

HOW WOULD YOU COPE? Pine Ridge, SD - Sieglinde Warren

Kathy and I spent eight days in September on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. The days there were two-fold: to plan future projects and to take care of some unplanned immediate needs. That made for a jam-packed eight days. In response to the question, "What did you do there?", the following are samples of our accomplishments.

How would YOU cope?

- 1. Your sister has undergone treatment for burns she received while gathering up belongings from the Dakota pipe line. She has been fitted for a mask to help heal the scarring. The mask is in Denver, 4 ½ hours away and she needs to be there for a final fitting. You have a car and some gas money, but the car needs a radiator costing \$ 250. Your family is unable to help.
- 2. You are the mother of six children and live in a house which has a bathroom, but the shower doesn't work. All that is needed is \$ 50 worth of plumbing supplies and someone to install the items.
- 3. Your estranged husband took your car, ran it off the road when it ran out of gas and then lost the key. Your car has been by the side of the road for three days. If you don't move the car, chances are that the windows will be damaged by someone trying to vandalize or enter the car. Luckily, you are well liked.
- 4. You are a senior citizen and live quite a distance from a neighbor. Folks are trying to check up on you, but are unable to do so because your cell phone bill has not been paid.
- 5. Two young men were in an accident and are now quadriplegic. They are in a nursing facility hours from family. They need a home. The land is available.
- 6. You need to see several doctors in one day in different facilities. You have no vehicle. There is no public transportation.
- 7. You are a young pregnant mother and desperately need gas money for you and your 7 year old to get home to a town just a mere 12 miles away. You ask folks to buy your art so that you have money for gas with a bit extra to avail yourself of a sale on pizza in the grocery store.

These are just a few of the everyday situations that people on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation face every day. Kathy Price and the Mission of Love were integral parts in helping the individuals resolve most of their issues and to continue to dream. In the words of Langston Hughes "Hold fast to dreams, for if dreams die, life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly."



Kathy Price, Sieglinde Warren, Alex White Plume, Debra White Plume, Harry Yazzie and Lakota Mission of Love Volunteers

Our Mission of LOVE Foundation (since 1989) is a non-profit 5013C organization consisting of ALL volunteers. We provide humanitarian aid to those in need worldwide and focus on providing basic human rights to the children who have none. We are backed by individuals, groups, local businesses, and the United States Military Denton Program. Our Mission of LOVE is the largest user of the Denton Program in the world. We have distributed millions of pounds of AID, via planes, trucks and containers throughout five continents of our world including our Native American Friends on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota and survivors of Natural Disasters in our country. Once our AID arrives, Mission of LOVE volunteers, both young and old, from all walks of life, are there to utilize the AID by building orphanages, schools, clinics, hospices, and homes while administering surgeries, cleft palate surgeries and giving medical treatment to the sick and those who are deformed since birth.

LOVE is patient and kind, LOVE is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. LOVE bears ALL things, believes ALL things, endures ALL things.



MISSION OF LOVE FOUNDATION

Offering aid to those in need worldwide...



Kathleen Price, Founder & Director

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Mission of Love News

Catch the Spirit of Good News!



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

2017 is coming to a close and I would like to thank you for making our Mission of Love year a true success. In our 2017 Mission of Love newsletter I am sharing with you some Good News love stories that have been written by our Mission of Love volunteers. Know that you have touched thousands of life's via your contribution to our Mission of Love, unconditionally.

This year we have made fourteen mission trips to Guatemala, Aransas Pass Texas, Gatlinburg Tennessee, Mexico, Pine Ridge Native American Indian Reservation South Dakota, Standing Rock Native American Indian Reservation North Dakota, and the Island of Dominica. Every day in every way our Mission of Love continues servicing the poorest of the poor and victims of natural disasters with unconditional love and compassion.

Our promises have been kept and our work of love continues because of you. WE have given wheelchairs, walkers and rehab treatment to those who only dream of having these tools to walk. WE have allowed children to smile and thrive via our Mission of love surgery teams while completing cleft palate, lip and facial deformities to countless indigenous children, WE have built homes for the homeless and disabled, WE have distributed countless comfort quilts to those who were in natural disasters, WE have sent via the Denton Program two C5 Air Force planes containing corn, bus, ambulance and 130,000 pounds of medical, educational, and building supplies, in January WE opened our Mission of Love Grandmothers Home in Tecpan, Guatemala. In our Grandmothers home we have seven children who parents both died of cancer and were homeless and two elderly grandmothers who were homeless and abused by their families, our Mission of Love office, medical clinic and therapy room for the disabled. A Eagle Scout Award was given to Clark Chisnell for his contribution of humanitarian aid that he collected in order to serve. Morgaine Bellanger received a A for her internship with our Mission of Love from Colorado University. WE have purchased a fire truck for Tecpan, Guatemala in order to be utilized for fires but also to delivery water to the indigenous Mayan communities who have no water. WE have delivered 36,000 lbs of humanitarian aid to Dominica. WE have just received a donation of a ambulance. Our Mission of Love has supported and given aid to the cancer kids, orphans, homeless, elderly, deformed, disabled, starving and hopeless, ALL because of you. Together let us continue our God's Mission of Love.

There are no real words to convey my sincere appreciation for your belief, support, love, monetary donations, time and resources all in order to allow our Mission of Love to give humanitarian aid to those in need.

With Love and Gratitude, Kathleen

I would like to share with you a note of gratitude from Joe American Horse

Dear Mission of Love ~ Kathleen Price

There is NO word to describe how appreciative we are to the Mission of Love Foundation in building homes on our Pine Ridge Native American Indian Reservation, S.D. and elsewhere. If we would have more people like the Mission of Love, there would be NO conflicts, NO wars. Everyone would live in Peace! The Mission of Love built a home for me within five days.

Wopila Tonka! Thank you!
Sincerely Yours, Joe American Horse - Grandson of the Chief

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
With love and gratitude, Kathy

Kathy, Joe American Horse, Ben Red Bear, Mark, Hobart Spotted Bear, Rusty Puckett, and Tom Wilson - Pine Ridge Native American Indian Reservation, S.D.



Written by Mission of Love Volunteers • Winter • 2017



Expect Miracles:
Doctor Daniel Winkle - Tecpan, Guatemala

The September 2016 Mission of Love Rehabilitation medical mission to Tecpan Guatemala was a resounding success. Mission of Love was able to assemble a team of volunteers from all major disciplines which operate acute rehab hospitals in the United States. An acute rehabilitation hospital delivers the most advanced rehab care available in the country. Our all volunteer team of physician, therapists, nurses treated over 270 patients and provided essential rehabilitation services and equipment to the native Mayan population who otherwise have no access to medical or rehabilitation care.

After arriving in Guatemala our team decided that the theme of our trip was going to be, expect miracles. Sometimes these miracles take the form of the day to day events before our very eyes. Let me explain.

On the first day of the Mission a young boy named Edwin arrived. Edwin was one of the sweetest, most affectionate, children I have ever met. He had a smile that could melt your heart and a gentle loving presence. Because of some developmental delay he had low muscle tone and difficulty supporting himself without help. Our team of therapists including Debbie Sams (Occupational Therapy) and Evgenia (Jane) Tararova (Physical Therapy) evaluated and treated this lovely young man providing exercises and family instruction to help build his strength. We asked Edwin and his family to return later in the week after the donated rehab equipment would arrive. We were able to find Edwin a pediatric walker that looked like it was made just for him. Jane helped get the walker properly adjusted and worked with Edwin and our whole team was able to share in a moment with his family to witness Edwin walking on his own without help for the first time in his life. This was just but one of the simple miracles created by the work and donations from the team at Mission of Love.

Our volunteer crew from Northeast Ohio was comprised of experts in multiple disciplines. Jane Terarova was our physical therapist from Children's Rehab in Cleveland. Don Pavlov, also from Cleveland, helped with translation and surgical equipment management. Volunteers from Hillside rehab hospital in Warren OH included myself, Dr. Daniel Winkle a specialist in physical medicine and rehabilitation as well as Debbie Sams from occupational therapy and Lotta Shafer a certified rehabilitation nurse. Other volunteers included Eric Broviak who helped run the pharmacy and manage supplies and Becky Spratt who helped both with nursing and translation. Kathy Price, the Mission of Love director, helped organize and make the impossible possible in many ways. The volunteers were not just from the United States but included a large group of people from Guatemala as well that were indispensable for the success of the mission.

We successfully delivered a wealth of equipment that included standard wheelchairs, custom fit wheelchairs, walkers, back braces, orthotic braces, medicines, shoes, canes, standers, and food. The patients served in the clinic were able to be evaluated and we were able to vend equipment that was appropriate for the patient's size and met their individual functional needs. In Guatemala and in this population everything was needed. Walkers and canes helped village elders offload their joints and walk with less pain, wheelchairs helped families with disabled children to have easier transport, back braces helped relieve the pain of manual laborers, and walkers helped young children support themselves and walk for the first time in their lives.

The kindness and compassion of this team of volunteers and of the Mayan people will forever live in my heart. Mission of Love through its team of 100% volunteers is able to put all its resources to help those it aims to serve. I was able to witness just how its resources are put to work and remain proud to be part of the team.

Expect miracles, but the miracles might not be what you expect. If our aim was to expect miracles then our mission was certainly a success. - Daniel Winkle MD

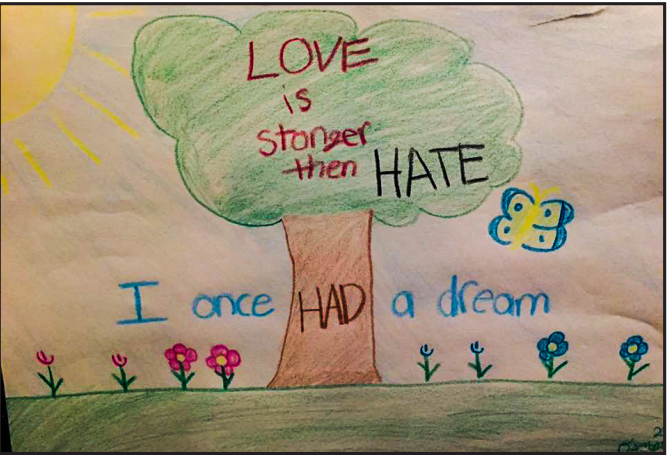
Eric Broviak, Dr. Dan Winkle, Becky Spratt, Don Pavlou, Flor Marroquin, Lotta Shafer, Mercedes, and Evgenia



Thank you so much for joining us this evening. We were so devastated to hear the struggles you've had to endure as a result of the wildfires here in Sevierville, Tennessee last November.

This area is so special to us, mostly because of the people who live here, who welcome us with open arms each time we visit. Now it's our turn to wrap our arms around you during your time of need.

We are all brothers and sisters, and we must take care of each other when we can. Please know we will continue to pray for you and your family as you prepare for brighter days ahead. We hope you'll accept this gift of a Comfort Quilt. When our Mission of Love and eQuilter volunteers heard about your struggle, they couldn't wait to lovingly hand - make and get these quilts into your hands. Our hope is that when you look at each quilt, and wrap it around you, you'll remember that you're being prayed for and that you are never forgotten. We realize that none of us are here to save the world, but we ARE here to touch the hands that are within our reach. We are grateful for the opportunity to reach out our hands to you this evening. God Bless You All!



Andrea and Jim Thome, Kathleen Price, Becky Spratt' & Susana

The Island of Dominica:
Mission of Love / Boardman Rotary Hurricane Humanitarian Aid - 11/17

Good day Kathy. Following is a request from our Rotary for humanitarian aid for those in need. Many of our health centers suffered damage, loss roofs, health furnishings and supplies. The Director of Primary Health Care in Dominica has identified 3 such facilities in rural communities requiring urgent attention. I am expecting an assessment report from her, or at least, an estimate of quantities of materials required to replace the roofs and a list of the furnishings and supplies so as to get these Centre's up and providing critical services. I have made recommendations to the two Rotary clubs on island in that regard. Waiting on their decisions. I am hoping we can use the contents of the second container to go this project. This will make a difference in the lives of the people in these communities. We are working on a standard but likely 30ftx30ft buildings. Most houses lost roofs only, and the concentration is on roof replacement. My thanks to all who are making this gift possible.

Marvlyn

Dear Kathy,

Please consider this email an official request for assistance from your organization to aid in the relief effort after that devastation caused by Hurricane Maria on the island of Dominica.

I can assure you that the items received from you, once clearly marked as relief supplies, will be waived of the normal customs and other taxes charged upon entry into the country.

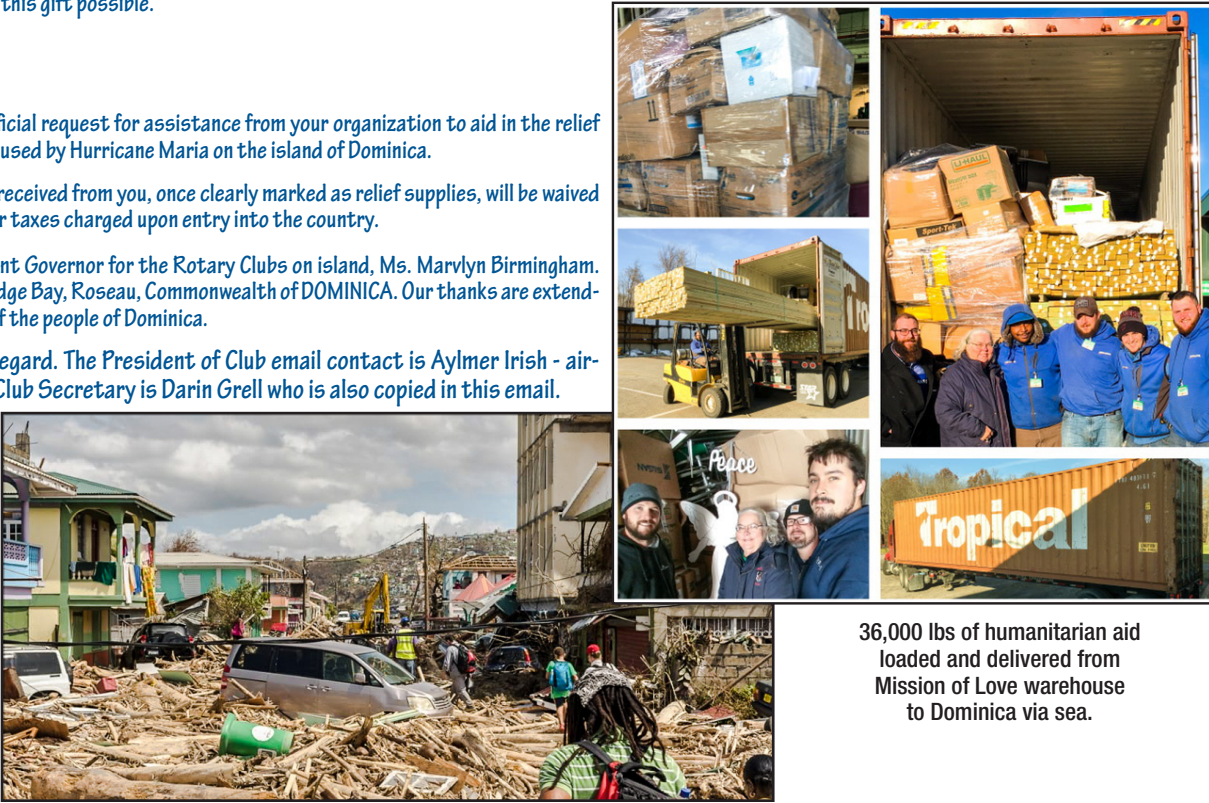
Our point person is the Assistant Governor for the Rotary Clubs on island, Ms. Marvlyn Birmingham. The destination port is Woodbridge Bay, Roseau, Commonwealth of DOMINICA. Our thanks are extended to you for coming to the aid of the people of Dominica.

Thanks for attention in this regard. The President of Club email contact is Aylmer Irish - air-ish@nccudominica.com. The Club Secretary is Darin Grell who is also copied in this email.

Finally, let us apologize for not having this communication in official letterhead as we don't yet have access to Internet on computers.

Yours sincerely,

Darin Grell (Ms)
Club Secretary 2017/18
Rotary Club of Dominica



36,000 lbs of humanitarian aid loaded and delivered from Mission of Love warehouse to Dominica via sea.

PRICELESS: Andrea & Jim Thome - Fires of Tennessee

In January Kathy, Mission of Love Founder/Director mentioned to me that she was going to Tennessee to hand out comfort quilts to families who had lost their homes in the wildfires of November 2016. She had collected 75 beautiful handmade quilts from some very generous friends of Luana Rubin from equilter.com. When I saw them it was obvious that each quilter had put much time and love into their quilt. I decided to add one of my own to the lot, hoping that I could finish it before the trip in February. Since it only needed binding, it was definitely an attainable goal. When Kathy invited me to go, I couldn't pass up the chance to serve our neighbors in Tennessee.



Also going on the trip was our friend Eric Broviak who I had the pleasure of serving with the previous September on the rehab mission to Tecpan, Guatemala. Eric is indispensable for not only his driving skills but pharmacy, video and photography as well. The van was packed to the hilt with bins of quilts, warm clothing, crayons, coloring books and candy for children. As we set out on Thursday we really didn't have a definite game plan in place for how, where or when the event would take place, but, as usual, God had already figured out those details! All we had to do was show up. We met up with author Andrea Thome and her husband Jim Thome of Cleveland Indians fame. Andrea's mom had grown up in the Gatlinburg area and Andrea holds a special place in her heart for the people there. Andrea had been in touch with the East Tennessee Foundation who is in the process of helping allocate funds for housing for the fire victims. Meanwhile, my friend, Tori Skolosh, who attends Johnson University in Knoxville, knew of some Honduran and Guatemalan families who are in desperate need of housing. Andrea was able to contact the pastor of the Hispanic church in Sevierville, Susana Lopez, who offered to contact 40 families most in need and also allowed us the use of the church in which to hold the event. On Friday we quickly jumped into action, along with Susana and her daughter, setting up the tables to display the quilts and clothing and kids items. Jim and Andrea went shopping for piñatas and party supplies. They also generously ordered catering from Chipotle for 140 people! We were now ready for our Comfort Quilt Fiesta!



At 7:00pm the people started trickling in. They seemed a little hesitant at first not knowing us or what would take place. By the time we began to serve dinner, however, everyone was laughing and talking, many in Spanish, and enjoying themselves. They realized that we were simply there to show them that they were loved and cared for and not forgotten. After dinner the kids went outside and had great fun taking turns hitting the piñatas. There was plenty of candy for all since we had stuffed them really full!

We began distributing the quilts by calling each family up one by one and encouraging them to choose their favorite quilt. Kathy and Andrea wrapped the quilts around

the ladies' shoulders and took lots of photos. There were lots of smiles but also lots of happy tears during the process. The women were obviously deeply moved by such a beautiful gift. I know that my own heart was full of joy. We all made some new friends that night.

Miracles happened during those couple days and events unfolded that none of us could have planned or arranged on our own. We didn't have the contacts and we didn't know who was most in need but God knew. He led us in the right direction placing the right people in our path who could assist in accomplishing the task. Many thanks to Kathy Price, Jim and Andrea Thome, and Pastor Susana Lopez and her family. I am grateful to have had this opportunity to meet and serve with such awesome people. Jesus calls us to love our neighbors as ourselves. I'd like to think that that is what we were able to do that Friday evening in Sevierville, Tennessee.

Becky Spratt Mission of Love web site; www.missionoflove.org - Video - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O9H3azgDIUI>



“it is okay” Erin Ward ~ “House of God”

Some people think of community as their neighborhood or city. Others span the word to their country or even the whole world. This March, a prayer was answered and I embarked on an eight day medical Mission Trip to Guatemala through the Mission of Love to help serve their community. After raising money by selling cookies around my school, I packed up and flew to the heart of the Americas. Doctors, nurses and other volunteers worked together performing cleft palate surgeries, free of cost. The first day I felt useless compared to the life-changing surgeons, but little did I know that the next day, everything would change.



The next morning, the non-medical volunteers went to another location that required painting and light construction. We arrived at “Casa de Dios,” a small house that served as a temporary home for families with sick children who could not afford hotels while receiving treatment. Walking into the non-profit charity home, the sky-blue painted walls served as a cheerful backdrop to the bright-eyed children: some bald, some sleeping, and one without a leg. A nervous rush overcame me; I was unsure if the children would like me or understand my Spanish. I had taken four years of Spanish, but I doubted my ability to communicate. I smiled and waved to a small girl quietly sitting alone, wearing traditional Mayan clothing. She grinned, despite her cleft palate. I sat down in the empty chair next to her and gently greeted “hola.” Soon we were making progress speaking Spanish. Her brother had joined us, along with other curious kids. Soon we were sprawled out on the floor, coloring, talking, and laughing at my attempts to pronounce new Spanish words.

The next day we painted the sticky, hand-printed walls. The kids, happy to see the Americans had returned, watched in awe as we painted. I snuck back into the kitchen to ask if they had any extra paint brushes. When I walked back into the room gesturing that they could help too, they eagerly rushed over and grabbed the brushes. Before I knew it, I was brushless! The kids were overjoyed to be part of the excitement, painting in every-which-way. When a child had to leave for their appointment, they reluctantly put the paintbrush down and walked out of the home, gripping their mother's hand. Eventually they would return weak and tired, but smiling. Before leaving on the last day, everyone from the home sang us a song in Spanish. As I looked at the children's smiling faces I was overcome with emotion and love. The cook hugged me and whispered, “it is okay. They have changed your life and you have changed ours.” I realized what she said was true: a small change in someone's life was made by taking a chance, experimenting with my Spanish, and offering a paintbrush.

Throughout the week, we travelled to different parts of Guatemala to help other people in need. I learned so much by watching Kathy work her magic and achieving the impossible through her gentle words and open heart. When I returned home, my mind was always preoccupied with the thought of the children living in such a poverty-stricken and suffering world, yet their attitudes and hearts were above anyone I had ever met. In my everyday life I think of the children and how they were always smiling and laughing. Imagine if everyone was as joyful and pure as these children; how different the world would be. There is no cost; no labor involved. All we need to do is smile to a neighbor or offer a helping hand. The kids from Guatemala were able, even if they had no shoes. Kathy and Bob Price were able; always with an inspiring attitude that changed the world one smile at a time. In my own small way I think that I am able, and I believe that you can do it too.



Maritza and the “House of God” family - Guatemala.

Life Changing Mission of Love: Sean Ward ~ Guatemala

I had been on a mission trip with Kathy & Bob 19 years ago. My wife Kristi and I went to Xhulatez Mexico with a group of volunteers to build a medical clinic deep in a remote area of Mexico. The following year I went again with Kathy, this time to Isla Mujeres to help with an orphanage. Kristi was pregnant with our first daughter Erin, so I went solo. Both trips were very gratifying as I learned what true happiness is. The people were poor, they had nothing; yet they were still so joyful. I felt like I gained so much more than I gave on those two trips.

Fast forward 18 years later, Erin and I got a chance to go to Guatemala in March. What a blessing. A chance to bond with my daughter before she goes away to college. A chance for both of us to gain a little perspective on how the majority of the world lives. A chance to lend a hand in making life better for those who live in poverty, and who have medical issues and little hope for good medical care or a cure.

The medical team performed 30 life-changing surgeries on the indigenous Mayan people, including cleft palate, cleft lip, and tooth extraction.

The non-medical volunteers provided handyman type services to Casa de Dios, The House of God, a home where families can stay while receiving cancer treatment at a nearby Guatemalan hospital. We painted, installed shelves, and performed other handyman type services in addition to purchasing them a commercial washing machine and a large amount of food.

In just one short week while we were in Guatemala, Kathy's Mission of Love impacted so many different people: those receiving medical surgeries, the House of God children and their families, the children living in an orphanage in the mountain town of Tecpan, as well as residents of a senior home where Kathy brought aid and behind-the-scenes assistance. Kathy also brought assistance to the home of a very special grandmother. This elderly woman became the caretaker of seven children who lost both their parents. This woman found a more stable and peaceful life after taking in these children. Kathy provided valuable assistance to her.

Thinking about all that was accomplished on this trip to Guatemala, and my previous trips to Mexico, made me realize that Kathy has made a huge impact on our world in the 30 years she and her husband Bob have been serving people with the Mission of Love.

My daughter Erin and I are both so incredibly thankful we went on the Mission of Love trip. Thank you, Kathy and Bob, for allowing us to give of ourselves, but more importantly, take away memories and life lessons that are truly invaluable.



Mayan Indigenous patients waiting to be seen by our Mission of Love surgery team at Metropolitan Hospital, Guatemala.



Bob Price, Astrid, Sean and Erin Ward

Not only I'm part of it, this is my family! Harry Yazzle - PINE RIDGE, SD

Hello my name is Harry Yazzie Jr. From Kyle South Dakota. I have been with Mission of Love for over 10 years volunteering helping our Lakota families throughout the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Not only I'm part of it, this is my family. When people say it can't be done, our family gets it done. When people say it's too hard, our family says it's our challenge, when people seem to feel hopeless and worthless, our family expresses enthusiasm to give them confidence. When people feel depressed, our family gives them a hug. Our Mission of Love is contagious. My wonderful years with Mission of Love has given me confidence for my family and I. Volunteering my time to help another family gives me inspiration knowing this family has electricity, running water, and a warm place to sleep.

I have been in the construction business for over 30 years and I have two degree's in this field and I'm very grateful that I can put my talent to use, especially for Mission of Love. The bad news is that I now have cancer and heart failure. I'm a single parent now, I lost my wife to cancer three years ago but I watch all my beautiful children and been depressed for a long time taking fourteen pills daily to survive. I haven't worked in over two years and feeling sorry for myself.

Kathy Price came to my house, we had dinner and Mission of Love put me to work. My self-esteem sky rocketed into the universe with positive feelings of appreciation. I cried when Kathy asked me to help her build a house for two disabled quadriplegic young men. I'm now looking forward to this project, knowing I'm helping two of God's Children and helping them become close to their families.

Mission of Love (my family) has always given miracles to the needy with no middle person or paper work to fuss with. Only a hug and hand shake will do. The happiness on the people we help is our reward.

Ever since Kathy came, I went to my heart doctor and self monitored my heart (EKG) then my results was that my heart rhythm is normal along with my blood pressure. A pacemaker was surgically implanted in me, just in case of an emergency. (heart attack) .

What I'm trying to say, and I will get to the point. I'm not letting this disability handicap me from this Mission of Love project. Another project was mentioned then I asked to be part of that too. A smile hug and kiss on the cheek was all I needed from Kathy Price to give my confidence back. I love everything I do with Mission of Love and my children also participate and we work together as a family.

Pine Ridge Native American Indian Reservation September 11, 2017



Yazzie, Sieglinde, Katie and Kathy with Yazzie's children.

Hobart Spotted Bear, Steve Wilson and Kathy Price in Wounded Knee, S.D.

“INSPIRATIONAL” PINE RIDGE, SD - Steve Wilson

Dear Kathy

We are so grateful for the time we spent with Mission of Love on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Your compassion for the Lakota people is genuine and your connections within the community allowed us to meet and interact with a wonderful group of people. You made time for us to listen to Hobart, Alex, Lance and Rusty and spending time with them gave all the work we did meaning. Your openness and responsiveness to the Lord's leading is inspirational. You responded not only to the needs of the people there but also to the various needs of our group. The kids quickly fell in love with you and would all smile and comment when you came around to their different work sites. Thank you for the privilege of serving alongside of you. Thank you for showing us all a new perspective of our Lord and Creator, in whose image we are all made, through the Lakota people.



Jose had spent ten years not breathing through a naturally formed nose. To make his life even more difficult, he did not go to school, because children can be cruel, and they mocked him. Jose was ten years old and he went to work in the fields every day with his father.

Jose stood out among the crowd because of his personality. He was a dapper dude, too. He wore a long sleeve white shirt, a little frayed and two sizes too big, and cowboy boots, also too big. That didn't stop him from swaggering a bit, though. He was full of confidence and had no fear. Jose was scheduled to return later in the week for a procedure that took five hours.

Now comes the interesting part of the story. I mentioned that I have no talent for construction, and usually would stand around and watch people work, while adding my meager assistance. When I asked the surgeons what I could do to help, they told me to stand around a watch, and to take pictures. My next question, was, you want me to stand and watch WHERE? It seems that I was needed for my limited duty in surgery. I thought that I was going to throw up on my shoes. Instead, it was my privilege to spend a week in the operating rooms, doing what I could to assist. Assist implies that I had a useful function, but I was really a gofer. I found, however, that once the surgery begins, the surgeons can't just walk away. They need somebody to fetch, and sometimes to take pictures of the procedures. To my surprise, after ten minutes into the first operation, I was fine. During my week in the operating rooms, I saw remarkable things. The local surgeons permitted me to observe them as they worked also. I saw a couple of gall bladder removals, abdominal surgery, and a Cesarean Section. I also observed these American guys fixing the faces of tiny children. The most remarkable thing that I witnessed was the surgery on Jose, the tough little dude.

In order to build a bridge for his nose, the surgeons had to be able to work on the top part of his face. This meant that it was necessary to get to the area they needed to reach without leaving scars. The process for this involves beginning behind the little guy's ears, and cutting and pulling the skin of his face up and over his face from behind. This is called a coronal flap. As I was observing, my friend Dr. Todd told me that I might want to take a pass on this one. I will not tell you all of the details, except to say that once they peeled Jose's face away, they took a small piece of bone harvested from his hip, with a small hammer and chisel, and attached it to the bone in his forehead with a drill and screwdriver. Then, they simply pulled the scalp back into place and sutured it back in. This procedure allowed the surgeons to preserve all of the blood vessels and nerves in the scalp without leaving any noticeable scars.

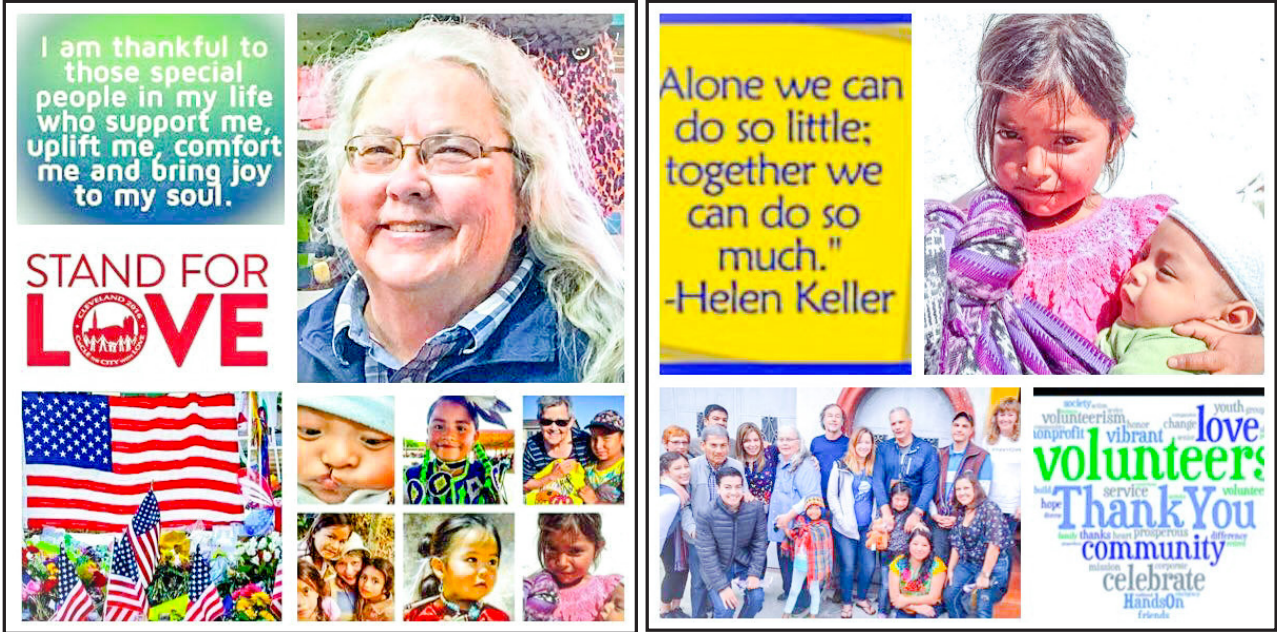
They put Jose back into one piece, and sent him to the recovery room. The next day I visited Jose in his hospital room. He was running a fever and that was not a good thing. He was sick and miserable, and I can't begin to imagine the pain that he felt. There were no pain meds to relieve his misery. He had been cut in his hip, down to the bone, and a piece had been chipped away with a hammer and chisel. Then his scalp had been cut and peeled down over his face. Then, holes were drilled into his skull and the harvested bone was attached with screws. His head was shaved and then bandaged, and then he had another bandage across his nose. When I asked him how he was, I got a thumbs up. This is one tough little hombre. The next day, his mom packed him up and took him home to Tec Pan.

Jose's surgery took five hours. For the entire time, two surgeons stood in one place, bent over their patient. They never left him. I had no idea how incredibly hard these men work and the physical toll that it takes on them. I now have enormous respect for surgeons.

Thirty five surgeries were performed in five days. That means that thirty five lives were immeasurably improved. We are going to return this March and do it all again. This time I hope to help in a different way. I've been doing a little home schooling in Spanish. I know just enough perhaps to get myself in trouble, and just enough, I hope to be able to communicate with the parents who trust their precious children to Americans who promise to help. When the patients arrive on the day of surgery, they are told to arrive at 7 AM. The patients are not permitted to eat. Then they wait. The doctors may not take the kids to surgery until the afternoon, and still they wait, not understanding what is happening. Then finally, the kids leave their parents and are escorted in a scary place where parents may not enter.

No matter the language barrier, parents are parents, and they are terrified when their children go into surgery. I hope that with my fractured Spanish, and these grey hairs, that I can relate to them, not as an American, but as an "abuelo", a grandfather. It ain't much, but I hope to provide a little comfort during those long waits.

Recently, it seems like every day I have found something to be angry about. Leaving one's home and travelling to someplace very exotic can



A Special Chair for Junior - GUATAMALA - Don Pavlou

I met Junior and his mother on Mission of Love's physical rehabilitation trip to Guatemala September 2016. I was working as translator and assistant to the physical and occupational therapists who were treated over 270 patients during our week there. The Mission of Love team placed patients with over 70 wheel chairs, 40 walkers and dozens of canes and braces. They were also examined and treated by the team's physiatrist, Dr. Dan Winkle.

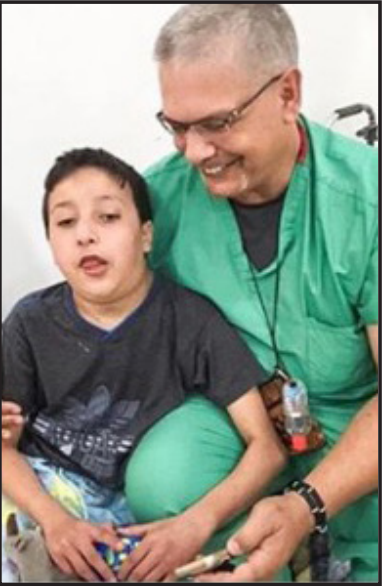
I was working with the team's physical therapist, Jane, when a mother and her son came in. Both looked very tired and scared. The team's volunteers carried in her son as he had no wheelchair. She told us that she had taken a two and a half hour bus ride from her home with her son in the hope of getting him a new one.

Junior was 16 years old and had suffered an extreme fever when he was 5 years old that left him unable to walk or talk. Through love, patience and determination his mother was able to care for and communicate with him and although his muscles had atrophied, he was still heavy. He had outgrown his old chair and his mother needed help to move him.

As Jane began questioning Junior's mother and I began translating, like any 16-year old Junior became bored and agitated. I asked his mother if he liked music and as I played some Latino music on my iPhone, Junior began to smile and laugh. "Le gusta mucho," (He likes it a lot) said Junior's mother.

Jane worked with Junior and his mom teaching them exercises to improve Junior's muscles and mobility in addition to techniques for moving and caring for Junior. Junior's mom was very appreciative then asked if it was possible for Junior to have a new wheel chair. I explained that we did not have one right now, but would receive our shipment from the United States in two days. "Hay no problema, vamos a regresar." (No problem, we'll come back), she said.

Two days later, first thing in the morning, I saw Junior and his mother in the waiting room. We had organized the wheelchairs, walkers and canes from the U.S. for distribution the night before. Jane had found a very special chair for Junior and had it waiting for him. As we lifted Junior into his new chair and Jane worked to fit it for him, I saw the tears in his mother's eyes well up. "Gracias, muchas gracias," she cried over and over.



How wonderful my Dear Kathy that you spend your time at the "House of God" on your missions to Guatemala. We have no words to thank you for all you have been doing for the kids who are so brave and so precious. Know that they can feel all the love you give to them when you spend your time while in Guatemala. The children at our House of God feel so important when you come, since you are international and a beautiful lady. You always stop by and bring the cancer children comfort quilts and so many things. For them it is a novelty to meet you and they get so excited and motivated. They are so thankful to our God for you while sharing your love and care. They say that Kathy's hugs are unique! Thank you with all our hearts for what you have done to make our House of God a better place to be...God bless you! Thanks so much to all the Mission of Love volunteers and for the love you share and for all that you have done for us....thank God for you all, we love you. ~ Maritza Castillo dePaz Founder/ Director of the House of God, Guatamala City, Guatamala.

ONE Smile at a time: Becky Spratt R.N. ~ Guatemala

In March I had the opportunity to accompany Kathy Price of Mission of Love and a surgical team to Guatemala City. They were planning to perform cleft lip and palate surgeries on children there that would otherwise not have access to this type of procedure. Having never seen this before I was anxious to both witness the surgeries and also assist where needed in the operating suite. We all arrived on Friday night and met up in the hotel where we introduced ourselves. I could tell right away that this was going to be a fun group of people to spend the week with! Someone had the bright idea that it would be fun to climb a volcano so Saturday morning we piled into the bus and headed to Volcan Pacaya, about 50 km. south of Guatemala City. We drove until the road ended, approximately 1 1/2 miles from the top. After purchasing some very sturdy walking sticks from the local boys for 5 Quetzales (a bargain at \$.75 US!) we started the trek upwards. It wasn't easy to say the least! The path was rocky, there were lots of tree roots and the soil was very loose since it was the dry season. The further we walked the steeper it became. There were lots of stops along the way to catch our breath and also to enjoy the beautiful view. There were guys on horseback that followed us in case someone fell, or, if they decided that they couldn't walk any longer, then they could ride the horse up. Well, 2 1/2 hours later we were there! Pacaya was rumbling and spitting fire and rocks. It was the most fantastic view! We could see Antigua and another volcano named Fuego that was spewing hot ash into the sky. We even roasted marshmallows over the lava that was still hot from Pacaya's last eruption in 2014! It was an amazing experience and definitely worth the effort.

Sunday morning we went to the hospital to meet the children and their families. Some had traveled up to 4 hours to be there. Many were from the indigenous Mayan communities where access to quality and affordable healthcare is nonexistent. When we walked into the waiting room there were so many smiles and hugs. Parents were happy that their precious children were finally going to receive the long awaited medical miracles. In the US cleft lips and palates are usually repaired shortly after birth. All the kids were years older except for one 6 month old baby. The doctors evaluated some 40 patients and decided that 23 of them would need surgery. The age range was from 6 months to 23 years. There would be cleft lip and palate repairs, lip revisions, rhinoplasties, fistula repairs and teeth extractions.

Monday through Thursday were exciting days as procedure after procedure was performed by our two very talented oral/maxillofacial surgeons, Dr. Rick Sheetz and Dr. Carlos Ugalde. There was great camaraderie and a spirit of cooperation among all including the Guatemalan surgeons, anesthesiologists and nursing personnel. Quality of life was improved, some dramatically, as they painstakingly collaborated for the best outcome for each patient. This was not the first surgery for some of them. For example, Jose, who was born without a nose and had one built last year from his thigh bone by the docs, needed some repair this year. Or little Roger whose mother kept him alive by feeding him with an eye dropper for three years because he was born with a jaw deformity has had three surgeries. Some of the kids had developed fistulas or noses needed adjusted. Each case was unique, each surgery was a success and it was truly a blessing that God brought everyone together in His own timing for this wonderful work to take place.

The surgical team left Friday morning and those of us that stayed on accompanied Kathy to the Mayan town of Tecpan where we met up with the newest additions to the MOL family- 7 orphaned children whose parents died of cancer and one 67 year old abuela who was abused and kicked out of her house by her son. They are now living together under one roof in a beautiful little house right next door to Astrid, a wonderful MOL volunteer, where the grandmother looks after the kids. Truly a miracle of love how the house was just the right price at the right time and the grandmother was in need at the same time! When we first met the kids they looked sad and a little timid. For two days we took them with us everywhere we went. To the elder activity center where they had practiced for a month to perform a beautiful dance program for us, to an orphanage run by the Sisters where we had a pizza party and they were able to play with 40 other kids, to the Mayan ruins of Ximiche to learn the history of the Tecpan area, to a generous businessman's home where we ate a delicious dinner and enjoyed traditional Mayan music, to just hanging out in the house talking and having a Bible study with the girls. By this time the kids realized that they were loved very much- no more sad faces, only smiles! All too soon it was time to head back to the city. We said some tearful goodbyes and after a lovely dinner with Lionel and Maritza from the House of God we arrived in Guatemala City and flew out the next morning.

Much appreciation and a huge thank you to those who gave their time and talent for the beautiful Mayan people of Guatemala who are in desperate need of medical care. It's always a blessing to watch God's hand in action as He gathers people together, who would otherwise never have the opportunity to meet, to carry out his work.



SPRING BREAK Bob Price



Well, the snow is falling and so are the temperatures. The neighbors have all taken down their Christmas decorations and Kathy and I are the last of the hold outs. It's January, and we are deep in the bleak midwinter. Time to plan for, SPRING BREAK. We had such a good time last May on spring break that we are going back again, this time in March. To the beach? Nah. We are going to beautiful downtown Guatemala City, Guatemala, where incredible people will spend fourteen hour days doing incredible things. And, lucky, lucky me, I am permitted to be a part of it all.

This takes a little bit of explaining, so, bear with me please.

For the past decade or so, volunteers from the Mission of Love have left their comfort zones, and travelled to places in Central America to share their time and talent to improve the lives of friends that we haven't met yet. My wife Kathy, the founder and prime mover of the Mission of Love, has been to Guatemala perhaps a hundred times. I was surprised to check the visas on my passport to find that I have accompanied her ten times in the past twenty years. The first nine trips were either an orphanage in a rain forest, where I helped other volunteers construct and repair buildings an orphanage, or build a pediatric hospice and a medical clinic from the ground up. While there, I have been introduced to the indigenous Mayan population, either in the jungle or in the mountains. I have seen things that most Americans have no idea even exist. And, I have learned so much, and I have grown as an individual..

In May of 2016, the journey was a little different for me. Instead of flying into the capital city of Guatemala and travelling to a distant building site, the volunteers stayed in the city itself. Every year for the past five years, dedicated teams of maxillo facial surgeons and their surgical teams have travelled to this exotic city to repair the faces of children who were born with deformities. They do this on their own time and at their own expense. This past year, I was invited to travel with the team.

I need to explain that all of my previous trips to Guatemala involved building something, and, I always learned something new. I am definitely not a guy who is handy with a tool, and usually, when I was working with a building crew, I could at least stand around, maybe lend a hand, or hold a ladder, and run for supplies. I also took a lot of pictures of other people working. Not a bad gig if you can get it. They work, I watch. This trip was different, though. The volunteers who travelled with us weren't carpenters, plumbers, and electricians. They were two highly skilled and very dedicated maxillo facial surgeons, Dr. Rick Sheetz, of Columbus, and Dr. Guillermo Chacon, of Seattle. They were assisted by Dr. Todd Bolotin of Girard. These doctors not only came, but they brought their surgical assistants with them. These men were not construction workers in the typical sense, but they rebuilt faces. To my later surprise, they did travel with hammers and chisels, drills and screw drivers. And, it was my privilege to observe them in their work. Their building sites were the faces of children and young adults who were born with cleft palates, deformed jaws, and misshapen noses.

There was an enormous amount of preparation that had to be done before the surgeons even unpacked their bags. First, we needed patients, and a place to perform the surgeries. This is where our Guatemalan counterparts came in. Dr. Edgar Moran arranged for us to use the operating rooms in Metropolitan Hospital, in Guatemala City.. This is truly an inner city hospital in one of the rougher parts of the city. This street front hospital served the poor of the city. Besides the facilities, we needed appropriate patients. Again, Dr. Edgar came through. With the assistance of our friend, Astrid, they put the word out that American doctors would be donating surgical services.

After we arrived in country, I was surprised to see the prep work that had to be done before the surgeons could begin to work. We had arrived in the city on a Saturday and on Sunday morning we went to the hospital. The small waiting area available was filled with over a hundred people, children and their parents, all hoping to be among those chosen for the life changing procedures. The docs examined each child individually and used a rating scale to determine who they could help. Most of the children had been born with cleft palates. This means that the roof of their mouths never developed. When you looked inside, you could see into their sinuses. This type of surgery is routinely done to children in the United States at a very young age, and it can be simple if the repair is made early enough. Others had more serious problems that required more extensive surgery. One of those kids was Jose. I will tell you a little more of him shortly.

It is important to understand that the many of the people we saw in the hospital that Sunday morning were indigenous Mayans from the mountain village of Tec Pan, fifty miles from the city. They are very poor and do not own cars. It took considerable effort for them to come to the hospital. Most of the parents were moms, and they brought many of their kids with them. That small waiting area was filled with very anxious families, and because of the language barrier, we were not able to speak to many of them. They waited patiently all day to have their child evaluated, in the hopes of not being turned away.

Finally, the selections were made, and some families were told to return later in the week for surgery, and some were sent home disappointed. I was watching as they lined up to get their appointments, and that is when I saw Jose. He was ten years old, he had bright eyes, a wide smile, and, he did not have a nose. Due to a congenital deformity, he was born without any cartilage that forms the bridge of the nose. His nostrils were flat on his face.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

DOCTOR RICHARD SCHEETZ



I hope all of you had as great year as our Mission of Love Family. We visited Guatemala again with a medical crew who evaluated 45 children and adults and provided a variety of facial and craniofacial surgeries on 38 Guatemalan indigenous people with amazing results and lifelong changes in their lives. The participants included our leader Kathy Price, who has visited Guatemala multiple times this year. Kathy has been involved in many missions providing medical equipment including many wheelchairs for people in dire straits, some who couldn't leave their homes for years, crutches, etc. The stories are amazing and you should really visit her website: www.missionoflove.org. The work that she has been able to accomplish is remarkable, again changing the lives of many who have nothing.

Kathy is the LARGEST USER OF THE DENTON PROGRAM IN THE UNITED STATES, WHICH ALLOWS THE TRANSPORTATION OF GOODS TO IMPOVERISHED NATIONS AND AT THE SAME TIME TRAINS AMERICAN PILOTS and crew. WHAT A GREAT IDEA!!!! She has flown buses, ambulances, fire trucks, tons of corn, clothing, toys, humanitarian aid etc. using the Denton program. (59 Mission of Love airlifts to 5 continents)

Our crew of Joyce Rush my surgical assistant, Cindy Scheetz RN my wife and Derek Scheetz my son who also acted as surgical assistants, World renowned oral and Maxillofacial surgeon Dr. Guillermo Chacon originally from Costa Rica but now Tacoma Washington, Chuck Scheetz my brother and Kurt Zabel his very close friend, our logistics managers, Dakota Williamson Dr. Chacon's surgical assistance, Dr. Todd Bolotin, Emergency room physician from Youngstown and fluent in Spanish and of course Kathy's moral supporter Bob Price, an amazing common sense attorney who started as a worker at GM and attained his law degree.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!!! We plan on going again this Spring to continue our work and everyone who goes as a volunteer (all of the above!) pays their own way. However, medical supplies and equipment and logistics cost money, and we need your help. PLEASE HELP US!

Again, please visit the Mission of Love site to see the good things created by your financial support.
www.missionoflove.org
Doctor Richard Scheetz

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A SMALL LOVE STORY, or so ~ Bob Price

I'm going to tell you a little story about something that happened today. I want to tell you that story so that I can tell you another story. I will have to include a third story so that it all sort of makes sense. Bear with me, all of these stories have semi happy endings.

Today was one of those fun summer days that Kathy and I spend together. It is the weekend after the Fourth of July weekend and we are spending time at a summer cottage we own at Conneaut, Ohio, on the shores of Lake Erie. Yes, everybody tells me how lucky I am to have a summer cottage, and I always remind them that the harder I work the luckier I get. (I promise that this will be the last of my snark).



Kathy and I have a routine on Saturday afternoons at the lake. We drive around and scout out the best garage sales in Conneaut and Ashtabula, Ohio (known as the homes of Urban Myer, head coach at OSU and Connie Schultz, Pulitzer Prize winning columnist.) We also like to visit little specialty shops to pick up goodies for snacks by the lake. That is where the first story begins, in a little Italian grocery in Ashtabula. Kathy was shopping and I was people watching. There was a young woman in the store who was carrying a little girl, about five years old. Even though it was about one PM, the little girl was still in her pajamas, and her mother was carrying her. Kathy made eye contact with the child, and soon they were having a lively conversation. Kathy soon learned that the child wasn't feeling well and that is why her mom was carrying her in the store. The child was animated, the mom, well, maybe not so sure. After all, a five year old can be heavy, and my wife was chatting up her kid while she stood there holding her. Kathy asked the mom if the little girl could have a sweet from the pastry display. Once necessary approval was secured, the child began the rigorous selection process. With the help of a friendly store clerk, the little girl picked a cup cake with sprinkles. She instantly felt better, mom was happy, the clerk was happy, and Kathy was happy. As I paid the grocery bill, including the cupcake, the clerk remarked at how kind my wife was. Ignoring the fact that I was at least semi kind because I paid the bill, I agreed with her and told her, "You have no idea."

Ok, I told you that story to tell you another story about kind people, and my week end last week, the week end of the Fourth of July.

Before I tell you that story, I have to tell you the story of how Kathy Price and the Mission of Love obtains hundreds of thousands of dollars in relief supplies, and how they get from a warehouse in Ravenna, Ohio, to places like Tec Pan, Guatemala. I have already mentioned that we spend our Saturdays "jinkin" at garage sales. We drive around until Kathy sees one that looks promising and then we stop. Usually, I will spend about five minutes looking at the collections of other people's stuff, get bored, and wait in the truck watching Netflix on my phone while Kathy does her thing. After about half an hour, here comes Kathy, and the proprietor of the garage sale, loading tons of toys, serviceable clothes, bedding, and heaven knows what else into the back of Kathy's little red pickup truck. Without even asking I know that most of the stuff that my wife has just acquired has been donated. She as explained to them that their throw away stuff that they were hoping to sell for a few bucks are going to someplace that they have never heard of to help improve the lives of people that they will never meet. (My wife can be very persuasive.) These folks didn't know it when they saw my wife walking up their driveway, but their kindness was about to shine that day. These are just some more of the kind people that I promised to tell you about.

Today, Kathy bought about a dozen unbreakable coffee mugs. These are earmarked for a senior center in Tec Pan, in the mountains of Guatemala, where each of the village elders can be given their own personal coffee mug to enjoy coffee when they visit it center. Most likely, they have never had a coffee mug before. The senior center is run by Telma Martin, a very kind Guatemalan lady. Last year, on one of our jinkin forays, Kathy purchased a used jogging stroller. I couldn't imagine what she was going to do with that. She told me, "It is for Edwin." Okay by me. I didn't know who Edwin was or that he jogged.

On Sunday afternoons at the lake, Kathy sorts and boxes all of the stuff that she bought on Saturday and puts them in the back of the pickup. The next week, she will take them to the Mission of Love Warehouse. The warehouse is huge, but it has not heat or light and it is of no use to anybody, but Kathy. Some more kind people allow her to use it at a very nominal price. A visitor to the warehouse would be amazed by the things that are in there. My wife can be very persuasive. Besides the small garage sale

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A SMALL LOVE STORY, or so ~ Bob Price page 7

stuff, there are rooms of medical supplies, school supplies, hospital furniture, and tools. Many of the larger items are delivered by trucks owned by other kind people who donate their vehicles and employees to bring critical supplies to the warehouse. (My wife can be very oh, you get the point). Once these supplies arrive at the warehouse, they must be sorted, inventoried, and stored in the appropriate location. Often volunteers will assist Kathy, more often than not, she spends her days doing this work alone.

Are you wondering what happens to the supplies. That is where my Fourth of July story begins.

Several times a year, The United States Department of Defense, you know who, (very persuasive) arranges for the United States Air Force to transport these relief supplies from the Youngtown Air Reserve Station to Guatemala City, Guatemala. This is done through a governmental program known as the Denton Program. It takes months of planning, paperwork and inspections before an air lift is approved by the Pentagon. After all is approved, a US Air Force cargo plane flies the aid to the command center of the Guatemalan Air Force in that nation's capital city. Once the plane is on the ground, it must be rapidly unloaded and the goods transported by truck to another site in Guatemala. All of this must be coordinated with the Pentagon, the United States State Department, and the Guatemalan government. It is a good thing that the Mission of Love's warehouse manager is also the intergovernmental affairs coordinator. I don't know how it gets done, but it does get done.

One month ago, a C 17 transport plane departed Charleston South Carolina destined for Youngstown. When it arrived, it on loaded fifteen special pallets bound for Guatemala City. It left within hours for its destination.

Kathy and a group of volunteers were waiting on the ground for the plane to arrive. It had taken a good deal of "persuasion" to make this happen. The volunteers were at the air base and could hear the plane in the air. Then, they received word that there was a small accident on the run way and the plane could not immediately land. The crew of the C 17 was forced to return to Charleston with the cargo still on board, including the jogging stroller. The delivery would have to wait for another day.

That other day was July 1. Kathy received the phone call about a two weeks before it was all due to happen. This meant that not only did she have to fly to Central America to receive the plane, but that she had to line manpower to unload a huge cargo plane, and provide five semis to haul the supplies to Tec Pan, eighty miles away. And, she needed a traveling companion. Since the fourth fell on a Tuesday, I arranged my schedule to be off work from Friday to Tuesday. I was really looking forward to five consecutive days at the cottage. Did I mention that my wife needed a traveling companion and that she can be very persuasive?

To my surprise, on July 1, I found myself standing on the tarmac at the command center of the Guatemalan Air Force. I was with my wife and twenty Guatemalan volunteers. Francisco Chan had brought five semis and the people to load them from Tec Pan. It was a bad day for our friend, Don Francisco. On the trip from Tec Pan he received a telephone call that a close family member had died. Yet, here he stood. At 1:00 PM, this beautiful silver bird flew overhead and circled the airfield. The C 17 had arrived, right on time. It taxied to a spot not far from where the semis were parked. Within ten minutes, the cargo hatch was opened and a single fork lift was unloading the fifteen pallets. They delivered them to where we were waiting, and we all disassembled the pallets and loaded the supplies into the five trucks. The entire operation took forty minutes. After a few quick handshakes and pictures with the Air Force major who piloted the C 17, he climbed back into the cockpit and they returned to Charleston. The semis then departed for Tec Pan.

I thought that the work was done. Not so much. Trucks that are loaded must be unloaded. We climbed into a passenger van that Kathy had rented and we took off for Tec Pan. After a brief stop for dinner, we went to the bodega, or warehouse, where all five trucks had to be unloaded, in the dark, and in the mountains where we were, it was cold. Who would think that it would be cold in Guatemala in July? Not this genius. It took until the wee hours of Sunday morning to unload those trucks and store the precious supplies safely behind locked doors. Our friend Astrid holds the keys, and she is the lady in charge of distributing those supplies to where they need to be. She is also the key to all that happens in her country when Kathy can't be there. She manages the supplies and oversees a home that Mission of Love has established for homeless children and elderly women. It is called Grandmother's House.

The following day, Sunday, we visited the central market in the main square of Tec Pa, the funeral of Don Francisco's relative, and a fiesta at Grandmother's House. There are more stories to be told of the market, the funeral and the fiesta, but I promised that there would only be three.

The final story begins on Monday, July 3, our last full day in Guatemala. Much of the Mission of Love's work that is done in Guatemala is done by the people living there. The recipients of the work are indigenous people, Mayan Indians, who live in the mountains. Dr. Juan Manuel Socop, a specialist who treats disabled people, donates part of his practice to the impoverished Mayans who live in hovels built on the hillside. One of his patient is little Edwin, seven years old, and stricken with cerebral palsy. Now I knew who Edwin was, and I was about to meet him. Before we could go home, Kathy insisted that we must visit Edwin. To reach his family's home, We had to drive up hazardous mountain trails that had steep drop offs on either side. We were about 7,500 feet in elevation, and standing on top of that mountain, looking across the green valley, you could lose your breath. Looking down the hillside into the deep ravine where Edwin lived with his mother and sisters, you could lose your equilibrium. The climb

A SMALL LOVE STORY, or so ~ Bob Price

down from the road to his house was more than we were willing to dare. That meant that Edwin's mother had to carry him up the steep path to where we waited. No big deal, because she hand carried this child everywhere she went, much like the mother in the store in Ashtabula. The difference was, she had no choice. Edwin could not walk.

When she brought Edwin from her house to the hilltop, and placed him in Kathy's arms, I thought that he was a baby. At seven years old, he was frail and spindly, like a new born fawn. Kathy gently placed him in the jogging stroller that we had bought last year "junkin". He became animated and began to cry. The guy had himself a set of wheels. He was mobile. And now, I understood.

There are several pictures that accompany my small story. There is a large plane, and there is tiny Edwin. What I have not shown you is a picture of the wretched conditions that these people live in. They don't have much money, but they have great dignity and I would not deprive them of that by taking photos with my phone that cost more than the house they live in. Before we left, Kathy gave the family food, vitamins, and toys for the children. She also gave them a promise. She would return.

The next scheduled air lift to Guatemala will contain an ambulance and two fire trucks. Perhaps there will be room for a small something for a small boy. I would bet on it.



Edwin so happy with his new transportation.



Edwin with his family and Mission of Love volunteers.



Edwin and his brother happy with his new stroller.