



Fall 2007

Mission of Love News

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



It has been a year since we have had our newsletter printed. This years newsletter will have an update of what has taken place in the last twelve months. All of our stories are written by volunteers that have been on our building trips or recipients of our work of love. Since our newsletter has not been printed, our monetary support has dwindled to next to nothing. Know that I receive no grants or funding to do our all volunteer work. Some how, our donated work continues on a daily basis, to be of service to those who are in need. I would like you to read these special stories that have been written by our volunteers, who not only took the time out of their busy lives to be of service, but also took time to write about their experiences so that you could read about their journey and hopefully participate in this life altering act of love.



In our newsletter you will read about Henry Red Cloud and his family receiving a home constructed by our Mission of Love volunteer team on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. Kyrsten's bus of many dreams, to transport 300 Mayan Indian children to school, safely. Aid being delivered to the victims of Hurricane Dean, to a Mayan fishing village in Mahuhual, Mexico. An Immersion school, Lakota Circle Village being built by our Mission of Love team to make history re-write itself. Distribution of medical and hope given to the Mayan children of Mexico. Wheelchairs given to children who never even dreamed about such a way of transportation. Children being able to hear with their new hearing aids. A widow being given a home, her first in 82 years. An airlift to supply educational supplies to four schools in Belize. Another airlift to the Mesquite Indians of Honduras to supply a Mayan Hospital with medical supplies, educational supplies and humanitarian aid to the children. This airlift will also include an ambulance, donated by the Brothers Family.



What a productive year this has been for our Mission of Love. So many hands have been touched that were within our reach. Hearts have been healed and hope has been placed in so many lives in our world. This newsletter is our holiday gift to you. Recognizing that as ONE you can make a difference, is the true message in these simple acts of kindness. After eighteen years of directing our Mission of Love, nothing is more visible than the POWER of LOVE. With this simple act, we are building communities around our world, and seeing miracle after miracle take place in such profound ways.

I would like to give THANKS to all who have been involved with our circle of love. Know that without Gloria and Roger Jones and Luana and Paul Rubin from eQuilter.com <<http://equilter.com/>> none of these incredible missions of love would have been possible. We need your support in order to continue with our unconditional love to those in need. Know that for every dollar donated we can generate \$122.00 of goods and services. "You are not here to save the world, but you are in this world to touch the hands that are within your reach."



"It is all about the children"



IN THE HEART OF AMERICA, A NEED FOR COMPASSION

Paul Sylvain

"Peace . . . comes within the souls of men when they realize their relationship, their oneness with the universe and all its powers, and when they realize that at the center of the Universe dwells Wakan-Tanka (God, or Great Spirit), and that this center is really everywhere, it is within each of us."

Black Elk, Ogalala Sioux

I read with interest an item in the July 10 Telegraph telling how, in the preceding 12 months, the people of The Parish of the Resurrection church in Nashua have contributed more than \$100,000 to a church they have never seen in Haiti.

A member of the parish's Haiti committee was quoted as saying, "We don't need to spend money to confirm there's poverty in Haiti. We know there's poverty in Haiti." And he is absolutely correct. It is commendable any time people step up to the plate to help others in need, especially folks they've never met.

Now, imagine a place where the average life expectancy for women is 52, and for men only 48. A place where the average annual family – not individual – income is just \$3,700 and the unemployment rate is a staggering 80 percent.

Consider a community where, according to government statistics, infant mortality is 300 percent higher than the national average, and diabetes and tuberculosis rates are some 800 percent higher than the national average. A place where an estimated 60 percent of existing homes are substandard and lack water, electricity, adequate insulation or sewerage systems. It is a place where the school dropout rate is 70 percent.

Sounds like some Third World nation, doesn't it? The type of place where some pitchman stands in front of dilapidated shacks on a muddy road flowing with human waste, holding an unwashed child and urging viewers to "please help" by sending money for relief?

It's a place a lot closer to home than you think.

Welcome to the Pine Ridge Oglala Lakota Sioux Reservation in South Dakota, a place fewer than 1,900 miles from Nashua that our own federal government acknowledges as the poorest county in the United States, yet does little to help.

Interestingly, or perhaps coincidentally, The Wall Street Journal has reported that the life expectancy of Native Americans on Pine Ridge is the shortest for any community in the Western Hemisphere, outside of Haiti.

Charity truly needs to begin at home.

I recall following a car on Amherst Street a few years ago. There were numerous bumper stickers on it, proclaiming the owner's pride at being an Abenaki Indian, a member of a tribe our own government doesn't officially recognize and would have you believe doesn't exist in New Hampshire or Vermont.

The one sticker I recall stated simply, "Indians had lousy immigration laws." How true.

With European contact, came diseases which, according to archaeologist and ethno-historian Henry F. Dobbin, reduced the Native American population in North America from an estimated 18 million at the time of Columbus' arrival in 1492, to perhaps as few as 350,000 by 1900.

I wasn't unlike many kids of my generation who grew up in Nashua watching those old Western shoot-'em-ups on my parents' old black and white set, or at the State or Daniel Webster theaters downtown. We were taught that Indians were heathen butchers, animals, or worse. In my games of "cowboys and Indians" –played out in

my backyard on Factory Street before the houses were torn down for a parking lot and a since-closed supermarket – I always wanted to be a "good guy," a cowboy.

My introduction to the Custer-Little Bighorn myth came thanks to a Disney flick I saw downtown, featuring Sal Mineo. It centered on a horse named Comanche that survived the Little Bighorn battle. The fact that the "good guys" were all killed upset me. It didn't seem right, somehow, that those heathen "bad guys" should win.

Like a lot of what we were once taught in school, some of us have come to learn differently. What's more incredulous is that the tribes who defeated Custer are seemingly still being punished by the government. White prejudice against Native Americans still runs deep in parts of this country.

We should be outraged at how a proud people can be mistreated and neglected in a nation that offers so much more to new immigrants – legal and illegal – arriving here each day.

Pine Ridge is not the only Native American reservation in the United States, and it is not alone when it comes to suffering through poverty and inadequate education and health resources. But it is, by far, the worst.

Pine Ridge occupies 11,000-square miles – more than two million acres, or an area about the size of Connecticut – in parts of two counties in southwest South Dakota. Wounded Knee is one of eight districts within "the Rez," as the Sioux call it.

Wounded Knee was the site where the reformed 7th Cavalry, which was wiped out 14 years earlier at Little Bighorn, gunned down and killed 200 Indians, mostly women, children and old men, with another 100 or so fleeing only to freeze to death on that cold December day in 1890.

A 1998 Bureau of Indian Affairs census placed the population at Pine Ridge at 40,000. About 35 percent of the population is 16 or younger. Alarming, the teenage suicide rate on Pine Ridge is 150 percent higher than the national average.

Fifty percent of adults over age 40 living on Pine Ridge have diabetes, resulting in excessive rates of diabetic-related blindness, amputations and kidney problems. Cervical cancer rates are 500 percent higher than the U.S. average.

According to the BIA, schools on Pine Ridge are in the bottom 10 percent of school funding by the U.S. Department of Education and the BIA, and teacher turnover is a whopping 800 percent higher than the national average.

Despite the neglect and mistreatment, the history of broken promises and treaties, the Sioux remain a welcoming people. David Green, my longtime friend, and a non-Indian, traveled to Pine Ridge last summer and was warmly welcomed.

"Don't go there as a wannabe Indian," he cautions. "But if you show that you are genuinely interested in the tribe and its ways, they will treat you as a brother." I hope to travel there myself next year, to visit Pine Ridge as a friend.

As you go about your business this week, please remember our own Native American brothers and sisters at Pine Ridge. The "oneness with the universe and all its powers . . . is really everywhere, it is within each of us."

Paul Sylvain lives and writes from his home on Nashua's French Hill. He can be reached at BluesPckr@yahoo.com

ON THE PINE RIDGE INDIAN RESERVATION, USA - TODAY

Population: 46,000 Lakota people

One half of the population is under the age of 18

Unemployment: 73-85%

Per Capita Income: \$6,143 **

Life Expectancy: Male 55 (U.S. Avg. 75)

Female 60 ** (U.S. Avg. 80)

Infant Mortality Rate: 2.6 times the national average. *

Suicide Rate: 72% higher than the national average

Diabetic Rate: 37% of the population is diabetic

Children in Poverty: 69% of the children on the Pine Ridge Reservation live in poverty.

* Indian Health Services Medical Records.

** United States Census Bureau.



Building the Lakota Circle Village as a Team
Sieglinda Warren, Varden Fast Wolf, Susie & Donnie Shockey, Tommy Eagle
Kathleen Price 09/07

"BIG FOOT'S GRANDSON, SITANKATAKOJA, REQUESTING HELP"

Dear Kathleen,

March 23, 2007

"When there is a time of need, friends suddenly appear to offer their help"

This describes my feelings, as we first met on March 7, 2007, at the future site of the Lakota Circle Village. This is a community-based project, guided by family descendants of Chief Big Foot, and John Little Finger, grandson of Chief Big Foot. They were victims of the Wounded Knee Creek Massacre of 1890. This site location once belonged to John Little Finger, who started a new life, after losing his family in this tragedy. In our language he was called a "Takini", meaning to "To Live, Again". I, his grandchild, and my children, grandchildren, and relatives have undertaken this challenge taken from a belief of John Little Finger when he said, "They may have killed our people, but they must not kill our way of life" The foundation lies within the Lakota language which has existed for thousands of years. It is one of a few Indigenous languages capable of expressing both sides of the brain simultaneously. In contrast, the English language can only express one side at a time.

Today, the children are quickly losing their Lakota language, and we elders, 60 years and older, represent the only fluent speakers left. There is a urgency to create a school as we envision, while there is still an opportunity to stabilize and revitalize our Lakota language. We estimate that this opportunity is viable for less 15 years. After that time, most of the elders will be gone.

I have received an offer from Peter Maffay, a German musician, to raise funds needed to build a small school building which we can began a Lakota language immersion school. Children between ages 5 and 12, will become the students. We would like to began the first classes in the fall of 2007.

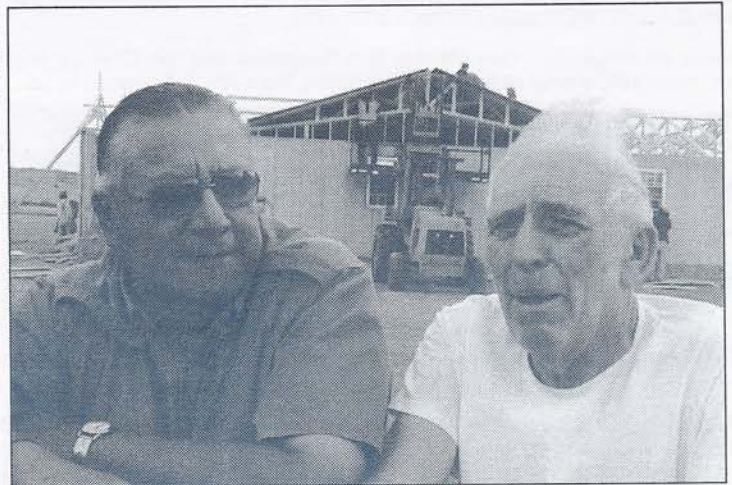
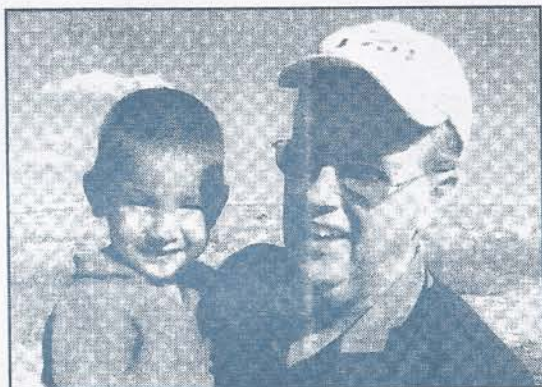
I am sharing this with you, Kathleen; and also, to the many skilled volunteers that have the experience of carpentry, electrical, plumbing, along with those who are willing to help me build this school. I have a great need for any assistance that may be available to make this vision and dream come into reality.

Our family and relatives would like to invite you and members of the Mission of Love team to come to Oglala, SD., and work with us this summer. All are cordially invited. I can be contacted at 605-455-6913 [work] or 605-867-5374 [home]. I can also be reached on email at sitankatakoja@hotmail.com . Sitankatakoja means, Big Foot's grandson.

In your prayers, I am Leonard Little Finger

Humanitarian Service Award 2006 Presented to BOB ELSTON

Bob Elston became aware of the Mission of Love Foundation in May of 2005 when Kathy spoke at Saint Paul's Church in New Middletown, Ohio. A mission was planned with the church after Kathy spoke about the need for homes on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. That was Bob's first trip and since that time of 7/05 he has traveled over 25,000 miles (flying and driving) with Kathy to continue on with the legacy of the Mission of Love. It has been four times to Pine Ridge and five times to Louisiana spreading hope and compassion while building homes for the homeless, unconditionally. When you ask Bob why he continues to CARRY ON with these continuous acts of kindness he will remark by only saying, "I want to be of service." Just last week Bob has retired from his job 38 years noting that even while he was working he found the time to be of SERVICE. What an example of being an Humanitarian. **THANK YOU BOB** for being part of the people in need. You truly have touched the hands that were within your reach.



Building Lakota Circle Village
Leonard Little Finger and Ted Pettyjohn

Choice Lesson

Growth brings change.
Unpredictable change,
Which can bring
Hesitancy to optimism.
It is essential that we cope
With the realities of the past
And the uncertainties of the future
With a pure and chosen hope.
Not a blind faith,
But a strengthened choice.
Then, we can have the
Fortitude and wisdom necessary
To integrate life's many lessons
That collect beyond points in time.
Growing like this will help
Build a good future,
For individuals,
For communities
and for the world.



Mattie Stepanek
Poet and Peacemaker
Journey through
Heartsongs



TO PINE RIDGE INDIAN RESERVATION WITH LOVE

Rashid A. Abdu, M.D

June 27, 2007

Whether it is a school, a house, a clinic, or a hospice; whether it is an ambulance, anesthesia machine, operating tables and lights, ultrasound machine, medicine, hearing aids, or surgical instruments; whether it is school furniture and supplies, school buses or just a 45,000 pounds of everything; whether it is going to Pine Ridge, in South Dakota, Katrina victims in New Orleans, and Jean Lafitte, Louisiana, the Mayan country in Mexico; Guatemala; Honduras; Bimini; Ethiopia; the Tsunami victims in Indonesia, or the orphans in Afghanistan; whatever it is, it always goes with Love, from the Mission of Love. Love of the poor, the underserved and the forgotten people.

Kathleen Price, Director and founder of the Mission of Love, will never be a saint, like Mother Theresa. She is a wife, mother and grandmother. However, she is a saint in the eyes of those children and those families in poor communities, here and abroad, who always wait her return, and who gather around her, asking not for salvation, but for help in their daily lives. This time it was building a school for the Lakota Indians in Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

Leonard Little Finger, a highly respected elder, said they had been dreaming all their lives to have a school where their children will learn their native language before it disappears into the dark shadows of history. Although he has received a grant from Peter Maffay, from Germany, and have been thinking about the project since 2005, nothing concrete was done. I must add that Leonard Little Finger is a man well educated, with at least 30 years of rich experience in planning, management, and education. He is a wise man, a spiritual man, a highly respected man, whose goal in life is to educate and to uplift his people. As I got to know him, I could not help but like him, respect him, admire him, and learn from him.

He told me that nothing was done until March of 2007, when he met Kathleen Price, when he first told her of the project. Her usual response was "lets do it!" Immediately Kathy started the ball rolling—gathering lumber and building material, trucks and truck drivers to carry them from Youngstown to the construction site in Oglala, S.D. She held a fund raiser, made trips to the Reservation, contacted potential volunteers with experience in construction. She relentlessly kept busy walking, packaging, emailing, and talking. She contacted airlines, car rental agencies and facilities to accommodate the volunteers. She set up tight schedule for herself and for those involved.

She held two meetings with the volunteers explaining the details of the mission, the do's and don'ts, emphasizing respect for these proud people and their culture. Oh yes, she even supplied a carry-on bag and a shirt with the appropriate Indian/Mission of Love insignia, for each volunteer. Meanwhile, she synchronized activities with the volunteers from California, and of course, the folks at Pine Ridge.

Finally, on June 4, 2007, the eight of us from Youngstown flew from Cleveland Hopkins Airport. Rental cars were ready for us at the airport in Rapid City, S.D. At midnight, we checked into a small motel on the Reservation, that Kathy had reserved for us.

On June 5, we arrived in an empty field, part of a land owned by Leonard Little Finger, where heavy construction equipments, owned by Rusty Pucket, contractor and owner of Medicine Root Development, at Kyle, S.D, were ready to start, and trucks loaded with building supplies from Youngstown, to be unloaded.

After the necessary greetings, we stood around a circle, approx. 10 feet in diameter, marked with stones. The circle carries a special significance, a sacred image in Indian Culture. Mr. Little Finger, Founder and Director of the Lakota Circle Village, the building site, welcomed the volunteers warmly, followed by a spiritual man, Richard Broken Nose, who lead in prayer in Lakota language.

Sitting next to Leonard in his car one day, I noticed what appeared to be a plastic bracelet on his wrist, with four different colors: white, red, black and yellow. I asked him the significance of the bracelet, and with a generous smile, he told me that the colors represented East, West, North and South on the circle. He then proceeded to tell me the significance of the circle. "Look", he said "how the sky meets the earth, in a circle. The sun, the moon, the stars, the orbits, are all circles."

The circle has no beginning and no end. It forms the bonds of a family, a tribe, or a nation. It provides a person with a sense of oneness with his culture, his spirituality and his environment. It makes him whole. When the circle or hoop, is broken, everything within it is broken.

Just before ground breaking, an eagle flew overhead and "circled" the building site, before it disappeared westward. The stone circle on the ground, the circle made by the eagle in the sky, over the location of the new school in the Circle Village, was a good omen. The school, only one of its kind to teach the Lakota language and culture, could be the beginning of a new era—to rebuild, or to mend the circle, the "hoop," that was broken in Wounded Knee 117 years ago.

I then asked Leonard about the sacred pipe, and he proceeded to tell me about the sacred pipe and its origin, a fascinating story.

Thus, in Indian culture, the pipe, the circle, and the four quadrants of the earth, have special significance, are spiritually cherished, and are considered sacred.

I asked Leonard how to say good morning in Lakota language. He said there was no word in Lakota for "good morning", because "every morning is good."

The American Indians have reverence for life and consider all living things sacred. They do not take from nature more than what they need. Henry Red Cloud was describing to me how he butchers a buffalo and how they use everything for food or warmth—nothing is wasted. Even their last names are often connected to nature, such as eagles, bears, trees, clouds, and so forth. Hollywood portrays them as "savages", "warriors" or "clowns", but they are in fact intelligent, patient, spiritually connected, and gentle people.

The steam shovel and bull dozer started moving the earth.

By the following morning, the crawl space of the 2,800 square foot building was completed. The footer moulds were in place, into which two trucks poured the steel enforced foundation concrete.

On June 6, the four foot high Styrofoam moulds were erected around the entire perimeter of the what to be the crawl space, and these too, were filled with steel enforced concrete. Meanwhile, the 12 Mission of Love volunteers, and the approximately 8 Indians, started working feverishly, building the wall frames, stacking up windows, and carrying material to the carpenters.

Meanwhile, Nadine Red Cloud, and some of our lady volunteers, were busy cooking under a make shift tarp, nailed to 4 posts. Buffalo meat was lean and a shade tough, but under the circumstances, enjoyed by all.

Kathy was watching the construction like a hawk, moving among the workers, encouraging, praising, making sure their needs are met. Often she would go to town, many miles away, to fetch food or material. She never stopped, everyone looked tired except Kathy!

Rashid flying with Ted Pettyjohn taking photos of the Badlands



Give your positive emotions a job.

- Ralph M. Ford



TO PINE RIDGE INDIAN RESERVATION WITH LOVE

(cont'd from page 3)

Rashid A. Abdu, M.D

June 27, 2007

Although at midafternoon, the work was interrupted by a severe rain storm, by the end of June 7, all wall panels, door and window headers, were done.

June 8, we got up at 5 am. At 6:30, Kathy gathered the volunteers, sensing that some were a bit tired and grumpy, she gave a pep talk, and asked if anyone was unhappy, was free to leave. No one did. By the end of the day, at least 85% of flooring was done and two large sections of walls were up.

At the end of June 9, the floor was completed, side panels all up, and they started to put up the ceiling rafters. Severe back pain, and one half inch splinter through the palm of my right hand, ended my construction career! However, I continued to take pictures, documenting construction progress. I gained special respect and appreciation for those who work in construction.

At the end of June 10, the rafters were up and part of the roof's 4x8 boards were in place.

At the end of Monday, June 11, 2007, the building was completed, including about a dozen windows. The roof was completed except for the shingles. At 9:00 pm, the last window was installed.

Leonard gathered workers in a circle, said a prayer, and presented each volunteer with a symbolic gift. Leonard expressed his deep gratitude to Kathy and Mission of Love volunteers. He said this school is the first of its kind and hope it will serve as a model for other schools in all Indian Reservations.

Although it took only six days to erect the building, involving many people, it took three months of intensive, and detailed work behind the scenes, by one person—Kathy Price.

Kathy and the rest of the volunteers were very happy and grateful for this rare opportunity to participate in this historic project. Mission accomplished—with love.



Construction began on June 5, 2007, with the arrival of the Mission of Love team, and contractor, Medicine Root Development, owner Rusty Puckett - Lakota Circle Village

"CANGLESKA WAKAN OWAYEWA" HAS STARTED

Dear Kathleen,

Firstly, I want to thank you, in deep gratitude, for allowing me to fulfill a vision of my Grandfathers, Chief Big Foot, and John Little Finger. Chief Big Foot, after realizing that the way of life they had lived was soon to change, traveled to Washington, D.C. in 1882, to seek a school to educate the children to prepare them for the future changes about to happen, so that they would be able to survive in a new world. He was told that his wish would be granted, but it never happened. Instead, he and 290 Lakota, men, women, and children were massacred 8 years later. Many promises made to him were never kept, and I often wondered what his last thoughts were on the day of his death. Grandfather, John Little Finger, also, lived with an earnest desire, after surviving the massacre, in these words, "They may have killed our people, but they will never kill our way of life"

125 years have come to pass, and today, I can stand and look at a school building about to educate our children in their way of life, a building that could have stood in Grandfather Chief Big Foot's village, had a promise been kept by government officials. It stands on the land where Grandfather, John Little Finger, once walked on, made a future for his children and grandchildren.

Today, all of us, can stand together, because we all have had a part in the fulfillment of a vision that was born out of the desire for survival of a people in an ever-changing world.

I consider myself a person who is extremely proud to have met you, because your efforts to allow a nation to begin to stand firmly on their path of life as future generations, long after we are all gone, in knowing who they are, because they will know where they came from, and who they are; spiritually, mentally, and physically. We can realize all realize that through our efforts, we have done what a nation failed to do, and doing so we can be the catalyst for others to join to keep their way of life intact while surviving in an ever-changing world.

There have been many others that have stepped forward to offer their help, and I would want you to know them by meeting them someday for each and everyone that has helped understood my grandfather's visions. Those that are at the top of the list include a great lady, Kathleen Price, founder and director, Mission of Love. She has given of immeasurable labor and love in time, effort, and even of money out of her own pocket to organize the whole operation that allowed the construction of this building. In an unbelievable time of 6 days, her team, along with local help, a building now stands where there was none. In fact, she may have set a standard for future buildings and homes to be built by others in the future. To attest to this, I have had numerous people come to me to make a statement that the government should take notice of the time it took to construction of our building.

I want to coincide the starting date with other schools, so that families can prepare. I have already had requests for at least 60 parents, and I can only take 15-20 students. I have established the vision for the future education, and there is no turning back.

Thank you Kathleen...and all of your Mission of Love volunteers.

In deep gratitude,

Leonard Little Finger

Begin doing what you want to do now. We are not loving in eternity. We have only this moment, sparkling like a star in our hand -- and melting like a snowflake.

- Marie Beyon Ray

WITH THESE SIMPLE WORDS

Carol Mark, R.N. Toronto, Ontario
August 9, 2007

*In honor of that legacy in heritage and ancestry,
you have joined me
to build a lasting memorial dedicated and
committed to save our
language from becoming extinct".*

Leonard Little Finger - Chief Big Foot's Great Grandson

With these simple words - history has been changed with participation of the Mission of Love in building the first Lakota language school, Lakota Circle Village.

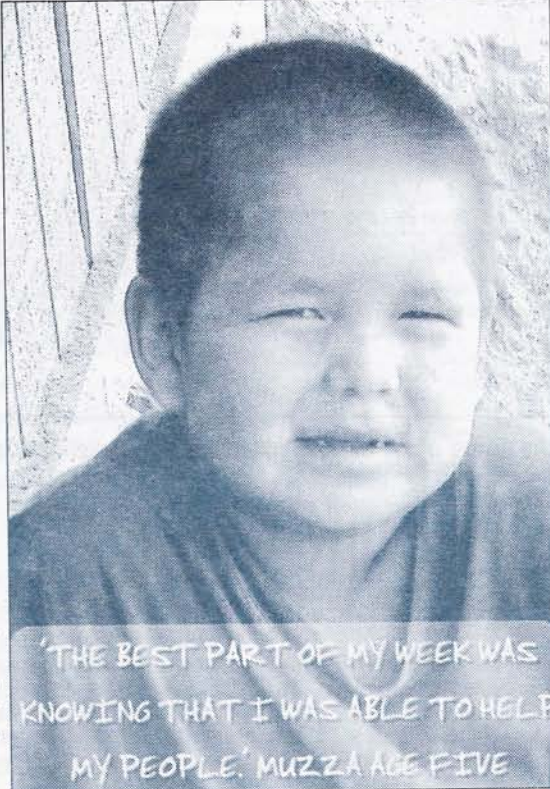
This day of August 9, 2007 marks the second phase of the Mission of Love completing the Lakota Circle Language School, which began construction only in June 2007. Volunteers came from across the USA to include California, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Toronto, Canada were joined in this common goal over 6 days. A family affair involving a family from Ohio headed by Michael Studer from Hubbard, age 67 along with his daughter Karen and two grandsons Anthony Tarr and Zach Mazza drove out to the site. Michael heard about the Mission of Love when his grand daughter, Krysten was killed by a drunk driver and a school bus filled with educational supplies was sent in her memory to the Mayan Indian children in Mexico to help transport 300 school children. Michael stated, "I appreciated my parent's roots with my father talking German and my mother Italian but I was not allowed to speak either and only spoke English - and I feel I lost connection with my culture and sees this school as a valuable connection to knowing their culture". Anthony Tarr, grandson and pre-law at the University of Akron noting the trip is "fulfilling spiritually and helping people out of the kindness and taking time out is rewarding, but the importance on the planet is to make a difference to people in need. Anthony added, "it makes my mom happy. Zach Mazza, 13 years old and the other grandson wanted to "help other people and that the Lakota should not lose their language. Zach wants to tell other children that they too can help someone else.

Karen Mazza commented on the last day how with the diversity everything came together and feels the importance of the project as she feels a loss to her own language. Her last words were "there is a profound feeling of peace and to get this done". Michael Antilla of Youngstown Ohio drove a 53 feet DART ADVANTAGE truck trailer, 1300 miles, filled with goods including a mini school bus. Michael's philosophy was that, "someone had to do it and it was me, and that Kathy is always on my speed dial on my phone". Michael is grateful now for having the opportunity to benefit and give to others.

A note of celebration for Delaine Stands Memorial, a valued member of the Mission of Love building team. Delaine died last year and at his memorial on August 12, 2007 his Native American community and his Mission of Love family attended. Colleen Long Wolf, his mother organized the event with a traditional Lakota food and a give away with acknowledgement of the Mission of Love in providing her son with community and learned skills of the building trade. Kathleen Price, founder Mission of Love; Louie Fostvedt, Bill Huber, Bob Whitehead the building crew and Carol Mark were acknowledged and honored with a Star quilt and traditional dream catcher. Steve, Colleen's partner was the MC to the event and provided stories on Delaine's life and his love of flying and learning the building trade.

Louie Fostvedt, volunteer stated, "I promised Kathy to come out and help --- the Native American Indians have been mistreated and we need to help them". He spoke fondly of Delaine of learning the carpentry trade and was touched by the fact that Colleen presented him with his tool belt. Bill Huber, age 70 who accompanied Louie from Vermillion, South Dakota reminded me that this was his 15 or 16th trip

and that he was here to "help his brothers and sisters and that North Americans have no idea that it is a 4 or 5th world environment". As part of their giving Bill and Louie do carpentry jobs back home and donate their proceeds to the Mission of Love. Bob Whitehead from Virginia came back to help and spoke of Delaine as, "a nice guy and was happy he helped him build his house". He felt Delaine's wish to make a better life for his family in spite of insurmountable circumstances and that he was an inspiration. There was a traditional Lakota feast with guitar music and a give away for those who attended. Sean Amos, volunteer from Cleveland, Ohio has helped Kathleen for 9 years in the warehouse, and this is his third mission. Sean states, "this is a give back and through my struggles, God gave me peace to turn it around".



Tom Wilson from Filmore, California wanted to "do something for someone and its the school". Tom was there in June as well as Bob Elston from Ohio who last year logged over 28,000 miles with Kathleen on various trips ranging from Louisiana to South Dakota honing his once "handyman skills" as he describes himself to a home builder.

Ted Pettyjohn from Custer, South Dakota drove to Wisconsin to pick up 3000 square feet of oak flooring. Ted was proud that he was able to deliver the flooring and have time to take 40 winks. "Rusty" Puckett from Kyle helped out with his crew including Al Pacey who is part Navaho and Mexican. He was impressed with the school and knows the importance of having two languages. Donny and Susie Shockey, Red Shirt, South Dakota came with their son and three nephews who pitched in to help out and as Susie stated, "the Lakota language was my only language until age 7 and that the language has different meanings and is important to our children, its a right to our life and religion". Susie will be completing her BA in Lakota studies this spring and would like to contribute back to her people.

Leonard Little Finger was moved by the generosity of the time, work and love and acknowledges the change maybe not imminent but will certainly Change the future of the people. Leonard gave

Kathleen a great honor of naming her "Tiopa Sla Win", which means Door of Greasy Woman signifying the most generous person of a tribe was signified by the greasy door of the teepee as this person who was always giving of food is a "true mark of a leader".

Kathleen, as we were nearing the end of our time was already planning for October for the finishing touches of the school. She even had bought out a special lit billboard to advertise for accepting of applications at the school year for January 2008. As for myself, the trip provided me with an opportunity to reconnect with the land and people I love, even though some days broke the 110 degree record. There is something about the history and resilience of the people and dedication to their tradition that always brings me back.

This time it was to assist Leonard to record some of his personal stories in English and Lakota as a donation from the Mission of Love to produce a cd for their archives. As I stood on top of the massacre site at Wounded Knee with Leonard standing in front of the mass grave site with the skies darkening with thunder and lightning, I felt that God, Wakan Tanka as well as those massacred at Wounded Knee were giving us the approval that the day had come Chief Big Foot's prophecies were being fulfilled that the Language of the people will continue.

Carol Mark

Toronto, Ontario

Love cures people -- both the ones who give it and the ones who receive it. - Marie Beyon Ray

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

JAB, October 14, 2007



Susie Shockey

He gave me a hand carved wooden heart and introduced me to Kathy Price. Thereafter, I followed the good work of the Mission of Love. But reading newsletters wasn't enough for me. I always wanted to go on a trip. This year, I finally contacted Kathy and she said, "Let's make that happen!" I didn't realize how often I would hear those words and come to understand that when she said them, she did indeed "make it happen."

On Friday, October 5, Kathy and Sieglinde Warren picked me up at Rapid City Airport. My only instructions from Kathy were to bring an open heart and expect the unexpected. I found myself, that first day, having lunch with Leonard Little Finger, who would run the Lakota Immersion School that the Mission of Love is building. His grandfather had been one of the few survivors of Wounded Knee. I felt that I was in the middle of history and I hadn't even arrived at the Pine Ridge Reservation! We arrived at dark and I began to meet the other MOL volunteers I would be working with. However, one man who arrived wasn't there to work, but just to visit with all of us. He remembered my face...even after ten years! It was Louis, who had given me that wooden heart and had started me on the long journey that culminated in my taking the trip to Pine Ridge. "Expect the unexpected"? It was already coming true!

To understand the problems facing the Lakota people, one would need to understand history, psychology, sociology, anthropology, geography and a lot more. But to EXPERIENCE the needs of the Lakota people first-hand, one need only to go to the Pine Ridge reservation and meet these courageous and loving people. Because I was with the Mission of Love, I was able to do just that. Kathy and her group work hand in hand WITH the Lakota. I was welcomed with warmth by every Lakota person we met. Most of them know of the work of the Mission of Love. When you work with people, even if you are only sweeping floors or making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches while they do the difficult jobs, you become a team. Sharing meals and rides to the various sites means sharing stories and laughter. So, even though I haven't read a lot of books about the Lakota, I feel that working with the Mission of Love helped me see clearly the enormous struggles they face daily to feed and clothe their families, drive safely to get medical care, and eke out a living in the inhospitable environment that is their reservation.

Both the US and Lakota politicians, past and present, have let down these people for years, resulting in crushing poverty. There are terrible roads, everything is MILES apart, there is no public transportation, the people are hungry, ill-clothed, and some are almost completely dependent on charity. Yet, they are hard-working, if they can GET work, they are incredibly proud of their history and culture, they are extremely spiritual, they are funny and have great wit.

One of my jobs was helping an 81-years young electrician, Howard Boyle. He came to the reservation to be a minister long ago to help the Lakota and never left. He is still helping them. From Howard all the way to Varden, who is only 16, the people worked with energy and enthusiasm. I never heard complaints,

although the work was difficult and the days were long.

We stayed in a beautiful place; next to the Lakota Prairie Ranch. I had my own room with color cable, coffee maker, etc. The food at the Ranch was wonderful. However, it took over an hour and a half to get to our work sites. On these trips, I would learn more about the challenges faced by the Lakota people. We would pass a broken-down trailer and I would learn that fifteen people lived in it. The need for homes has been at a crisis stage for years. Thanks to Peg and Bob Elston, I learned even more about the Lakota during these drives, for they had Lakota stories on an Ipod for us to listen to.

John Rosensteel, one of our group, drove two gravestones from Ohio to South Dakota. These were a gift from the Mission of Love to a Lakota couple to honor two of their parents. The entire group of volunteers was invited to a beautiful dedication ceremony in a 35' high tipi. There was a fire going...and there was drumming, singing, praying, and then eating...bapa, which was a white venison soup, and other traditional foods. "Expect the unexpected?" The only tipis I had ever seen were miniatures in gift shops. I never imagined myself in one. One of the teenage boys we worked with was a descendent of Sitting Bull! I saw pictures of Leonard's grandfather who had survived Wounded Knee...I was at Wounded Knee at sunset and it is a lonely, sad, hard little spot. It is so easy to picture Big Foot, sick and cold, flying his white flag, with his starving people in the snow just hoping for food and shelter, only to be gunned down. I heard real stories that were passed down from survivors to the people I met. I was honored to stand at Wounded Knee with Susie Shockey, one of the Lakota people who worked with us all week. I can't describe how it felt to stand at that mass grave with such a warm, strong woman like Susie. She shared so much with me...stories of her life and Lakota words and so many funny stories. If there was one "unforgettable" person for me on the trip, it was Susie.

There was not one time that anyone on the reservation was less than friendly and polite to me. I felt numbed at times by the visible poverty and lack of transportation and jobs. Most times, it was impossible to believe I was IN America. But all Americans should see this reservation. All Americans should make the trip to Wounded Knee, Red Shirt, Porcupine, Potato Creek and other places that are barely dots on a map. I learned that there ARE people willing to help and I am very glad I had the opportunity to spend a week with them. Looking back, I guess that all I really did was sweep some floors, make some sandwiches, stick my hands into light sockets, and empty some trash. I didn't build anything, or even build a part of anything. But the miracle of the Mission of Love is that each person does his or her own little acts with an open heart towards those around us. "We are not here to save the world, but to touch the hands that are within our reach" is how the mission statement reads. I touched so many hands last week with my small acts of kindness...and felt my hand touched in return with appreciation, with warmth, and with love. If we would all just do this, the world would be a better place.

I came with an open heart to the Pine Ridge reservation, and I left with a heart full of memories, laughter, kindness and understanding. JAB, October 14, 2007



Howard Boyle

They can because they think they can. - Virgil



BELIZE CLASSROOM SUPPLIES

Good Day Ms. Price:

8/07

My name is Natalie Fuller and I work as the Humanitarian Assistance Program Manager at the U.S. Military Liaison Office in Belize.

An NGO in Belize named Kolbe Foundation is requesting a donation of school supplies. The donation would affect about 240 students in four different schools in Belize and is being requested to supplement another U.S. initiative in the country. U.S. Southern Command is conducting a New Horizon's Exercise in Belize this year. It is expected that U.S. military personnel will build four much needed 2-classroom buildings in different locations throughout the country. The schools are: Hattieville Government School in Hattieville Village, Belize District; Crooked Tree Government School in Crooked Tree Village, Belize District; Carmelita Government School in Carmelita Village, Orange Walk District; and Trail Farm Government School in Trail Farm Village, Orange Walk District.

While the U.S. military have committed to build these new classrooms, they are not providing any furniture or supplies to these schools. The Director of Kolbe Foundation Mr. John Woods believes that a donation of furniture and school supplies to the children would be a greatly valued by these small Belizean communities. Personally, I agree with him.

Mr. Woods has asked me to assist his organization by taking the lead on this request. I have already begun the process of getting duty exemption for this donation from the Government of Belize. As soon as I receive this letter, I will forward on to you.

Requested List of Supplies

Note: These supplies will be go to 8 classrooms divided into 4 different schools. This will affect about 240 students.

CLASSROOM SUPPLIES

Quantity Item

240 student desks, 240 student chairs
8 teacher tables, 8 teacher chairs
16 book shelves, 16 chalk (black) boards
32 chalk board erasers
100 boxes of white chalk, 40 boxes of colored chalk

240 school bags/ nap sacks with school supplies such as:

Pencils, Pens, Writing pads and books
Rulers, Markers, Crayons, Erasers, Construction paper
Graph sheets, Geometry sets

240 arts and craft sets, 16 cafeteria tables
32 cafeteria benches
8 wall clocks, 8 bottled water dispensers
Sports equipment
(soccer/softball/basketball/tetherball/volleyball) Gym mats

LATRINE SUPPLIES

Note: Latrines will also be built in two of the buildings.

Quantity Item
8 cases toilet paper, 4 cases hand washing soap, 24 trash bins

News Release

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

910TH Airlift Wing (AFRC) Commercial (330) 609-1236

Fax (330) 609-1022 • Office of Public Affairs DSN 346-1236

Youngstown Air Reserve Station

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE: DATE: August 7, 2007

"Air Force Reservists load cargo for 'Mission of Love' to Belize" NUMBER: 07-08-17

YOUNGSTOWN AIR RESERVE STATION, OHIO – Airmen from the 76th Aerial Port Squadron here helped 240 school children in the Central American country of Belize without ever leaving the cargo ramp at Youngstown Air Reserve Station.

Members of the cargo ramp team and other 910th AW volunteers palletized 17,325 pounds of educational supplies and equipment being sent to four rural schools in Belize by "The Mission of Love Foundation" through the Denton Program.

The 910th Airlift Wing worked with a crew from a C-17 jet-powered cargo aircraft assigned to Charleston Air Force Base, S.C. to transport the nearly nine tons of material from Youngstown to Charleston to Belize City, Belize. The humanitarian airlift is scheduled to depart from South Carolina August 18.

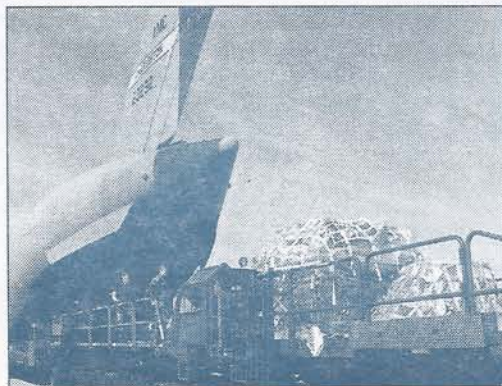
The "Mission of Love" is a Youngstown-based non-profit organization providing humanitarian aid to those in need worldwide, especially children. The group has airlifted and trucked clothing, medicine, food and building supplies to third world countries across the globe. It has also given relief to areas in the U.S. including the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota and has rebuilt homes in Louisiana destroyed by Hurricanes Katrina and Rita.

"It doesn't get much better than to be able to be of service to those in need," said Kathleen Price, founder and director of "The Mission of Love."

The "Mission" was able to gather donated items and educational supplies for eight classrooms in the four new buildings including 240 student desks with chairs, cafeteria furniture, teacher tables with chairs, 16 blackboards, 100 boxes of chalk, restroom supplies as well as 240 school knapsacks filled with pencils, pads, crayons and more for the kids.

The schools in need of the furniture and supplies were built as part of New Horizons, a humanitarian civic engineering assistance exercise designed to give training to U.S. military units in civilian construction or medical care services. U.S. troops involved in the exercise build basic infrastructure (roads, bridges, schools, wells, etc.) and provide medical, dental and veterinary services. While the New Horizons exercise enabled the buildings to be constructed, there was not funding available to provide for the furniture or supplies to make the schools operational.

The Denton Program allows private U.S. citizens and organizations to use space available on U.S. military cargo planes to transport humanitarian goods, such as clothing, food, medical and educational supplies, and agricultural equipment and vehicles, to countries in need.



"In spite of illness, in spite even of the archenemy sorrow, one can remain alive long past the usual date of disintegration if one is unafraid of change, insatiable in intellectual curiosity, interested in big things, and happy in small ways."

Edith Wharton

HURRICANE DEAN DEVASTATED OUR BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF MAHAHUAL

Dear Kathleen,

9/07

What a wonderful experience working with you... your kindness and generosity was so overwhelming and it was a fun, adventurous and a rewarding time together.

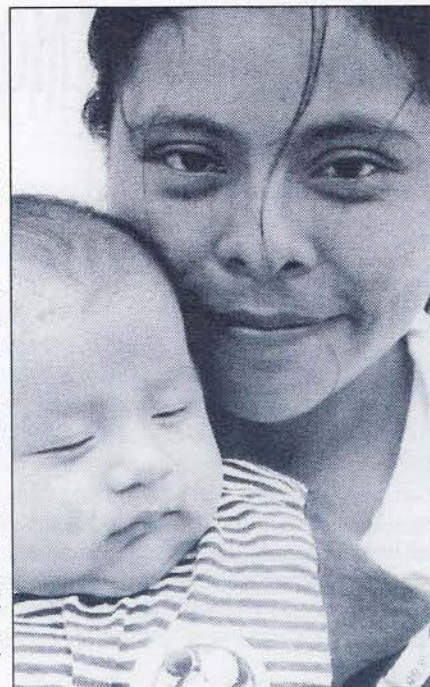
Hurricane Dean devastated our beautiful town of Mahahual in the Costa Maya and I immediately thought of your unselfish efforts to help others in distress. The Mexican Government Officials came to assess the damages and although we sustained tremendous loss, they could not claim our community a "disaster" area as we did not have any loss of lives. We are so thankful for that, but as a result, no relief funds were forthcoming. In contacting the Red Cross, they responded with no assistance as well, as they considered our town to be a rich American costal zone. And yes, there are many foreigners here, but being a tourist zone we also have a very large community of Mayans who desperately needed help.

Grand efforts were being made by some local people, such as Kevin Graham, who co-ordinated many donations from the private sector. I was quick to realize that Mission of Love have no boundaries and work from the heart and that's exactly what we needed. Phone call - deed done!! My anticipation of your arrival had me envisioning exactly what we did. You never deviated from your focus and I commend you for that.

The trip we made to Chetumal was filled with anticipation of getting some "lamina" which is a roofing material for the local Mexicans who had lost theirs during the 300 k.m. winds. (Hard to believe that we survived it!!!! But our home was protected by the grace of God.) In Chetumal, we solicited the help of the Director General of DIF who was kindly supplying the roofing material which we needed so badly. We also asked for the required documents to bring goods down from the U.S., duty free, and he was very obliging. The DIF office agreed to send a semi load of lamina and meet us at the local Pemex station in Mahahual. Then off to Sam's Club we went - where we loaded carts with food stuffs, but shopping for others became a delightful experience. Now we are filled to the wheel wells with what we thought to be the makings of special dispensas for the people. The task at hand, when we got home, seemed to grow and we had to beckon the help of the Mayan workers nearby. They do good work and seemed to enjoy the change of pace from cutting down dead trees!!!!

Wednesday morning we were loaded with goods for distribution and met the truck from Chetumal, much to our surprise along with about 20 workers. So upon asking the "plan" for the day, they said, "we need breakfast", - not a problem, we took them to a local restaurant and after a quick bite we returned to start work!!! However, we were met by the local Delegado (a position of mayor of the town, who insisted that he needed the lamina to distribute to properties north of town. After much discussion I took a rather strong stand and curtly told him to go to Chetumal and get his own supplies as this load was directed by the Director General of DIF to myself and at that time, the workers from Chetumal agreed. So off we went.. to deliver the huge task of house to house requisitions. The staff from DIF consulted with the homeowners and wrote down their requirements. With a mission of purpose, we started our day with a down pour of pelting rain - with water trickling down our

Recipients
of Aid in
Mahahual



backs and soaked to the bone we were not deterred ... hey, it kept us cool, si???? DIF also sent along 200 dispensas (the bags of non-perishable foods).. so we trekked off with smiles on our faces and a song in our heart. The gratitude and love that we were met with kept the task enjoyable and effortless. A long day, but certainly not without it's rewards... we found our way home much later and covered with tar.

Thursday we started our day by meeting with some of the girls from our Mahahualena group (ladies of Mahahual). They sat and listened to your vision for our town and how we could opt into the resources you could offer to help build a better, safer, and productive place to live.

Our ears perked up, our hopes soared and we could not get the smiles off our faces. After the desires of the heart were discussed we had another delivery to make - hmmm, a tricky one as the people we had to get supplies to had no road access. Not a problem. There they were right in the parking lot in front of us, 4 wheelers!!!! I can't believe you jumped on it along with our friend Sherry. Your famous words I will never forget "we will just do it".... With Peggy as our pilot and again loading the van with lamina, food and water we drove up to the northern region where the eye of the hurricane passed over. O my... it was so heart-wrenching. But we did not encounter one sad face... they all had hope and such a heart of thankfulness. Hours later, in the heat of the day, the searing sun and high humidity... we returned to plan another shipment for Saturday from DIF. Never a question was asked by them... they were confident that we would get it to the people - and we did!

Our connection with you is more than words can say... we now have hope and most of all a circle of friendship and love. Mission of Love/Mission of Hope!!!! We love you and are excited about things to come and working with you to make it all happen.

In Mexico we have a beautiful saying "Mi Casa es Tu Casa" - My house is your house!!! Amen.

Thank you my friend, for being there, for caring, for loving and for giving. Our hearts will sing your praises.

Su amiga,
Marilyn Marshall
Visions Mahahual/Las Mahahualenas/Mahahual, Mexico



Sherry, Marilyn, Peg distributing Aid in Mahahual, Mexico.



Never place a period where God has placed a comma.

- Gracie Allen

WE ARE ALIKE MORE THAN WE ARE DIFFERENT

ROSE MARIE KOTCHMAR

- NEW CASTLE, PA.



On Sunday, Jan. 7, Kathleen Price, Founder and Director of Mission of Love, phoned if I would like to travel to Mexico with a few people for a short 4 day mission. I had previously made 2 Mission of Love trips to Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota and had expressed an interest in her Mayan work. By Thursday morning I was on a flight to Cancun, Mexico. Along with Kathy Price was Lori Flowers RN, Dr. Kathie Nelson, her husband Tom Nelson and Son-in-law John Paul McConnell. We all had our luggage plus Kathy had an extra 8 bags loaded with Medical supplies, clothing, sewing materials, toys, tools, equipment for a children's blind school and a wheelchair. Upon arriving in Cancun we had to book 2 vans because of the large amount of supplies.

Our first stop was at Ek'Balam. An archaeological sight just recently being uncovered. It gave a glimpse into the Mayan culture and history. We then drove to Xhualtez. Five years earlier Mission of Love built a much needed Medical Clinic here which serviced many surrounding villages. We were greeted by Maria Jose', Kathy's contact in Mexico. Marie Jose' has devoted her life to helping the Mayan people and serves as a much needed translator. After a warm welcome we unloaded and sorted medical supplies. Kathy is loved by the people of Xhualtez and word of her arrival spread quickly as old friends stopped by. Within an hour about 15 children had gathered around a table on the porch. Tom and John Paul got coloring books and crayons out. There may have been a language barrier but there was no barrier to love. Many smiles and hugs were exchanged.

Mission of Love had built 5 huts behind the clinic, so our first day ended by hanging up our hammocks and going to sleep. On Friday while Lori and Dr. Kathie got Medical supplies packed, Kathy took Tom and myself on a walk through several streets. She showed us some homes Mission of Love had built. When these people spotted Kathy we were immediately invited in. Most villagers live in thatched huts with dirt floors. When Mission of Love builds a block 2 room house with a concrete floor the owners are thankful beyond words. A man who received a house last year saw us walking and picked us a bag of tangerines from his tree and presented it to Kathy. After loading the vans we headed for Kuche to meet with a group of women. Kathy supplies Afghans, table cloths or pillow cases and thread for the Mayan women to cross stitch designs on them. Kathy then pays for the completed work and supplies more items. Their hand work was beautiful. The money they receive is much needed for their families. The women were aware there was a Doctor with us and many asked for medical help. Dr. Kathie and Lori opened up the back of the van and treated various ailments with supplies on hand. The youngest patient was an eight month old who looked only about 3 months. He was undernourished and we would stop later at a pharmacy for much needed vitamins. We left that village and

stopped at another where Mission of Love help establish a Tortilla Doro. Money was used to buy equipment and supplies for a corn tortilla business. This is a staple in the Mayan diet. The business is flourishing and they were proud to show Kathy their production. That evening Kathy took our crew and as many Mayan children who could fit in our van and drove to Chichen Itza to see the light show. On Saturday we left early to set up a make shift clinic at Chenchela. We stopped to pick up Fanny, a teacher who could translate Mayan for us. She was also given the supplies for the Blind School to be delivered later.

The exam table was set up on a cement porch and women and children started to line up as soon as we pulled in. Dr. Kathie and Lori treated 40 patients in 3 hours. Meanwhile Tom, John Paul and I entertained about 50 children. Crayons, coloring books, bubbles and jump ropes were used. Toys which would be insignificant to an American child gave such delight to these children. Its a treat if a whole village has one ball to share. Everyone was lined up and a treat of soda and cookies was passed out. After leaving the clinic Kathy announced we would have a fiesta at Xhualtez that evening for 200 people. We stopped at a grocery store and bought hot dogs, chips, cookies and drinks. Back at Xhualtez an announcement was made over the village loud speaker about the fiesta at the basketball court. Tables were set up and by 6 PM we brought our cooked hot dogs and set up our assembly line serving 200 smiling faces. We watched the boys play basketball and danced and played with the small children. These people are so joyful and grateful its a pleasure to be around them. We went back to our huts tired but grateful much had been accomplished this day. On Sunday we got an early start, packed up and said tearful goodbyes to Maria Jose' and left Xhualtez. We had enough time before our flight for brief stops at Coba and Tulum. Both sites have amazingly beautiful buildings and pyramids. It may have been only 4 days but they were productive and beautiful. It seems that these people are quite different from us but that's not so. We are alike more than we are different. We both want to provide for our children and families, to have a home where we can feel secure. We want to be loved and accepted. I am grateful that Kathy Price and the Mission of Love gave me this opportunity to experience the culture and touch the Mayan people. They certainly touched my heart.

WHAT IS LIFE FOR? IT IS FOR YOU. THE GIFT

The best day of your life is the one on which you decide your life is your own. No apologies or excuses. No one to lean on, rely on, or blame. The gift of life is yours -- is is an amazing journey -- and you alone are responsible for the quality of it.
This is the day your life really begins.



UPCOMING BUILDING MISSIONS OF LOVE

January	Mayan Mission
March	Pine Ridge, SD
April	Mayan Mission
June	Pine Ridge, SD
Spetember	Pine Ridge, SD
October	Mayan Mission

**CALL or EMAIL KATHLEEN if YOU
ARE INTERESTED in BEING PART
of OUR BUILDING TEAM
for
THE MISSION OF LOVE**

**330.720.0278
amissionoflove@sbcglobal.net**

A CHAIR WITH WHEELS

Kathleen Price

I have just returned from another humbling, rewarding, and blessed mission to the Maya communities of the Yucatan. A week before leaving we were given a very expensive wheel chair that was donated to us by William's Mom. Her son was fifteen when he died the week before and wanted another child to benefit from this gift of wheels. William died from complications due to a serious swimming accident. Our friend John, responded to Williams Mom and picked up the wheel chair and brought it to our warehouse. He wasn't sure whether or not that we would be able to use it because it had no air in the tires. Everything else was perfect with the chair. The day before I was to go to the airport I went and picked up the wheelchair at our warehouse and stopped to see Mitch, our mechanic and friend. Within moments our tires were filled and the chair was placed back into the bed of the truck. Mitch had a smile on his face and wished me a safe and productive trip. Mitch has gone on so many missions with us throughout the years and he knows what is involved with traveling with me. I then went to our warehouse and filled as many suitcases as I could with supplies for the children who have not even the basics of life. My grandson, Edward and Granddaughter, Erin came over gave the children some gifts to give to Grammy's babies. Ever since they were little they too have been part of our Mission of Love. Edward gave me his whole collection of dinosaurs and Erin gave me her excess clothes. I packed those gifts in our oversize luggage and our mission to prepare for the trip was complete. Now, I only had to prepare my own bag.

Our friend John picked me up at four am for our flight to Cancun. We were met by our old friends @ Apple Vacations who throughout the years have always allowed us to travel with excess baggage for no extra charge. They were so happy to see us once again and recognized our work to help the Maya Indians. Most people go to Cancun and have no idea of the poverty that exists behind the fences of life. I wish that we could make some sort of tax for each and every tourist who goes thru customs to donate a quarter to help support the Indigenous Maya people. We sure could make a world of difference with just a simple contribution of a quarter!

John was happy to push our empty wheel chair throughout the airports of Cleveland and Cancun. Lots of interesting stares, and very few remarks. We knew that we had a very special mission of love about to occur. In the third world wheel chairs really do not exist. If they do, it is just because of people like us want to help the handicap of life. We have given wheel chairs to people who have had no legs. You should have seen the look on their face when you, just show up with these special wheels. Everything about their life changes and once again they have a life to live. We, as a society take so much for granted.

We rented our PT Cruiser and filled it to the max.....including our special wheel chair. There was barely enough room for John and I to make our four hour drive into the jungle. The crew at Hertz were so excited that we had a chair for someone in need. Smiles were contagious and our work of love was about to begin.

Our first stop was to meet up with Doctors Frank and Sherry who in April will once again give hearing aids to the Maya children in need. This will be their fourth trip to be of service, unconditionally. Hundreds of children and adults now can hear because of this act of kindness. I will never forget the look on the mother of five whose

children were all disabled because of the lack of Motrin to treat their high fevers, receiving hearing aids. What a sight, what a gift! Hearing aids do not exist in Maya country. It does not even exist in their dreams. Frank and Sherry donate all of their aids and services. So rewarding to see it all take place, for the sake of the children. Mission accomplished and all of the plans are set for April

to continue with our work with the children in need. While traveling to our home for the next few days, we saw Kyrsten's bus in action. This is the bus of many dreams that we together delivered from Hubbard, Ohio to Mexico so the Maya children could just go to school. My heart sang as I reflected upon all of the many people who made that mission possible in December for the sake of the children to receive an education. Kyrsten was an young girl whose life was taken away when she was thirteen. Her parents wanted to give a gift that would be around for years to come in honor of their daughter who always wanted to do good things. My heart sang even more after thinking about the fact that even though Kyrsten isn't with us, she is with us by my servicing the children as being a messenger. So many GOOD people in our world who recognize the need to make a difference.

Assumption in his new chair

Next stop was our home for the next few days. Maria Jose and Uba met us and what a wonderful reunion of life. Maria Jose is the true guardian angel of the Maya people. God only knows where they would be without her gift of compassion to the needy. Many years she has taken on the battle of giving the basic human rights to this society, the Maya. We unloaded our suitcases and as always, Maria goes through each and every donation and knows exactly where and to whom it should go to. Excitement and joy encompasses her face when she sees all of the next to new donations that we hand delivered. Maria especially loved the dinosaurs Edward gave and said that they would be given out on Children's day at the end of the month in addition to the huge bag of suckers that John had brought in his suitcase. Imagine each child will have one of Edwards dinosaurs, in the community. All of those children verses my one grandchild will now be able to play with this gift of love. Amazing! We had piles of treasures everywhere! Off to bed in our hammocks to look forward to a new day to spread hope and love.



WITH SINCERE APPRECIATION

Cleveland, Ohio

Kathleen Price - Mission of Love Foundation

On behalf of Vinny and the entire Rini Family we would like to thank you for the power wheel chair you so lovingly donated. Our family was extremely touch by your thoughtfulness and generosity. What you did was not only remarkable but most importantly it changed Vinny's quality of life. We hope you feel rewarded knowing that your kindness is greatly appreciated by all of us. Our family takes comfort in knowing that there are people out there like you that are so willing to help a child in need. We are grateful for your support and would to once again thank you for what you did not only for Vinny but all of us.

With sincere appreciation,
The Rini Family



TO THE WORLD YOU MAY BE ONE PERSON, BUT TO ONE PERSON YOU MAY BE THE WORLD.

KYRSTEN'S BUS OF MANY DREAMS

12/07

Last week John Rosensteel and I had the honor of driving Kyrsten's Mayan bus of many dreams to Panama City, Florida, 1020 miles away from where we had begun. The excitement grew the closer we got to the border of Florida.

There are actually two wonderful story's that have touched the hearts of everybody involved with this project.

As you know for sixteen years we have working with the Indigenous Mayan communities with Maria Jose. We have built clinics, homes and given hope to those who had none. We supplied the Maya with their first medical care, hearing aids to the deaf, and supplies that never existed in the world of the Maya. One really has to witness the poverty that exist in this real jungle of life in order to appreciate the blessings that we take for granted every day. Women in the villages cook on an open fire built between three rocks. The main meal is tortillas. If they are fortunate enough, they can add a little radish or tomatoes to spice up the meal for the day. This is everyday, every month and yearly.....this is it.

If children do go to school at all, they literally walk miles in their bare feet. Mayan families are the same as families everywhere and want the best that the world can provide for their kids, but sometimes it is just physically impossible for children to obtain the basic education that they need. Many Mayans do not even speak Spanish, much less read and write.

This is how Kyrsten's bus and the Mayan children came together.

Last year I received a call from my new friend Renee. She was a lady who got my name from Laurie Flowers, who has been there and done that with the Mayans and the Mission of Love. Renee told me about her foundation called KES.

KES was established a few years ago by family and friends of Kyrsten Studer. Krysten was a very special thirteen year old, a high school freshman from Hubbard who was enjoying being with friends and just standing on a street corner when a drunken driver careened out of control and drove into the group of five girls. Kyrsten was killed.

Good things came of out this horrible tragedy, born of love for this young woman who died too soon. The KES Foundation was created in order to raise money and improve the lives of other children by providing scholarships. This year, 2006, was to have been Kyrsten's graduation year, and the Foundation wanted to do something special. They asked several organizations for ideas and invited the Mission of Love to make suggestions. I told them about children in another part of the world who were so different from them but who wanted the same thing, an education. These wonderful people adopted the idea and the Kyrsten's bus project began. Together, we created a bus of many dreams.

Students, Kyrsten's contemporaries, raised money and purchased a used school bus, but that was only the beginning. Working under the direction of Jen and Brian, Kyrsten's parents, and Renee, the team painted and patched the bus. This was to be a very special bus, decorated with murals and butterflies. Kyrsten's grandma painted the butterflies. Kyrsten had loved butterflies.

After the bus was painted the kids raised more money and



loaded it up with badly needed school supplies so the Mayan kids would have paper and pencils. You just can't find those things in the jungle. There was space available and MOL was able to put surgical tables and surgical lights and wheel chairs on board for the clinic that we were helping.

Our friends and volunteers Mitch Mays and George Axiotis then gave the bus a good mechanical inspection and repaired the things that needed repaired to make it safe and reliable for years to come.

After all of this was done, we still had to find a way to get the bus from Hubbard, Ohio to the Yucatan. This involved not only dealing with bureaucrats in two countries, but finding somebody who would take the bus to Mexico. Maria Jose told me about a shipping company named Linea Penninsular, Inc. that had heard of our work in Louisiana building homes for hurricane victims. They too, had been victims of Hurricane Katrina and had lost everything and were starting over in Florida. They wanted to help.

A wonderful woman named Lisa offered to ship the bus free of charge on one of their container ships from Panama City Florida, to Progreso, Mexico. It took Maria Jose and I all summer and half of the fall, working in two different countries to get all of the paperwork straightened out, but eventually, we met with success. A few weeks ago, after returning from one of our home building trips to the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, Maria Jose called to give me the final go ahead. That is how John and I found ourselves on the road to Florida. KES paid the expenses and we did the roadwork.

We left last Wednesday at three am and arrived at our destination by noon the next day. John drove the bus with a picture of Kyrsten in front of him for company. I followed in a car. Kyrsten's bus drove like a dream.

As I was walking from the bus to the office to transfer the bus to the shipping company, a butterfly floated in front of my face. After we completed the handover and thanked Lisa, we returned to the car to begin the long drive home. The same butterfly passed our windshield.???

As I sit at my computer this Saturday morning and tell

(cont'd on pg 13)

(cont'd from pg 12)

the story of Kyrsten's bus of many dreams, the bus itself is at sea, on its' way to the Mayan children. It will arrive on Monday.

I want all who helped on this project with their money, their labor, their love, to know that Maria Jose and I will be taking this bus to the children the Saturday after Thanksgiving and the many, many special dreams of Kyrsten's family and friends, and the children of the Maya, will have been fulfilled.

Kathleen



EVERYTHING HAS IT'S OWN TIME

Everything has its own time. All the ingredients have to be in one place to make things work, the way they are supposed to. This is what happened yesterday at the Secondary Technical School in Espita, Mexico. Racquel was praying day and night for a school bus for the Mayan children. You had a toy bus on your altar. The priority of the principal, teachers and children of the school hoped and also prayed that you could make this mission of love a reality. I always knew that you could, but the paper work in Mexico is so slow. I started the procedure a year ago. And you Kathy, only God knows what you had to do to get things done for our Mayan people. But as I said in the beginning of this letter, things have its own time. Finally the 28 of November Kyrsten's school bus came from Florida on the Juan Diego, Linea Peninsular Container line. It was shining with love and filled to the brim with educational supplies from the Hubbard High School students in the name of Kyrsten. The lovely butterflies on the windows and tires invited us all to dance with her. I surely agree with the children, teachers and friends of the Secondary School of the Mayan children, Espita, Mexico that Kyrsten's Bus of many dreams is more beautiful then we ever could have imagined. The emotion of the children could touch our hearts and souls. The incredible joy from Doctor Juan, the Director of the San Carlos Hospital when we unloaded his surgery tables and surgery lamps and wheel chairs from Kyrsten's bus was profound. Now because of you, 90 children at one time can go back and forth school at one time, six times a day. This is truly a love story. We all know how hard it was for all of you to make this possible for the Indigenous children. We know that only because you all have big loving hearts, and knew that this could be accomplished in the name of the Mayan children. The Mayan children have offered Kathy a home in the Yucatan as her second home, only because she does not want to make it her first. We thank Jen and Brian, Kyrsten's parents, Renee and all of the classmates and to you, Kathy, and to all of those who have contributed in making this a true Mission of Love a success. The ingredients were perfect and they have become a beautiful cake of life.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart.
Maria Jose Medina - Merida, Mexico

Dear Kathy,

October 11, 2007, PINE RIDGE, SD

Today while looking from my daughters dining room window at my new home it finally hit me that I will be moving in in just a few days. So I wanted to take a few minutes to thank you and your group for the materials & the time that you donated to my new home. I have lived in the South Dakota State Veteran's Home for almost 16 years. A few years after my husband passed away I moved into the State Home. I enjoyed my time there, but I wanted to be closer to my children & grand children. There is no housing here so I moved in with my youngest daughter, with the hopes of buying a mobile home someday, but now I have my own new home. I never dreamed it would be this beautiful and it is just the right size for me. I am looking forward to spending the next 16 to 20 years here enjoying my new home. As you know I am only 84 years old, I have a lot of living left to do.

Thanks again Kathy and please thank all the volunteer's that helped work on my new home.

Sincerely,
Evelyn Stover

Dear Kathleen,

October 23, 2007, PINE RIDGE, SD

I am sending you a letter that my mother wanted me to send to you. She is so excited to be moving into her new home this weekend.

Kathy, I also would like to thank you for all the materials and labor you and the Mission of Love volunteers have donated to my mother's new home. You have helped to make her dream come true. She had wanted to move back for a long time, but there is no housing here, so she tried living with me for about six months, but of course I have a 13 year old son and a 4 year old daughter and countless nephews and nieces that are in and out of my home, and it was just too overwhelming for her. She was used to living in the South Dakota State Veterans Home in Hot Springs, where she moved after my Father had passed away. There, she was only around elderly and when she wanted to rest it meant going to her room and not being disturbed every few minutes. She moved back to the State Home after staying with me for 6 months. But because she had sold her land that she had inherited on the Rosebud Reservation, they raised her rent so that she was paying them almost her whole retirement check. So basically she had no choice but to move back with me. But now that she has her own home she could enjoy being here and with her children and grandchildren and then when she wants to rest, she can.

Kathleen, you would not believe how many people come by to look at her little cabin. I only wish we could help more people. The housing situation on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation is unreal. There are no low income apartments of any type and absolutely no homes for rent, all we have available to us is the government houses located mainly in the housing clusters. But the waiting list is so long to get in one. My sister was on the housing list for a new house for over 24 years before she gave up hope. She raised 5 children in a 2 bedroom 14x70 mobile home which she still lives in with her significant other, her youngest daughter, her youngest daughter's significant other & their 2 children a 3 year old son & 1 year old daughter. They live like this because there is no housing to rent. It is almost impossible to get a home loan on the reservation, so we can't just go to the bank and get a home loan. There are no UCC codes on our reservation, so banks do not want to lend here. They more than likely would not be able to collect if the loan goes bad. It's sad to know that the United States in 2007 still has places that are just like 3rd world countries. Almost every house on this reservation has a minimum of 2 families per house, and some of them have up to 5 families living under 1 roof. Sounds unreal, it is unreal !. Sorry to be babbling on but I just want you to know just how much we appreciate your help. Your work here is truly a blessing. Thanks again.

Sincerely,
Kathy Stover



Evelyn Stover New Home



Henry & Nadine Red Cloud, Albert Red Bear, Kathleen Price,
Mary Fast Wolf, Building Homes of Hope

PINE RIDGE RESERVATION

October 24, 2006

Thank you Kathy Price and the Mission of Love Team for helping to make our dreams a reality, for building a home for our family. This has been a dream come true.

We would also like to thank the following people for helping us build a home to secure a future for our children and grandchildren. Curtis Hoyte and his students; Howard Boyle and his students; Albert Red Bear; Mary Fast Wolfe; Darrell and Donna Janis; Donnie and Susan Two Bulls Shockey, Chauncey and Chris Lone Elk; the CSY students and all of the community members and everyone else who were there for us.

The passed four days have been GREAT! It was exciting to video each phase of the building - Seeing the walls go up - then the roof - the siding - the windows - the doors being able to decide where the lights, light switches and outlets were to go - to see my husband Henry and the crew hard at work made me feel proud.

As I watched our children as well as the other children playing - made me proud to see our home being built for our children and grandchildren, and to know that their future is being secured

We are thankful to Kathy Price and the Mission of Love for building us a home - a mansion. Our children are so excited! Thank you Kathy.....
It was the prayer and dream of Grandfather Red Cloud to always take care of our people especially the children - To make a safe place for them. When our children are safe - our community is safe!

Wopila Tanka (a Big thank you)

Henry and Nadine Red Cloud and children Kathy, Desiree, James, Wambli, Johna, Wakinyan, and grandchildren Theodore Louis, and Leilari Rain



Henry Red Cloud and Daughter Johna



Henry Red Cloud Family's Home

Dear Kathleen,

It is with great appreciation that I send this letter to you to let you know that I and my family thank you and your team of Mission of Love volunteers for the work that was done for us.

I am an elderly man, living in a trailer that was purchased over 30 years ago, and over the years it has deteriorated by the harsh winters and violent summer storms producing hail damage to all the walls and roof. Since I am on a limited income with a family to support, it is difficult to purchase supplies and materials or repairs needed. Over the years, the roof has leaked, and damaged the electrical wiring. A fire started from one of the wires that was damaged, burning through the walls. We were home at the time, and I was able to cut the electricity, but this was over 5 years ago, and since then, we were unable to use the outlets for fear of starting another fire. Also, the wood sidings on the outside have deteriorated, including the skirting. The trailer is cold during the winter, and the heating expenses are great since the wind blows freely through the walls and from underneath.

Your help by repairing the electrical wiring and building new skirting has prepared us for the coming winter, and I am extremely grateful for this. We will be able to caulk the outside walls, to seal it further, allowing us relief this winter. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for your care and help.

I am also looking forward to having your help in repairing our well. I have a electrical problem that has burned out 2 submersible pumps, and am in need of repair and replacement of a pump. I have to haul water in plastic 1 gallon jugs from a water hydrant located 17 mile from my home for drinking purposes. We have an indoor toilet, but unable to use it, and it is very difficult during the winter.

In gratitude,
Richard Broken Nose, Oglala, SD.



Richard Broken Nose and John Little Finger repairing
Richard's Home

I was restless. I was doing okay, but I was restless. One day it dawned on me that I had been looking at life through the wrong end of the telescope. It was up to me to turn it around ----to make it bigger, better, more satisfying.

-Arnold Schwarzenegger

HONDURAS - AIRLIFT - to be delivered 12-07-07, 20 ton of Aid

Hello my dear friend,

I hope all is well in your part of the world. In my small jungle forest things are still going slow, but other times it seems as though things are going way too fast. The important thing is that the Heavenly Father is always with us in good and bad times. The First Lady of Honduras is willing to help us bring your donations to Honduras. I believe her Secretary sent you the information by email. I believe Mr. Quigg from the Denton Program from the Embassy in Tegucigalpa sent you some information to. I am in La Mosquitia now, and I have talked to the Director of the Puerto Lempira Hospital. Know that they can hardly wait to receive the Ambulance and the rest of the hospital supplies.....Whenever you are ready, let me know. It is now up to you and the First Lady to make this happen for the people in need. God be with you, te amo mi hermana en Cristo.

Norma Love - La Mosquitia, Honduras

Kathleen Price, Founder and Director - Mission of Love - Youngstown, Ohio
Dear Kathleen,

On the eve of the premier showing of "Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee", to be shown on HBO, I wanted to share a few thoughts with you. Since I have already seen the show at a world premier showing of the film, held in Rapid City, SD on May 17, I am in great anticipation for the rest of America to have the opportunity to view it. Although, it is not authentically correct in many instances. The intent to present the tragedy and plight of the Native American is shown. Having 39 relatives who were present at the Wounded Knee Creek Massacre of 1890, including Chief Big Foot, Sitanka, as we call him in our language, who is my great-great grandfather. My grandfather, John Little Finger, Saste (Sha-stay) survived with two untreated wounds, to allow me to write this message to you. In all, only 7 of my relatives survived on that day. In honor of that legacy in heritage and ancestry, you have joined me to build a lasting memorial dedicated and committed to save our language from becoming extinct. The memorial is a school that I want to establish for our Lakota children who can be taught the importance of our language in its purpose which is spiritual-based handed down by generation after generation. The event at the Wounded Knee Massacre of 1890 is significant to we, the Lakota, and to other cultures who have taken the time necessary to understand the humanity of other cultures. In 1990, 100 years after the massacre, we prayed with a sacred pipe to allow us to complete this honoring; and if, God, Wakan Tanka, Tunkasila, so deemed it, that it should happen. It has taken me 17 years of effort, to realize the commitment. I have traveled far to share this vision with hundreds of people, in America and Europe.

Now through the guidance of God, who is always at my side, we are about to begin, hand-in-hand to fulfill the prophecy of my ancestors. My ancestor, Chief Big Foot, Sitanka, told the Indian Agent, on October 29, 1890; "You have not kept your promise as we agreed to and signed in the Treaty of 1869. Instead, you have taken our land, our buffalo, and have forced us onto your road to a land far smaller that to survive upon. But, keep in mind, someday we will erase all the marks that you have made upon us." This was said exactly 2 months, to the day, of the massacre. My grandfather, John Little Finger, said; "They may have killed our people, but they never kill our way of life."

Dear Kathy,
I think the Mission of Love is doing something on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation that no other group is doing. There are people in need and you are truly helping the people in need. So keep up the good work.

Phillip Kruse, Circle View Guest Ranch
Interior, South Dakota

"All people are inherently responsible for their actions. Everyone is put here for a purpose. When people take the responsibility that is theirs, and eliminate the many facets of violence which are entrenched in their culture, then we can all address the health of human society and Grandmother Earth in an effective holistic way, and restore harmony and balance"

~Wub-e-ke-niew

I was chosen to fulfill those words of my ancestors so that our children, grandchildren, and the generations to come can live as a Lakota, speaking their language, understanding the spiritual meanings, while living with other cultures. Perhaps, even to share their road with those who want to learn and understand this ancient belief system. Perhaps, to make other cultures stronger from this knowledge. Those are the events that will take place, in a future time, that most of us will never see while on Mother Earth. But, the prayers of yesterday now become the work of us, today.

While we await the transference of the funds to pay for the materials and supplies, so generously donated by Peter Maffay, from Germany; and, while I await the arrival of the materials, the volunteers who have committed their funds to get to Oglala, their time, their labor, to help me, often it seems that time is short and limited. Faith in the fulfillment of completing this project, at times often waning. Prophecy and beliefs come from the wisdom of our ancestors, so it will happen.

The Lakota, today, live in two worlds, their own and of the society that surrounds us. We have our future in both, but the roots must remain with our own ancestry. We must be allowed to remain that way, rather than to be colonized to change our ways for our perspective has allowed us to survive for thousands of years.

It has now been 116 years of life's journey for the Lakota since great-great grandfather made a prophecy and prediction. My association with you and Mission of Love, has only been 3 months, but the association was necessary, as you known through Wakinyan Zinala or Thunder Bird, the manifestation of God, in God's voice through thunder and lightning.

Today, I encourage everyone in the Mission of Love to view the film being presented, tonight. We will all meet within the next few days, to help me and the Lakota to begin following the prophecies of our ancestors, my grandfathers. Please share this message with others as you feel necessary.

Sincerely and Respectfully,

Leonard Little Finger

The Mission of Love Foundation is a non-profit organization that provides humanitarian aid to those in need worldwide, especially children. Backed by individuals, local businesses and the U.S. Military's Denton Program, the Mission of Love airlifts clothing, medicine and food and building supplies to third world countries, including the poorest community in the U.S.— Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, South Dakota and to Hurricane Katrina victims in Louisiana. 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.



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

Mission of Love Foundation

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