groups of people, both young and old, from all walks of life, are there to utilize the supplies by building medical clinics, repairing orphanages, administering medical treatment to the ill and serving those who need help.

## It's All About the Children...

