



Mission of Love News



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

A Special Kind of Aid for Tsunami Victims...

As businesses, nonprofit groups and schools continue to do their part to help the victims of the recent tsunami in South Asia, the fifth and sixth grade special education students at Jackson Elementary school in Youngstown, Ohio have been collecting pennies, nickels and dimes to donate to a charity that is providing assistance to the battered countries.

The teachers started the project, but say the students have enthusiastically supported the effort. The teachers also remarked that seeing the kids give whatever they can, even if just a few pennies, is very gratifying. "The students come in every morning so excited—just waiting to give their contributions," they added.

Collecting the money for the victims has not only been a lesson in generosity for the pupils, but the teachers have also been able to use the experience to teach math and geography. The money collected was given to the Mission of Love Foundation, which filled a 40-foot container that held 45,000 pounds of supplies for homeless people in shelters in the devastated communities of Sri Lanka. The container was shipped on January 21. (SEE PICTURES ON PAGE 2). In addition, Mission of Love Director, Kathleen Price, intends to build an orphanage for the children who have lost their families as a result of the natural disaster. ♦ This story was part of an article that appeared in *The Youngstown Vindicator* earlier this year.

Right: Teachers at Jackson Elementary School help students sort coins to donate to tsunami victims in South Asia. The project is teaching the children math, geography and generosity.



It's all about the children!



Dear Mission of Love Volunteers...My name is Mary, and I am also a MOL volunteer. I'm writing on behalf of Martha Betty who has worked for years to improve the lives of poor people in the Amazon, particularly women and children. Probably the poorest folk on our world globe are those who not only have very little in the way of material goods, but in addition, little or no control over their own lives.

The indigenous people of Africa, Asia, the Americas, and elsewhere are in this group, the poorest of the poor. Martha Betty's beloved Indians of the Amazon once lived free in the midst of the bountiful tropical rain forest. If they worked hard in their small gardens, hunted and fished, made their on beautiful cotton clothes, boats, houses, pottery (you name it, they know how to make it for themselves). They could provide a simple living for their families. Always careful with Mother Nature, the Amazon people never took more than they needed and left much to grow back and grow big.

However, now this land is full of outside invaders who are convinced they their way of "developing" the Amazon region is best. Wealthy businesses which are from the countries bordering the Amazon, as well as foreign companies, chop down tress, kill animals by the hundreds for their skins, poison waters as they look for petroleum and gold. They take the people's land, contaminate their food sources, and turn the families themselves into part-time day laborers. These outsiders from the industrial world brought diseases that kill: polio, flu, measles and mumps sicken the Amazonians by the thousands. Bad sanitation in new wild-west towns, built by these concerns on the riverbanks, makes the terrible scourge of malaria, AIDS and other diseases even worse. A few months ago, the husband of a friend of mine was killed by the owners of a rival lumber company, because he didn't believe in clear-cutting. He wanted top use the wisdom of the people native to the Amazon and take wood products only in a way that would allow the trees to grow back and replace themselves.

Martha Betty has organized a school, a health center, a job-training center and a home for the dying in a small effort to help local people survive and thrive during this time of great change. She asks for your help. Do you have summer clothes for children and adults, school supplies, medical supplies and equipment that you can donate to this good cause? Please contact Kathy Price if you can help with something, be it big or small. You will make a difference. You will be a different kind of outsider for the people of the Amazon—one they haven't been able to imagine yet.

Mary, MOL Volunteer

Special Request..

More kids with cents...

The money collected at the schools in Mineral Ridge and Cortland doesn't seem like much—a quarter left over from buying milk, or a dollar from an allowance, but to the children of Galle, a city in Sri Lanka, the donations will make a big difference, said Kathleen Price, Founder and Director of The Mission of Love Foundation.. The donations will be used to help build an orphanage in Galle for children whose parents died as a result of the December 26, 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami. Galle is located on the southern tip of India. It is believed that 200,000 people have died because of the tsunami, including 30,000 in Sri Lanka.

Beginning on January 24, pupils at Seaborn Elementary School in Mineral Ridge helped to raise funds to build the orphanage by placing money in buckets in their homerooms. About \$700 was raised that week and the collection continued. (Continued on page 2)



Above: Lakeview Middle School seventh graders Jenna DePizzo and Chelsea Kelligher collected money at their school for tsunami relief. Picture by William D. Lewis, *The Valley Voice*.



Pupils at Lakeview Middle School in Cortland also worked to raise money for the construction of the orphanage by putting donations into buckets in the cafeteria during their lunch periods. "They're really generous," said Nancy Krygowski, principal of Lakeview Middle School.

Kathleen Price gave a presentation on poverty at Seaborn Elementary School in January and said the pupils understood the importance of building an orphanage. "I want to make children aware that they are making such a difference," Price said. "I am so happy that they recognized the need and responded." She added that she hoped other local residents would donate money and construction supplies to help the people of Galle. For every dollar donated, Mission of Love gives about \$122 in goods and supplies to Galle.

Students in Canfield High School's Interact Club recently donated 1,000 pairs of shoes to the people of Sri Lanka through Mission of Love. The shoes were among the 22 tons of relief supplies shipped to Galle on January 21.

Price stressed that Americans shouldn't forget the needs of those affected by the tsunami even though there are fewer newspaper headlines and television news stories about the disaster. "We're losing the public's awareness," she said. "What I want to do is ignite the people of this community to help another community."

Price noted that even before the tsunami, Mission of Love was raising money and collecting supplies to help people in Sri Lanka. She said that in 2003, she was contacted by Hema Dias Abeygunawardena, a doctor, teacher and Galle native who had cancer.

Abeygunawardena, however, never had the opportunity to see the project through to completion, because she died in June 2004. Her son, Vish Abeygunawardena, (Continued on page 3)

Mission of Love Sends Aid to Sri Lanka...

Mission of Love volunteers loaded the container bound for Sri Lanka in January. Twenty-two tons of medical and educational supplies and food were sent for those in need. This was all possible because of your kindness. Remember, "You are not here to save the world, but to touch the hands that are within your reach." Thank You!



Sacrifice ~ There can be no real and abiding happiness without sacrifice. Our greatest joys do not result from our efforts toward self-gratification, but from a loving and spontaneous service to other lives. Joy comes not to him who seeks it for himself, but to him who seeks it for others.

H.W. Sylvester



Asian Feast Helps Feed Tsunami Victims...

by Attorney Robert Price

The Mission of Love would like to recognize the generous time and effort put in by the volunteers and parishioners of First Federated Church in North Jackson, Ohio, in their efforts to assist people whom they have never met.

Every Thursday evening, the church hosts a dinner for parishioners and guests. Each week there is a different, tasty menu provided by Bridget Thompson and Lisa Kirk and the culinary crew of First Federated. On January 13, the church decided to do something to try to help their neighbors in another part of the world.

The tsunami that struck Southeast Asia in December of last year left countless thousands homeless and hungry. The Mission of Love wanted to help, and Kathy Price was able to arrange for a shipping company to transport relief supplies from Ohio all the way to Sri Lanka. Mission of Love's task was to get the container to Ohio, fill it with supplies and then, get it back to the East Coast, where it would be loaded onto an ocean going freighter for transport to Sri Lanka.

That's where First Federated came in. The dinner they hosted consisted of an Asian menu. Diners enjoyed such delicacies as sweet and sour chicken, fried rice, lo mein with Asian vegetables and vegetable sushi rolls. Dessert was ching orange pound cake with ginger creme anglais. All of this good food was available for \$4.00 plus whatever donation folks wanted to make towards tsunami relief.

Would you believe that the Asian feast in North Jackson provided an Asian feast for frightened and hungry people in Sri Lanka? Mission of Love was able to purchase 5,000 1/2 litres of drinking water, 400 pounds of powdered milk, 2,300 pounds of rice and thousands of disposable plastic plates, bowls and silverware. To those in desperate need, this was also an Asian feast.

"And when I was hungry, you gave me food to eat."

This is the wonder of how good intentions and good works make the world a better place. The people who held out their hands to others will never see the faces of those whose lives are better because of their heartfelt generosity. They won't hear them say, "thank you." So, on behalf of those you helped, let us say a simple, but sincere "thank you!"

Remember, you are not here to save the world, but only to touch the hands that are within your reach. Bridget and Lisa and the community of First Federated have done exactly that.



A Morning With Kathy...

A letter from Dr. Rashid A. Abdu, M.D. (January 21, 2005)

At 6:30 a.m., Kathleen Price and her husband, Bob, joined me at Bob Evans Restaurant on SR 46. After a quick breakfast, Bob went to a meeting in Warren, Ohio and I followed Kathy to the Ravenna Arsenal Compound, where her Mission of Love warehouse is located. After registering at the gate, the guard took the numbers on our license plates and motioned us to go on.

I could not fathom the size of the old building. I did not bother to take measurements at 5° Fahrenheit, but it is huge. Kathy opened the locked door and we entered into a large room full of cardboard boxes, bags and baskets overflowing with all kinds of merchandise. Kathy had not sorted the contents of this room. I understand that most of the time, she does this all by herself, without any help. We then entered an equally spacious room full of large pallets of boxes, which Kathy had personally wrapped with plastic sheets, ready to be loaded and shipped to the victims of the tsunami in Sri Lanka.

An 18-wheeler truck backed against the loading dock. Three men came, fired the engine of the forklift and started to move the pallets into the 40-foot container. As the "official" photographer of this event, my fingers and my camera froze in spite of layered clothing, including double gloves. The building was not heated. Kathy understood my problem and we decided that I retreat and go back home to a warmer environment. My 45 minutes in the frigid cold, watching Kathy and the three men loading the 45 thousand pounds of medical and other supplies into the container, was an experience.

Kathy's stamina is phenomenal. No one could truly appreciate what this woman does until she is seen in action under the worst conditions—just to help those in need in far away places, especially the children. She is so bonded and so connected with the whole of humanity.

At 3:00 p.m., she called me from home to see that I was fine. Meanwhile, I was thinking that she was already a block of ice!

Kathy has so much fire and energy in her blood, enough to light a whole village—in fact, enough to light several villages on different continents all at the same time!

For me, it was a short, but memorable morning.





On November 28 2004, Joan and Bob Gallitto picked me up at my house at 4 a.m. Kathleen Price and her husband, Bob, met us at the Pittsburgh Airport. Because of Kathy's disarming interactions, even with people she had never met, we checked our over-stuffed luggage smoothly. The folks at the USA 3000 Airline counter

were most courteous and helpful.

At 7 a.m., we boarded what looked like a new jet. It had large, comfortable seats, six across with an aisle in the middle. The three hour flight to Cancun was smooth and delightful. The service was excellent, and the friendly and reassuring voice of the captain added cheers and emotional comfort. Breakfast choice of waffles or omelets was a welcome change from the peanuts or pretzels usually served on airlines.

In Cancun, the temperature was 75° F. and sunny. Cancun airport was the best airport I had ever seen—modern, clean, with employees well-trained to satisfy tourists' appetite for service. Going through customs was stress-free, even with all the luggage. A Thrifty Car Rental van took us and our luggage to their nearby place of business, where we rented a Dodge Stratus for our four hour drive to Xhualtez. Two strong, young men and Kathy literally squeezed the load into the car trunk and half of the back seat. Kathy was the driver and there was barely enough room for Joan and me. The two lane highway to Valladolid was free of traffic. Maria José and Francisco met us in a restaurant at Valladolid, where we had lunch. The steaks, derived from Brahman's bull, were like leather, but the bread was delicious.

The drive to the clinic, which Mission of Love had built in Xhualtez a few years ago, was uneventful. Fernando was waiting for us. We also met Israel, the new intern at the clinic, and Flora, the young nurse, who was serving her postgraduate mandatory one-year in a rural health facility. After a hearty dinner of vegetable soup, boiled chicken, potatoes and cake, which Uba, the clinic cook, had lovingly prepared, Joan and I retired to a room where we sorted and labeled medications in several plastic bags for the following day clinic in a small village. On one side of the room, Fernando was inflating several basketballs, which Kathy brought for the children. Meanwhile, Israel was trying on the hand-me-down clothes we brought. He repeatedly exclaimed his pleasure with the word "precious" after each garment. Israel came from a very poor family. He was serving the one-year requirement in a rural clinic before he goes on to specialize. He dreams of specializing in OB/GYN someday. He is married and his wife lives in Merida, about 100 miles away. His 500 pesos monthly stipend is hardly enough to pay for his bus fare of 50 pesos a trip to Tizimin. Once or twice a week, he hand delivers reports of his activities to a government office in Tizimin. When I gave him a few dollars to help with the bus fare, he told Marie José, "I hit the lottery with the doctor."

The following morning, we made a house (hut) call to Kunche, a small village, to see Lenora with breast cancer—a lovely lady with six children who had lost her hair from

chemo. She needed more treatments, but the cost would be \$900.00 which she did not have. She sat in the only one old plastic chair, as a turkey was hatching her eggs on old newspapers, not far from the chair. I examined Lenora and found no visible or palpable signs of cancer.

Our next stop was at Sophia's hut. Sophia is a widow who lost her husband last year at the age of 45. Her small children and her aging parents live with her in a small hut with a leaky roof. To fix the roof would cost \$700.00 which she did not have. We moved on to our afternoon clinic in Kunche, where we examined and treated 44 patients. Except for a 79-year-old man, all patients were women and children. Joan and Flora helped me with the patients and dispensed the medicine to each patient in a small plastic bag. Francisco and Fabiola, a young Mayan girl, were the interpreters. Fabiola interpreted Mayan to Spanish and Francisco translated into English. Colds, flu, intestinal worms, gastrointestinal and musculoskeletal pains and headaches were the dominant complaints. It was gratifying to see these gentle people smile with gratitude each time we gave them medicine and/or reassurance. At 5:00 p.m., we returned to our clinic at Xhualtez, tired and hungry, but grateful for the opportunity to touch those in need.

After dinner, a lady brought in her husband for a lump in his back, which with Joan's help, I removed under local anesthesia. As I was about to retire for the evening, Israel came sporting one of my old shirts, smiling as he thanked me profusely for the great gift! Early in the morning, Joan and I took a walk in the neighborhood. We stopped at the tortilla bakery, which Mission of Love built a few years ago, and watched women go through the process from cleaning and boiling corn over wooden fire, to the finished product. It was labor intensive and physically exhausting. Each of the two women made two dollars a day. They smiled and never complained.

Fernando drove the old truck to Kunche to bring in Sophia's mother with a good-sized ganglion on her foot. Joan and I teamed up and removed it under local anesthesia. Our clinic that day was a hut village in Xhulub (*pronounced SHU-LUB*), a little Mayan community about one hour's drive from our clinic. Again, women and children predominated. Kathy and Maria José brought a load of clothes, shoes and some school supplies, and distributed them to mothers and children. In late afternoon, we saw a few men who just finished the day working in the corn fields. Their complaints were mostly musculoskeletal, caused by the hard life and the harsh working conditions. One elderly man in his early 70s, wearing a torn shirt, had a hard tumor about 3x4 inches in his left axilla (armpit). It had an orange peel appearance with large, firm, immobile lymph glands along the left shoulder and neck on the same side, indicating advanced malignancy. Although I advised him to go to the hospital as soon as possible, he had no family, no transportation and no resources.

There were many beautiful, young women, each with several small children, some nursing their babies. Sometimes, Kathy held the baby while I examined the mother. One lovely, 32-year-old with five children and sadness in her eyes, was waiting her turn. After her fifth delivery, while still under anesthesia and unbeknown to her, the husband instructed the doctor to tie her tubes. He then disappeared and left her to fend for herself and the five small children. It was one of those rare occasions when I experienced a deep sense of appreciation for our lawyers in the U.S.!

The following day, we visited the Center for malnourished Children, which Mission of Love established three years ago. Naturally, Kathy and Maria José brought a load of goodies for the children. It was heart warming to see them look so happy and getting healthier. There was a young lady doctor who was looking after their health. When they gain their ideal weight, they go home and others replace them. While there, we saw a sad 15-year-old girl nursing her baby who was born with a cleft palate. The Center, though clean, needed repair and painting. Kathy is taking a group of volunteers on February 13 to do just that.

From the Center, we drove to Tizimin, where we visited the 58-bed St. Carlos Hospital. We met with the CEO, Dr. Juan Rivero, the nurses we

(Continued on page 5)



Return to Xhualtez...

(Continued from page 4)

From the Center, we drove to Tizimin, where we visited the 58-bed St. Carlos Hospital. We met with the CEO, Dr. Juan Rivero, the nurses we worked with in February, 2004 and Dr. Ernesto Medina, the general surgeon. He was appreciative of my teaching him how to repair hernias under local anesthesia. He also gave me a follow-up on the patients we operated on in February. Overall, they did fine. They also expressed their needs to Kathy, which included an anesthesia and a dialysis machine. In return, they promised to bring the 70-year-old man with the axillary tumor to the hospital, biopsy the tumor and do whatever they could to help him. From there, we drove to Xhulub to inform the old man to get ready for the hospital. In the same neighborhood, lived a lovely lady whom we operated on in February for a large umbilical and a femoral hernia. With a big smile, she met us in the dirt street next to her hut as she proudly pulled her dress down to show us her "beautiful" scar! She said that she had those hernias for many years. She saw a doctor, but the cost would have been 7000 pesos (700 U.S. dollars) for each hernia. I told her that I was a cheap surgeon! She said if we had not come, she would have never had the surgery.

As much as we wished it, it was impossible to help all those who needed help. During our stay, we held three clinics in three different communities and saw close to 100 patients. The hospital honored our request and sent for the old man for tumor biopsy, but unfortunately, they could not do anything for him. They gave him a choice, either to stay in the hospital, or to go home. He elected to go home and work in the corn fields until the end.

After our return to the States, we raised enough money to pay for the leaky roof for Sophia and her family, and to pay for the chemotherapy for Leonora, the lady with breast cancer. It was our best Christmas present.

I am grateful to Kathy Price of the Mission of Love, who gave me the opportunity to share in helping those in need, who otherwise had no one to help or nowhere to go. It was truly a "mission of love."



Five simple rules to be happy:

1. Free your heart from hatred;
2. Free your mind from worries;
3. Live simply;
4. Give more;
- and
5. Expect less.

The thatched roof on this hut needed replaced and it was by Mission of Love Volunteers.



Sophia and her family requesting a new roof when asked, "How can we help?"



Leonora being examined by Dr. Rashid Abdu and Joan Gallitto.



With our friend who had the "beautiful" scar, Dr. Abdu had just given the shirt off his back to one of his patients.



Letters..Letters..Letters..

UPDATE...

Dear Kathleen,

Dehiwela, Sri Lanka

January 21, 2005

Let me thank you and the Mission of Love for the great love that you are showing at this critical time to the people of Sri Lanka. As you know, my mother, Dr. Hema Abeygunawardena, wanted to help her country in every way possible. The current situation is one of the most opportune times for such help. Her home town of Galle was devastated by the tsunami that occurred on the 26th of December, 2004. Although none of her relatives lost their lives, the whole community was affected, including 168 students at her old school, Sangamitta Vidyalaya, Galle. Given the emphasis my mother placed on education, it is only appropriate to ask for your help in rebuilding the educational infrastructure of Galle and specifically at my mother's old school. In this regard, your offer to supply blackboards, pens, pencils, paper, books, bags, desks, chairs, crayons, shoes, etc. would be most welcome. Additionally, the 1400 gallon water container would satisfy the drinking needs of the students.

Your offer to supply \$20,000 in medication is also greatly appreciated. This is a direct result of the urgent request by Doctor Beneragama of the Medical Supplies Division. The Dharmavijaya Foundation, through which you have been trying to coordinate these shipments will provide a physician to disburse the medicines.

Once again, on behalf of my family and to serve the memory of my dear mother, Hema, I thank you for your help at this crucial time. I also note with appreciation, your continuous offer to help the orphans and sick of Sri Lanka in the future.

Sincerely,
Vish Abeygunawardena

OUR INSPIRATION...

Dear Uncle Rashid,

U.S.A.

January 2, 2005

I wanted to write and let you know how touched we were to hear of your volunteer work with the Mission of Love. I had no idea you were a regular volunteer. I think it's fantastic. When I told Tess and Jeff what you were up to, they thought it was great, too, and it gave us a good idea for Tess's upcoming 9th birthday party.

Like most children here, she has everything she could ask for, and then some. She wanted to have a birthday party, but there was nothing she needed or really even wanted, and the thought of more "stuff" laying around the house wasn't making me happy either. We got the Mission of Love newsletter and saw their wish list, which included blankets, so we decided to have an old-fashioned "Blanket Bee." Tess and her friends will be constructing east-to-make fleece blankets to donate to Mission of Love. Instead of bringing gifts, we've asked her friends to each bring a bottle of Children's Tylenol, Motrin or vitamins to donate along with the blankets. Tess is very excited to be able to do something nice for someone else.

Thanks so much for your inspiring story!

Hope you had a wonderful holiday. Happy New Year!,
Tara Reynolds

OUR FRIENDSHIP...

Dear Kathy,

Merida, Yucatan, Mexico

August 18, 2004

A few days ago, some friends and other foundations asked me about our relationship and the projects we have been doing together for the Mayan people.

I let my imagination fly back and I found myself smiling, meanwhile, I was telling them that since our first encounter in Isla Mujeres, when I asked you to go and meet the communities in the center of the Yucatan. So, we visited several of them. You saw their needs and we all decided to build a clinic with Mayan traditional healers and academic doctors working together for the sake of the people—and it is done!

Building houses and floors for the poorest who were victimized by Hurricane Isidoro—and it is done!

Medical brigades bringing doctors into the communities to help the entire village—sometimes, underneath the trees like in Kunche, or in the rain, or even in the middle of the windy hurricane, or inside their homes—and it was done!

I also remember the great baseball games, playing with the big guys from both teams. Every one of the Xhualtenos were there, sharing happiness from the bottom of their hearts...and the hot dogs, juices, "mamuts," bananas, laughs and laughs.

I remember there was clothing for everybody, shoes, toys, vitamins, medicines, surgeries, medical supplies, school supplies, an ambulance, two airlifts (full to the top) and hearing aids. What a pleasant experience. Everything done!

When I finished my story, my friend congratulated me for having such a wonderful friend who is willing to give everything to those in need with much detachment, love and compassion.

Well, I finished my story to them, but you and I, my dear friend, have a long road to walk. We can begin to think about a new dormitory for the children with high malnutrition in the shelter at Valladolid, plumbing for the bathrooms and doors in the toilets and showers. How do you see this?

I think it would be nice to have a two day vacation in order to go on sharing, learning and living together with these wonderful and forgotten people. I wish I would have better English to be able to express myself as I rarely feel I do that. (*Mission of Love took the liberty to edit this letter*).

Thank you, dear Kathy. Thank you in the name of the Mayans and my own.

With Much Love
Maria José

Happiness is as a butterfly, which when pursued, is always beyond our grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.



—Hawthorne



Letters..Letters..Letters..

THANK YOU...
¡Hola Doña Kati!

Xhualtez, Espita



I wish you are having good health when this letter reaches you, as the same way, me and my family are, Thanks to God! After this short, but sincere greeting, I turn to the next subject.

The reason of this letter is to thank you a great deal, because you helped me with the house you gave me as a gift. I would like to thank Maria José, too, because through her, you knew I was needing a house for my family and for me.

I appreciate with all my heart the love you give me,

I send a strong hug from my family.

We Love You Very Much,
Mildred

A LETTER WE LOVE TO GET...
Youngstown, Ohio



Thank you
Card!

Dear Erin's
Grandmother

Thank you for
teaching me
about Indians and
for the dreamcatchers.

Thank you for
everything.

your friend **Nina.**

Editor's Note: Kathleen Price spoke to her granddaughter Erin's class at Willowcreek chool and this is the letter she got in response.

**BURDENS We have,
all of us, sufficient
fortitude to bear the
misfortunes of others**

SINCERE THANK YOU...
Kathleen M. Price

Tizimin, Yucatan

It's nice for us to say hello, and at the same time, thank you for all the valuable instrumental surgical donations to our health institution, Hospital General Dan Carlos de Tizimin, Yucatan, Mexico.

Really, thank you, because this kind of help let's us accomplish our social service goal to the community in a human and helpful way.

So, in the name of Hospital San Carlos and myself, my sincere thank you.

God Bless You,
Dr. Juan David Rivero Salero, Manager

GRATFULNESS...

Yucatan, Mexico

Kathleen Price & Maria José Medina

"Compartimos bienestar y salud papa los ninos Mayas I. A.P"

By this means, I address myself to thank you all for the support that both of you have given us in order to better our work which always has been "to reach those in need in Espita." Without your help, this would be very difficult.

We thank Dr. Rashid for his support in the program, "Hernia Surgery Journey" in San Carlos Hospital, Tizimin.

Thank you, too, for helping the deaf children by donating 40 hearing aids to them, and for the clinic instruments—audiometer, stethoscope, glucometers, ambulance and masks for asthma.

I say good-bye, sending you fraternal greetings and the gratefulness of our people,
Maria Raquel Cocum Xuluc,
Director of Dif Espita, Yucatan

LIFE is a long lesson in Humility.

~James M. Barrie~

FROM VERONICA'S FATHER...
Mrs. Kathy: Dear Señora

Espita, Yucatan, Mexico



In a very respectful way, I would like to let you know that we are very grateful for the help you gave us by building a new home for my family.

At this moment, the health of Veronica is stable. We do not have any new family members and our health is "so-so."

Receive from all of us a lot of happiness and we hope you already are.

Yours Truly,
The Family of Serfgio Cemé Chi,
Father of Veronica

Kathleen Price holds Veronica during one of her visits to Mexico.





Mission of Love Foundation
 2054 Hemlock Ct. Austintown, Ohio 44515
Missoflove@aol.com • www.missionoflove.org
 Kathleen Price, Founder/Director • (330) 793-2388



BUDDHIST PEACE PRAYER

*May I become at all times, both now and forever
 A protector for those without protection
 A guide for those who have lost their way
 A ship for those with oceans to cross
 A bridge for those with rivers to cross
 A sanctuary for those in danger
 A lamp for those without light
 A place of refuge for those who lack shelter
 And a servant to all in need.*

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

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

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

It's All About the Children...

