



Mission of Love News



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

Lakota Ambulance



*Ambulance Donated by the Mission Of Love to the
Lakota Indians. Article on page 3*

Letter from Kathy Price

Dear Mission of Love Family,

Another year has gone by and where, just where, has the time gone? I know we all ask ourselves, how did the holidays come around so fast? It was just baseball season. Reflection comes with the season of Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Have we made a difference, have we shared our love and compassion with one another? In this past year, have you just existed or just managed to get yourself tangled up in the ME syndrome?

We all share these same questions at the end of the year. Have we taken time to embrace the wonderful world that we do exist in? Or do we choose to get so bogged down with all of our craziness that we just get by, day in and day out?

There is so much greatness right in front of us, but we as a society tend to ignore these simple pleasures.

I have found that there is NO better way, than to just reach out and do something special for anyone...within your reach. Doing this daily practice, you will begin to feel that your life is worthwhile. By giving you do receive! You receive the wholeness of your well-BEING, and you know when you go to bed at night...you have made a difference. In turn, it becomes contagious and so rewarding among those you are involved with.

I know first hand, because I am alive today because of our Mission of Love. I have been taught the simplicity of living by those who we are able to serve. The pure love of the little children always brings me back to the real core of my existence.

The Mission of Love is not Kathleen Price's, but in fact everyone's mission in life. We are born with the instinct to create love and compassion. We tend to lose these precious gifts along the way, through our society of commercialism.

Time and time again, individuals call the Mission of Love, knowing they need to be of service. They always say they have all their life wanted to do the work that we are doing together.

Just why is that? What ever it may be: going on a building trip, sorting supplies, loading trucks, writing newsletters, holding a child, collecting kids shoes or building pallets, all the volunteers acknowledge how much better their lives have been, once they have given a piece of themselves. They in turn offset this fulfilling feeling with their families and their communities. What does this mean? Shared? They, in turn, share their feeling of fulfillment with others; their families and communities. The spirit is contagious.

These impressions of compassion and love are forever embedded in their everyday life. The task is so very simple, why do we hesitate to take that one step for ourselves? We are the benefactors of recognizing our true walk and purpose in life.

The journey is solely yours. Take the plunge, and step forward to share your love and compassion and you truly will begin to understand the word of SUCCESS. We only have today. Everyday is a holiday. Embrace your life as if today were your last day.

Thank you everyone who has contributed to our Mission of Love throughout the years. Little by little, our grass roots organization is making our world better because of all of your contributions. None of our work could have been done without everyone's involvement. We are all playing our parts to the fullest.

We are all a SUCCESS because we have found that we do laugh often, and we are winning the respect of intelligent people and the affection of the little ones. We have earned the appreciation of honest critics and endured the betrayal of false friends; we have seen the beauty, and the best in others; and we are leaving the world a bit better with the clinics we have built and the social condition we have changed. Many lives have breathed easier because you have lived. You have succeeded. Embrace your day.

—Kathy

Little By Little

Many people don't realize how much the Mission of Love accomplishes on a day-to-day basis. Sure, we get a lot done on the big trips, but many lives are affected by simple acts — like the following:

*** A homeless family of seven in Pennsylvania received help from the Mission of Love. The family was in need of doors, windows, plumbing supplies and other basics. Mission of Love was able to provide these materials so the family could have a home. Kathy Price went to an auction to get doors and windows, a company donated roofing supplies and another company donated plumbing supplies.

*** Bill Trigg was going to Guatemala City to give a doctor boxes of medical supplies for a doctor who had hardly any supplies.

*** MOL donated a fax machine for a women's homeless shelter — Lakota Indians so they could obtain needed supplies and correspondence easier.

*** MOL donated a \$900 mattress to a cancer patient with really severe bed sores. The cancer patient will be able to use this mattress so things won't be so painful.

*** Medical equipment and supplies donated to the people of Isla Mujeres, Mexico.

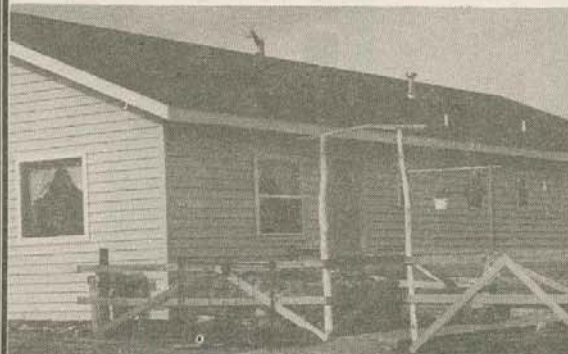
Following is a thank you letter from Garry:

To Kathy Price and The Mission of Love Foundation:

I am sending this letter as an official notice of appreciation to your Foundation. I thank all of you in the Mission of Love for building my family a new home. It is a miracle for us. We will never forget your love and generosity. You have truly proven your goals and objectives in the Mission of Love for caring and sharing. The Great Mystery has given you his guidance in accomplishing your work.

I thank all of you in the Mission of Love and there are many volunteers too numerous to mention. I truly thank all of you from deep within my heart and my wife also thanks all of you. Our home will stand forever and May God Bless you all.

Pila Maya, Thank you, Garry Rowland



Building a family a new home by the Mission of Love.

*If it is to be, it is up to me,
to be. —Running Bear*

Mission of Love Volunteers Help Heal Wounded Knee. The Poorest Community In the U.S.

Over the past year, Mission of Love volunteers have been traveling to Wounded Knee, S.D., where in 1890 more than 200 American Indian men, women and children were killed by U.S. soldiers during a massacre.

The mission of these trips has been to provide relief to the people of this desperate area as well as to help heal some of the wounds caused by this battle. This area of South Dakota has the highest unemployment rate and the highest infant mortality rate in the country. The Lakota Indians must travel more than 30 miles to the nearest grocery store where they pay three times more than what we pay for our groceries. Kathy Price, director of the Mission of Love Foundation, says this area is worse than the third world countries she's been to in terms of need and poverty — right here in America!

Thanks to the many Mission of Love supporters and their gracious donations of time, materials, food, medicines and clothing, many Lakota Indians received the help they needed to better their lives, even if only temporarily.

As reported in the last issue of the *Mission of Love News* (Fall 1999), Mission of Love Volunteers worked with the Lakota Indians to complete their community center. A year later that community center is a source of pride for the Lakota Indian community. They use the community center to teach their traditional ways, as a venue for their people to sell their crafts to generate money for their families, as a meeting site and a place to distribute food and aid in times of distress.

Mission of Love volunteers also built a new home for Garry Rowland, a Lakota Indian. The new home will enable Garry to reach out to his people and offer them assistance in hard times, which are many.

Dear Friends of the Mission of Love,

Our Mission of Love is sending to Wounded Knee, South Dakota a semi truck of basic food, blankets, and winter coats to the children and the elders, who live in the poorest community of our country, this month. I can tell you first hand what type of suffering is taking place in our own country. I see the homeless children endure the cold, the pain of being hungry and the loss of their self

worth. There little faces haunt me, as I turn up my furnace and snuggle into my warm bed. This area of the reservation is worse than any third world country that I have seen. We have begun to build the bridge of hope and forgiveness. This is not going to happen overnight, but it has begun. People criticize me, to as why am I helping the Indians, for they have their casinos, and so on and so on. This is all far from the truth, and while the adults are all fighting and har-

boring old feelings, we have the children suffering needlessly. Children are children, and they are within our reach. Millions of dollars have been spent on our election this month and you question how we as a society, can completely turn our back, to those in need. At this time I am making a call of compassion and hoping that you would like to help the Lakota Indians of Pine Ridge Reservation this holiday season. We will be boxing up basic food and blankets and coats to those in need. I was humbled when I gave a sixty year old elder her first used coat, and she cried with gratitude. She said her tears were because, somebody did care about their fate. The chill factor this week was thirty below, with 55 inches of snow. They requested plastic to cover up the empty holes in the walls that they call windows.

For every dollar donated I can go to Heinz of Pittsburgh and buy cases of food. For every dollar donated I can send 120 pounds of Aid to those in need. At this time we are working on:

120,000 pounds of Aid to be airlifted to the orphans of Guatemala

55,000 pounds of Aid to be airlifted to the Indians of Peru.

32,000 pounds of Aid to be airlifted to the Mayan Indians of Mexico.

Next year building plans are to; build homes for the Mayan Indians in January complete our second edition of our Cerebral Palsy Clinic on Isla Mujeres, Mexico. Build in May the very first hospice on the reservation of Pine Ridge. This will be the first of its kind on any Indian reservation. The land was just donated last week.

Our work is ongoing and rewarding. I am thankful to be alive to see firsthand how we together, are making a world of difference. The fact that we are non-denominational and non political makes us do our work purely and detached, we are just, American. Any help that you can give, will be appreciated.

With gratitude,

Kathleen M. Price, Director and founder of Mission of Love



The Wounded Knee Visitors Center for the Lakota Indians in South Dakota

Ambulance Donated to the Lakota Indians

Good news! Mission of Love donated a fully equipped ambulance to the Rising Stars of the Lakota People, a non-profit organization that serves the Lakota Indians in South Dakota. The organization made the request for the ambulance because of their dire need for medical equipment in emergency situations.

Are you asking yourself why these Americans don't have access to an ambulance? The Lakota Indians do not have access to emergency vehicles because their Indian reservation is so far away from the nearest city with ambulance services. This is outrageous!

That's why Mission of Love volunteers got the fully equipped ambulance to these people. Now they can respond to emergencies — now they can save the lives of their family members, friends and fellow citizens.



Indian Affairs Leader Apologizes for Agency's Sins

By Matt Kelly, Associated Press

As seen in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, September 9, 2000

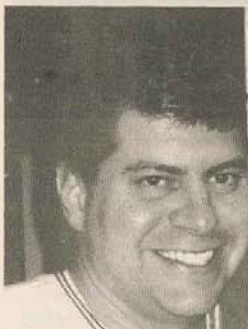
Washington — The head of the federal Bureau of Indian Affairs apologized yesterday for the agency's "legacy of racism and inhumanity" that included massacres, forced relocations of tribes and attempts to wipe out Indian languages and cultures.

"By accepting this legacy, we accept also the moral responsibility of putting things right," Kevin Gover, a Pawnee Indian, said in an emotional speech marking the agency's 175th anniversary.

Gover said he was apologizing on behalf of the BIA, not the federal government as a whole. Still, he is the highest-ranking U.S. official ever to make such a statement regarding the treatment of American Indians.

Lloyd Tortalita, the governor of New Mexico's Acoma Pueblo tribe, welcomed the apology but said, "If we could get an apology from the whole government, that would be better." Although Gover's statement did not come from the White House, President Clinton's chief adviser on Indian Issues, Lynn Cutler, said Gover sent her a copy of his speech late Thursday and the White House did not object to it.

Gover recited a list of wrongs the BIA had inflicted on the Indians since its creation of the Indian Office of the War Department. Estimates vary widely, but the agency is believed responsible for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Indians.



His Love of Baseball Keeps His Memory Alive

This is a story about a special man named Danny Klubnik and his very giving family. Danny, a young healthy man, passed away suddenly in May of 2000 from a heart attack while running to third base in a softball game. Danny's mother had heard Kathy Price speak about the Mission of Love a year earlier in August of 1999 at a special event.

When her son passed away, Mrs. Klubnik remembered the Mission of Love speech she had heard. She had been so touched by the work of the people of the Mission of Love that she wanted donations sent to the Mission of Love in her son Danny's memory. She knew flowers would die in a few days, but the donations to the Mission of Love could make a lasting difference in people's lives.

When Kathy Price learned of Danny Klubnik's death she immediately knew what to do with the donated money. She learned through Danny's obituary that he had something in common with our Mayan friends in Mexico — a strong love of baseball. With the donations from Danny's friends and family, the Mission of Love has honored Danny's memory by beginning a baseball team for ten year old Mayan children who live deep in the jungles of the Yucatan in Mexico. We were able to buy bats, balls, gloves and uniforms with the donations. Before this equipment arrived, these kids were playing with rocks and sticks. Baseball means the world to these children. They do

not have the recreational opportunities that American children have. This was a well received gift!

Because of the special people who donated in Danny's memory, his love of baseball has been passed on to children he never met. These children named their baseball team a Mayan name called "Klub Dani" in honor of Danny Klubnik. Danny's spirit lives in the hearts of these children. The following is a thank you letter from the team:

Dear Friend "Dani,"

We are grateful to you for sending us the children's baseball equipment. All the team's kids are very proud because thanks to you, we have everything to play. Even though you have passed away to a better life, we will have you in our hearts forever. We will always remember you as one of our greater friends. "Dani" we will have you in our hearts forever.



Jorge, a team member of Klub Dani, Practices hard for the next game.



The "Klub Dani" Baseball Team, Xhualtez Mexico.

A Volunteer Reflects on Her Trip to Help the Lakota Indians

A Mission of Love volunteer, Tina Dudek shared some experiences of her trip to the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. Tina had heard of the Mission of Love and had sent donations and clothing, but was yearning to go on a trip and help the people directly. She knew the experience would change her life in a profound way. Although she never met Kathy Price in person or anyone else who was going on the trip, she just felt it in her heart to go anyway. She made the decision with her husband and left for the airport

with blind faith. When her husband dropped her off at the airport, he asked her if she would be able to find Kathy because she didn't know what she looked like. She had faith that she would find her and that everything would be alright.

Tina admits she was quite saddened by the living conditions of the Lakota people. She said they basically have nothing — no hospitals, schools or even wood stoves or ways to heat their homes. She said it hurt her deeply to see people scrounging for wood scraps trying to find some-

thing — anything to keep warm. Many homes consist of just one room and a mattress, and if they are lucky a wood stove. Most have no carpet. Some homes don't have electricity or running water. Tina says they need so many things that we take for granted every minute of every day in our lives.

Tina met one lady who lived in a trailer with nine kids and no beds. They all slept on floor. She cooked all her meals outside over a pit in her year. Their bathrooms are literally holes in the back of the field, no out-

houses.

Tina said the trip indeed changed her outlook on what's important in her life. She says she is so appreciative of the simple things — being able to take a shower, having a warm, secure home and being able to provide for her family.

We thank Tina for sharing her story, and for all the people who gave their time and resources to help the people of South Dakota. After hearing Tina's story, we are once again reminded that in giving, we receive.

THE MAYAN WAY: The Opening of our Eyes

These people together
Have paid their dues.
They've toiled so long
But we can choose.

We choose each day
How we shall live.
To help one another or
live by greed.

Greed has become our worshiped God
Revered above all — father and son.

The people we have met along our
way
so choose to live a simpler way.

We stare and we speculate
Because we must know better
We have pity on them because
they're a beggar.

But the sad and startling truth
AS revealed today
They're a little closer to the truth
Than we might even parlay.

You see, they're not a "beggar,"
"Ignorant" or "dumb."
They don't even need our help
But they're willing to take some.

The secret and the magic to their
way of life —
be grateful for all and love with all
your might.

Be open to the moment
trust and don't despair,
Love one another,
And take good care.

Because, if you really see, with a
magical set of eyes
Today is all we've got
And don't let life fly by.

Live each day
As if it were your last;
Make the most of moments
And cherish all that have come upon
your path.

Ingeborg Hrabowy February 2, 2000

Written on a work trip to the Mayan village of Xhualtez, Mexico



The Clinic at Xhualtez



The Inauguration was 2/2000 with over 500 Celebrating

High School Girl Collects 1,899 Pairs of Shoes

Any one who has been on a Mission of Love volunteer trip knows one thing — the children in those places desperately need shoes, especially when it gets cold in the winter months. A very special girl decided to do something about this problem. McKenzie Ogradnik from Canfield High School in Ohio coordinated a shoe collection project in her community that brought in more than 1899 pairs of shoes for our friends in need. Here is a letter from McKenzie explaining her efforts:



McKenzie Ogradnik with her 1,899 pairs of shoes. How one person can make a difference.

Dear Kathy:

I wanted to thank you for giving all those shoes to the children and adults in this world that are in desperate need of them. I know they are in good hands now. It was my pleasure collecting all the shoes, since I knew it was for a good cause and I wanted to help the world in any way I could. I would love to continue helping the Mission of Love in the future too. Your organization is wonderful, and I love what you're doing for our world.

For the First Annual Interact Week I wanted to help coordinate, as a member of the Interact Club, a helpful and recognizable activity for Canfield High School. So after I talked it over with the director of Interact, Mrs. Warren (who was really a great help too), I started a Shoe Drive! I figured everyone has old, yet wearable shoes at home, and what better way to make use of them would be to give them to people who really needed them.

Instead of just the high school participating in the Shoe Drive, I involved all the other Canfield Schools to make an even bigger impact and collect as many shoes as possible. After I talked to each principal, I made memos for all the students explaining the drive's purpose and direction. I hung signs up around the high school and made several announcements about the shoe drive. Then I had to make numerous trips to two Giant Eagle grocery stores in my area asking them to donate their produce boxes to hold the collected shoes.

Over the next two weeks my friend Jolin and I made several trips from each of the four schools to my garage (the storage area). We even ended up running in and out of the schools with all the bags and boxes of shoes in our hands in the pouring down rain one day!

We spent the next couple of weeks tying and putting the shoes together with rubber bands, then counting them and putting them into boxes. Some Interact members volunteered, along with National Honor Society members. Over Thanksgiving break I finished and stacked all the boxes together in my garage and got a final count of 1899 pairs of shoes! By the time the whole project was complete we ended up with more than 2000 pairs of shoes!

That is basically the whole successful Shoe Drive summed up. Thanks again for all your time and patience. I'm sure we'll be keeping in touch!

—McKenzie Ogradnik

A Heartfelt Thank You From Venezuela

Last year Venezuela experienced the worst natural disaster in more than 50 years. For more than two weeks in December 1999, the heaviest rainfall in more than one hundred years fell on Caracas and the northern states where more than 75 percent of the country's population lives. These torrential rains resulted in mud slides and serious flooding. Entire villages were swept away. Unfortunately, most of the roads were washed away as well and electricity and water were interrupted in most areas. This made rescue and relief efforts nearly impossible. At the time Mission of Love received a plea for help, there were 150,000 homeless people and more than 7,000 unaccounted persons, most presumed dead.

The Mission of Love was able to ship 55,000 pounds of aid consisting of basic emergency medical aid, food and water to Venezuela. The following is a thank you letter for the help they received from the Mission of Love.

Dear Mrs. Price:

I am pleased to salute you and express to you, on behalf of the Venezuelan people, my deepest feelings of gratitude for all the valuable donations (and kind gestures) in benefit all the affected people in the State of Vargas who lost everything this past December, 1999.

This humanitarian gesture consolidates the universal feeling that should exist among human beings without distinction of race, color, and social status. Mrs. Price, I acknowledge all of your efforts and concerns in carrying out this successful project in benefit of your Venezuelan brothers.

Because of the above, I am taking this opportunity to thank you and all the others that made this noble project possible.

Sincerely, Hugo Blanco Padron, Brigadier General Air Force
Attache

*Nobody cares how much you know until
they know how much you care.*



*Our homeless children, from Wounded Knee, SD
Sharing their love with us ... Peace to you!!!*

*"We can do no great things; we can do
small things with great love."*

~Mother Theresa

Two Men Met on the Beach

~Jack Canfield and Mark V. Hansen

"Good evening, friend.

What are you doing?"

"I'm throwing these starfish back in the ocean.

If I don't, they'll die up here."

"There must be thousands

of starfish on this beach.

You can't possibly get to them all.

You can't possibly make a difference"

*He smiled, picked up yet another starfish
and threw it into the sea.*

"Made a difference to that one!"

The Invitation

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living. I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are. I want to know if you will risk looking a fool for love, for your dream, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon. I want to know if you have touched the center of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shriveled and closed from fear of further pain. I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it.

I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own, if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, to be realistic, to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you're telling me is true. I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul, if you can be faithless and therefore be trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see beauty, even when it's not pretty, every day, and if you can source your own life from its presence.

I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, "Yes!"

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have. I want to know if you can get up, after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done to feed the children.

It doesn't interest me who you know or how you came to be here. I want to know if you will stand in the center of the fire with me and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied. I want to know what sustains you, from the inside, when all else falls away.

I want to know if you can be alone with yourself and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

~Oriah Mountain Dreamer, Indian Elder

57 Cents — Acres of Diamonds

A sobbing little girl stood near a small church from which she had been turned away because it "was too crowded." "I can't go to Sunday school," she sobbed to the pastor as he walked by. Seeing her shabby, unkempt appearance, the pastor guessed the reason and, taking her by the hand, took her inside and found a place for her in the Sunday School class. The child was so touched that she went to bed that night thinking of the children who have no place to worship Jesus.

Some two years later, this child lay dead in one of the poor tenement buildings and the parents called for the kind-hearted pastor, who had befriended their daughter, to handle the final arrangements. As her poor little body was being moved, a worn and crumpled purse was found which seemed to have been rummaged from some trash dump. Inside was found 57 cents and a note scribbled in childish handwriting which read, "This is to help build the little church bigger so more children can go to Sunday School. For two years she saved for this offering of love. When the pastor tearfully read that note, he knew instantly what he would do. Carrying this note and the cracked, red pocketbook to the pulpit, he told the story of her unselfish love and devotion. He challenged his deacons to get busy and raise enough money for the larger building.

But the story does not end there! A newspaper learned of the story and published it. It was read by a Realtor who offered them a parcel of land worth many thousands. When told that the church could not pay so much, he offered it for 57 cents. Church members made large donations. Checks came from far and wide. Within five years, the little girl's gift had increased to \$250,000 a huge sum for that time (near the turn of the century). Her unselfish love had paid large dividends.

When you are in the city of Philadelphia, look up Temple Baptist Church, with a seating capacity of 3,300 and Temple University, where hundreds of students are trained. Have a look, too, at the Good Samaritan Hospital and at a Sunday School building which houses hundreds of Sunday scholars, so that no child in the area will ever need to be left outside during Sunday school time. In one of the rooms of this building it may be seen the picture of the sweet little girl whose 57 cents, so sacrificially saved, made such remarkable history. Along side it is a picture of her kind pastor, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, author of the book *Acres of Diamonds* — a true story. It goes to show what God can do with 57 cents.

Helping Haiti Through the "Hands Together" Organization

Mission of Love is helping the impoverished people of Haiti through an organization called Hands Together, a non-profit organization working to end poverty in that most depressed area.

Senator Mike DeWine called on the Mission of Love to see if we could pull together medical and educational supplies and clothing and airlift it to Port-au-Prince, Haiti to assist Hands Together. They desperately needed these materials sent to Haiti. Because of all the generous donations of medical supplies, clothing, furniture, food and educational materials the Mission of Love receives from all of you, we were able to fill this request on their tight deadline. Having the large storage space in Ravenna enables us to hold these items until a request such as this one is made.

After we received Senator DeWine's request, we loaded up the truck with 22 pallets of supplies at the Ravenna Arsenal, our trusted volunteer John Wright drove the supplies to Wright Patterson Air Force Base on January 12 and the supplies were then

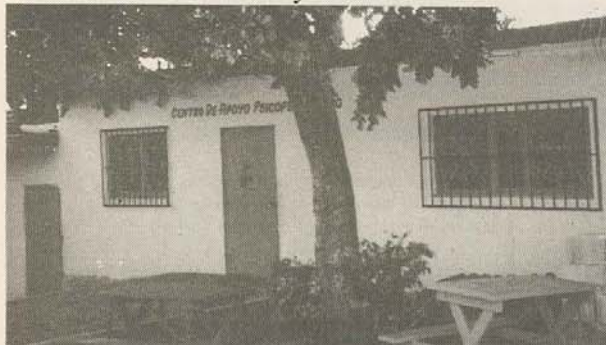
airlifted and received in Haiti on March 15.

Hands Together primary goal is to help the people of Haiti, mostly in the city of Port-au-Prince, which is the poorest area in the entire world. Hands Together is very much like the Mission of Love in that they build facilities such as medical clinics and schools to help the people with their basic needs. Hands Together has coordinated adult literacy programs, elementary school programs, built medical clinics and served food to many hungry people.

Mission of Love is also able to help Hands Together store their donated supplies and equipment for the people of Haiti at the Ravenna Arsenal. A special area has been designated specifically for Hands Together donations. These supplies will be shipped to Haiti several times during the year saving Hands Together tens of thousands of dollars.

Mission of Love is very pleased to be able to help Hands Together meet the basic needs of the people of Haiti.

A Special Story about the Isla Mujeres Cerebral Palsy Clinic School



A special woman named Arlene recently e-mailed Kathy Price to tell her about a special trip she made to Isla Mujeres. As many Mission of Love supporters may have read in previous editions of this newsletter, there is a clinic on the island of Isla Mujeres, just off of Cancun, that was built by the Mission of Love for children with cerebral palsy and other high-need condi-

tions. This clinic was completed in 1998 and provides a place for these special children to get the educational assistance they need. As Americans, we take for granted this kind of operation. In Mexico, it is mostly unheard of for a facility to exist for special needs children with or without conditions such as cerebral palsy or Down Syndrome. The parents of these children usually have no place to turn for help.

Here is Arlene's letter, which was shortened due to space constraints:

I am on a Cancun message board and my friends there are all ready to read a trip report of my Mexico vacation. Upon our return we usually write out a report so future travelers can learn many things to do before their trips. One of the highlights of my trip is as follows.

I had asked my maid the day before where I could find information on schools for children with down syndrome. I wanted to see what was available to the kids on this island. The maid directed me to a building.

This was one of the many highlights of my Mexico trip. I am jumping right to this because it touched me so deeply and I want to share it with all of you.

This building was not where I needed to go, but they did tell me there was a school. A special school for special needs children in the middle of the island, behind the Red Cross.

I just felt this urge and need to go see. I don't really know what was sending me there. I had not a clue I would be doing this before my trip. Believe me it was not on my list of things to do on my Isla Mujeres vacation.

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Continued from page 7

So we rented a golf cart to drive to the south end of the island to go find this school. I had no idea what I would say once I got there. My Spanish is very limited.

We found the Red Cross without a problem. I did see a small yellow building behind but was not sure I would call that a school, so we went into the Red Cross and I asked where the school was. Yes, I was told it was that little yellow building, so there we went.

I went to the door and was greeted by a lady with a very warm, welcoming smile. I told her I was interested in seeing her school and that I was a mother of a child with Down Syndrome and I just wanted to "see" her school. She was so nice, but again my Spanish is very limited. She told me to come back tomorrow around 10 a.m. when the director of the school would be in. The woman asked me for my name so I left the card of my hotel with my name on the back of it.

That night at 7 p.m. I hear a knock on my hotel door. My husband says someone is at the door. He doesn't know what they are saying. His Spanish is worse than mine. I go to the door and the woman says, "Hi, I am the director of the school and this is my husband. Is there something I can answer for you?"

I did not have specific questions for her, so we just began to talk. I told her I was Shannon's mom and showed off my photos of my sweet princess. We began discussing many things.

What I came to understand is the needs of Mexico are so high and so many people need help. Unfortunately, the special needs kids are not a top priority. These kids cannot go to regular school and there is no funding at all for them.

This one room school house is run by one woman and the kids can only go there for one hour three times a week. The reason being is there are so many kids that need to be taught, but there is only one teacher. She divides the time up this way so that each child gets the attention they need.

My daughter goes to regular grade six classes and goes to school all day. Hearing this woman's stories really pulled my heart strings.

After a nice visit with her and her husband, they invited us to come to the school on Wednesday night to meet a young boy with down syndrome. He attends three times a week from 6 to 7 p.m. I re-questioned the 6 p.m. several times thinking this is kind of late for a boy so young to be attending school, but again she told me how the time has to be divided. She also invited us to her home for an authentic Mexican dinner.

When we got to the school on Wednesday the little boy had just left. We were a bit disappointed, but her husband went and asked the parents if they could bring him back. The parents said they would be there in five minutes.

While we were waiting, I was looking around this school. Believe me, it's not like our schools at home. The lack of money and educational materials for the kids is very clear. It is clear to see though, that all the items in the class were made with pure love from the teacher.

My heart felt so heavy for these kids. I was on the verge of tears when in comes this sweet little boy. He walks right over to me with the most beautiful smile and puts his arms up for me to pick him up. I just about fell apart at that moment. I held this dear little boy so tightly and asked his parents if there was anything they needed for him.

The mom and dad were smiling so proudly of their son. They both said they needed nothing. I asked again and plead with her as to what I could get for the little boy. The mother said he needs clothes and diapers. She said clothes would be so appreciated. The father's eyes were misty. I had to turn away, I knew I was going to cry.

Here I am on a vacation of a lifetime. Eating in the grandest restaurants, staying in the finest hotel and doing whatever I darn well please. I have one free week and what do I do with it? Here I sit in this falling apart school with the sweetest down syndrome boy on my lap and the parents looking on so loving that I am so honored to be able to even hold their son.

After more emotions, we said our goodbyes. I am sorry it will take me a whole year before I come back. Anyway, with some eye contact between me and the mom and the dad, no words were really needed. Being the mom to Shannon has taught me to love without saying a word. After all, Shannon's unspoken words are more loud and clear than any spoken words could ever be.

The next day I say to Pete, honey I have been thinking (now that can be a scary thought to Peter). Anyway, I tell him how I want to go to WalMart and buy school supplies for the school and clothes for the little boy. He tells me he is thinking the same thing! We know the needs are so high in Mexico and we can't help everyone, but a little is appreciated so much. We took the ferry into Cancun and went crazy at WalMart. We loaded up our shopping cart with school supplies and boy's clothing. The money we spent in WalMart that day was so heart rewarding that I cannot begin to even express how it feels.

Saturday arrives and we load up our treasures. I am dying to get to her house. We go and eat a fabulous Mexican dinner. Then we begin to show her the things we bought. She was so appreciative! She wanted to get the little boy's family to show them his new wardrobe, but we did not recognition from that. After all, we already had a conversation with our eyes and our hearts. I gave her a monetary donation from our friend Kent who heard our whole story while we were on the trip. She told me she promises with her heart that it will be spent on the school.

So that is my story of my trip. I can't wait to go back next year. We already have our trip booked. To Kathy and the Mission of Love, what you are doing is an amazing job. I wish with all my heart that I could do something like what you do. I would love to be able to do this type of thing all year round, but I do need to work (sigh). I want you to know that I love that little yellow school house and I will make sure to visit it every year when I go back to Isla Mujeres.

Join us for a Night at the Races — January 19, 2001

By John Wright

Get your bets ready! We are planning what we hope to be the biggest fundraising event of the year for the Mission of Love — a Night at The Races on January 19, 2001. A \$15 ticket will get you a full spaghetti dinner, beverages and gambling. Call John Wright at (877) 526-1852 for details. The Races will be held at 1160 Broadway Avenue in Bedford. The track opens at 6 p.m., the first race starts at 7 p.m.

Advertising space in the program is available for quarter-page, half-page or full page ads at \$25, \$50 and \$100 respectively. Horses are \$10 each and the owner of each winning horse receives \$50. Donated items for the Chinese raffle are also needed.

Your help is also necessary to fill the various jobs that will make the evening fun as well as profitable for the Mission of Love. We need help in the following areas:

• Selling instant Bingo tickets

• Selling Chinese raffle tickets

- Working the betting windows for each race
- Same day set-up/clean-up
- Taking admission at the door
- Selling program ads

- Selling horses
- Selling side-board chances
- Odds makers

We want to start now to prepare, especially by selling horses and program ads. This will be a lot easier than trying to finish a school building in Guatemala; no snakes, no mosquitoes and drinkable water! See you there!

Your Donations are Greatly Appreciated

Please consider making a donation to the Mission of Love to cover some of the expenses the organization has in helping the people throughout the areas mentioned in this newsletter.

Many people who read this newsletter are unable to go on the work trips. Many are unable to spend a Saturday helping sort goods at the Ravenna Arsenal. If this is you, and you would like to help the Mission of Love in a much needed way, please consider sending a monetary donation to Mission of Love Foundation, 2058 Hemlock Court, Youngstown, OH 44515.

Your contributions, however they may come to us, are appreciated more than you know.

MISSION OF LOVE

Caps, Shirts and Tote bag



Mission of Love Foundation is sponsoring a fund raising activity to benefit the community of Wounded Knee, located on Pine Ridge Reservation, SD. The funds raised will be used to make improvements and repairs to the Community Center. The shirts and caps are designed and made by Lakota People. Many of the caps are made by disabled children. This is an excellent way to help people help themselves. Please make checks payable to: "Mission of Love Foundation"

Name _____
 Address _____
 Phone _____



Front



Back

Item	Number	Total
A. Bear Cap (\$15.00)	_____	_____
B. Buffalo Skull Cap (\$15.00)	_____	_____
C. Medicine Wheel Cap (\$15.00)	_____	_____
D. Turtle Drum Tote Bag* (\$20.00)	_____	_____
E. Turtle Drum Long Sleeve Denim Shirt (\$50.00)		
___Sm. ___Med. ___Large ___Xlarge ___XXL	_____	_____
F. Turtle Drum T-shirt* (\$20.00)		
Maroon ___Sm. ___Med. ___Large ___Xl ___XXL	_____	_____
Navy ___Sm. ___Med. ___Large ___Xl ___XXL	_____	_____
Olive ___Sm. ___Med. ___Large ___Xl ___XXL	_____	_____

* Turtle Drum Tote bag and T-shirts have the following inscription on the back:

There was a time when man took no more than he needed, That time is gone...
 There was a time when he gave something back, That time is gone...
 There was a time when he worshipped the Creator and honored Creation, That time too is gone.
 And now the waters are polluted, Our natural resources all but gone, and Creation is dying....
 It is time to find our way back to the Earth

Kevin Thunderhorse Wright

Total _____ \$ _____

Mission of Love and the Lakota
 People thank you for your support

We're Going Back to Xhualtez, Mexico! First Week of February 2001

Mission of Love volunteers will be going back to Xhualtez, Mexico for a week to help build Ceaser, the leader of that village, a home. Ceaser has property, but no home. If he doesn't have a home on his property, they will take it away. Space is very limited for this trip. A \$150 deposit is required as soon as possible.

We will be staying in the homes that we have built and sleeping in hammocks. We will also be constructing a building for the tortilla maker. Those tortillas, which will be sold to all surrounding communities, will fund the upkeep of the Xhualtez Clinic.

We will spend a lot of time interacting with the wonderful people of this community. As many people who have visited Xhualtez can attest, this trip will be a life-changing experience you will cherish for the rest of your life. Call Kathy if you are interested in going.

MOL to Build a Hospice on the Pine Ridge Reservation in May 2001

A team of Mission of Love volunteers will head back to the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota in May to build a much needed hospice. Kathy Price met with a very special individual who is the only hospice nurse on a reservation in the country. These people are in need of a hospice facility, a place where they can go when they are terminally ill, so they can pass away in peace with their families at their side. When completed, this will be the only hospice in the country on an Indian reservation. If you are interested, please call Kathy for information.

Upcoming Trips:

- Xhualtez, Mexico — First week of February 2001
- Pine Ridge Indian Reservation South Dakota May 2001
- Isla Mujeres, Mexico Completion second part of school July

One person CAN make a difference.

by Marta La Selva, founder/director Angel House
Retreat Center in Strongsville, OH

There's a person living in northeast Ohio who has started an organization that managed to deliver 7 million pounds of humanitarian aid to five continents - without a penny of Federal funding. This person's name is Kathleen Price and her passion is helping children in need around the world. Her foundation is called

Mission of Love (MOL for short) - and that's just what it is. In just five years Kathy and her ever changing group of volunteers have managed to re-build dormitories in an orphanage deep in the Guatemalan jungle, they've built a clinic in the Yucatan serving the medical needs of 300 Mayan communities. This facility is the first of its kind in all of Mexico with a Western medical doctor working alongside a traditional shaman and midwives. Then there's

the "bridge of hope" being built in Wounded Knee, SD to assist native Americans in the poorest area of this country. Responding to calls from every part of the globe, the words "I can't" are simply not in Kathy's vocabulary. Her approach is, "what can we do...together...to help the children?"

She tromped through twenty Mayan villages and talked to mothers to determine their most urgent needs. Health care. Clean water. Shoes for the

children. Blankets. Food. Simple, basic desires. All declared "do-able" by Kathy.

On one hand she's a housewife with a compassionate husband, four beautiful daughters, two grandchildren and more medical problems than anyone should have to deal with in one lifetime. On the other hand, she lives the fullest, most rewarding life imaginable. Her work keeps her alive. It's an all-consuming passion. Saving lives. Spreading hope. Bringing smiles to the eyes of the poorest of the poor.

I've seen the love that flows to her. She's the "Queen of Cancun." People everywhere seem to know her and rush to hug her and thank her for the good she does. In turn, it's Kathy who feels honored to be doing the work. Over

and over she says, "The poor struggle every moment of their lives. We need to thank them for making that sacrifice. It's my pleasure and privilege to help."

No request is "too much." Kathy gives way beyond her "limits." Day after day, week after week, month after month. Not from her "excess" - but from her core. Mother Theresa said, "Let the poor eat you up. Give until it hurts and then give more."

We are here to make this world a better place for every soul on this planet.

Why? Because it is the only thing that's real. "Service" is the shortest "cut" to joy and fulfillment you'll ever find. Try it. You will like it!

The week of September 16-23 my husband Roger and I joined Kathy's contingent of volunteers in Wounded Knee, South Dakota. Anyone who's been on an MOL "mission" knows it's back-breaking work. You truly do give everything you've got, doing the best you can with what you have, and



Marta: Giving out her cookies to the Mayan children in San Juan, Mexico.

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the end result is nothing short of a miracle. We returned home ready to relax. But barely a week went by before my phone rang. It was Kathy on the line asking if I was ready to go to Mexico. It took about 3 seconds for me to say "yes"

...if I could work things out with my kids, my job and my brand new husband. In ten minutes I had the "all clear" and set up my airline reservations. Things would need to move fast because we were leaving in just three days.

This was to be an emergency medical mission. The need for medications and antibiotics in the Yucatan was urgent, and Kathy had the goods donated. They simply needed to be hand delivered to the Mayan communities. Tickets to Cancun which usually run about \$600 suddenly became available for \$250. The two of us would need to fill two suitcases a piece with donated items and carry our personal things in a carry on. No problem. Everything went smoothly until we got to customs in Mexico. The red light went off as Kathy tried to make her way through customs. As her stuffed-to-the-brim suitcase was opened, boxes of medications poured out. The first miracle of the trip was having the agent wave Kathy through without so much as a raised eyebrow. Kathy and I went straight to our hotel room to sort through the donations and begin making deliveries. First we dropped off a wheelchair for a young man who had just about worn his "wheels" out. He was thrilled. Next we visited the doctor at the Red Cross on Isla Mujeres to re-stock her cancer medication, pin worm and children's antibiotic supplies. She said every bit of it would go to good use. At this point MOL's good friend, Maria Jose, appeared to help. Now the three of us would be going to Sam's Club in Cancun to load up on food and desperately needed supplies for the remote Mayan community of San Jose. Maria Jose and I were speechless when two tall pallet loads of goods somehow fit into the tiny car rental trunk. As a bonus, Kathy bought chocolate cookie treats for the children. Next we went off in search of blankets. We found them at a roadside stand and literally packed ourselves into the car with what seemed like a million of them. I could not see anyone or anything. These blankets were stacked everywhere! Loaded with these "treasures" we were off to Koba and beyond. We arrived in record time and the people were very happy to see the supplies. Kathy also brought them the baseball equipment she promised on her last trip. But nothing could compare to the joy of the faces of every man, woman and child, when they saw the "Mamuts" (a chocolate cookie treat sort of like a moon pie) come out of the bag. It was truly priceless!

After making deliveries we had to rush to meetings with individuals playing a role in the next missions to the area. Kathy set up details of building trips back to Mexico in February and April, in addition to a Wounded Knee hospice building trip in May. Did I mention we did all this in 3 days? I would not have believed it if I hadn't seen it.

Driving back to the airport, Kathy made a wrong turn and the next thing we knew, a Mexican police officer was reading us the riot act. With Maria Jose already on a bus headed back to Merida, we were clueless what this man was saying - until we heard the word "ticker". Please, God, we prayed. Help us. And in that instant, a van drove up and yelled "leave those women alone." Amazingly, he did just that and we were able to get to the airport. Flying back, the whole trip seemed like a blur. But in the aftermath...pain was lessened, hunger was curbed, and plans were made to make even more miracles happen in the months to come.

In my opinion Kathy Price is a saint. I feel honored to participate in her "love missions" and know my life has been enriched immeasurably by walking alongside her from time to time. If you've ever considered participating in one of these trips...do it. You will be positively transformed! Special thanks to everyone who helped. Wishing you billions of blessing until our paths cross again.



Your Donation Will Make a Difference!

\$1=120 Pounds of Aid

For your \$1 donation, 120 pounds of humanitarian aid can be airlifted to children in need.

The Mission of Love Foundation works with the U.S. Military and volunteers to airlift donated aid such as food, medical supplies, clothing, building supplies and equipment to Mexico, Guatemala, Central America and other countries in need.

Your donation is appreciated!



☐ Enclosed is my donation of \$_____ to help send humanitarian aid to those in need.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

MISSION OF LOVE FOUNDATION
2054 Hemlock Court
Youngstown, OH 44515
(330) 793-2388

We will remember you Joe

Joe Taucher, 73, a dedicated Mission of Love volunteer passed away from a massive heart attack on his way back from visiting his aunt in Detroit. He was a magician and a member of the Poland Presbyterian Church. He had been helping his aunt in Detroit, he was always serving others. Joe went on one volunteer trip and helped out with numerous Cleveland Indians fundraising games. He will be missed by many. Quote: *Love is the only thing you can leave behind when you die.*

Mission of Love Mission Statement

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

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson



Thanks to everyone who helped with our Wounded Knee, South Dakota Mission September 2000

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