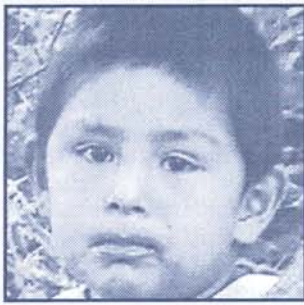


Fall 2006

Mission of Love News

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



You are on a Mission, and it is definitely a Mission of Love...

May 15, 2006—I have been home a few days now from our last mission of love to Jean Lafitte, Louisiana. So much to share and so much hope to give. Many of the volunteers of this trip, John and Natalie Larson, Bob Elston, Karen Romelfanger, Stu Hitchcock, Carol Haus, Rex Luckage, Mike Attila, Jeff Housel, and myself have made this trip to Louisiana in February, 2006. John Rosensteel was our first timer and has vowed that he will once again join us in July "God willing and the creek doesn't rise". What a comment to make especially since Hurricane seasons begins June 1. How does one thank such dedicated human beings for taking the time, energy, dedication and money to make this all possible, twice since February.

Our journey began with loading the 18 wheeler from our warehouse and Home Depot with all the building supplies to build a home and furnish others that were in need of the basics. 35,000 pounds of material were loaded April 28 to begin its route of 1200 miles to Jean Lafitte, Louisiana including 16 new windows donated by Jack, owner of Vinylume Products. Jack saw an article that was in the Vindicator about our trip to Louisiana in February. He called Jeff and made arrangements for Jeff to pick up the donated windows for our February mission. Our friend George filled the gas tanks and arranged for driver Mike to meet us at the work site, bright an early Monday May 1. If we were to buy the building supplies in New Orleans they either would not available or the price is doubled in price, sometimes tripled. Some of the volunteers flew and some of us had to drive trucks with all of our tools and ladders etc. Included in the tool truck was a donated refrigerator filled with meat, being cooled by dry ice. From the North of our country to the south of our United States our mission was accomplished for the fourth time since September to service the victims of the hurricanes. It was a true sacrifice for all concerned, especially those who lost everything.

When those of us who flew arrived at the airport, Mayor Tim Kerner invited us to be part of the Blessing of the Fleet. Because of the Blessing of the boats, all along the waterway people were having parties to celebrate the day and the beginning of shrimping season. It was a real honor to be part of such a blessed day and to share in some happy festivities in such distraught communities where many houses are just now being demolished from the history making hurricanes of 2005. The people were filled with that southern hospitality, and treated us as if we were family.

Mike and our 18 wheeler arrived early Sunday night and the mission began by starting to unload our precious cargo. We were all unloading the trailer when all of a sudden the trailer began to sink in sand and shifted on its side, five feet above the ground. I knew that we were in trouble when I saw Mayor Tim Kerner fly out of the back of the trailer for safety. With the help of the Mayor finding a front loader and getting aid to direct traffic, our trailer was soon standing upright and the process of unloading a complete home and furnishings began. Late Sunday evening our Mission of Love driving crew arrived at our headquarters, Town of Jean Lafitte Civic Center, where the Mayor has made bunk beds for the volunteers. This would be our home for the next seven days.

The home that we were building was for Kirk and Chris Fisher. Lifelong residents of Lafitte, Louisiana. As they state in their letter:

Dear Mission of Love,

Our mobile home was 27 years old, but still standing after Katrina. We weren't so lucky for Hurricane Rita. The flood water took our home and all our belonging so now we are homeless. Help from family, friends, or neighbors was impossible, their situation was as ours. Hope appeared from the Mission of Love. We had heard they were putting smiles back on faces, building, and rebuilding. I would only hope that we could be in your reach to help build us a home.

Thanks, Love, Kirk and Kris Fisher

I met Kirk Fisher in December of 2005, when my husband Bob and I went to Jean Lafitte, LA to meet with Mayor Tim Kerner to see what was needed to rebuild their community. eQuilter.com, Luana & Paul Rubin had sent us some newly made quilts and money to be distributed to the forgotten people in need. We told Kirk that our intent was to come back and help the families rebuild. Well in February we returned to Jean Lafitte, LA with twenty two volunteers and build a home for the Dupont family on Perkins Street. While working on the Dupont home, Kirk would come and help and show us his mandatory blueprints for his dream home, and tell us how he had proceeded on getting the 20 foot pile ons ready for our arrival in May. He would continue to get all of his permits, (all unrealistic, demanding and costly) including special permits to have his home of 27 years demolished by FEMA. Everything that was expected of Kirk and Chris was fulfilled, and more than! Kirk made sure that the 10-foot pile ons and floor was ready when we arrived, by himself. He had no ladders, no real tools to speak of, but I will tell you he had such determination and a will to make sure that his family would have a home that nothing stopped this fisherman from achieving his goal. Throughout all of this, his wife Chris thought he was loosing his mind. She just could not comprehend that someone so far away would come and do this for her family. As she stated to the volunteers, this just does not happen in our world. Kirk **believed** that we would return with hammers in hand.

Monday morning we began the start of our home for the Fishers. All the locals were getting ready for the shrimping season that was about to begin that Thursday. This was a critical time for the men to make their money for their families, do or die. This was the first time that the opening date had been changed and all we could do was continue on with our mission of love, with or without help from others. Stu was our foreman who kept everything in motion. We had only so much time to complete the task at hand. Little did we know that a home next to us would be demolished and that we would have to vacate the area while this was being done, because of so called asbestos from the linoleum? Mind you that none of the area homes were evacuated nor most of the 20 FEMA people had any type of gear to protect them from this so called asbestos. It all was so interesting to watch as FEMA is demolishing a home after eight months and here the Mission of Love volunteers are building a new home right next door. The red tape and the newly found laws that are expected of these poor people are just outrageous and not necessary. Maybe the powers to be really don't want the victims to rebuild? The stories are never ending about the corruption, greed and undermining of these people in need. There are no words to fully describe the situation and the suffering that these folks go thru on a daily basis. I am not talking

continued on page 2

To accomplish great things, we must not only act, but also dream; not only plan, but also believe. —Anatole France

You are on a Mission, and it is definitely a Mission of Love...

continued from page 1

I am not talking about one community but literally thousands of communities just like ours that have been totally forgotten by our government. Many investigations are taking place but as far as I can see no real issues are being addressed and not much healing is taking place. We are now talking about sending the Guard to protect our Borders from the Mexicans, but could it be a reality that we send in the Guard to do exactly what we are doing, building community, one by one? Why not?

Day by day our home for the Fishers progressed and the team worked harmoniously together. Our days started at 6:30 and ran until 6:30. The weather was warmer than usual and our Northern bodies were having a hard time adjusting to the heat. We carried on to the brink of exhilarating exhaustion. As aka "Rosy" (John Rosensteel) stated, you get to the point where you don't think you can lift another board and you see the faces of the community and the people you are building the home for and somehow, somehow you are given that second burst of energy to continue on to make this mission a success. Mayor Tim Kerner, Chris and Kirk and Ina always made sure that our needs were taken care of, no matter what time of day it was. One evening while we were having dinner together I decided to give some of the families more quilts that were donated by Luana of eQuilter.com I feel that it is very important to hand deliver these precious gifts of love to honor the people who took the time, money and energy to make this gifts for the people who have gone thru such a terrible ordeal. I went to give a quilt to Kris and she literally fell in my arms with tears of appreciation and joy. She cried and cried and literally had a meltdown for a very long time. The homemade quilt made her realize that there are so many kind and caring people in this world that want to help and make a difference to the hurricane victims. She could not understand why out of all the people who have lost everything why would we pick her and Kirk to give an quilt to and build a home for. Kirk finally had to come to the Civic center and console his wife. With those tears of Kris's, I really started to understand more clearly what a toll this disaster has taken on this one family - not only to mention the thousand of other families that have been affected these past eight months. I just cannot even begin to imagine what I would be like if this had happened to my family, friends and community, let alone know that a family member was still lost and nothing was being done to help find their remains. There are no excuses for what is taking place in our America! Just when is someone going to stand up for the truth and recognize the injustices that are taking place by our own people. Government officials along the Gulf Coast and in Washington agree that the temporary housing, while better than a tent or emergency shelter, is far from ideal. "They're campers, Gov. Haley Barbour of Mississippi told the Senate committee this month. We were there when they had a storm, and I just can't even begin to imagine what fear these people have when the lightning and thunder starts and your home is a windowless camping trailer set on blocks. Can you even begin to imagine?

We were able to deliver 20 boxes of ballet and dance material that was collected and donated to the New Orleans Ballet Association. I had asked Ina if she would call the Director Jenny to let her know that the donations from Eri, a college dance teacher from Ohio arrived and that we were ready to drop them off. Jenny was thrilled to receive her donations for the children so they could once again dance. She in turn was so grateful that she offered furniture to the families who were in need, that she had in her warehouse. I love how it all works together. In our trailer, we also had fifteen boxes of children books that were donated by the Rotary of Ohio. They were happily received by a primary school in Jean Lafitte.

Mayor Tim Kerner asked if I would mind going with him to the council meeting of Jefferson Parish. This Parish has over 600,000 people. His request was that I talk to the council president in regards to our building homes in Jean Lafitte, and that maybe they would be able to find funding for the building materials. To my surprise, the Jefferson Parish Council presented the Mission of Love with a Proclamation. It reads:

for the building materials. To my surprise, the Jefferson Parish Council presented the Mission of Love with a Proclamation. It reads:

WHEREAS, Mission of Love, a charitable volunteer organization based in Youngstown, Ohio, responded to the needs of Jefferson Parish for housing in the wake of Hurricane Katrina and Rita by coming to Jefferson Parish in the days following the Hurricane with many volunteers to help rebuild the Parish's housing stock; and

WHEREAS, Mission of Love, concentrating its efforts in the area of the Town of Jean Lafitte, has gutted and rebuilt the interiors of homes damaged by Hurricane Katrina and Rita, and has built new homes in the area as well for those rendered homeless by the storms; and

WHEREAS, this Council, on behalf of the citizens of Jefferson Parish, wishes to recognize, commend and thank the members of Mission of love who have so selflessly volunteered their time and talents to helping this area from the devastation of Hurricanes Katrina and Rita;

NOW, THEREFORE, the Jefferson Parish Council of Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, hereby recognizes, commends, and thanks the members of:

MISSION OF LOVE, DIRECTED BY KATHLEEN PRICE FOR THEIR EXTRAORDINARY ASSISTANCE TO THE PEOPLE OF JEFFERSON PARISH IN THE WAKE OF HURRICANES KATRINA AND RITA

What a surprise that was! Mayor Kerner knew that if he had told me that we were receiving an honor that I would find every excuse in the book not to go and leave the volunteers. By telling me that we were meeting with the Council President about additional housing, he knew for sure that I would be there with bells on! **I accepted this Proclamation on behalf of all of you who have contributed to this worthy cause. You have made these missions of mercy possible.**

Our work was almost completed and Kris wanted to talk to all of us together. Her words were profound and all of the Mission of Love volunteers were in tears. Following are her words.

What do you tell someone that gives you gift for Christmas? You thank them. For your birthday they give you a blouse, you thank them and tell them you love it.

With Hurricane Katrina, Kirk's boat sunk, and Rita I lost my job and truck. We were homeless and I had to take my retirement money out. We paid \$600 a month in rent for 8 months. Now, **we have a home**, because of you. How do I thank you?

On May 18, Kirk and I will be married 28 years and for 28 years I thought I knew everything and I know that people just don't give away houses. Well Kirk and I now will admit that we don't know anything! I have never known the kindness, caring, or love from strangers that you've given to me this week. Kirk was wonderful this week, because he's a leader and so, are, all of you and I am a follower. I thought I could hang with you all, but when I saw these **amazing** women, what they do, name the wood and know every tool, and know what piece of wood that would be placed in the house on what day.....measure, mark, and cut. The neighbors were amazed to say the least, all they could say is "Did you see those amazing women."

The gentlemen were so polite and I heard no swearing what so ever. I have to admit I wasn't prepared for such a week. So how do you thank someone for building your family a home? Volunteers who take their vacation time to build for complete strangers?

If I were to plan a vacation I would plan and prepare - you plan and prepare for weeks before coming



You are on a Mission, and it is definitely a Mission of Love...

I would shop for clothes - you shop for building materials

I would pack a suitcase - You pack 18 wheelers

I would take my car and family - you volunteers leave your families

I would love to go to the sun and sand - you volunteers become sore from the sunburn, obtain blisters on your hands, swollen feet, and muscle aches

I would like some souvenirs also - your souvenir is an aching body

You all don't understand just how this affects us, so all I can say is Thank you.

This story will never end because as long as there are people like you all, there will always be stories like this.

You are on a mission - and it is defiantly a mission of love. Written by Kris Fisher

Our mission was accomplished and our intent is to go back and build in July for Ina who is a widow. Her husband Rocky died in January from lung cancer and the stress of the hurricanes.

We were presented by Mayor Timothy P. Kerner the Key of the Town of Jean Lafitte, Louisiana. What a Honor!

Pearl who has breast cancer now has a washer and dryer because of you. She cried with joy knowing that someone cared about her family. Many more stories of how we all touched the hands within our reach.....let us all continue to be on a mission of love. Let us continue to be an example of what can be done in such simple ways.

Joe, Gaynel and their family now have a kitchen to work out of. We were able to put in a new floor, cabinets, running water and sink and counter top, so they can now cook. Rex made sure that their roof no longer leaks. Mattresses were given to people who have had none since September. One girl being eight months pregnant (can you even imagine?) Many acts of kindness were performed in the week of May 1, and many more need to be performed. Lets us not forget to touch those hands that are within our reach.

Thank you for your continued support and love. *With gratitude, Kathleen*



ABOVE, LEFT: Mission of Love volunteers (L-R): Stuart Hitchcock, North Jackson, OH; Mike Antilla, Youngstown, OH; Carol Haus, Boardman, OH; Bob ELston, New Middletown, OH; Natalie and John Larson, New York; Karen Romefanger, Hermitage, PA; John Rosensteel, Poland, OH; Kirk Fisher, new owner of the home; and Rex Luckage, Austintown, OH. ABOVE, RIGHT: The Fisher home under construction.

LIFE IN ABUNDANCE COMES ONLY THROUGH GREAT LOVE.

There is no force more potent than love.
Take away love and your world is a tomb.

Your life echoes emptiness without love.

With it, your life will vibrate with warmth and meaning.
Even during hardship, love will shine through.

As you look back upon the events in your life
you will find that the moments that stand out,
the moments when you have really lived,
are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.

If you have it, you don't need to have anything else,
and if you don't have it,
it doesn't matter what else you have.
Therefore, search for love.

Once you have learned to love, you will have learned to live.
Love is the most important ingredient to your success.



Louisiana--Mayor Timothy Kerner talking to Foreman Stuart Hitchcock and Kris & Kirk Fisher.



Louisiana--First truss going up at new home for the Fishers



Stick by Stick—Permit by Permit...

JEAN LAFITTE, LOUISIANA • 4/29/2006-5/7/2006

By Natalie Larson



Here we go again! Drawn by the need, drawn by the wonderful energy and culture that is uniquely Louisiana, and drawn by the amazing people still struggling to overcome the distraught and devastation caused by the 2005 hurricanes named Katrina and Rita that wreaked unimaginable loss.

The little town of Jean Lafitte is only a speck on the map, one of hundreds of towns that incurred the wrath of the devastating hurricanes. Mayor Tim Kerner said that there are presently 200 homes slated to be demolished in his little town. His hope is that the residents who lived in the 200 homes, many now living in FEMA camper trailers and many who are living with relatives or friends, can somehow rebuild and stay in the community. He sadly acknowledges that this will not likely happen but he is hopeful anyway. For these are not transient people, these are not people who have come to live in Jean Lafitte for a few months or a year or two due to a job transfer. These are people with extended families, grandparents, parents, children, grandchildren. They are people whose children and grandchildren graduated from the same high school where they graduated. They are people who shrimp for a living, people who learned the shrimping trade from their parents and from their parents, parents and grandparents.

So we are off again to Jean Lafitte not only to save homes and to rebuild homes but to save people and families and a way of life and a genuine southern Louisiana culture. It makes us all feel good inside, a warm feeling that we are blessed to be able to truly help and impact others in so many good ways.

We wonder why the so many others aren't being helped. We see so many people and hear so many sad stories. We have to keep telling ourselves that we are making a difference where and when we can, in our own way. We feel a great sense of love and gratitude as we work and get to know these wonderful people, each with their own stories, each affected in their own way.

One commonality: the water that flooded their homes. The second commonality: trying to get through day by day. The third commonality: the restoration and/or rebuilding process and the government regulations and interference.

Permit me to tell you James' story. James told me his story when we were sitting on a step taking a break from construction. James is an elderly gentleman who continues to work for a living. His house is slated for demolition and he and his wife live in a FEMA camper trailer. James said he thought he was really smart. Immediately after the hurricanes he was going to beat the rush for housing so he drove to Mississippi and purchased a nice double wide mobile home. All he had to do was to call the Mississippi business manager and the double wide would be delivered on his lot. He and his wife were excited that they would have a new home. When the time came, when he cleared his property of its fallen trees and debris, he called Mississippi to arrange to have his double wide delivered. He was told that since he lived in his particular area of Louisiana he would need a wetlands survey. Additionally, he was informed that he would then need a permit from the Army Corps of Engineers. Oh, and by the way, did he have his soil sample results? How about his water samples? Did anyone yet know what FEMA and the Army Corps of Engineers and the other government regulatory agencies had established as an acceptable height for the pilings that would need to be placed under his double wide? After all, it had only been over eight months and those things were still uncertain.

So James and his wife continue to reside in their tiny, windowless FEMA camper trailer with the refrigerator that can't hold a gallon of milk or a quart of ice cream in its freezer. They still can't turn around in the shower. There is no bathtub. There are no appliances to wash or dry clothes. No microwave. They can cook but there is little storage for cooking utensils and the stove top and oven can't accommodate dishes large enough for a simple meal for more than 2 or 3 people.

James priced a concrete slab and 8-10 foot pilings. The governmental agencies still are not sure if the homes need 8 foot risers or 10 foot risers. Do they need wood pilings, concrete block, or steel I-beam type framing? If he were to decide on the I-beams and the concrete pad, his cost is now \$26,500. This compared to a price somewhat lower than \$10,000 for the same work prior to the storms.

James and his wife feel defeated. Their home of many years is gone. All of their furniture and other personal possessions were destroyed. Their shrimp boat was destroyed. They lost their vehicle. They are stuck in a tiny FEMA camper trailer. And his new home is waiting, collecting dust because it can't be delivered to an area where our government agencies have put so many regulations and application and permit forms in place that an ordinary person can't sift through it all. And they are tired, bone tired, tired of their temporary life and lifestyle, devastated and emotionally bankrupt from this almost 9 months of flux, not knowing when and how it will end. If they could just do what they want, which is to rebuild and/or restore their properties without all of our government interference they could get back to an almost normal life and begin rebuilding their lives.

Sorry, James. Your government is speaking. So you had better listen up! Only we don't know what we're doing. We don't know how long it will take. We're busy making additional new regulations and more new forms and applications and permits you will need. We're dictating how and when and if you will live. Or maybe you won't make it through all of this havoc and bureaucracy we are creating. Time will tell ^ but then we have more time than you have, James. P.S. Tell your wife also!

So along comes the Mission of Love. The word in tiny Jean Lafitte is hope. Finally there is someone, an organization who cares and asks for nothing in return. No long forms, no formal applications. A cleared piece of land with the required permits in place. Building a house, giving people back their life, probably saving their life. The emotional trials of complying with the government applications and having FEMA knock on your door and tell you that you may only have your little trailer for another six months at most is devastating, it takes a toll on a person's well-being. So here's a lifeline, a life preserver in the vast sea of uncertainty and anxiety. We do what we can, Kathy and her Mission of Love performs miracles with the little they have. Whether the miracles are little, like giving the breast cancer patient a washer and dryer, or bigger like building a home for a homeless family, they are huge miracles to the residents of Jean Lafitte. Miracles of life itself! As I am writing this article, I am silently singing „When you wish upon a star, dreams come true%. Wonder where that came from? Must be a miracle.



Believe in your power!

page 4

A Big Thank You to The Windows and Doors Angel" ...

My husband and I traveled as volunteers with Kathleen Price and the Mission of Love to Jean Lafitte, Louisiana in February 2006 to build homes for families who no longer had a home due to Hurricanes Katrina and Rita.

As you must know by your donations, a major part of the home construction are the windows and doors. Your donations were shared by three families in this small shrimping community approximately thirty miles southeast of New Orleans. We wanted to share with you how appreciative the families were to receive your new windows and doors.

Sally, Danny, and Veronica received a brand new home, recipients of the majority of the windows and doors. After volunteering in their own community for over thirty years, they never expected that someone would do something for them. They now had a home so much lighter and brighter than they had before. They were busy making curtains the day after we returned to our own homes.

Gaynel, Joe, and their family and extended family received renovations to their home that was completely gutted due to water and wind damage. Gaynel was speechless when she saw her bright red front door. She said that never in her dreams could she have expected to receive such a wonderful gift and had never in her life seen such a beautiful door. Gaynel and Joe's daughter couldn't believe that she now had such a beautiful window in her bedroom, could see out into her back yard, and could open the window. After six months she now planned to move back into her "new" bedroom.

Muriel and "Goose" were so excited to see such a beautiful picture window. They were proud of how their old house now looked in their neighborhood and so appreciative of the light that was now coming into their living room. They never thought that anyone could do something so nice for them.

They blessed each of the volunteers and those who donated materials as they tearfully said goodbye with the hope that we would be back not only to help others but so they could see us once again.

So, thank you again Windows and Doors Angel for the blessings and experiences we received for the good wishes and thanks that you received from all of the families that you helped.

UPCOMING BUILDING MISSIONS OF LOVE

SEPTEMBER - MAYAN COMMUNITIES

OCTOBER - PINE RIDGE

NOVEMBER - LOUISIANA

JANUARY - MAYAN COMMUNITIES

CALL OR E-MAIL KATHLEEN
IF YOU ARE INTERESTED
IN BEING PART OF OUR BUILDING TEAM
FOR THE MISSION OF LOVE

330-720-0278

amissionoflove@sbcglobal.net

Youth Fellowship Warehouse Trip... *by Ann Aciri*

June 14, 2006, Ravenna, Ohio—How do you say thank you? How do you say "Thank you" to a person who has convinced, coaxed and cajoled a thousand donations from so many people, and in return contributed everything? By introducing more people to Mission of Love founder Kathy Price.

Seven rookies were among the dozen youth and thirteen adults who celebrated Flag Day 2006 by rendezvousing at First Federated Church in North Jackson, Ohio for a trip to the Mission of Love Warehouse. Eager to get underway, Kathy showed the volunteers a clip from a local newscast about Kyrsten Suder, who was killed by a drunk driver three years ago. Kyrsten's parents established the KES Foundation to honor the memory of how their daughter loved to help others. The foundation purchased a school bus to donate to a Mayan community in the Yucatan peninsula. Kyrsten's classmates of 2006 at Hubbard High School painted the interior of the bus with festive colors and designs, filled it with donated school supplies and turned it over to the Mission of Love. Now the bus sat at the MOL warehouse dock, waiting to be loaded with additional materials. This would not be the typical clothes-sorting routine at the warehouse today.

Don Schrock, a veteran of house building in Jean Lafitte, LA, oversaw removal of seats aft of the rear tires to accommodate the medical equipment that was to be loaded. The teenage boys took great delight in the chance to use tools that required muscle. Little did they know that Kathy had heavier lifting to come.

"It's a chance to help people that don't have any medical supplies," said Alex Aciri. "Just knowing that you're helping is a good feeling."

Lisa King and Connie Bane (both R.N.s) identified and cataloged the medical supplies for the cargo manifest and with the help of the youth, got very familiar with shrink-wrap. Then it got interesting.

It wasn't so much, "How do you put a square peg in a round hole" as it was, "How do you make something this heavy and tall fit through this door so short and narrow?" The answer: more tools, plenty of brawn, and don't let your feet or fingers get in the way. A couple of hours later, operating room equipment, from an anesthesia machine to operating room lights, all donated by St. Elizabeth's, were secure aboard the bus. The bus named "Kyrsten," in memory of the girl that lived to help others, was loaded with life-changing hopes and lifesaving equipment.

Billie Jo Byram echoed the Mission of Love mission statement when she said at the end of the day "You can't look at how much there is to do. You just have to look at what you can do and what you have accomplished."

WISH LIST

NEEDED ITEMS:

- CHAIN SAWS
- BUILDING MATERIALS
- WINTER COATS
- CHILDRENS' CLOTHES
- CHILDRENS' SHOES
- CHILDRENS' BOOTS
- CHILDRENS' MOTRIN
- CHILDRENS' VITAMINS
- EMBROIDERY THREAD



SO MUCH WORK, SO MANY LIVES TOUCHED. GOOD WORK!...

By Natalie Carson

March 2006—Another trip with Kathy Price and the Mission of Love. This time to what all of us now refer to as the land of our beloved Mayan people.

This trip started with, rather than the usual day of work, a day of rest and relaxation that Kathy normally provides as a kind of reward at the end of the week for the volunteers, hard work. Our late day arrival prompted an overnight stay in Cancun. In spite of traveling and working with Kathy in the Yucatan several times, this was my first glimpse of Cancun other than the airport where we come and go. One wonders how the long strips of elaborate hotels, the many glittery bars and restaurants that host the night life into the wee hours of the morning, and the new gleaming tour buses that take the international tourists to some of the more famous Mayan ruins such as Chichen Itza can exist where there is so much poverty and material lack only a block or less than a mile away.

Kathy wanted to show me what and where Isla Mujeres (the Island of Women) was located, the place where she attributes the beginning of the Mission of Love. In order to get to Isla Mujeres, one has to take a ferry boat to a small slip of land able to be barely seen on a clear day in the distance off the shore of Cancun. The ferry boats were loaded with people, many international tourists but many natives from Cancun and Mexico also. We wondered why and where these Mexican people were going. Some carried bags, some carried their children. We only assumed that they were coming and going from work, either from their homes near Cancun or from their homes on Isla Mujeres.

Kathy explained how Isla Mujeres had grown over the fifteen years since she had first visited during that Cancun vacation gifted to her and her husband by their children. The main streets were narrow with a few cars but mostly motorbikes and golf carts which were in abundance to be rented by the tourists. After lunch we found Greta, a German lady who had made Isla Mujeres her home for the past twenty years. Greta has four tidy, small apartments she rents to vacationers either nightly or weekly. She told us how much a part of the community she felt, but particularly so after the hurricanes of 2005 that caused so much destruction. She spoke about the devastation but spoke with even more strength and conviction in her voice about how the community's people pulled together and shared the food they had, shared their homes, and helped others in need. Kathy inquired about the cerebral palsy clinic, the first of many clinics and buildings constructed and equipped by the Mission of Love. She was informed that the clinic was still in existence and has helped many, many children. We left Isla Mujeres feeling somewhat weary after our travels but oddly energized at the same time. After all, we had many missions to accomplish this week.

The weather was what any tourist would call picture perfect. The waters of the Caribbean were ever changing from multiple shades of azure blue to a blue that blended with the sky. Frigate birds glide over the ocean waves and bright red and yellow flowers abound. These pictures of beauty will be held forever captured in our minds and calling us back over and over. The beauty of the waters was paralleled by the heart-felt beauty of the rest of our trip, a trip inland to the land of the Mayas to visit old and new friends.

We made ourselves busy the next day where we were to join Frank, an audiologist who works with the Mission of Love to provide hearing tests and hearing aids to people in need. His work this time would include children and adults. The school in Espita is staffed by the principal, Wilbur, and his teacher wife Martha. Frank had many referrals from Wilbur and Martha, children they felt were having some difficulties with their lessons and needed to be evaluated for potential hearing problems. There were other children from surrounding communities who also lined up to be seen by Frank.

The first two to arrive were elderly men. Frank tested their hearing and

fitted them with hearing aids, very patiently teaching me how to assist him with mixing the compounds so he could then form fit molds for their ears. He explained the levels of varying speech patterns associated with the various degrees of hearing loss. Each of the two men smiled as they received their new hearing aids and were provided with batteries sufficient to last six months to a year. They were later seen still sitting in the school room turned clinic waiting area, busily chatting back and forth, smiling and with their eyes gleaming, stating that they were old friends but had not been able to communicate for many years because they could not hear each other. It seems as though Froylan and Baltasar were now catching up for many lost years.

I felt like Kathy, Frank, and I were The Three Musketeers as we charged along through our day. Kathy found time to speak with Effie. Effie is a teacher who works at the school with Wilbur and Martha. Effie is 32 years old and has been blind since age 4. The last time she was evaluated for her visual problem was when she was 12 years old. Surely technology has come a long way since then. We couldn't help but wonder if there wasn't anything a medical specialist could do to help Effie? Her story is one of stupendous bravery. Effie hitchhiked alone from Espita to Merida, almost a 2 hour drive away each day to attend school to become a teacher and social worker. This on the small back roads, not able to see who was stopping to give her a ride or to be able to get out of the way if a car came too close. An extremely brave young lady. Kathy asked Effie how she could help and what would help her. Effie asked for only 2 things: a guide dog for the blind so she could feel safe when she went to people's houses in her role as social worker, and a white cane for the blind. Kathy's wheels were turning ^ not an easy task for the dog but a cane for the blind? How is it that these simple things are not available for the people?

Frank saw more than sixteen people the first day, thirteen of whom received hearing aids. Raul Tuz Pech was a familiar face to Frank. Frank had fitted Raul for a hearing aid several years ago when Raul was much smaller. Raul, who had grown substantially during the past few years into a handsome young man, was at the clinic to be fitted for new molds. Raul was one of Frank's and the Mission of Love's many success stories as he was productively working at a bakery and now able to support himself and his family, something he would not have been able to do without being able to hear and to subsequently complete his schooling. Frank could only work for a few hours the next day as he had to return to his home and his business in Illinois. He worked every minute and gave another six hearing aids to children fortunate enough to be able to travel to Espita.

Frank still somehow made time to walk to the next street to see Billy. The residents of the neighborhood had asked Frank to see Billy, a three year old boy who was blind. Frank is an audiologist, a person who specializes in hearing who also has a background as a speech therapist. Frank is not a physician but is highly regarded by the residents as a medical professional. Frank kindly agreed to visit Billy, with us two other musketeers tagging along, to Billy's house. Billy was being held by one of his older siblings. Billy was smiling and bright. His hearing was good but his eyes looked like small slits. Frank held out a pencil close to Billy's face (brilliant move I thought) and Billy reached out to grasp it. So Billy is not blind after all. Frank lifted Billy's eyelids to look at his eyes, shining healthy looking eyes, darting rapidly back and forth. It was thought that Billy could have a perfectly normal life with perhaps minor surgery. But how to get Billy to an ophthalmologist who could diagnose and perhaps perform the necessary surgery? We could see Kathy's mind working as rapidly as Billy's eyes darting back and forth.

We drove to Kunche to visit Margarita to see how her property was coming along. Kathy had promised Margarita, a widow with five children, that the Mission of Love would build her a house if she and her family would clear the land where the house would be built. Margarita had been introduced to Kathy a couple of years ago after her husband discarded



her, throwing her into a cenote, a pool of water connected with underground rivers that run throughout the Yucatan Peninsula. The cenotes were considered by the ancient Mayans to be very spiritual energy centers. Miraculously, Margarita lived to tell her story and her husband's subsequent shameful demise left her alone with her five young children. Her house of sticks and thatched palapas roof was leaning more than the Tower of Pisa in Italy. The contents were certainly much more meager.

We walked up the lane to her property. She smiled proudly as she showed us the land she had cleared and had even staked out where the new house was to be built. This will be a palace, a wonderful place for her to raise her five children. Kathy, Frank, and I all felt the same thing, that this property was somehow almost magical and mystical. The beauty of the large gray rocks and the tall mahogany trees and the many flowers already growing on the property were all signs that this was a special place. She and her children will do well here.

Back in the car, we drove to the clinic at Kunche where we were greeted by many women waiting to see Kathy to show her their art work. Kathy had previously given them each a white cotton blanket to be adorned with their needlework. Brilliantly colored Mayan flowers and various birds and animals were meticulously embroidered on each square of the blankets. The women received money from the Mission of Love for their work, money that will be used to sustain their household and buy food for their children.

The next day we drove the almost fifty miles inland from a main road to the village of Francisco de Madera. The Mission of Love built a clinic eight years ago for the community. The same doctor has staffed the clinic for the past eight years. The small community has nearly doubled in size, likely due to the presence of the clinic and the school that is mostly supplied by the Mission of Love. We were there this time to bring donations of school supplies. We gave out our bags of chalk and chalkboard erasers, markers and coloring books, bags of small toys donated by an organization in the states, and the children's books written in Spanish. We also set up the long, low tables Kathy had purchased for the school and gave them the small, colorful plastic chairs for the children. The school in this community is in a woven stick building, dark inside and very small with a dirt floor. We questioned whether the tables and all of the chairs would even fit inside but Kathy purchased the items knowing that the table legs folded up and the chairs stacked. We expect that the tables and chairs will be used not only for school purposes but for many other children's community functions as well.

We stopped in another community where the Mission of Love has helped build homes. We were then treated to a tour of vegetable gardens cropping up around the neighborhood. We walked to several homes where this new occupation was occurring. Growing green vegetables like leaf lettuce, Swiss chard, cilantro, tomatoes, and cucumbers is something new. Corn has long been the only crop and staple of the Mayans. Green vegetables will now provide nutritional value that has been sorely lacking in their diets. Mission of Love will sponsor a community elder to teach the new farmers how to cook their produce. Since the animals are not fenced, each garden is fenced. Each garden we saw could be featured in a Garden Beautiful magazine. Not one hole in one leaf of lettuce, beautiful and bountiful green plants. This was true even of the woman we visited who looked to be about 70 or more. She greeted us in a typical white Mayan shift dress. She was embarrassed when we wanted to take her picture with the abundant red flowers that bridged her entryway. She repeatedly and shyly exclaimed how poor she was and how frayed and tattered her dress was and how she had no shoes. Kathy lovingly embraced her and told her how beautiful she was. This spotlessly clean but weathered and hard working woman with a lovingly tended, beautiful garden. She should have an abundant crop and hopefully be able to sell any excess in a local market to make a little money.

A brief stop to visit another old friend in another community. This time to see the woman that Mission of Love sponsored to send to the hospital over 2 hours away to receive surgery and chemotherapy for her breast cancer and surrounding lymph node involvement. Had Kathy not intervened, she would not be alive today. We met her husband and her children and saw that she was truly alive and vibrant with no return of her disease.

We wondered how the elderly double amputee was doing with his wheelchair that we delivered to him on our last visit. Was he still enjoying the sunshine and now getting out into the community, something that he had not been able to do for several years and had been looking forward to doing?

How were the doctors doing at the clinic in Tizimin? Were the surgical supplies that Kathy delivered a couple of months ago still holding out or were they in need of replenishing? How was the building holding up that the Mission of Love renovated for the malnourished children? Did it need more maintenance? How was this person, how was that person? Who needs help, what else needs to be done?

So much work. So many lives touched. Good work, GOOD WORK!



LEFT: Doctor Frank Weldele making a house call in the Mayan Community of Kunche, Mexico.

RIGHT: Effie, who needs our help.



LEFT: Racquel and Marie José giving a hearing test to a Mayan patient.



LEFT: Margarita and her garden



A Lakota Family Thrilled... BY LESLIE CARSON, CALIFORNIA

June 20, 2006—"Even I didn't think it could be done," admitted construction guru, Louie Fovstedt about the plan to move a Mission of Love home he'd built two years ago across many miles of the Pine Ridge Lakota Reservation in South Dakota. But Kathy Price found a way to move the 4-bedroom beauty that had sat sadly vacant. Thanks to her "chance" encounter with a legendary local house mover, Ted Petty John volunteered (as only Kathy can persuade!) to lift and truck the house 100 miles from Oglala to Kyle. On June 24, after only four days of labor, deep holes had been dug beneath the house ^ still resting up on two long steel I-beams ^ rows of pilings installed as well as a new roof, new doors and windows, walls painted, electric poles put in place and electric service installed. Longtime MOL friend Albert Red Bear blessed the finished house, nestled in a grove of trees, with burning sage, then blessed the encircled, intergenerational crew with an enormous eagle feather and eloquent Lakota words. "Old traditions are important," he said, "but with good endeavors like this that will go on and on, we are creating new traditions." (Although it was not until the next day that the house was lowered onto its new pilings, inch by sweating inch, this time thanks to local entrepreneur, Randy Puckett, who contributed jacks, heavy equipment and many hours of labor. Louie was not the only one to be amazed by the success of this latest "impossible dream.")

Daryl Janis (a great-grandson of Hump, the close friend of Crazy Horse), his wife Donna Janis and their four gentle giant sons ^ Adam, Leon, DJ and Tom ^ were living in a small, broken-down trailer, even though both parents suffer from diabetes and other serious health problems. After Daryl visited Kathy one year ago, heart and exquisite beadwork in hand, MOL took action. "This was a real partnership with the Janis family, new and old Lakota friends, and MOL volunteers," said Kathy, amazed at the fast work accomplished by the hardworking Janis boys, Mary Fast Wolf's son Perry from Red Shirt, Albert Red Bear, Wallace White Dress (former state champion cross country runner) and his brother Rick, Bob and Nate from Pierre, Bob and Peg Elsted and Kathy Rothman from Youngstown and Leslie Carson from California. George Freeman, a master electrician we met at the Prairie Lodge Motel, also became involved and promised to do so again. Of course, Louie and Bill, both ever competent, jovial and seemingly indefatigable, led the construction charge, this being their 9th building raised for the Lakota people. Donna Janis, out of the hospital with bandaged foot on the last day of the project, cried openly, grandchildren around her, saying "I never knew there were such people like you in the world." Those of us from the outside world could say the same.

The ripples of love that Kathy brings move outward in unexpected ways. Here's just one story among many. Kathy Rothman, our resident 5th grade teacher, had been godmother to Trudy Pumpkin-Seed's baby at Wounded Knee thirty years ago but then lost touch with the family. The first day in Kyle, that same godchild (Kathy Pumpkin-Seed) showed up with her three young daughters ^ all, including mom, in bright blue basketball uniforms ^ for a wonderful reunion. Not surprising when you know that for the Lakota people, the circle is the primary symbol of life.

Throughout a pleasantly cool, occasionally thunderstorming week, good feelings and good work attracted people, food and even publicity from the nearby media arts department of Oglala Lakota College. Charles Comes Killing (Wounded Knee drum-maker, GPS teacher and founder of "Camp Laugh-A-Lot") brought out his colleagues, award-winning videographers Tony Brave and his student Brandon Ferguson. Together, they filmed the house project and conducted interviews with Kathy Price, as well as Mary Fast Wolf and Nita Bald Eagle. (You'll be able to see these fascinating interviews ^ and lots of other Lakota news NOT covered by your local channel! ^ soon by logging onto thepodtribe.com or www.lcst.com. or Oglala Lakota College.)

With a few non-construction days to enjoy, those of us in "The Kathy Van" were privileged to watch her put people and projects together for the near future (as she put over 1600 miles of Black Hills backroads on the speedometer!) Invited by Charles Comes Killing to attend his graduation from Oglala Lakota College, we were thrilled to watch outdoor graduation ceremonies conducted to the beat of drums, surrounded by rolling green prairies and blindingly blue skies. But Kathy was more than a spectator. By the end of the day, she had made arrangements to deliver two school buses for Charlie's summer camps, to visit Nita Bald Eagle in the Black Hills for more campsite planning, to go and see foster-mother of 10, Gloria Scabbyface in anticipation of August's house building project. "Plains Indians often speak of the "Epower, of their religion...in their perception of the spirit world this simply means the ability to get things done" (Walking in the Sacred Manner, Mark St. Pierre and Tilda Long Soldier).



From Left to Right: Louie Fovstedt; the Lakota homes, working out in the open plains; and Bill Huber.



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Those who have suffered, understand suffering and therefore extend their hand. —Patti Smith

page 8

Reflection... by Kathie Rothman

Family. Love. Perseverance. These are three words that tug at my heartstrings as I reflect on my recent trip to Pine Ridge. I was blessed as a college student in the late 70's to have spent two summers as a volunteer at the Red Cloud Indian Mission where I taught on many parts of the reservation. I have always shared with my family, friends, and students that those times were of the most meaningful moments in my life.

Kathleen Price and I met by chance when one of my students selected her as a "Giraffe Hero" this past school year for sticking her neck out and helping others. When Kathleen came to speak to my class and mentioned she was traveling to Pine Ridge in June, I knew in my heart that I was to volunteer and return to a place filled with loving people who hold their family first and who have persevered for countless years.

What a blessing for me to journey to South Dakota on June 16th to a place that welcomed our team with warmth and gratitude! Although construction work is not my forte in life, I was honored to help the sons of Donna and Darryl Janis, their many friends, and our volunteers complete a home for this family that has faced many hardships, but have preserved with love and togetherness.

Along the way, Darryl Janis helped me locate my Goddaughter that I baptized when I was nineteen years old named Kathy Pumpkinseed. Her dear mother, may she rest in peace, became a friend of mine one summer many years ago. When Trudy Pumpkinseed named her beautiful daughter after me and asked me to baptize her child, I felt so honored. After so many years of not knowing what happened to Trudy and her family, I was reunited with a beautiful young mother and her family.

Mission of Love is exactly what the name implies. I left a part of my heart in at Pine Ridge when was in college and a part last month. I anticipate returning next summer to visit Mary and Vard Fast Wolf, Nita Bald Eagle, Darrell and Donna Janis, Albert, Charlie, Brandon, my Goddaughter and the many remarkable people who bless this world and call Pine Ridge their home.

In closing, family, love and perserverance are just a few of the blessings of the people, our friends, who live many miles away, but are dear to all of our hearts!



ABOVE: Kathie Rothman (third from left) and her goddaughter (far left) with her own family.

*People sit around complaining about injustice.
Yet very few stand up and fight to change it.
If you're not trying to change it, you're creating it!*
—Ghostwind

Kyrsten's Gift of Dance...

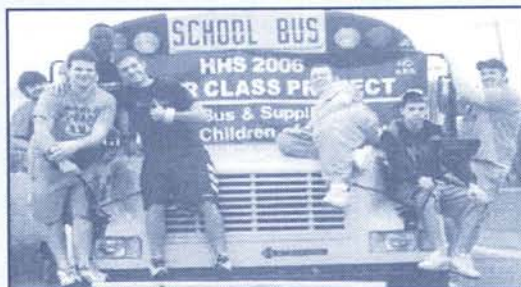
by Kyrsten's Grandmother, Joann Scarwell

Recently I was given a precious gift from my granddaughter whom I will not again enjoy being with in this world. However, through her gift I have come to realize that life is only momentary for everyone, and what really matters is the legacy of goodness and caring that one leaves behind for others. Kyrsten was a fourteen year old beautiful child who was taken away to places our world cannot even envision. Her gift to me was the message of giving. She motivated me to dance.

Kyrsten, in her young life, had the wisdom to advise others to dance. Like the butterfly she symbolizes, she left a legacy of dancing to life. She wanted all who loved her to live life fully and to see the folly and the worth to life, no matter what happens, to continue dancing. For Krysten dancing was the metaphor for living completely and for others. Well, those who love her are trying.

Many people grieved for Kyrsten when she died. Many reached out to our family through monetary gifts. Her death affected an entire small community of citizens in Hubbard, Ohio. People in the community were so saddened by the death that they did what they felt they could. Money came in from everywhere. Kyrsten's parents, overwhelmed by loss and the kindness of others, established a foundation in her name. The foundation's purpose was, and is, to help other children in need anywhere in the world. Among those, who loved Kyrsten and watched her dance, was a wonderful woman named Renee Merrell. Through her research and investigations, she found another wonderful lady who knows how to dance, Kathy Price of the Mission of Love.

Well, Renee contacted members of Kyrsten's senior class. Through the efforts of her parents and many of her classmates, the foundation, and Kathy, a school bus was purchased. It was painted and filled with school supplies to be sent to Mayan children in the outreaches of the Yucatan in Mexico. Local businesses donated supplies, tires, and a battery for the bus, seat covers and their time. Endless hours were spent painting and cleaning the bus. So many people were dancing! Even the local radio stations and newspapers spread the words of the message of dance. Butterflies were everywhere! I know that my precious Kyrsten was with us and inspiring us to sing and dance. We shed many private tears of misery, but there were tears of joy also. We were dancing! All of our efforts were for the Mayan children so that their dreams of having a school bus were realized. Perhaps their education, as a result of our dancing, will educate and inspire them to sing and dance. Perhaps, as they grow, they will remember the special Kyrsten's gift was the dance of life. And it was wrapped in the paper of giving and caring. Kyrsten taught me to dance. Thank you dear child, for your life and the dance. Thank you Mission of Love for recognizing the value of the dance. Now when I watch a butterfly dancing, I whisper a quiet thankful to my Kyrsten, and I dance.



LEFT: The 2006 Hubbard High School Class project, completed with Kyrsten's inspiration.



Billy from Mayaland...

by Natalie Larson

March 2006—Billy is 3 years old, healthy looking but small for his age. His real name is Mayan, Guillermo Efrain Yum Ku. He lives in Espita, Yucatan, Quintana Roo, Mexico, at 14 St., Number 179, CP 97730.

Mission of Love went to see Billy in his home at the end of March, 2006. Billy was being carried by an older brother. They said that Billy was blind. Billy, however, reached out about an arm's length, his arm length, to grasp the pencil. Billy was so bright, so attentive. A picture of health other than his eyes seemed kind of squinty, somewhat oriental looking.

Mayans have little access to doctors and practically no access to any type of specialists. We were there to provide free hearing aids to deaf children. Frank, the audiologist, was seen as a kind, caring, bright doctor so was asked by some community members and a teacher to evaluate Billy's eyesight.

Being the kind of person he is, Frank agreed to take a look at Billy, even though Frank specializes in hearing and was a speech therapist before that. It was Frank who thought of offering the pencil to Billy in order to evaluate his response. It was Frank who looked at Billy's eyes, carefully pulling up the upper eyelids each in turn.

We discovered that Billy had beautiful brown shining eyes. He had some degree of rapid eye movement that Frank thought was possibly nystagmus. It was thought that Billy could perhaps live a normal life if he was evaluated and surgically treated by an ophthalmologist.

Kathy Price, determined as always, and unflappable, promised that Billy would be helped. We don't know how but we do know our Kathy and do know that the wheels of destiny were now in order and rolling along. We expect that soon they will gather steam and hope that some kind ophthalmologist, much as our kind audiologist Frank, will step forward and join the Mission of Love's hardy group of volunteers making a difference in the quality of people's lives. Kathy has already decided to gather surgical supplies for a future trip to return to see Billy and so many others in need of medical and surgical intervention.

So many people, so many needs. Little 3 year old Billy is certainly destined in some way, somehow, by someone, to have a good quality of life and grow up seeing. He will be who he is, be who he is destined to become. Lucky Billy!



Above: Billy and his brother.

About Things That Matter

by Mattie J. T. Stephanek



It matters that the world knows
We must celebrate the gift of life
Every day in some way, and
We must always remember
To play after every storm.

It matters that the world knows
All children are truly blessed
With the innocent gifts of gentleness,
Trust, and compassion, which
Should guide the wisdom of grown-ups
It matters that the world knows
We each have a song in our heart
That can inspire us in good times and
Hard times if we take the time to listen.

It matters that the world knows
Our senses can help us discover
The hidden and non-hidden
Enchantment in life, if we use them fully.
It matters that the world knows
We must choose our words and wants
Carefully, or we could forever hurt others.
With these most dangerous weapons.

It matters that the world knows
Strength and value of all things created
Must be measured by character and commitment.
Rather than by might and wealth.
It matters that the world knows
We must heed the valuable lessons of
Everyday life, through the celebration of Children
and Heart-songs, senses and words.
Or we could lose in our journey to the future.
It matters that the world knows
A person by my name and being existed
With a strong spirit and an eternal mindset.
To become a peacemaker for all,
By sharing the things that really matter.



A Single Rose...



A single rose can make a garden; A man for peace can change the world.
(written by: Jenny Leopold, Arden Middle School, Sacramento, California)

I read these simple words this morning from a young girl. So simple, so powerful and the image so strong.... IF we choose to hear the meaning of the words in our souls.

I walked among the wild ones this morning, singing simple songs of joy that the Sun has joined them and Creator blessed them with another day to pursue their simple lives upon Mother Earth.

And I cried. Simple tears of a simple woman who cries for all people and all of Creation....because so many individual people who make up the vast seas of humanity do not see nor comprehend the simplicity of life nor the glorious creation of a single rose....nor the perfect creation in every single blade of grass, each leaf, each stone, and especially...each human being. The potential to be the "rose" is given at birth by Creator and the blows cast upon that "rose" during the course of each sunrise of life will determine whether it blooms and shares its beautiful fragrance through maturity or withers away, lifeless....bloom-less... into dry dust without ever fulfilling its birth-rite at creation.

"A single rose can make a garden"

Yes, that single flower in its sheer beauty and Creator-made perfection can make a "garden" and bring joy to all who enjoy the sight of its blooming. The perfume of rose-scent can permeate your being if you allow a single rose to do so...just as it was created in its simplicity. But how often, in our rush to control our personal universe, do we, without thought to placement or perfect alignment of that single rose, do we take shovels and clippers to that single rose? We bend, cut or move the perfected single bloom in the garden to our way of thinking...to our perception of all that "should be" and we destroy the rose and its utter simplicity. We are so intent upon altering the placement of the single rose that we miss the perfume of its scent for our intentions have become the masters of the Roses' fate and we miss all that the Creator intended in creation of that single rose.

"A man for peace can change the world."

One single human can change the world by thoughts, deeds and love given outward. One human may speak the words to another and that person shares the message with another and like the wind, the words of peace and understanding spread upon the garden of mankind. But upon the shoulders of the peacemaker who strives through peaceful words spoken, actions taken and love shared toward all humanity, falls

the burden of humanity in the same moment they speak the words of peace. The single peacemakers can be a garden all unto themselves. Appreciation for the beauty and aroma of their lives well-lived, might be left to flourish as it IS...as it was intended by Creator who made the peacemaker in totality... a peacemaker. But more often, the peacemaker, just as the single perfect rose, is cut, bent, displaced and planted elsewhere by other human opinion or simply destroyed in the process of living their simple life day to day. The simple message of peace will be destroyed by others....like invasive weeds left to take control of the garden; they permeate all the soil in sheer number. Perhaps Creator knew, in the garden of life, there would stand the few glorious "roses" who struggle against all odds to survive, bloom and radiate their beauty for all who glory in the presence of them.

A single rose can make a garden;

A man for peace can change the world.

I have watched throughout the risings and settings of many Suns, this process we call "life." Most recently, the tears and heartbreak overcome my joy in each day, as I watch the destruction of so many of the "roses" upon this Earth in the name of progress, greed and misunderstanding of the basic peacekeepers message. Far easier I would think, to spread the seeds of hate, division, and racial prejudiced for those who hate the peacemaker and become the "weeds" in our world community. Far more difficult to spread the joy and peace-message through the glorious rose-bloom and aroma-message of peace by the single rose who stands alone to be the "garden." If I were able to ask a single prayer be answered for my crying heart this day? I would beg Creator for an awakening to the mass of humanity, to open their hearts and eyes to the glory of the single rose amongst them. Whether they would appreciate the single-ness of leaf, stone, ant, or human....I would pray that each human upon this vast Earth Mother would find the value in allowing that one single creation to BE as it was INTENDED TO BE, by the Great Maker of All Things. I would wish that single human a glorious moment of awakening; reveling in the sheer perfection of a mis-shaped leaf, the broken stone and the life-burdened human.... for nothing upon this Earth is "perfect" except in the fact, that in its basic creation, the Maker of All Things, MADE it perfect.

I pray for all of you, that you may have a day filled with appreciation for the peacemakers, the single-ness of created perfection in a leaf, stone or singing bird. May this day bring you all peace within.

Submitted by Shelley Bluejay Pierce
"Wahela Dlayhga"



Messages from the Heart...



CAJUN CONNECTION...

Dear People of Mission of Love,

Youngstown
Ohio

to spare—this ain't no napk

WISH LIST:

1. The knowledge to run this business properly. A bookkeeper with some patience for a non-suave person to learn. I'm intelligent and hard-working, but never ran a business before. The paperwork load, alone, is making me want to tuck my tail. I'm afraid, yet brave enough to learn and be compliant with all the rules.
2. Had to ask the children their wishes and it was unanimous. They want a refrigerator at the house. We've used all of our money to start "Cajun Connection" to help out all of the family and in September, when our frig broke (49 people will wear down fridges, washers and dryers...and...the whole house), we replaced it with a cooler. We planned on buying one when we made some money, but it all goes to supplies, utilities and the food. We're trying!
3. For the children, since all we do is work, we would appreciate if someone could take them to the park to play. They are carrying around all of our worries because we don't have any adult hide-a-way to talk about concerns. So we work it out and trouble shot as a family. I hope God understands—I know He must.
4. We, at "Cajun Connection", have placebo wall that separates the kitchen from a huge room that we could use to provide a place for people to it and enjoy our company and our food. We have turned no one away from us. We, too, understand about love and our connection to each other, so if they don't have enough, we make it enough. We don't know what all it entails, but if ya'll could help us holistically as friendship that feels like ya'll's worth this letter completely.

Hi! I'm so thankful to ya'll. I've read the article in the paper about how ya'll built homes for families that have lost everything and you didn't even know them. For that, thank you. I'm not sure how to ask for something myself, ever...however, this letter is a must. It's a way of extending our hands, realizing that we need help in order to have a chance, and praying that you can too. We've done everything right, O.K.—some things wrong, but all in the name of life. Hurricane Katrina left behind lots of heart breaking lessons that we've trouble-shooted through, but we are still chancing everything and innately trying, constantly!

Darren (my husband), myself and all five of our children have worked day and night to help out our entire family get out of the harm that went down in our fisherman's islands. Delacroix Island, a very primitive place, was taken off the zip code because of Katrina. It's a place that was inhabited by all of my family since they arrived from the Canary Islands of Spain in 1903. They are a hard working family as well. Upon my family's arrival to a safe haven, here in Mahoning County, my nuclear family sacrificed everything—money, food, clothes, personal space, our hearts, and thank God we did. We experienced what life looks like when it falls apart, and still, we believe and are so pro-life, that all we could do was and together and fight for our lives. Souls alone are worth it all.

Uncle Sam, not much of an uncle to us, didn't help and really hurt us...hurt our children and our spirits. Thank heaven for the people of the Mahoning County area. They gave us clothes donations to help dress 41+7=48 people who had not a spare set of panties, tooth brushes and yes, NO birth certificates. Nevertheless, we were still very much alive and in need of just basic, primary needs. I'm so proud of us all for fighting and knowing we are worthwhile.

We created "Cajun Connection", a pick-up & delivery, small restaurant on the Westside of Youngstown, that serves New Orleans' dishes. We've been struggling, yet finding enough thanks to smile through it all. We've held our heads up, knowing we are cooking and serving with our best intentions and best placed hearts I've ever witnessed. We are so much more than I ever even knew. I've always cherished my daddy, unconditionally, but I know he was the bravest man on this planet, but I was wrong. Darren, my husband, and my daddy, Donald, are the bravest men on the planet. I'm so thankful for them both. Well, one day I'd love to write a book on how to keep your ducks in a row even when they are all quacking. I was taught never to question God, so all I can say is "Yes, Sir!"

It's silly to list the lessons in this for the adults, and our beautiful, hard working, to-the-bone children, but the birds do sing again after the storm. It's been a lesson about love, about the need for others, and the ability to help yourself work through the pain. My pain lies in the stolen youth from the babies. All I know is they've witnessed success, failure, pain—unfair pain—and too many tears. Darren and I are only 40 and still have 1/2 of our lives left, yet people we've served have been from 6 months to 70 years old; big range—and each is deserving of fundamental needs and attention.

Since this, letter is becoming a book now, let me say that we've done everything and will always continue to do so, unconditionally. I can feel my grandparents, and theirs too, touching my spirit, encouraging my continuance of this battle. I feel so safe now. "Cajun Connection" has all the elements that they would be proud of. We cook our hearts out, we're humbled to the core, we appreciate everything, especially kindness and all, welcome love. We're next to a graveyard, and I talk to all the people who's tombstones can be read, and wish the others joy in their journey. I'm so happy that my babies do, too. They tell Mr. Tom and Mr. Bill "good morning" when they pass through the main entrance. I can hardly see the computer screen, because I'm so thankful for Amanda, Jacob, Adam, Misty and Rachel. We realize that they are earth's glue, so we're doing everything we can do. I'm not sure how you found me and how I found you, but I know who sent you to us. For that, we are so thankful. Even if ya'll can't find the time to help us further, I want you to know that you already have. Thank you for your time, your love, too, for I felt it upon your arrival. Kathleen, I love you—you are a homosapien sister of mine. I'll do whatever I can for you and your angels in training. I've always been a good person with a full plate, but now I have a platter. You asked me to make a wish list. Well, I hope you have a page

All we have to offer is our friendship and love in return, plus a commitment to work hard at making Cajun Connection a success. What I asked the children how we could return the favor for the food that ya'll gave us, my four-year-old Rachel Dawn, said "We could rub their feet." All the children agreed, so when you and your crew are exhausted and have aching feet, call us at "Cajun Connection" @ 330-799-0177. We could come to ya'll and rub your feet. We realize that your angels on earth have many feet and we would be honored and proud to do that upon ya'll's returns. My children rub my feet because they hurt when I get done with our paper route. Darren and I work 21 hours out of 24 and we know what it's like to work hard and still be proud and satisfied. I'm so glad that I crossed your path somehow.

We don't know what the family is going to do as the afterwaves of Katrina still rock many hearts of my family. So, I understand being committed to Louisiana and will always be proud and supportive to our people, but my nuclear family members are committed and plan to remain in the Mahoning Valley. We plan to give our commitment and loyalty to them as they gave it to us. We are safe here. Darren and I want to see our vibrant children—all children—grow up to be great, caring, respectful, loving, giving, hard-working adults and this is the place where we must have been meant to be. If you can assist us, we'll use it as a stepping stone and will continue on being some kind of asset to this community.

Thanks for listening. That's priceless too!

Love, Respectfully,
Dawnell Campo-Salway,
Daughter, Wife, Mother and Your Mission's Newest, Biggest Fan

LOVE Y'ALL...

Dear Mission of Love,

Jean Lafitte
Louisiana

We greatly appreciate your generosity, love, and gratitude. If it were not for you and your volunteers, our family would not be in our home and still living in our Fema camper. The Mission of Love volunteer went out of their way to help and provide us with the furnishings and makeover our hurricane stricken house into a home. Many donations were sent for our newborn baby Mace, not to mention that they all helped in anyway that they could.

Once again we thank you and love y'all with all our hearts and souls

Thank you and sincerely yours,
The Thibodeaux and Lemoine Family



Messages from the Heart...



TO OUR SUPPORTERS...FROM KATHLEEN PRICE...

Know that I so appreciate your help in making our Missions of Love possible to Louisiana. We could not do our work without you. It will be one year since our country was turned upside down with the Hurricane Katrina and Rita. One year and so many families have been affected.....one year and we are still at a standstill of helping the people in need. We, as the Mission of Love volunteers just returned after building our third home and repairing others. You will see an update of our work in the last three months in our new newsletter that will be coming out in a few weeks. Since February, over fifty volunteers committed a week of their vacation time, paid their own way and worked liked they have never worked before in their life, all for the sake of serving humanity. As stated by our friend Connie, from our first building trip to Louisiana, "You just could not pay me enough to do this kind of work." In so many ways, one by one the volunteers recruit to make that difference that is so needed in Louisiana. Just last week, when we were driving back to Ohio from Louisiana we saw first hand many areas that are still left as though some of the volunteers stated, "this looks like what you see on television in Iraq". Whole communities are still left as they were one year ago, just standing with no life in them what so ever. It is a site that just takes your breath away, knowing that these communities were just like yours and mine one year ago. We all can try to forget about the life altering hurricanes, justifying that it didn't affect our families or our community, but we as brothers and neighbors must not forget the opportunity that is right in front of us to just be of service for these forgotten people in need. Thousands of people are just barely existing in tents and FEMA trailers. They lack medical care, jobs and hope that every human being deserves. Put yourself in their shoes, try to relate to, in a moment of time you loose everything that you own and have saved up for, and you have no where to go and you are constantly getting caught up into the system with no avail. Our government has continued on with many lengthy and expensive investigations that have delayed in helping the people who have needed our help a year ago. The insult after insult that these people have to endure on a daily basis is not acceptable. Now remember we are not talking about a family, we are talking about thousands upon thousands of communities and families being affected from this one moment in time, history making hurricanes. Lets not forget the people who need our help. Let us continue on with our legacy of love and help our Cajun people of Louisiana. Following will be a few of the notes of thanks that we have received from our work, July 15.

Know that we will be having a "Come to gether" for the sake of the People" Gathering, September 16, 2006 @6PM at the Eagles Club, Austintown, Ohio. So please mark your calendar and know that you too can make a difference in the lives of so many by attending our gathering. Please call me if you can help with our fund-raiser for the people in need.

IN MY HEART & PRAYERS...

Dear Mrs. Kathleen,

**Crown Point
Louisiana**

I would like to send you this very special thank you, for building a beautiful home for Ina. Ina is a very special lady, she will help anyone she can whenever possible.

To have you and all the wonderful people come here to Lafitte and help her in her time of need, is something that will keep you and everyone in my heart and prayers forever.

You and your Mission of Love group are very special people. It's wonderful to realize that this world still have people who care about others.

So please send to everyone who has helped you in completing your mission, a very heart felt thank you.

May God Bless You All,
Carmen White

MY FIRST TRIP WITH MOL...

Dear Mission of Love,

**New Middletown
Ohio**

I was excited and thrilled to be invited to be part of the team to help refurbish Darrell and Donna Janis's home. We arrived on a Tuesday morning at the worksite. The house was elevated on two large steel girders. The setting was beautiful—lots of trees for shade and to keep the house cool. Kathy Price has known Darrell and Donna for a long time as their family helped build another house. Darrell and his four sons, Leon, DJ, Tom and Adam knew Kathy, but they didn't know me. I was accepted at first because I was with Kathy. I thought the sons to be shy and/or perhaps, just hesitant to trust.

The boys stripped all the old shingles off the house, then installed 4,000 pounds of shingles. Each pound had to be carried up a ladder two stories high as the house was still on girders from previously having been moved over 100 miles to its present location. These young men helped to unload lumber and dig holes for the support poles around and under the house. They worked all day in 100 degree heat, stopping only for a lunch and dinner break. They were always respectful. They would do anything to help, but they usually stood apart and rarely initiated any conversation.

Thursday of the work week was special. Albert Red Bear, a holy man, performed a special house blessing that included all who worked on the house. The boys' shyness had fallen away and hugs of congratulations and thanks were given all around. That day, my extended family grew by 17 people. I truly felt like I was part of that community. Following the blessing, Darrell and Donna and their family were presented with the keys to the new front door by Louie, our construction manager. There were tears of joy from the Janis Family and all of the Mission of Love team.

Darrell and Donna are both in frail health. Both are diabetics and Darrell is a survivor of lung cancer. Previously, both were living in extremely unhealthy conditions. Today, all 17 members of Darrell and Donna's family have a home.

When I left for this mission, I thought it was all about building a house. This trip was much more...it was about building a home AND fulfilling dreams...one family at a time.

Thank you to all my new family on Pine Ridge Reservation for all your hospitality and warmth.

Peg Elson

UNSURPASSED...

Dear Mrs. Kathy,

**LaFitte
Louisiana**

We are honored that you that you and the Mission of Love continue to choose our community to share your kindness with. Due to the destruction of Hurricane Rita Ina Thibodaux lost her home, shortly after she lost her beloved husband Rocky. I was lost and without hope. You gave her hope again, and a new beginning. Because of the Mission of Love Ina will have a place to call home, a new home in place of the one that she shared with her husband. If it was not for your generosity Ina would be heartbroken with nowhere to go, and no funding to build a new home. You have given her something to look forward when she had felt that she lost everything. The Town of Jean Lafitte and I cannot thank you enough for what you have done for Ina and so many others, and for what you are continuing to do for our community. You and your organization are wonderful and Mission is unsurpassed by none.

Sincerely, Timothy P. Kerner, Mayor



Messages from the Heart...



TEARS OF JOY...

Dear Mission of Love,

Lafitte

Louisiana

In July 2006, Mrs. Kathleen and her crew of Mission of Love came to Lafitte, LA. to build a house for our family. I had met her 2 other times before while she was in Lafitte. The people that she brings with her are the BEST people in the world. They all touch your heart. You just don't realize how many wonderful people there are in this world. We were like one big family. Many tears were shed by me because of all the wonderful things her crew had done. They were tears of "joy." Each time they left Lafitte, I cried. Mrs. Kathleen had a mission and it was to build this house for our family. You see in August and September 2005 we were affected by hurricane Katrina and Rita. Rita gave us the most damage. It put two feet of water into our mobile home. It ruined everything we had worked for, for all of our lives. My husband was on disability because of cancer. I had to quit my job to take care of Rocky. Then in January of 2006 he passed away due to the cancer. He were living in a travel trailer that Fema provided us with. It's not like your own home but it was a roof over your head. Now through Mrs. Kathleen and her crew of Mission of Love, we will now have this beautiful home to live in. After their job was finished I had each one of the volunteers sign their name on a wall so that they will always be with us in our home and in my heart. Again "Thanks" so much to each and everyone of you. You will always be in my heart and in my prayers. One day I hope to help Mrs. Kathleen with a fundraiser to help other people in the world.

God bless each and everyone of you. Ina Thibodeux and family



ABOVE: July 15, 2006—(front. L-R) Bob Carson, Tom Wilson Nathaniel Ackerman; (second row) John Larson, Joe Cannon, Stuart Hitchcock, Ina Thibodeux, Kathleen Price, Peg Elston, Bob Elston and Chris & Kirk Fisher.

To Mrs. Kathleen and her Mission of Love "Krewe,"

written by Aunt Martha—Lafitte, Louisiana—July 22, 2006

May your walk always in sunshine with blue skies everyday. May your journey be a safe one: May you Never go astray. May your burdens all be light ones and small the cross you bear. May your future be a bright one, enshrined by love and prayer. May the wings of love unfold you like a blanket in the night. and the arms of faith Uphold you until the sky is bright. May life's storm clouds quickly vanish as rainbows come your way. May you walk always in sunshine with the blue skies everyday.

Thank you from our hearts for all the help you have giving to this small community of Lafitte. You have giving freely of yourselves for peoples you had never met. You have traveled far and made great sacrifices, all for peoples you did not know but cared about, when you found out they needed your care and your help. God bless and keep each and every one of you. May you have a safe journey home. You will never be forgotten in the Minds and hearts of these "Cajun" people." Love, Aunt Martha and Uncle R. J.



ABOVE: The Thibodeux Family home under construction.

WOW...

Dear Mission of Love,

Red Shirt Table

Pine Ridge

All I can say is WOW. I finally got to work with Mission of Love to give back. It is so exciting and I love working with people from all over the country. Even though Kathy is sick and some times doesn't feel good, she keeps on going on and on....this is her mission of life. I have worked right beside her as well as my husband Vardin, and my son Perry and daughter Lakota Breeze who all came out to help with the Janis home and they loved it all over. Lakota Breeze is a cook and a good one at that! She helped make sandwiches and cooked hamburgers for all of the crew. I hope to work with the Mission of Love once again in August. It always is so exciting to see it all take place. God Bless all of you and God please give Kathy the strength to carry on for she has a lot of Go Power and courage. God Bless you Mission of Love. You are making so many things possible for the people in need.

Mary and Varden Fast Wolf and Family

SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO?...

Dear Readers,

Solon

Ohio

Robert John Meyer has served as a volunteer for the mission of Love during the summer of 2006. Robert organized a T-shirt collection project to aid the still suffering victims of Hurricane Katrina. Robert met with his summer employers in the City of Solon, Ohio, regarding the feasibility of this project. They asked him to provide information about the Mission of Love Foundation and to outline how the project could be done. Robert established a plan, time frame and collection site for this project and created an informational flyer and news article for the city residents. He won the approval of the City of Solon for this project. He distributed flyers and contacted local sporting goods stores (Step-In Sporting Goods and Adler Sporting Goods) regarding the need for T-shirts. He collected T-shirts from the collection site in Solon three times a week. He laundered, sorted and bagged the T-shirts. He drive the T-shirts to the Mission of Love headquarters in Ravenna, Ohio. He donated his time, materials and gas.

As a result of his efforts, Robert collected more than 500 T-shirts and more than 100 other items, including winter jackets, socks, shorts and sweatshirts for the Mission of Love. He spent 40 service hours completing this project. See what one person can do?

We greatly appreciate it.

Kathleen Price, Mission of Love Founder/Director



Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you. —Madeline Bridges page 14

Messages from the Heart...



THANK YOU VERY MUCH...

Dear Kathleen,

Jean Lafitte,

New Orleans

We are honored that you chose our family to build a home for. Before the Mission of Love came to us we were hopeless. Our home had been knocked off its foundation and was filled with water due to Hurricanes Katrina and Rita. Your foundation gave us hope again. If it wasn't for your kindness and generosity we would have nowhere to go. We could not have afforded to build a new home on our own and now because of your generosity we have a place to call home.

Sincerely,
Veronica DuPont

POSITIVE OUTLOOK...

Hi Kathy,

**Pine Ridge
Indian Reservation**

From your friends and extended family in South Dakota, thank you for making our life a little easier with your donation of money for the light bill.

It's hard to get on our feet, when you live 50 miles from anywhere. We have no vehicle to look for a job. We do have an old pick up which uses too much gas and wouldn't be practical with the gas prices. Things have happened to me in my life that prevented me from being motivated at times. But when you are around everything seems "do-able." My wife Sue attends college and she has been gone since Tuesday and it is now Friday. She has to stay at her Mom's because we don't have a car for her to use so we do sacrifice and try to be as positive as we can and we tell our kids Blessings come in disguises. It is not always money or material things. It is just being together. Whenever you show up we know something positive is going to happen. Well Kathy, thanks for everything. Know that you are always in our prayers. Hope your family is doing well.

Love,
Donnie and Sue and family

AN HONOR TO MEET YOU...

Dear Kathleen,

**Pine Ridge
Indian Reservation**

It was truly an honor meeting you the other day, thank you for taking the time out of your busy schedule to tour our little studio, giving the students an interview and introducing me to my cousin Mary Fast Wolf.

Thank you also for showing such an interest in our TV Production Program.

Please find attached the "Wish List" for the program along with a description of the program and some of the accomplishments of the students in the program.

Hopefully we will see you soon. I will be looking forward to the Wounded Knee Pow Wow August 7th.

Thank You,
Kathleen H. Aplan, Director of TV Production Program
Oglala Lakota College

**Every dollar you donate to Mission of Love
equals \$122.00 in goods and services
for the needy.**

ATTENDING A WISH LIST...

Hi Kathy,

Bahir Dar

Ethiopia

I trust your trip to Pine Ridge was productive. In the Indian Health Service I grew to love the plains of the Dakotas and actually felt claustrophobic returning to the trees of Ohio!

The director of our sister-city hospital in Bahir Dar Ethiopia sent a wish list including some fancy stuff, which is quite ordinary here: pulse oximeters, EKG monitors, CD4 machines and viral load counters (for HIV treatment), mechanical ventilators, oxygen concentration machines, perfusion pumps, cystoscopes, gastrointestinal endoscopic equipment, optical urethrotomes, anesthesia machines.

Also it would be good to send wheelchairs -- 15 or 20? -- I don't know how much space they'll consume. And since we're working to raise our own cash to send the container, we can send sheets, T-shirts, and soccer balls. Also books -- medical but also non medical, suitable for secondary school, college.

I have a load of ophthalmology equipment and will be getting dental x-ray machines in a couple days. If, when you have some supplies from the wish list available, give me the word and we'll arrange a trip to Ravenna to bring what we have, organize the whole, and make a list for shipping. In the meantime we'll look for what we can find and raise some funds.

Enjoy life. Regards,
Carl Robson

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE...

Dear Mission of Love,

**Pine Ridge
Indian Reservation**

We are very thankful for the home, and know that we will cherish it for life. We don't know how to express it, its unbelievable! We now have a place to call our own home, and we no longer have to stay with families or sleep in our cars or we no longer have to go back to our trailer house that has no windows and doors and flooring to speak of. We have our own home now, because of you and will never have to worry. We will all be a happy family again and be together.

We never knew something this great could happen to us.
Darrell and Donna Janis

DEDICATION IS PRICELESS...

To Mission of Love

**Jean Lafitte,
Louisiana**

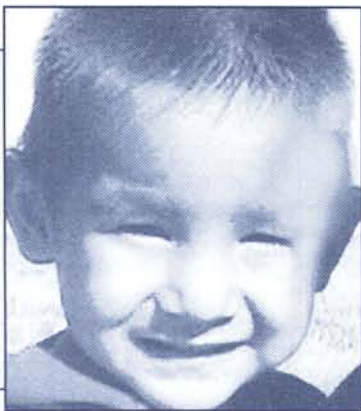
First, to Kathleen Price. Your name fits your heart. Your dedication is PRICELESS. We will always remember you, your kindness, your caring nature, all the love you put into everything you do and say. My favorite being " **Lets Make That Happen.**" You'll never know how much those words meant.

To the men and woman who (made it happen) built our house, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts. I often wonder, without these wonderful people, where would we be. We were amazed at their ability to solve problems that seemed so huge to us. They worked very hard in less than perfect conditions, leaving their families and homes behind.

The 2005 Hurricane season changed every one's lives. In the beginning all you can see is the BAD, but the Mission of Love has shown us there are still people who care and willing to help others in time of need. We will always remember each and everyone of you. You are and will always be a part of our lives.

We love and thank you. Kris and Kirk



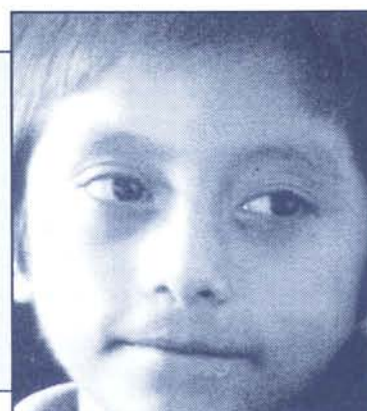


Mission of Love Foundation

2054 Hemlock Court, Youngstown, Ohio 44515

missionoflove.org / amissionoflove@sbcglobal.net

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



Friends

Friends are special people
Who accept the way you are
They stand by you in trouble
Or when you're swinging on a star.
Your relatives and family
Are yours because of birth
But friends you pick and choose
Because they're folks
Of special worth.
As we go through life we realize
Our friends become dear
We consider them our blessings
Each time we add a year.

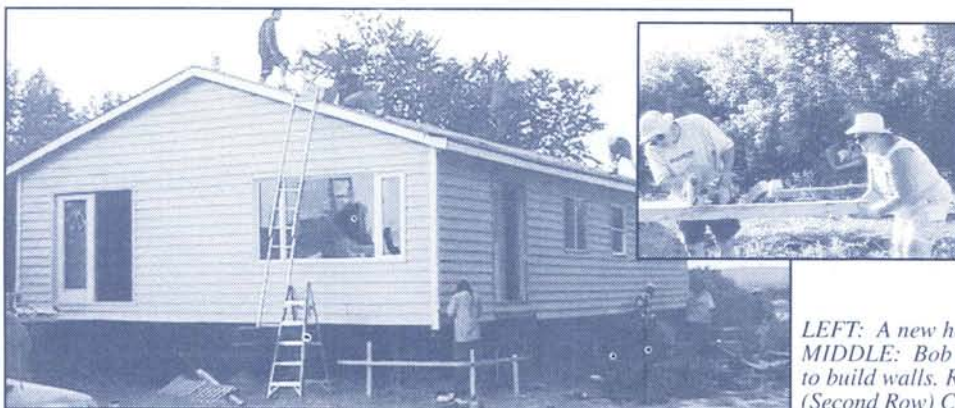
—Aunt Martha
Jean Lafitte, Louisiana



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

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

A New Home on Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota...6-20-06



LEFT: A new home for the Janis Family.

MIDDLE: Bob and Peg Elston of New Middletown, Ohio cut the wood to build walls. RIGHT: The Janis Family: (Front) Tex and Donna; (Second Row) Carrie, Daryl and Tom; (Back Row) Leon, Adam and D.J.

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 and trucks 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 and building homes in Louisiana (Katrina/Rita Relief). 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.